

# DESTINY UNVEILED

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EXT. COLONIAL BRICK FARMHOUSE IN THE 1700S -- NIGHT

It is dark and raining hard. GEORGE WASHINGTON, dressed in colonial attire and riding a galloping horse through a lightly wooded area, enters the scene. He comes to the front entrance of a stately brick home, halts the horse and dismounts. MALE SLAVE takes the reins of the horse from him.

INT. DINING ROOM INSIDE COLONIAL BRICK FARMHOUSE --  
MOMENTS LATER

Three silver candlestick holders with candles in them setting on the table light the room. A carpenter's square, a compass and an open Bible are lying on the table. On the floor is a Masonic floor cloth, painted with Masonic symbols. In the center of the room is a large, ornate walnut table, about 11 feet long.

The dining room ceiling is adorned with a decorative cornice, carved tassels hanging in each corner. A wide chair rail encircles the room. Above the fireplace opening is decorative marble adorned with two crossed keys suspended below a five-pointed star. Each side of the fireplace is made of an ornate wooden panel.

George Washington rushes in. Several men, also in colonial attire, are seated at the table.

WORSHIPFUL

Welcome, Brother Washington.

VENERABLE

It's time -- time to plant the  
seeds of the Novus Ordo  
Seclorum -- the New Order of  
the Ages.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

It's time. Let us begin.

FADE IN:

EST: Aerial view of present day Washington D.C. on a

cold winter day, scanning from the Capitol to the Washington Monument.

FADE IN:

INT. LAW FIRM ENTRANCE -- DAY

Door reads: Torper, Harp & Hyde, Attorneys at Law, an well-established, successful law firm with several hundred attorneys.

INT. LAW FIRM HALLWAY NEAR ELEVATOR -- DAY

Hallway bustles with people entering and exiting elevators. Stylishly dressed woman in her thirties, CHRISTI DANIEL, impatiently awaits elevator, her arms full of legal files. She perseveres her stressful job, torn between values and her lucrative salary.

TORPER (O.S.)

Christi, Honey. Wait up.

WINSTON TORPER, a middle aged man with his shirt sleeves rolled up, tie loosened, enters scene, hurries toward Christi. Torper is handsome but has an aura of darkness about him. He kisses Christi on the cheek.

Christi recoils.

TORPER (CONT'D)

How's the Smith case going?  
You know, Willard's a friend of mine.

CHRISTI

This is it.

Christi nods toward the files in her arms.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)

Goes to trial in four days.

TORPER

Good. I knew you'd be better on his case than the guys. That bitch, saying he was screwin' her 10 year old! He was paying her bills, providing

'em a home. You gotta make her  
out to be a money hungry bitch  
and him a saint.

CHRISTI  
I'm doin' my best. It's a  
tough case.

Torper pauses and looks at Christi, strokes her hair.

Christi backs away from him.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)  
Please stop.

TORPER  
You gonna be at the new  
associate orientation tomorrow,  
right? Supposed to be some  
sharp kids. Tell me what you  
think.

Christi nods. Elevator door opens, it is crowded.

TORPER (CONT'D)  
I'm goin' to lunch with Senator  
Albert and the Speaker. Gonna  
call in a favor they owe me--a  
big one.

CHRISTI  
(Under her  
breath.)  
Another political payoff.

Christi forces herself into what space is left on the  
elevator.

TORPER  
I'll be thinking of you and  
Smith's case. Roll over 'em.

Torper winks at Christi, elevator door closes.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

In the center of the dimly-lit room is the same large,  
ornate, antique walnut table about 11 feet long. An

engraving of George Washington wearing his Masonic Apron hangs on the wall. Outdated legal books fill the bookshelves.

Christi enters, closes the door with her back, leans against the door and exhales. She glances at Washington's picture. His eyes are focused on her. She puts the files on the table, her back to Washington. His eyes are looking down at her. Christi speaks to the table.

CHRISTI

It's like you're my only  
refuge. I know it's just a  
table, but . . . it's always  
peaceful here, in the midst of  
this hell.

She turns on a video of the deposition testimony of the MOTHER of the little girl in Smith's case. In the video, Mother, her attorney, the court reporter, Christi and her assistant, MARK RUBIN are seated at a conference table. Christi is examining Mother.

MOTHER

I know what her letter said.  
But I made her write it. He  
was threatening to put us out.  
I had no where for us to go.

CHRISTI

You say you took no action when  
your daughter first mentioned  
the abuse? Didn't you care, or  
did you know she was lying?

MOTHER

I didn't want to believe her.  
Sometimes he played rough with  
her. When she said he hurt her  
"down there" and got wet stuff  
on her tummy, I thought she was  
jealous, just wanted attention.

(angrily)

Willard Smith was all that  
stood between us and living on  
the street.

Christi turns off the video and puts her head in her hands. After a moment, she moves her hands to her temples and stares down at the table. She begins to run her hand over the grain. Christi speaks to the table.

CHRISTI

I want peace. I want to find a better way. Instead, it just gets worse.

Christi stands up and turns to Washington's picture. His eyes are looking at her.

CHRISTI (ANGRILY) (CONT'D)

Mr. Washington, you just stand there, silent. It's only about winning, making others lose. Government, it's been sold to the highest bidder. Forget the common good. Your dream for this country is dying.

(In a whisper.)

I wish you could help.

INT. LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT DAY

Young attorneys and Christi are seated around an ultra-modern conference table. Modern art is hanging on the walls.

MALE ATTORNEY is speaking to new associates and Christi.

MALE ATTORNEY

Never settle a case until at least 150 hours have been billed to the client. Always remember, billable hours. You don't take a breath without clocking it. And a social life? Forget it. Not while you're an associate. Your life is now Torper, Harp & Hyde's.

TORPER'S SECRETARY gives a handwritten note to Christi.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. OF THE NOTE

*Meet us at 12:30 for lunch. Urgent we discuss Smith's case before trial. T.*

BACK TO SCENE

Christi nods to Secretary.

EXT. STREET IN WASHINGTON -- LATER -- DAY

CURTIS, in chauffeur uniform, is driving the firm limousine with Christi and Torper in the back seat. HOMELESS MAN stands on the corner with a sign,

*"Need food for family. Please help."*

Torper looks at him with contempt and flips him the "bird."

TORPER

Get a job.

INT. BACK SEAT OF LIMOUSINE -- MOMENTS LATER

TORPER

Yeah, Smith's been a friend for years. He started with nothing. Sold guns out of the trunk of his car. Now he's got gun stores up and down the East Coast. If you need a gun . . .

CHRISTI

His trial is in three days. I should be in my office working on the case. It hangs on the testimony of the victim. The mother can be impeached, but if the little girl testifies ...

TORPER

Get a continuance. Sooner or later she'll forget what happened.

EXT. POSH HOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

Limousine pulls up and Christi and Torper get out.

TORPER

Wait for us here, Curtis.

Curtis nods.

INT. INSIDE HOTEL ELEVATOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Looking in the mirror on the elevator wall, Christi discretely touches up her hair. Torper taps the knuckle of his index finger on a poster on the wall that reads:

*REBEL REPUBLIC GALA*

*DECEMBER 10*

*Member \$1,000*

*Sponsor \$5,000*

TORPER

We're gonna sweep this nation.  
The Rebel Republic Party's  
growing like wild fire.

CHRISTI

I heard you're spending a lot  
of time gettin' the new party  
started.

TORPER

Yes. And there's talk I'll be  
it's first presidential  
candidate.

Torper smiles. Christi looks impatient.

CHRISTI

Who are we meeting?

TORPER

They're on their way. Don't  
ask so many questions.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY OUTSIDE ROOM.

Torper unlocks the door and motions for Christi to enter.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Christi scans hotel room with king size bed with satin canopy, satin drapes, velvet chairs. A bottle of wine in a bucket of ice and some wine glasses sit on a table.

CHRISTI

Where's lunch? We're having a luncheon meeting with other people.

TORPER

Ever heard of room service? It's coming.

CHRISTI

Where are the others? Who are we meeting with?

TORPER

Question, questions. Have a seat. I'll pour you a glass of wine.

Torper takes off his coat and uncorks the wine. Christi puts her coat on a chair and looks impatiently out the window, then goes into the rest room.

Torper looks over his shoulder, then locks the dead bolt and puts the key in his pocket.

Christi comes out of the rest room.

CHRISTI

Where are they? I, I don't think anyone else is coming.

Torper steps toward her.

TORPER

We don't need any others. Christ! You're luscious.

CHRISTI

There's no meeting?

Torper grabs Christi's hair and forces his tongue into her mouth. She pushes him away, he lunges at her, knocks her onto the bed and gets on top of her. She struggles



while he pulls her skirt up. He rips her panties.

Christi struggles with Torper, as if in slow motion. His attack intensifies.

Christi gets her elbow in his face, turns on her side, gets up, runs to the door. Finding it locked, she bangs on the door then runs to the phone.

CHRIST'S P.O.V. OF PHONE

Christi dials 911.

BACK TO SCENE

Torper knocks the phone out of her hand, hits Christi's face with the back of his hand.

TORPER

Who the hell you think you're calling? Know what I can do for you? Make you a partner. Political connections. But no, you stupid bitch, think you're too good for me.

CHRISTI

I'm not your property. My salary's not this important. Just trying to do a descent job for your low-life clients, and I hate it. You're gonna pay for this.

Torper backs off.

TORPER

Pay for what? One day you'll come beggin' for this.

Christi points to the door.

CHRISTI

Open that god damn door!

INT. CHRISTI'S SMALL LAW FIRM OFFICE -- THE NEXT NIGHT

MARK RUBEN, Christi's assistant, is seated in front of

her desk. Clock on desk says 11:15 p.m. Christi has heavy makeup on a light red spot on her cheek. Christi and Mark look tired.

CHRISTI

Mark, I don't think we're on the right side of this case. I'm convinced Smith did what the little girl says.

MARK

So? Someone has to represent him, why not us? He pays his bills.

CHRISTI

If the jury smells he's lying, he's dead meat. The trial's in two days and this late, I know I'm stuck trying it. But if there's an appeal and I'm not here, do you think you can handle it?

MARK

Sure, but where you gonna be?

CHRISTI

Strictly in confidence. Remember firm meetings when Torper made sexist remarks to me?

MARK

Which ones? Like, 'What d'ya bet, Christi's in heat?' I couldn't believe that one. But he's disgusting to everyone. He's a pig.

CHRISTI

No matter what your answer is, I'll understand, but . . . if I bring a sexual harassment claim against Torper, will you testify about those remarks? I know no one else would buck him, but I thought maybe. . .

MARK

How could I do that and still work for the firm? I'd be a fool to take Torper on. I'd be the only one. Everyone here would testify we're lying, that it never happened.

CHRISTI

Yeah, I know.

MARK

Teresa and me, we're talking about our future. With her being pregnant and all, we want to buy a home. You're the only attorney here that I care about. Christi, you're so above the rest, but . . .

CHRISTI

It's okay Mark. I understand. I've told myself a hundred times I hate these cases, but they pay the bills. I've learned how to let the clients know not to tell me when they're gonna lie. You know, "deniability." But it's gotten where I can't face myself anymore. I've had to compromise once too often. There has to be a better way.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM -- NEXT MORNING

Christi dressed in power suit, power jewelry, stands by the table as she speaks to it.

CHRISTI

I can't stay here. I have to leave before everything I believe in is gone--before I'm like . . . them. . . . but I'm taking you with me.

She glances at the picture of Washington.

INT. OUTSIDE DOOR TO TORPER'S OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER

Torper's Secretary seated at her desk with coffee and donut, guards the door to his office. Christi stands in front of her desk.

CHRISTI

I'm here to see Mr. Torper.

TORPER'S SECRETARY

Do you have an appointment?

CHRISTI

Don't need one. I'm here to talk about a matter that can't wait for an appointment.

TORPER'S SECRETARY

And just what might that be?

CHRISTI

It's confidential. A matter between Torper and me. He wouldn't want me to discuss it with anyone else.

Torper's door opens.

TORPER

Christi, dear. I thought I heard your voice. Please come in.

INT. TORPER'S POSH OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER

His office is adorned with political memorabilia.

Christi is seated across from Torper, her hands spread apart on the edge of his desk in a confrontational posture.

TORPER

What the hell you talking about? I didn't assault you or anyone else. You crazy? Think I'd risk all this--money, power, my political future--for

sex, for you?

Christi stands up, her hands still on his desk.

CHRISTI

Your liar! I'm not the first woman you've done this to. You push me and I'll find 'em.

TORPER

What proof do you have? Certainly no rape test. No witnesses.

CHRISTI

My testimony. That's what I've got. My word's my evidence. I'll testify before God and everyone to what happened. It might be hard with just me, but somewhere, I'll find others. You're not walkin' away without paying for this.

TORPER

Ah, so this is a discussion about blackmail. Is that what you're saying?

CHRISTI

When we sue someone, it's not called blackmail.

TORPER

Sue? Who you think you're gonna sue?

CHRISTI

You and your whole god damn firm. You think you're gonna run for President? Think again. If we settle, maybe. No claims against you and I just might forget about the dirty political deals that go down here.

TORPER

You bitch. What do you want?

CHRISTI

I want the hell out of this firm. I'm through defending your child molesters and corporate thieves. I want the best letter of reference you've ever written and five year's pay.

TORPER

Go to hell.

CHRISTI

And the table. That old walnut table that's in the small conference room.

TORPER

That came from my grandfather. It was in the family for generations and he forbid me to ever sell it.

CHRISTI

This isn't a sale. I've earned it, and if that's all you lose, you're getting off easy.

Torper is quiet for a minute.

TORPER

You know, that table gives me the creeps. Actually, I'd like to get rid of it. I'll tell you what. You take the table and get the hell out of here. But that's it, nothing else.

Torper thinks a moment, puts up his hand.

TORPER (CONT'D)

What about Smith's case? Doesn't it go to trial in a day or two? We can't leave him stranded. Did you continue it?

CHRISTI

It's tomorrow. I had a conference call with the judge and we've gotten all the continuances we can get. He won't let me off the case, so I have to defend that bastard.

TORPER

Yes, we need to get rid of you. Draw up an agreement--make it short. You get the table but you try Smith's case. Then I don't want to ever see your face again.

Christi stands up, starts for the door, then turns to Torper.

CHRISTI

One more thing. The engraving of Washington that hangs in there. It goes with the table. It's mine too.

Christi leaves and slams the door behind her.

EXT. LONG DRIVEWAY UP TO THE COLONIAL BRICK FARMHOUSE--  
WINTER AFTERNOON

Christi is driving her car up the driveway. Christi parks the car and gets out to look at the house.

The farmhouse is in disrepair and weeds have overgrown everything. She begins to walk around the house.

EXT. LONG DRIVEWAY UP TO THE COLONIAL BRICK FARMHOUSE--  
MOMENTS LATER

REALTOR is driving a brown car up the driveway.

Sign on car door reads:

*Mt. Vernon Realtors and Brokers*

Christi comes from behind the house as the car pulls up next to hers and Realtor gets out.

REALTOR

Sorry I'm late.

CHRISTI

No problem. It needs a lot of work.

REALTOR

Yeah. That's what a divorce will do to a piece of property. Tie it up for years while the lawyers fight over every nickle and dime.

CHRISTI

May we go inside?

INT. DINING ROOM INSIDE COLONIAL BRICK FARMHOUSE --  
MOMENTS LATER

The room is bare. A large bay window that faces west with panels of cut glass at the top is filled with rays from the afternoon sun that create rainbows on the walls. The interior decorative trim remains the same -- ceiling adorned with a decorative cornice, etc., but the paint is chipped and in disrepair.

Christi is standing by the window and looking out at a hill to the west.

REALTOR

You can see Mt. Vernon from top of that hill.

CHRISTI

Mt. Vernon? Washington's home?

REALTOR

Yeah. This used to be part of his estate, back in the early days. Most of it was sold off and got developed.

Christi turns toward the Realtor.

CHRISTI

Are there any law firms in town?



REALTOR  
A couple. It's more like a  
village than a town. I try to  
divide my real estate work  
between the two of them, to  
keep everyone happy.

CHRISTI  
Just two?

REALTOR  
Well, there's a third, but . .  
.

CHRISTI  
But what?

REALTOR  
He's blind.

CHRISTI  
How does he practice law if  
he's blind?

REALTOR  
Beats me. Seems like a nice  
enough guy, but a little  
strange.

Christi touches a rainbow on the wall.

CHRISTI  
What's his name?

REALTOR  
Whose name?

CHRISTI  
The blind one. The blind  
attorney.

REALTOR  
Hayes, I think. Has a small  
office right next to the  
courthouse.

CHRISTI

Can we look upstairs?

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL TO THE WEST -- LATER

Christi is standing alone on top of the hill with the wind blowing through her hair. She is looking to the west at Mt. Vernon in the distance.

EXT. MT. VERNON AS IT LOOKS TODAY -- CONTINUOUS

Parking lot full of cars and buses can be seen in the distance and tour buses driving away.

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE SMALL COUNTRY COURTHOUSE -- THE NEXT MORNING.

A small white frame building stands next to the old courthouse. There is a sign hanging on a pole in front of the frame building that reads:

*"PARTICK HAYES, AKA HAP*

*ATTORNEY AT LAW*

*Pleased to be of service!"*

Christi walks down the street past the old courthouse to the frame building. She reads the sign then walks to the door of the building and opens it.

INT. SMALL RECEPTION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

There is an office desk with a typewriter sitting on it, a chair behind the desk and two chairs against the wall for clients.

Christi tentatively enters and looks around. The room is empty.

CHRISTI

Hello?

HAP (O.S.)

Yo. Come on in. We're back here.

Christi walks down the hallway.

INT. HAP'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Hap, an older portly man whose eyes are covered with a bluish film from his blindness is seated behind the desk. He slightly resembles Torper, but a much gentler version. A middle aged woman is seated next to him with a steno pad on her lap and a pen in her hand.

CHRISTI

Hello. I'm Christi Daniel.  
Are you Mr. Hayes?

HAP

I am, indeed.

Hap stands up and extends his hand. He and Christi shake hands.

HAP (CONT'D)

And this is my wife, June.

Hap motions toward the woman sitting next to him.

JUNE

Hello. How may we help you?

CHRISTI

I'm new in town. I just signed a contract to buy the old Tyler place. But I'm an attorney and was wondering if you know where I might find an office to rent.

HAP

You mean to practice law?

CHRISTI

Yeah. I'd like to set up a practice here.

HAP

Well, how big do you need? We have a small one just across the hall.

Hap motions toward the hall.

HAP (CONT'D)

June, show her Chuck's office.  
It's not big, but we have some  
clients that might come with  
it. My partner died two years  
ago and we had to take on his  
practice along with mine. More  
than we can handle.

June smiles.

JUNE

You look like a nice young  
lady. Would you like to see  
it?

CHRISTI

Well, let's take a look.

INT. CHRISTI'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

The office is cluttered with boxes. A desk and chair are  
buried beneath them. A chair sits in front of the desk,  
stacked with papers.

JUNE

It needs some work.

June motions toward the window.

JUNE (CONT'D)

You can see the Judge coming  
and going out that side window.

CHRISTI

What type of cases do you  
handle?

JUNE

Hap takes whatever walks  
through the door. I'm just his  
Girl Friday. What are you  
looking for?

CHRISTI

I've done trial work, but I can  
learn anything.

EXT. OLD COLONIAL FARMHOUSE -- BRIGHT SPRING MORNING

The house has been repaired. The trees in the yard are in bloom. A picnic table sits under a large apple tree in full bloom a short distance away.

Christi stands at the foot of the front steps holding the Washington engraving as the walnut table is being moved in by MOVERS.

Christi's boyfriend, TOM FRANCIS, stands next to her. Tom is a thin man with glasses, looks academic, but gentle.

EXT. LONG DRIVEWAY UP TO THE COLONIAL BRICK FARMHOUSE--  
CONTINUOUS

Hap and June are walking up the driveway toward Christi and Tom. Hap is holding June's arm for guidance with one hand and has a small wrapped gift in his other hand.

EXT. OLD COLONIAL FARMHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Christi puts the picture down and greets them warmly.

CHRISTI

Tom, this is Hap Hayes, my new law partner I told you so much about, and his wife, June.

TOM

Happy to meet you both. Sorry I have to leave. I've been here all week helping Christi get her new house fixed up. But I'm due in Boston in a few hours, so I'm going to scoot out of here.

CHRISTI

Tom just got appointed as associate professor of physics at MIT. He spent the week telling me how the world is not made of matter, like Isaac Newton thought. It's just energy, and we're all connected. What's it called? Quantum . . .

HAP  
Quantum physics? Happy to meet  
you, Tom. From what Christi  
tells me, I'm sure we'll meet  
again.

TOM  
Yeah, I hope so.

Tom kisses Christi, waves good by and gets in his car.

Hap turns to Christi.

HAP  
We're counting the days until  
you begin next week. June does  
a good job of reading the cases  
to me and taking my dictation,  
but when Chuck died, it became  
too much for her, too.

JUNE  
Hap's right. I'm even more  
glad than him that you're  
joining us.

CHRISTI  
Thanks. It feels right, being  
here. A law practice in the  
country is something I never  
dreamed I'd have, but sometimes  
life has a plan of its own. I  
can't wait to begin.

The Movers are beginning to carry the table up the stairs  
to the front door.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)  
Oh, Excuse me.

Christi directs the movers.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)  
The table goes in the dining  
room, inside to the left. Be  
careful, its a very special  
table.

JUNE

It's beautiful. It'll be  
perfect in this old house.

CHRISTI

This place used to be part of  
George Washington's estate.  
Part of Mt. Vernon, many years  
ago.

HAP

Yes, we know.

June motions to the engraving of Washington.

JUNE

Interesting picture.

CHRISTI

Oh, please meet Mr. Washington.  
He's going above the mantle.  
I couldn't leave him behind, he  
feels like a friend. Can you  
stay a few minutes? We can  
have lemonade under the old  
apple tree.

Christi motions towards the apple tree.

EXT. A PICNIC TABLE UNDER A LARGE APPLE TREE IN FULL  
BLOOM

-- MINUTES LATER

June, Christi and Hap are seated at the table with  
glasses of lemonade.

Hap hands the gift he was holding to Christi.

HAP

Christi, you know June and I  
don't have kids, so I want you  
to have this. Just seems it  
belongs here, where Washington  
used to visit.

CHRISTI

How kind. Thank you.

Christi carefully unwraps the gift.

HAP

It was given to me by the people who raised me. It was the only thing of value they ever owned.

Christi gasps as she takes a gold medallion hanging from a pale blue ribbon from the box.

CHRISTI

It's, it's beautiful. What is it?

HAP

It's a gold replica of the Great Seal. It's one of the first ones ever made.

CHRISTI

You mean the Great Seal of this country? From Washington's time?

HAP

Yes, it's actually a teaching tool. The symbols come from the Masons.

CHRISTI

Masons?

HAP

Freemasons. Many of the Founding Fathers were Masons. They used the symbols in this seal to teach us about their dream, their vision for this nation.

Christi holds it up.

CHRISTI

This is the symbol that hangs in the President's oval office!



CHRISTI'S P.O.V. GOLD MEDALLION IN HER HAND.

HAP (V.O.)

Yes. Above the eagle's head is what is called the Glory, a circle enclosing stars and beams of light. It's a heraldic representation of God. The Eagle, beneath the Glory, stands for the spirit. A tradition from ancient Egypt.

Christi studies the medallion.

CHRISTI

If God, spirit, was so important to the Founding Fathers, why were they adamant it be a secular nation?

HAP

Because they were forming a nation under God, in accordance with natural law, but not under the control of any church or organized religion--a critical distinction. They knew religious tyranny can be the worst.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. GOLD MEDALLION

HAP (V.O.)

The Laurel of Peace and the Arrows of War in the eagle's feet--they represent balance.

BACK TO SCENE:

Christi turns the medallion over.

CHRISTI

What do the symbols on the other side mean?

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. GOLD MEDALLION, THE BACK SIDE

HAP (V.O.)

The pyramid represents the form of our government. It rises from a broad base, representing the People, to the all-seeing eye, the Creator, the Nation's source. Under the pyramid is the proclamation, 'Novus Ordo Seclorum,' New Order of the Ages. They dreamed of a spiritually guided nation, unlike any before it.

BACK TO SCENE

Christi puts the medallion back in the box.

CHRISTI

I'm honored by your gift. But . . . Hap, that dream is dead. Slaughtered by sordid politics. Sold to the highest bidder.

HAP

It's not here yet. They didn't expect it to come easily or happen suddenly. But the power inherent in the idea *will* prevail. Legend has it that an angel appeared to Washington at Valley Forge and told him of a secret spiritual destiny of a new nation that was soon to be formed.

Christi touches Hap's arm.

CHRISTI

How can a country have a *spiritual destiny*? Especially this one?

HAP

The Founding Fathers believed they were given signs. Valley Forge, for example. That was Washington's Gethsemane.

Conditions were intolerable. He was in charge of troops that were in deep despair. But they eventually prevailed against great odds. They took this as a sign our nation arose from divine providence.

CHRISTI

When I studied history, no one mentioned biblical comparisons.

HAP

Yes, we even had our own American Judas, Benedict Arnold, who turned traitor at the eleventh hour. His plot to surrender our critical fortress at West Point to the British was to have been the final blow to the struggling Revolutionaries.

CHRISTI

Didn't Arnold get paid for his treason? Another parallel?

HAP

Yes. Judas sold one man for thirty pieces of silver. Arnold got 6000 British pounds for his attempt to sell the Continental Army. But in the end, the idea behind each had a spiritual power that even money couldn't destroy.

CHRISTI

You believe that dream is still alive?

HAP

Yes. The Founding Fathers planted the seeds. I believe the time is near for we, the People, to bring in the harvest.

Christi looks skeptical.

INT. DINING ROOM INSIDE COLONIAL BRICK FARMHOUSE (DINING ROOM) -- WINTER DAY

The antique table is in the center of the room and Washington's engraving hangs above the mantle. The large bay window facing west with panels of cut glass at the top is filled with rays from the afternoon sun that create rainbows on the walls. A small couch fills the space inside the bay window. The room has been painted a light Wedgewood blue with cream trim.

A fire burns in the fireplace and Christi is wearing warm casual clothes. The plumber, BILLIE WALDROP, in white uniform, is holding tools in hand as he stands next to Christi in front of the fireplace. He speaks with a southern accent and has a plug of tobacco in his mouth.

CHRISTI (IMPATIENT)

I want that bathroom put in upstairs before winter sets in. I bathed in the sink in cold water during the summer, but not in the winter.

WALDROP

The problem is the pipes. We gotta run pipes from the basement to the upstairs and the walls are solid brick. Only place for 'em to go is in behind these panels, and even that might not work.

Waldrop motions toward the panels around the fireplace.

CHRISTI

Then that's where they have to go. Please, just make it work.

WALDROP

Okay, if you say so. But I can't promise how it'll turn out. Depends on what we find when we get in there.

Waldrop and helper begin working on the panel on the

right side of the fireplace.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. DINING ROOM, A SHORT WHILE LATER

Waldrop and his helper are trying to remove the wooden panel with hammer, chisel and screwdriver. Christi walks into the dining room from the kitchen through the door to the left of the fireplace.

WALDROP

Miss, there must be something  
holding it here in the middle.  
Let me try down here.

Waldrop moves to the bottom of panel.

Waldrop uses the chisel just below the chair rail. After a couple of taps there is a clinking sound.

WALDROP (CONT'D)

Sounds like there's a little  
metal casing in there, like a  
lock, or something.

Christi peers over his shoulder. The wooden trim squeaks as it is pried off, revealing a lock casement.

WALDROP (CONT'D)

Yes, sir! Look at this! An  
old lock is hidden under there.  
Someone sure went to a lot of  
trouble to hide it.

Waldrop pries it open, the latch breaks and the side of the panel springs loose. A small pile of dirt falls out.

Christi and Waldrop gasp. Waldrop carefully opens the panel door.

INT. HIDDEN FIREPLACE COMPARTMENT

Inside a bundle about a foot square and several inches deep lies at the bottom of the small compartment. On a shelf in the middle are the three silver candle holders

from the first scene, darkened with age.

WALDROP

Well, Miss, I think you got  
yourself some buried treasure  
here.

Christi kneels down to pick up the bundle. Dirt coats her hands and clothes. The outer layer is the Masonic floor cloth. As she slowly opens it, she is mystified by the curious symbols painted on the inner side, similar to those on Washington's apron in the engraving.

Christi looks up at the engraving.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. ENGRAVING OF WASHINGTON ABOVE THE MANTLE

Washington's eyes are looking at her.

BACK TO SCENE

Christi unwraps the floor cloth and inside finds the Bible, carpenter's square and compass, now all very old. Waldrop picks up the L-shaped carpenter's square and blows the dust off it.

WALDROP

I'll be darned. A carpenter's  
square.

Waldrop picks up the compass and wipes it on his sleeve.

WALDROP (CONT'D)

This other thing must be a  
compass.

He demonstrates for Christi on his hand how one uses it to draw a circle.

Christi picks up the Bible and blows off the dust.

CHRISTI

Why a Bible and these tools? A  
friend from college works at  
the Smithsonian. Wonder if she  
could help figure this out.

Christi opens the Bible and squints to read a barely

legible inscription in the front.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. THE INSCRIPTION PAGE OF THE OLD BIBLE.

Christi reads with difficulty.

CHRISTI (V.O.)

To our V.D. Brother, Geo.  
Washington-- On the occasion of  
his healing as an Antient  
Mason--Lodge of Social and  
Military Virtue, No.  
227--Grand Lodge of Ireland--On  
the festival of the Nativity of  
St. John the Evangelist-- This  
27th day of December, 1756--In  
the City of  
Philadelphia--Pennsylvania  
Colony--Praise be to God.

(Note: The old spelling of ancient is antient.)

BACK TO SCENE:

Christi looks up at the engraving. Washington's eyes are looking down at her.

INT. CHRISTI'S NEW BATHROOM. -- WINTER MORNING

Christi has just showered and is in her bathrobe. She packs her cosmetic bag and puts it in a suitcase.

INT. STAIRCASE IN OLD COLONIAL FARMHOUSE

The dining room can be seen to the left where a note is lying on the table. The three candle holders are on the mantle, polished and with new candles in them. The Bible is on the mantle with the square and compass.

Christi, now dressed, descends the stairs with her suitcase in hand. She notices the paper on the dining room table, enters the dining room and picks up the note.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. WASHINGTON'S FIRST NOTE

CHRISTI (V.O.)

Dear Ms. Christi: Please  
excuse my directness. I have

considered how you might most easily meet with a discarnate being, indeed, if you would be willing. Please consider this possibility. With kindest regards, Your humble servant, Geo. Washington.

BACK TO SCENE:

Christi looks concerned. She crumbles the note and tucks it in her pocket. She picks up her bag. As she goes to the door, she discovers it had not been tightly closed.

INT. BOSTON AIRPORT WHERE PLANE IS DEBOARDING -- LATER THAT DAY

Tom waves to Christi deboarding from plane. They kiss and head off, arm in arm.

INT. INSIDE OF TOM'S CAR -- MINUTES LATER

Tom is driving. Christi is in passenger's seat.

TOM

I have a great weekend planned for us. Dinner tonight, a play tomorrow night. Just the two of us.

CHRISTI

Good, I needed some time away. Billy Waldrop, the plumber, must have told everyone in town about that Bible we found in the fireplace. This morning someone left me a prank note from good ol' George. Like, now I'm the village idiot. Maybe moving there wasn't such a good idea.

TOM

What does the note say?

CHRISTI

Something about will I meet him.



Christi laughs.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)

Like a date, but he's  
discarnate.

TOM

Discarnate? Well, then I'm not  
jealous. How did they get into  
your house?

CHRISTI

The door was unlocked. No one  
out there locks their doors,  
but I will from now on.

TOM

After you told me what Hap said  
about the Freemason's, I went  
to the library. I got this  
book. It says they used their  
secret meetings to plan and  
execute the American  
Revolution.

CHRISTI

Secret meetings?

TOM

Yeah, and at each meeting there  
was always what they called the  
Three Great Lights-- the Volume  
of the Sacred law--like the  
Bible--and the square and the  
compass. Just like you found  
in the compartment by the  
fireplace.

CHRISTI

Oh yeah?

TOM

The square represents form, the  
masculine. The compass is the  
symbol of the celestial  
spheres, the feminine. It  
represents the divine

intermingled with the physical,  
like the spirit.

CHRISTI

Hap said he thought those were  
Masonic things. But I don't  
understand.

TOM

The Bible represents Divine  
source, God. And didn't you  
mention a checkered pavement?

CHRISTI

Yeah. The heavy cloth those  
things were in has that  
checkered design at the bottom.  
And it's on Washington's  
apron, too.

TOM

That represents the Universe as  
it appears to those on the  
physical plane--black and  
white, easy and difficult,  
active and passive, forming a  
unified whole made of  
individual pieces. That part  
sounded a little like quantum  
physics.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. BOSTON --FANEUIL HALL SQUARE -- THAT AFTERNOON

Tom and Christi are strolling past the shops, among the  
people.

CHRISTI

It really bothers me that  
someone left that note. Came  
right in my house while I was  
there.

TOM

Christi, I've been thinking.  
Maybe Freemasons used to meet

in your house! Maybe that's  
where they plotted against the  
British!

Christi laughs.

CHRISTI

Don't say that. That's spooky.  
They were plotting here in  
Boston.

Tom blocks Christi with his arm by putting his hand on  
the side of Faneuil Hall and speaks with his face near  
hers.

TOM

Christi, we now know there are  
lots of dimensions, not just  
the one we live in. But we  
don't know what's out there.  
What if Washington exists in  
another dimension? What if the  
note from Washington is real?

CHRISTI

What do you mean, real?

TOM

You know, what if it's a note  
left by Washington's quantum  
dimension and he wants to meet  
with you. Why don't you write  
him back and see what happens?

Christi escapes.

CHRISTI

I don't have his address.  
That's crazy.

Tom follows her.

TOM

Leave it on the table, where he  
left the note to you.

CHRISTI

No way, Tom. I'd have to be a

little insane to do that.

INT. CHRISTI'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- WEEKS LATER

Christi is aroused from her sleep by voices she hears coming from the dining room. She listens, panic on her face.

After a moment, Christi cautiously slips out of bed. She creeps down the hall with an upside down candlestick holder in her hand as a weapon.

INT. TOP OF CHRISTI'S STAIRCASE -- MOMENTS LATER --

Christi positions herself at the top of the stairs to listen without being seen.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Eight to ten men dressed in colonial attire are conducting a meeting at the dining room table. The three candle holders are on the table with the candles lit. The Bible, compass and square are also on the table. WORSHIPFUL is leading the discussion. BROTHER and VENERABLE are among those present.

VENERABLE

No home can shelter both love and fear. As this nation is our home, it too, cannot shelter love *and* fear. It's time. Each citizen must choose.

BROTHER

It's too soon to demand a choice. The secrets must remain veiled until the masses are ready. We need a strategy, a plan to advance the multitude beyond the level of apprentice.

WORSHIPFUL

My Brethren, we must trust. The third millennium is upon us. The Angle of Destiny has called. We know not how it will unfold--no different from

when this New Order of the Ages began.

VENERABLE

This table, where we held so many meetings as we formed the plan for a nation like no other, truly a home for love. The table has been returned to this room. It's the sign we were waiting for. We have no choice. We must proceed.

INT. STAIRCASE IN OLD COLONIAL FARMHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Christi is leaning over the top of the stairs in her pajamas, trying to listen but not be seen. She loses her grip and tumbles down several stairs, making a clamor. Quickly picking herself up, she hurries down the stairs to the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The room is empty, dark, the men have disappeared. The Masonic artifacts are on the mantle, undisturbed. Christi looks at the empty room.

CHRISTI

Tom . . . my God, maybe Tom was right.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. CHRISTI'S HAND GETTING A PEN AND PAPER FROM A DRAWER -- MOMENTS LATER.

INT. DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Christi is seated at the dining table, pen in hand, intently writing on a note.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. WRITING THE NOTE.

CHRISTI (V.O.)

Dear Mr. Washington, Thank you for your kind note. Before I commit, may I ask why you want to meet with me? Your Trusting Servant, C.D.

BACK TO SCENE:

Christi carefully leaves the note on the table where she found the note from Washington. Then she checks the front door to be sure it is locked.

INT. STAIRCASE IN OLD COLONIAL FARMHOUSE -- NEXT MORNING

Christi is descending the stairs with her briefcase in her hand. She looks into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Christi sees a note lying on the table exactly where she left hers. She picks it up.

Surprised, she reads the note.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. WASHINGTON SECOND NOTE

CHRISTI (V.O.)

Dear Miss Christi: My appreciation is ever so great, and I am pleased to inform you of my purpose. It is to teach you the Seven Spiritual Principles for Governing a People. Your Humble Servant, Geo. Washington

Christi face is tense. She puts the note in her briefcase and returns to the kitchen through the door to left of fireplace.

INT. CHRISTI'S KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Christi is on the phone.

CHRISTI

Shanan, I know you specialize in Native American artifacts, but is there anyone at the Smithsonian that knows about Freemasons? Like our Founding Fathers? I need some information.

Christi listens to response.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll bring all these things with me. I'll see you Friday--in your office. Thanks.

INT. SHANAN'S SMITHSONIAN OFFICE -- FRIDAY

The small office is filled with Native American artifacts. The floor cloth is spread on the floor.

SHANAN ADKINS, clearly Native American, is seated by her desk watching Christi take the candles sticks, compass and square from a large trial briefcase and set them on the floorcloth.

CHRISTI

Apparently Freemasons used to meet in my house, at my table, and they used these things. You know, the table I got from Torper--it used to be in my dining room when the Founding Fathers were meeting. When I brought it back, that started some mysterious process, something about destiny, a sign they have to meet again.

SHANAN

How did you find all this out?

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

INT. DOOR TO SHANAN'S OFFICE

The door suddenly opens and MR. BETNOIR, another Smithsonian employee, abruptly comes in, with papers in his hand. He wears a toupee and has a moustache.

MR. BETNOIR

Shanan, I have some . . . Oh, excuse me.

He looks at Christi on the floor with the artifacts.

MR. BETNOIR (CONT'D)

Well, what do we have here?  
These look like Masonic icons.  
Where did they come from? Who  
do they belong to?

Shanan jumps up and stands between Mr. Betnoir and  
Christi.

SHANAN

They're family heirlooms of  
Christi's. Remember, I told  
you I had a friend, Christi  
Daniel, that worked at Mr.  
Torper's firm.

To Christi:

SHANAN

Christi, this is Mr. Betnoir.  
He belongs to that new party,  
the Rebel Republic. He's a  
friend of Winston Torper.

To Mr. Betnoir:

SHANAN (CONT'D)

We were just visiting.

MR. BETNOIR

So, you're the young woman who  
suddenly left Win Torper's  
firm, under unusual  
circumstances, I understand.  
He was wondering what became of  
you. How long have these  
things been in your family?

CHRISTI

Oh . . . as long as I can  
remember. Probably goes back  
to the Revolution.

Christi grimaces.

MR. BETNOIR

It's not safe to have such  
things. They come from a cult  
that should have been destroyed



long ago. These icons are of  
the devil.

Christi immediately begins to pack the items into her  
briefcase.

MR. BETNOIR (CONT'D)

Where do you work now, Miss  
Daniel?

CHRISTI

I just have a small law  
practice. Not anywhere near  
here.

MR. BETNOIR

What are you going to do with  
these things?

CHRISTI

I'm taking them home. Last I  
heard this was still a free  
country.

SHANAN

Christi has a wonderful sense  
of humor. Please excuse us,  
Mr. Betnoir, we have a luncheon  
engagement and we're already  
late.

Christi and Shanana hurry out the door with the briefcase.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. RESTAURANT -- NOON -- SAME DAY

The restaurant is full of people. Christi and Shanana are  
seated at a small table in the corner having lunch.

SHANAN

The Smithsonian planned a  
display of Masonic artifacts  
for the Bicentennial. But word  
of the project got out and  
there was a near religious  
revolt. Then a threat to bomb  
the Smithsonian killed the  
whole project.

CHRISTI

Do you know anything about the Freemasons and the founding of the nation?

SHANAN

No, but I did see a letter. It asked about the connection between Freemasons and the nation's "secret destiny." This seemed a little strange. And I've heard some Masonic materials had been destroyed because of what they'd reveal--might be detrimental to the "national interest."

Shanan laughs.

SHANAN (CONT'D)

I never dreamed there was any connection between that and you!

CHRISTI

Shanan, you're gonna think I'm crazy, but I've got to tell someone. You must never tell anyone. Some ghosts were at my dining room table the other night. They were having a meeting. Before that, I got a note signed by George Washington saying he wanted to meet with me. I'm serious, Shanan. This all happened.

SHANAN

Sounds like stories my grandfather used to tell me about visits from our ancestors. It's not that unusual among the elders. I used to imagine what it would be like.

CHRISTI

So, you don't think I'm crazy?

SHANAN

No way! Christi, do you remember that time in our dorm room when you were really upset when I returned from class? You'd heard a voice.

CHRISTI

Oh, sure. . . . I'll never forget *that*. It was years ago. The voice said, 'Prepare yourself well, you will be called upon to lead.' It was weird and scared me to death. And all you wanted to know was whether a man or a woman was talking to me!

SHANAN

Christi, do you think all this--the Masonic artifacts, George Washington, a mysterious meeting in your house--do you think they might be related to that voice you heard? You know, be prepared to lead?

Christi looks surprised.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT -- A WEEK LATER

Tom is on the phone.

TOM

Don't get alarmed, Christi. Just want you to know what happened. This afternoon a Homeland Security Agent asked to meet with me. I figured some graduate looking for a government job needed a security clearance, so I told him to come on over. I couldn't believe he just asked questions about you.

MATCH  
CUT:

INT. CHRISTI'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Christi is on the phone.

CHRISTI

Me! Why? What'd he want?

TOM

He started out saying he understood we were in a 'relationship,' as he called it. Made it sound immoral. I told him we were acquainted and asked what he wanted. Nothing he said made sense. Something about some antireligious group with Masonic ties, fear of a terrorist plot. He said there was evidence you were involved.

CHRISTI

What! That's ridiculous! This must have come from Betnoir at the Smithsonian, and Torper. They dreamt this up.

TOM

That's as far as he got before I told him to get out. I don't think you need to worry about your safety. Just wanted you to know that someone may be trying to discredit you.

CHRISTI

I can't imagine what they think I'm doing that would cause such fear! Sending an investigator to Cambridge? What was his name?

TOM

He said it was Ralph Waldo.

INT. HAP'S OFFICE -- NEXT DAY

Hap is seated at his desk. Christi is seated in front of Hap's desk.

HAP

Ralph Waldo. That's the same guy who visited me a few days ago. I didn't tell you because I didn't want to upset you.

CHRISTI

What did he want?

HAP

Wanted to know if you were in some kind of antireligious terrorist group. Mentioned the Masons. I told him you were one of the finest attorneys with whom I had ever been associated. That you were involved in nothing I considered out of the ordinary.

CHRISTI

Hap, I should never have taken those things to the Smithsonian. I thought I was through with Toper. This is only going to lead to trouble. I want out of this.

HAP

So they win? They want you to play by their rules, rules of fear. Don't go there. Trust it's all for your highest good.

CHRISTI

How can being spied on by a bastard like Torper be for my highest good?

HAP

If you judge him to be evil, does that make him so? Any

more than him judging you to be dangerous means its true. Both are just perceptions. Neither is true.

CHRISTI

I'm not sure any more what is true. Hap, you know those strange notes and the meeting that disappeared when I fell down the stairs?

HAP

Yes. Yes, this is quite an adventure.

CHRISTI

Well, I got another note, about another meeting.

Christi pulls a paper out of her briefcase.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. WASHINGTON' THIRD NOTE

CHRISTI (V.O.)

Dear Miss Christi: Thank you for your courage. First, an important matter must be addressed. May we kindly use the table on the evening of June 24 for a special meeting on the Nativity of St. John the Baptist? In your service, Geo. Washington

BACK TO SCENE

HAP

June 24th--that's the summer solstice. Masons were required to meet then and at the winter solstice, the Nativity of St. John the Evangelist. It has to do with balance and parallel associations.

CHRISTI

St. John the Evangelist? The

Bible inscription says that's  
when Washington became a Mason.  
Oh God, what do I do now?

HAP  
You accept! What else?

CHRISTI  
Not me, not alone. Hap, will  
you be there with me?

INT. CHRISTI'S KITCHEN -- JUNE 24.

The calendar on the wall by the phone has June 24th  
circled.

INT. DINING ROOM -- DUSK

The ceiling is dancing with rainbows from the setting sun  
shining through the lead panes above the west window.

Christi and Hap are seated at the table having dinner.

HAP  
The energy in this room is  
overpowering. Indeed,  
something is going to happen.

CHRISTI  
What do you mean? Do you feel  
something?

HAP  
Have you ever been to  
Stonehenge or Avebury? It's  
like that. It feels like a  
vortex forming.

CHRISTI  
Do you think we should put the  
artifacts out?

HAP  
Yes, the floor cloth must go on  
the floor. That's where the  
Masons would put it.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Christi is kneeling on the floor cloth in front of the fireplace. She is pointing to the stairs that ascend from the black and white checked foreground.

HAP

The stairs lead from the physical world to the higher realm.

Christi moves her hand up the floor cloth to the middle.

CHRISTI

Here in the middle are three columns.

HAP

Yes, that must be the middle chamber of the soul. They no doubt used those to teach the "Rule of Three." Three is an important element of construction, in building buildings, and also in the spirit world. Like the trinity. I bet above that is an open holy book, the entrance to the spirit.

CHRISTI

Yes! The physical, the soul, and the spirit.

HAP

These levels are also represented in the design of our government. The local, state and federal levels. It is a nation, composed of parts, but all under God.

CHRISTI

These columns in the middle -- they have different cornices at the top. Does that mean something?

HAP



They represent the three different agencies that are required for equilibrium, on the physical level, but also on the spiritual. The Corinthian column represents the active, creative aspect of the psyche, or Lodge, as the case may be. The physical is always a mere reflection of the spiritual.

CHRISTI

The active . . . could that represent the executive branch of government?

HAP

Yes, that's right. The Doric column represents the passive, reflective characteristic -- the legislative branch.

CHRISTI

And the judicial?

HAP

That's the Ionic column, the one that coordinates the other two and maintains balance.

CHRISTI

There's an eye at the very top.

HAP

That's God. Above all else.

Christi looks at the window to the darkness outside.

CHRISTI

Hap, we'd better get in our place. It's dark outside.

INT. STAIRCASE IN OLD COLONIAL FARMHOUSE -- NIGHT --  
LATER

Hap and Christi are seated at the bottom of the stairs, arm in arm. Christi eagerly watches the dining room to their right.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Slowly fading in, the room is filled with men in colonial attire. A meeting is being called to order with great formality. JOHN BLAIR stands at the head of the table near the fireplace and speaks in a deep, booming voice.

JOHN BLAIR

I, John Blair, of the  
Williamsburg Lodge, Grand  
Master of Virginia, convene our  
Beloved Brethren of Ancient  
Free and accepted Masons for a  
most sacred purpose.

ALL PRESENT

(applause and  
nods)

JOHN BLAIR

We are thankful that the trials  
of our probationary state are  
over, and we are now admitted  
into the Temple not made of  
human hands, eternal in the  
Heavens, to continue our  
service to the Most Holy and  
Glorious Lord God, the Great  
Architect of the Universe.

ALL PRESENT

(express  
consent)  
So be it! Indeed!

JOHN BLAIR

In past ages the profoundest of  
truths were wisely covered from  
the Common People, as with a  
veil, lest truth be degraded  
into idolatry. But a New Age  
is upon us. Those who now  
comprehend the Ancient Wisdom  
are many and secrecy is no  
longer required.

ALL PRESENT

Amen! Indeed!

JOHN BLAIR

Nations, like men, to be free  
must first be virtuous. In the  
end, all things are tested by  
the Square and Rule.

ALL PRESENT

Amen. So be it.

JOHN BLAIR

And so it is that we gather on  
this occasion to heal an  
ancient wound and restore  
virtue through forgiveness.  
Forgiveness, not in the sense  
of a patronage dispensed to one  
deemed to be of lesser purity,  
or forgiveness given in return  
for ransom, to be withdrawn if  
the price be not paid. No, my  
Brethren, such is not  
forgiveness. Forgiveness is  
recognizing there was never a  
deed to be forgiven, for what  
we call sin is, in truth, a  
call for love.

ALL PRESENT

Indeed. Amen.

JOHN BLAIR

Our Beloved Brothers, George  
Washington and Benedict Arnold,  
are here to live the law of  
forgiveness. My Brothers,  
please come.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, tall, elderly, stands and  
ceremoniously walks toward Blair.

BENEDICT ARNOLD, a tall, handsome middle-aged man with  
dark hair and fiery eyes steps forward.

INT. STAIRCASE IN OLD COLONIAL FARMHOUSE

CHRISTI

Hap! It's Washington! George  
Washington has gone to the  
front with Benedict Arnold!

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM

Washington and Arnold stand at the head of the table  
beside Grand Master Blair. Blair nods toward them.

JOHN BLAIR  
I now entrust this proceeding  
to our Most Beloved Brother  
Washington.

Blair sits in a chair near the fireplace.

Standing before the assembly, Brother Washington and  
Brother Arnold embrace one another.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Our Blessed Brother Arnold. I  
am pleased we meet again on the  
physical plane, to unveil the  
sacred truth. You chose a  
difficult path. Therein lies  
the value of your teaching.  
The illusions you created, then  
worshipped as your truth, it's  
a failing of many. We now see  
how you lost sight of the truth  
of who you are.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
It seems I always hurt. Even  
as a child, hurt became hate.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. BEDROOM OF ARNOLD HOUSE -- EVENING

The room is lit by a candle. Arnold's young sister,  
MARY, is sick in bed. Her mother is sitting by the side  
of her bed, trying to feed her broth.

BENEDICT ARNOLD (V.O.)  
I was 12, away at boarding  
school, when the plague took

all but one of my brothers and  
sisters. Even little Mary, my  
favorite, whose goodness made  
her more deserving of life than  
I. Had I not been away, I  
could have died, not her.

BACK TO SCENE

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
So you blamed God for this  
injustice, and swore never  
again to trust the Almighty.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. LIVING AREA OF ARNOLD HOUSE -- NIGHT

Young Arnold is reading a book by the fire. Arnold's  
father enters. He is drunk; still has on his coat. He  
approaches young Arnold and angrily knocks the book out  
of young Arnold's hands. Young Arnold looks at his  
father with terror.

BENEDICT ARNOLD (V.O.)  
My father's drunkenness forced  
me out of boarding school. I  
was embarrassed by the  
degrading apprenticeship I was  
required to take. Then my  
father's humiliating death . .  
.

BACK TO SCENE:

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Your garden of hatred  
flourished, your mistrust of  
God solidified.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
I swore to never again rely on  
others.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
At all cost, you would prove  
your judgment of yourself

right, your crucifixion  
justified.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
I was determined to succeed.  
No one would stand in my way.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Filling the black, godless pit  
you believed you had become  
would be achieved by any means.

INT. STAIRCASE

Christi and Hap are sitting arm in arm on the stairs,  
enraptured with what is taking place.

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Arnold turns and speaks angrily to Washington

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
Even you, whom I admired so  
much, disappointed me.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I recognized your courage, your  
willingness to make sacrifices.  
But I had thousands in my  
command. You knew how we  
needed you in our fight for  
freedom, your intelligence,  
your ability to inspire  
confidence.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
But political patronage was  
more important. I saw five  
junior officers promoted ahead  
of me.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
That was an act of the  
Congress, politicians. I  
argued you deserved better for  
your many honest exertions.

BENEDICT ARNOLD

But you were our leader,  
revered by all. How could you  
fail to deliver what you  
admitted I deserved?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I did what I could.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. REVOLUTIONARY WAR MILIARY ENCAMPMENT -- DAY

Angry revolutionary soldiers are yelling at their  
commanders.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
You asked for the command of  
West Point when our troops had  
not been paid for months and  
were near revolt. The French  
were withdrawing their support  
and our own people doubted our  
cause.

BACK TO SCENE:

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
But I granted your request.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
By then it was too little, too  
late. I had already devised my  
scheme to prove that the dream  
of a nation grounded in love  
would never be had by men who  
failed to love me.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
You chose that critical moment  
to attack all that we  
cherished, the dream for which  
many Brothers had perished.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
But if I succeeded, I would be  
a hero in the eyes of our King.  
I would chart the course of

history and my name would never  
be forgotten.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Your name is remembered because  
the sacrifice you devised to  
purify yourself was the  
destruction of the very  
undertaking you believed needed  
purification.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
I had to do something. I was  
not respected. And what I  
wanted more than anything was  
to be close to you, but your  
guard was always up, you were  
distant.

Washington pauses.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I could never forget that  
fateful Easter when I was but  
eleven.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. WOODS -- AFTERNOON

Young Washington and his cousins are playing in a fort  
made of sticks. A man on horseback enters the scene,  
dismounts and speaks to Young Washington. Young  
Washington burst into tears.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
I was visiting cousins, playing  
in the woods building a fort  
when my mother sent a friend to  
take me home. My father was  
dying. The insufferable pain.  
. . never again would I allow  
my heart to embrace one who  
might suddenly be lost.

BACK TO SCENE:



GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Remaining distant felt safe.

Tears are on Arnold's cheeks.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
We could never have believed  
this insanity had we not  
created it. Each projecting  
the past onto the future.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
We were each other's teacher.  
It was all as it was meant to  
be. Our efforts were never  
truly threatened by your cries  
for love, or mine. What  
happened was in truth about  
*this* moment--a lesson in  
forgiveness.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
Brother Washington, I never  
doubted that you loved me. I  
beg forgiveness for my treason.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Had you prevailed, it is I who  
would have been hung for  
treason. Evil is matter of  
perspective.

Arnold falls to his knees, takes Washington's hand in  
his, bows his head on their hands and sobs. Washington  
puts his other hand on Arnold's head.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
In our arrogance we judged your  
acts as you, not seeing it was  
the pain you found in our acts  
that moved you. My Brother,  
there is nothing to forgive.  
Only in seeing this can we rise  
to answer cries for love with  
love.

Arnold looks up at Washington.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
Madness is over.

Washington looks upward.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Indeed. I see the soul of this  
Nation rising.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. BLUE SKY ABOVE THE POTOMAC RIVER -- AFTERNOON

An American Eagle is soaring, then lands on its nest  
where its young await.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
As the Great Eagle, in holy  
flight. This is the fruition  
of our vision of a nation under  
God, where justice is love and  
all are free.

BACK TO SCENE:

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
My Brothers, so be it!

ALL PRESENT  
So be it! So be it!

Those present rise to their feet, embrace one another  
with great joy and celebration. A crowd of voices, far  
more than those in the room, are heard saying "So be it."

INT. CHRISTI'S STAIRS

Christi and Hap are embracing each other, and speaking in  
unison with the group.

CHRISTI  
So be it! So be it!

HAP  
So be it! So be it!

Suddenly all is quiet and the room is empty. Only

Christi and Hap's voices can be heard. The three candles on the mantle flicker their last light and go out.

EXT. CHRISTI'S YARD -- NIGHT -- MINUTES LATER

Christi and Hap are seated at the picnic table, with their coats on.

CHRISTI

Hap, what just happened . . .

HAP

June's gonna love this! It was unbelievable.

CHRISTI

That's what concerns me. I don't know what to believe. Am I, am I having delusions?

HAP

My friend, our view of reality dictates what we can see as possible or impossible. Tonight you were taught that guilt cannot be isolated and laid upon one to the exclusion of others. No one is saved until everyone is, for we are all one. You must now teach this to others.

CHRISTI

But why me? I didn't ask to be involved in these bizarre events.

HAP

Are you sure?

CHRISTI

Why, why would this happen to me? I'm just an average person, an average woman, just like millions of others. An attorney. I'm not a saint. I have no extraordinary abilities. Why me?

HAP

Yeah, I understand. A major commitment is being asked of you.

CHRISTI

Commitment! I don't want a commitment. I've never married, or had children, because I'm terrified of commitment. What you're saying would require a commitment that is even more . . . irrevocable, eternal. I feel like I'm losing control of my life.

HAP

Control can only deliver the illusion of security, and for that its ransom is high.

CHRISTI

When I started practicing law I thought I had it all. I got to call the shots, direct events. But this feels like a step into the unknown. Why would I do that?

HAP

Maybe . . . to face your own demons. We all must. The only choice we have is when.

The first rays of dawn appear on the eastern horizon.

CHRISTI

Dawn is breaking, Hap. A new day.

HAP

It's the dawn of our awakening. The dawn of the feminine aspect in all of us -- the yin that has been overshadowed by the yang.

Christi blinks away tears and takes a tissue from her pocket.

CHRISTI

I'm glad I'm not alone. I need your support, your wisdom. Hap, how did you get here?

HAP

Destiny, I guess. Actually, I was born into a well known political family. You'd recognize the name. The woman who gave birth to me wasn't ready to make the commitment raising a blind child would require and my father couldn't imagine putting a blind child on display at political functions. So they told people I was born dead and put me up for adoption.

CHRISTI

Oh, I'm sorry.

HAP

No, it was a blessing. I went to a poor family who had only love to share. My father worked two jobs so Mother could stay home. I never saw my Mother's face, but I don't recall a moment with her when I didn't feel loved.

CHRISTI

Do you speak to your birth parents?

HAP

No. My birth father secretly paid for my education. June was hired to help me through law school. We fell in love, and here we are.

Hap laughs.

HAP (CONT'D)

I had the best of both worlds.  
Money from a family that  
didn't have love and love from  
a family that didn't have  
money!

A moment passes.

Hap extends his arm across the picnic table, his open palm inviting Christi to hold it. She places her hand in his. Hap speaks softly.

HAP (CONT'D)

I understand your fear,  
Christi. And I'll do all in my  
power to love and support you  
on this journey out of fear,  
because it's *our* journey. All  
of us.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- AFTERNOON -- WEEKS LATER

Christi is curled up on the couch in the dining room under an afghan reading *Wholeness and the Implicate Order* (a book on quantum physics). She yawns, closes the book and lays down to take a nap.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- LATER

Christi is asleep on the couch. Washington is standing by the table, one hand resting on it, the other tucked in his waistcoat.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Miss Christi. Miss Christi. .  
. Please don't be alarmed.

Christi stirs, looks out one eye at George Washington, then abruptly sits up.

CHRISTI

Mr. Washington! It that you?  
Did you bring the laws? I'm,  
I'm not dressed for this  
occasion.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Now, don't think you're a  
second Moses, about to collect  
stone tablets. We will discuss  
the spiritual laws as you are  
ready.

CHRISTI  
Please, please have a seat.  
Would you like some tea. No,  
of course not, you can't . . .

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Yes, please. That would be  
delightful.

CHRISTI  
It'll just take a minute.

Christi goes through the door to the kitchen.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

Christi comes through the door to the left of the  
fireplace with a tray. There are two cups, sugar, cream  
and a plate of cookies on the tray. She sets the tray on  
the table where George Washington is seated near the fire  
and begins to serve tea. He puts Christi's physics book  
that he had been looking at on the table.

CHRISTI  
I hope you like cookies. I  
made them.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
You're so kind.

Washington takes a sip of tea.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Oh, what type of tea might this  
be?

CHRISTI  
Lipton.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Hmm. Lipton. I'll try one of

your cookies.

CHRISTI

Please.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Hmm. Full of all sorts of things. Now, Miss Christi. How shall we begin?

CHRISTI

Well, can you tell me. . . are we in the dimension you exist in or the one I exist in?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

That's a good question, but somewhat flawed. You see, the two are not separate. It will be easier if you just relinquish that belief.

Washington puts his hand on the physics book that is on the table.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Please understand, it's not necessary that you understand the physics of this process. You need only accept that we are equal players in this undertaking.

CHRISTI

But Mr. Washington, who sent you? Why have you come?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

You asked me to. Not the singular you, of course, but the collective You. By your intent you have connected with a global consciousness seeking a better way. When the student is ready, the teacher appears. I have exercised infinite patience waiting for this moment.



CHRISTI

But I don't understand. Why me?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Your role is critical to our mission. When we founded this nation, we had a vision of a nation embraced in plenty on the physical plane and love on the spiritual. There is plenty, but it's possessed by few. And fear is winning over love.

CHRISTI

But I don't have anything to do with any of that.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

You share our vision. We must have leaders who consciously hold our vision as they lead the People to the collective manifestation of our dream, before it is lost.

CHRISTI

But how? Where would I begin?

George Washington takes a sip of tea. Christi refills his cup.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

The first step is to evolve past the level of ego. A true leader knows that what is important is far greater than self. He . . . or she, as in this case, recognizes her importance, not as an individual, but as a symbol of the collective dream. And she knows her power to lead the people to manifest that dream.

CHRISTI

And? This happens, how?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

There is no set rule. It can happen in the Garden of Gethsemane. Or at Valley Forge. It comes only to those who are committed to a cause larger than themselves.

CHRISTI

But, what if commitment is the greatest fear I have?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Then it will take double the effort. To make this passage, you will call to you the teachers you need, but you will not always recognize them as serving your higher good.

George Washington rises and moves toward the door.  
Christi rises.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

We have done enough for one encounter. There will be others. One thing . . . if I may. Despite our discussion about one's personal desires being of no importance, do you think some good English tea might be had for the next time we meet?

INT. CHRISTI'S KITCHEN -- MINUTES LATER

Christi is on the phone.

CHRISTI

Tom! Do you think you can find me some good English tea in Boston?

INT. CHRISTI'S SMALL OFFICE AT HAP'S FIRM -- DAY

Christi is sitting at her desk when June appears at the

door.

JUNE HAYES  
Mornin' Christi. Your 11:00  
o'clock appointment is here.  
Mr. Richard Selander, I  
believe.

RICHARD SELANDER, a tall, muscular, handsome man about  
Christi's age, appears at the door. Christi rises to  
greet him and they shake hands.

CHRISTI  
Thanks, June. Please come in  
Mr. Selander. I'm Christi  
Daniel. How can I help you?

RICHARD SELANDER  
Thanks for seeing me on short  
notice. I'm in a terrible  
situation. Last night my wife  
and her boyfriend ran off with  
my kids. I'm afraid they'll be  
harmed. I love my kids.

CHRISTI  
Who usually takes care of them?

RICHARD SELANDER  
My wife works days, so I take  
care of them alone much of the  
time. I work night shift. The  
boyfriend is a detective and  
knows the ropes--I don't. I  
need a good lawyer. Several  
people referred me to you. I  
heard you're a real fighter.

CHRISTI  
What's your wife's name, and  
the boyfriend's?

Richard pauses.

RICHARD SELANDER  
Uh, her name is . . . Susan,  
Susan Selander. His name is,  
uh, Wald. Rudolph Wald.

CHRISTI

Hmm. Does he ever go by Ralph  
Waldo?

Richard furrows his brow.

RICHARD SELANDER

No. Never heard that name.  
Who is he?

CHRISTI

A snoop, asks a lot of  
questions. Forget it. Now, we  
can get an emergency hearing in  
a few days. Get custody  
awarded to you until a full  
hearing can be set, since she  
ran off without getting a court  
order.

RICHARD SELANDER

Great. Can I call you at home  
if I hear anything? I'm  
supposed to be at a Masonic  
meeting tonight, but I don't  
plan to go until I hear from  
the police about the kids.

CHRISTI

Well, sure. Here's my home  
phone number.

Christi jots the number on a note and hands it to him.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)

So, you're a Mason? Have you  
been a Mason long?

RICHARD SELANDER

Yeah, about 15 years. Followed  
in Dad's footsteps. If you're  
interested, maybe we could have  
lunch together.

Christi looks at her watch.

CHRISTI

Sure, why not? I've been dying to meet a real Mason. I have some Masonic artifacts I'd like to know more about. Maybe you can explain them to me.

RICHARD SELANDER

Ah, can I use your phone before we go? I need to make a personal call.

CHRISTI

Well, okay. I'll meet you out front.

Christi leaves the office and closes the door behind her. Richard quickly installs a bug on her phone line.

EXT. DOOR TO MARK RUBEN'S SMALL APARTMENT IN WASHINGTON D.C.

Christi knocks the door knocker.

TERESA RUBEN, with BABY in arms, opens the door.

CHRIST

Hi, Teresa. I came as quickly as I could. Is everything okay?

INT. LIVING ROOM OF MARK'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Christi and Mark are sitting on the couch.

MARK

Yeah, I'm a proud dad, but an unemployed one.

CHRISTI

Unemployed? You left the firm?

MARK

I didn't leave voluntarily. I was forced out. I was handling Smith's appeal when I missed a deadline. Someone went into my computer and changed my

tickler, so the date didn't come up. An old printed copy had the deadline on it. It was changed, I know it was.

CHRISTI

You're so thorough, you never miss a deadline.

MARK

Problem is I can't get a recommendation from the firm. Tough finding a job without it. That's why I called you, to see if you might give me one.

CHRISTI

Of course I will. I see nothing's changed at Torper, Harp and Hyde.

MARK

It's worse. Torper was furious when you lost Smith's case. Thought you did it on purpose. Nearly lost Smith as a client, but they worked out some scheme they didn't want me in on. So they found a way to get rid of me.

CHRISTI

I'm glad I'm out of there.

MARK

Keep an eye out, Christi. If Torper can find a way to get even, he will. No telling what Smith would do. He's still running guns, from China, no less.

INT. CHRISTI'S FRONT HALL -- A FEW DAYS LATER -- LATE AFTERNOON

Christi greets Richard Selander at the door. She is pleased to see him.

CHRISTI

Richard. What a surprise to see you. Please come in. Is everything okay?

Richard Selander enters.

RICHARD SELANDER

I've got great news.

He puts his hand on her elbow. Christi smiles.

RICHARD SELANDER (CONT'D)

Thought I'd tell you in person. My wife brought the kids back last night. You can cancel the emergency hearing. We worked out a settlement.

CHRISTI

That's great news, Richard. You did an agreement without an attorney?

RICHARD SELANDER

Nothing to it. Didn't have much. Now I'm a free man.

Christi smiles and leads Richard into the dining room.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Richard looks at the candle sticks and Bible on the mantle.

RICHARD SELANDER

Are these the Masonic things you told me about?

CHRISTI

Yes. I hope you can tell me how the Masons use them, what they mean. I just made dinner. Can you stay awhile?

RICHARD SELANDER

I'd love to, but another time. I just stopped by to deliver

the good news. Say, can I use your phone? My cell phone ran out of juice and I need to make a call.

CHRISTI

Sure. It's in the kitchen.  
It's all yours.

INT. CHRISTI'S KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Richard puts a bug on the phone in Christi's kitchen.

INT. CHRISTI'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT -- SAME DAY

The phone rings.

CHRISTI

Hello.

MATCH  
CUT:

INT. SHANAN'S SMITHSONIAN OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Shanan is on the phone.

SHANAN

Hi. I didn't expect you to be home. It's Saturday night.

INT. CHRISTI'S KITCHEN

Christi laughs.

CHRISTI

So, my social life slowed down for a night. What's up?

INT. SHANAN'S SMITHSONIAN OFFICE

SHANAN

I'm going to visit my Grandfather. I think you two should meet. I'm going the first weekend in November. Can you go?



Christi checks the calendar by the phone.

CHRISTI

Looks like it. I'm putting it on my calendar right now. I may have to bring some files to work on.

Christi circles the date on her calendar by the phone.

SHANAN

Sure. How are things going?

CHRISTI

Not so well. Torper may be up to something. I need to talk to Mr. Washington but I never know when he's going to come.

SHANAN

Just leave him a note, you know, where he leaves them for you.

CHRISTI

Good idea. It worked before.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- DAYS LATER -- LATE AFTERNOON

Christi is seated at the dining room table near the fireplace. Heaps of books and papers cluttering one end of the table. Christi is reading *The Tao of Physics*. The fire crackles in the background.

Rainbows are dancing on the ceiling from sun shining through the cut glass window.

Christi looks up. George Washington is seated at the other end of the table, his silhouette outlined by the setting sun shining through the window.

Christi gasps.

CHRISTI

Oh, I didn't realize . . .

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Good afternoon, Miss Christi.  
I hope I didn't startle you.

CHRISTI  
No, in fact I was wondering  
when you would come again. I  
have some good English tea.

INT. DOOR FROM KITCHEN INTO DINING ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

Christi comes through the door carrying a silver tray  
with a tea pot and cups. She sets it on the table and  
begins serving George Washington.

CHRISTI  
I never thought I'd have the  
opportunity to tell you how  
grateful we are for the many  
sacrifices you made.

Washington takes a sip of tea.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Ah, what fine tea.

Christi smiles and sits down.

CHRISTI  
A friend got it for me.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Quite nice. Now about  
sacrifice. This is your  
opportunity to do something in  
return. Today we begin the  
Seven Principles.

Christi puts her hand at the base of her neck, her eyes  
are wide.

CHRISTI  
The Principles? Mr.  
Washington, I . . . I've been  
having dreams . . . nightmares  
about being lost and alone.  
I'm afraid I might not . . .

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Good. Very good. The first principle has to do with fear, a powerful emotion.

CHRISTI

Yes, I know.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

There are but two emotions, love and fear. All other emotions are mere aspects of these two. The first Spiritual Principle has to do with the misuse of fear by those who govern.

CHRISTI

Well, we see a lot of that.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Fear Shall Never Be Used To Manipulate The People. This is the first principle. Fear divides a People, one group against another. Its misuse by those who govern will destroy a nation, lead to war within and without.

CHRISTI

Politicians play on our fears all the time.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Anyone willing to use fear to promote one's agenda at the expense of the public good must not be entrusted with the power of the People.

CHRISTI

Fear . . . Shall Never Be Used To Manipulate the People?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

A sound principle, but perhaps not for the reasons you presently understand. Those

who use fear to manipulate are, in fact, exhibiting a profound sense of vulnerability. They feel vulnerable because they believe in separation, upon which fear depends.

CHRISTI

Separation is everywhere. Quantum physics indicates it's an illusion, but everything seems to look separate.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Fear only creates more fear. That's why nothing ever changes and the attacks become an endless cycle. The only choice you see is whether to attack now or withdraw and attack later.

CHRISTI

Yes. Sometimes we know our fear is being used against us, and we still do just as expected.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I must explain. The flaw lies in misunderstanding God's love. It is unconditional. It does not depend on what you do or do not do.

CHRISTI

But when we sin . . .

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Some teach that God is wrathful and condemns his children to the fires of hell. This is precisely how justice and vengeance came to be seen as one. Parents then see it as just to withhold love from a child who disobeys. And governments see it as just to

pass laws aimed at vengeance,  
not healing, to maintain  
control. The idea that justice  
and vengeance are one is so  
widespread that the insanity of  
it cannot be seen.

Christi pauses.

CHRISTI

But how can we escape when this  
is what most of us believe? We  
need the key to this new  
kingdom.

George Washington rises.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Here is the key. You must love  
without attack, if only for an  
instant, even when you believe  
you are being attacked. Only  
thus will you begin to know the  
power of love.

CHRISTI

Not attack when you're being  
attacked? But we have to  
defend ourselves.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Dogs beget dogs and cats beget  
cats. If you want a world full  
of vengeance, then defend  
yourself with vengeance. But  
to create a world of love, you  
must unlearn the belief that  
vengeance is a just and  
instead, see justice as love.

CHRISTI

Unlearn?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

It's like learning to read. At  
first you just saw lines and  
circles, but then you began to

connect them and saw meaning.  
Eventually, you will learn to  
live in love, not fear. You  
must repeatedly practice each  
step. Do not be discouraged.  
Extend love, never attack.  
This will lead you to a new way  
of seeing.

Christi stands up.

CHRISTI

Mr. Washington. I seriously  
doubt my role in all of this.  
I am trained to . . .

GEORGE WASHINGTON

You have come too far to turn  
back. To know you could change  
a world so bitterly torn, but  
to step back now because you  
are afraid, would that not be  
your condemnation?

CHRISTI

Yes . . . but how can I . . .

GEORGE WASHINGTON

It is simple. Don't think you  
are called upon to change the  
world. You are responsible  
only for change within  
yourself. Begin by reclaiming  
love. When someone tries to  
manipulate you through fear, or  
attacks you, remember, God's  
love is not conditional.  
Return only love. This act  
alone will change the world.

EST. VIEW OF DULLES AIRPORT SIGN -- SUMMER -- LATE  
MORNING

INT. AIRPORT WHERE PLANE IS DEBOARDING

CHRISTI

Mom! Mom!

Christi waves enthusiastically as her mother, MRS. DANIEL, a stout gray haired lady approaches. Mrs. Daniel is carrying a small box wrapped with heavy string.

Christi and her mother embrace warmly, then walk away.

INT. INTERIOR OF CHRISTI'S CAR -- EARLY AFTERNOON

Christi is driving. Mrs. Daniel is in the passenger seat.

CHRISTI  
How has the weather been in Colorado? Is the drought hurting the farmers?

MRS. DANIEL  
Yes, it always does. I brought you some home-made jam.

Mrs. Daniel holds up the box wrapped with heavy string.

Christi smiles.

CHRISTI  
I hoped you would.

MRS. DANIEL  
My, are you sure you should live so far out in the country?

CHRISTI  
Mom, it's no farther than when I was growing up.

EXT. LONG DRIVEWAY UP TO THE COLONIAL BRICK FARMHOUSE--

Christi turns the car into the driveway.

EXT. COLONIAL BRICK FARMHOUSE

Shot of the farmhouse at the end of the drive.

INT. INTERIOR OF CHRISTI'S CAR

MRS. DANIEL  
Oh, such a big house! Do you need that much space?

EXT. CHRISTI'S YARD -- AFTERNOON -- MINUTES LATER

Upon arriving, Christi and her mother are touring the outside of Christi's house and yard.

CHRISTI

I do most of the yard work. A neighbor helps sometimes.

MRS. DANIEL

My, my. Wonders never cease. As a child you thought yard work was torture.

They come to Christi's garden.

MRS. DANIEL (CONT'D)

You spaded this all by yourself?

CHRISTI

I did. It felt good to work the soil. I guess things change when you grow up. Let me show you inside.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Christi and her mother enter the dining room.

MRS. DANIEL

Oh, why such a large dining table?

Christi laughs.

CHRISTI

I didn't need such a large table, but I love it. That table and I have a special relationship.

MRS. DANIEL

How can you have a relationship with a table?

Christi picks up her mother's suitcase.



CHRISTI  
I'll explain later. When  
you're settled in, we'll have  
tea and cookies. I made them.

INT. CHRISTI'S KITCHEN -- A WHILE LATER

Christi is preparing tea when Mrs. Daniel enters.

MRS. DANIEL  
It's a beautiful place.  
Beautiful view. Are you sure  
you are safe here by yourself?

CHRISTI  
Mom, I grew up. Not a little  
girl anymore. Come, let's have  
our tea.

Christi picks up the silver tray with tea and cookies on  
it and opens the dining room door.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Rainbows are all over the ceiling.

Christi and Mrs. Daniel are seated at the table having  
tea and cookies.

MRS. DANIEL  
I like that picture of George  
Washington. Such a good man.  
What's that little apron he's  
wearing?

CHRISTI  
Washington was a Mason. It's  
his Masonic apron. The star  
and key carved in the  
fireplace, they're Masonic  
symbols, too.

MRS. DANIEL  
Masons? Oh, my.

Christi watches Mrs. Daniel sip her tea.

MRS. DANIEL (CONT'D)  
This tea's delicious. What  
type is it?

CHRISTI  
Well, there's actually a story  
about this tea. Tom got it in  
Boston. It's fine English tea,  
blended like they did in the  
colonies.

MRS. DANIEL  
You not only garden, now you're  
a connoisseur of English tea?

CHRISTI  
I got it for a friend. He  
comes to visit.

MRS. DANIEL  
That's nice. Who is your  
friend?

Christi swallows hard.

CHRISTI  
You would never guess. Not  
ever. He sort of comes from  
another dimension.

MRS. DANIEL  
Whatever does that mean?

CHRISTI  
Mom, I want to share something  
with you. Something very  
unusual. Maybe it isn't really  
happening, but I think it is.  
You see, shortly after I moved  
into this house I heard voices,  
here in this room, when I was  
in bed.

MRS. DANIEL  
Voices! Were you afraid?

CHRISTI  
At first I was terrified. But

they were just having a meeting. A Masonic meeting.

MRS. DANIEL  
A Masonic meeting? In your house? At night?

CHRISTI  
Here, at this table. That's where the mystery begins. You see, some of the Founding Fathers . . .

MRS. DANIEL  
Founding Fathers of what?

CHRISTI  
Of this nation. Some of them used to meet here, in this room, at this table, when they were creating this nation. When I returned the table here, to its former location, it was a sign they were to meet again.

MRS. DANIEL  
Oh, Christi. Is this a story you're writing? I'll bet you are not only gardening and into fine teas, but you have begun to write fiction, too. This old place has inspired you to do so many new things!

CHRISTI  
Mom, it may be fiction, but I don't think so. I think it's really happening.

MRS. DANIEL  
What's really happening?

CHRISTI  
George Washington is coming here, to meet with me.

Mrs. Daniel's eyes narrow and she examines Christi intensely.

MRS. DANIEL  
Christi, you're serious, aren't you? What do you believe is the purpose of these visits?

CHRISTI  
He's teaching me Seven Spiritual Principles for Governing a People. But he has only told me one so far.

MRS. DANIEL  
My, has anyone else seen Washington on these visits?

CHRISTI  
Well, Hap was here once.

MRS. DANIEL  
Didn't you say he's blind?

CHRISTI  
Yes, but he heard it. Mom, its such a wonderful adventure, I want to share it with you as it unfolds.

Mrs. Daniel pauses. She sips her tea, then tastes a cookie.

MRS. DANIEL  
These are delicious. Where'd you get the recipe?

CHRISTI  
I concocted it myself. Trial and error.

Mrs. Daniel reaches over and gently puts her hand on Christi's cheek.

MRS. DANIEL  
You used to only read books. Christi, how could so many things change so quickly in a child's life? These meetings, they must be a dream. Are you

on . . . drugs or something?

Christi takes her mother's hand in hers.

CHRISTI

Mom, please trust me. Even if it's a dream, it's a wonderful dream and I want to share it with you. But it's not a dream.

MRS. DANIEL

Darling, I want to believe you. You are the most honest child I know. But this, this is so out of the ordinary. Don't you think you should see someone? You know, like a doctor, to see if you have any problems? Find out if this is normal?

CHRISTI

I've thought about it. But the people closest to me, Tom and Hap, even Shanan, they don't think I'm crazy. They think I'm involved in some extraordinary, historic transformation.

MRS. DANIEL

If that's true, wouldn't you like to have it confirmed? It would be good to see if someone can tell you what this is. Please, darling. Will you do this for me?

Christi pauses.

CHRISTI

I don't want to.

Mrs. Daniel looks at her sternly.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)

But . . . if it'll make you feel better, Mom. I would . . .

. sort of like to know myself,  
and I guess it can't hurt.

Mrs. Daniel shakes her finger at Christi.

MRS. DANIEL  
An appointment next week.

INT. HALLWAY IN MEDICAL BUILDING -- DAY -- NEXT WEEK

Christi reads the directory until she finds the name she  
is looking for.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V.

"Dr. Lawrence Lumpkin, M.D. Rm. 444

BACK TO SCENE

Christi enters the elevator.

INT. DR. LUMPKIN'S OFFICE

Christi is seated on a couch. DR. LUMPKIN, a middle-aged  
man with a salt and pepper goatee and bifocals, holds a  
note pad on which he is writing, seated near Christi.

DR. LUMPKIN  
Now, before some unusual things  
began, had you been under any  
sort of stress?

CHRISTI  
Well, yes. I had been at a  
large law firm here in  
Washington, and I hated it.  
Dishonesty, political  
corruption.

Dr. Lumpkin writes on his pad.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)  
Then the senior partner  
assaulted me.

DR. LUMPKIN  
Were there witnesses to this  
assault?

CHRISTI

No, it was in a hotel room. We were alone.

DR. LUMPKIN

Why were you alone in a hotel room with the senior partner?

CHRISTI

I thought we went there for lunch, but he had other ideas. He'd been coming on to me for some time.

DR. LUMPKIN

I see. He'd been coming on to you, but you went to lunch with him in a hotel room? Who is this senior partner?

CHRISTI

He's pretty high profile. It's Winston Torper.

DR. LUMPKIN

The lawyer/politician? Doesn't he have a wife and two lovely daughters? A reputation for being a fine family man?

CHRISTI

That's his manufactured image.

DR. LUMPKIN

Have you ever been married, Miss Daniel?

CHRISTI

No.

DR. LUMPKIN

How long since you last had sex . . . I mean, with a man?

CHRISTI

Dr. Lumpkin, I came to see about these ghosts I'm seeing,

not my sex life.

Dr. Lumpkin frantically writes more notes.

DR. LUMPKIN

I see. Please tell me what stress you had after leaving the law firm.

CHRISTI

I left the firm and moved to a small town in northern Virginia. I bought an old house and began to fix it up. And I started a small law practice in different areas of law than before.

DR. LUMPKIN

Any one of those could be a major source of stress.

CHRISTI

But I like the house and my new job so much, it didn't seem stressful.

DR. LUMPKIN

So, what did seem stressful?

CHRISTI

Well, it began late one night when I woke up hearing voices in my dining room. I was afraid, but then I realized they were having a meeting.

DR. LUMPKIN

They? What sort of meeting?

Christi pauses.

CHRISTI

A Masonic meeting.

Dr. Lumpkin peers at Christi over the rim of his glasses.

DR. LUMPKIN



And who was at this . . .  
Masonic meeting?

CHRISTI

I know it sounds weird, but  
some of the men who founded  
this nation. I'm not sure who  
was at that one, but at the  
next meeting they said some of  
their names.

DR. LUMPKIN

I see.

Dr. Lumpkin writes more notes.

DR. LUMPKIN (CONT'D)

Why do you think they chose  
your house for this meeting?

CHRISTI

Because of . . . my dining room  
table.

DR. LUMPKIN

Hmm. What's so special about  
your dining room table?

CHRISTI

Well, it's a big antique table,  
from Torper's firm. It was in  
a conference room where I would  
go when I got upset. The table  
always made me feel better. So  
when I settled with Torper for  
his assault, I got the table.  
I moved it to this old house I  
bought, on part of what used to  
be Mt. Vernon. It turned out  
this was where the table used  
to be and these Masons had  
meetings there when they formed  
our country. When I returned  
the table to its original  
place, it was a sign they were  
to meet again. I know it  
sounds strange. That's why I'm  
here.

Dr. Lumpkin raises his eyebrows and writes more notes.

DR. LUMPKIN

How long have these meetings  
been going on?

CHRISTI

There were only two meetings  
with all these men.

DR. LUMPKIN

Any other unusual things  
happened?

CHRISTI

Yes, it gets worse. You see,  
now I've begun to meet with  
George Washington. That's why  
I thought . . . maybe I should  
see someone. It's all so  
weird, but it seems real.

DR. LUMPKIN

Sometimes we encounter these  
types of symptoms in patients  
who have been under severe  
stress, the way you have.

CHRISTI

Patients? Oh, I forgot  
something important. Mr.  
Washington has written me some  
notes. I have them.

DR. LUMPKIN

Has anyone been at these  
meetings with you. Anyone else  
seen . . . George Washington?

CHRISTI

My law partner, Hap, was at the  
second meeting. Actually, he's  
blind, but he heard everything  
that happened at the meeting.

DR. LUMPKIN

And what happened at this

second meeting?

Christi hesitates.

CHRISTI

Benedict . . . Benedict Arnold was forgiven. I mean by George Washington and the others. I know it's hard to imagine, but it was actually . . . a beautiful experience.

DR. LUMPKIN

I see. Do you have any history of psychological or psychiatric disorders?

CHRISTI

No. I'm very healthy.

DR. LUMPKIN

Miss Daniel, you are experiencing a brief psychotic disorder with marked stressors.

Dr. Lumpkin opens up the a thick blue book on his desk entitled Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders.

DR. LUMPKIN (CONT'D)

Here it is. 298.8. Schizotypal personality disorder. This could explain the unusual perceptual experiences, seeing these ghosts. However, you have no unusual mannerisms. With the notes you find lying around, you may have dissociative identity disorder. We used to call it multiple personality disorder.

CHRISTI

What! Are you suggesting I'm writing these notes to myself? But what about Hap? He was at the meeting. He doesn't think I'm writing notes to myself.

DR. LUMPKIN

That sometimes happens. You and he may have a shared psychotic disorder. That's 297.3. Or you could have delusional disorder of the grandiose type, 297.1. But I can't rule out the possibility of brain lesions. We must do a brain scan immediately.

Dr. Lumpkin takes out his prescription pad and begins to write.

DR. LUMPKIN (CONT'D)

I'm going to start you on Haldol at once. It should stop these episodes. Call me immediately if any more occur.

Christi accepts the written prescription with a forlorn look.

INT. HALLWAY IN MEDICAL BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Christi is on her cell phone.

CHRISTI

Tom, I've just been to a psychiatrist. He says I have a delusional disorder from stress, I hear voices and write notes to myself--or it may be a brain lesion.

MATCH  
CUT:

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT

Tom is on the phone.

TOM

Oh, Christi, why did you do that? The therapeutic community is still living in the days of Freud. Still

operating on Newtonian assumptions about reality. That we're just bodies to be fixed by masking the symptoms with medication.

CHRISTI

He didn't even want to know about the information being discussed in these "episodes," or the potential significance for the future of humanity. According to Dr. Lumpkin, I'm really sick.

TOM

Christi, you are not sick. We're moving into a new world, going from one level of understanding to another. It seems strange because its all so new. And Hap, he shared one of these experiences.

CHRISTI

Oh, Dr. Lumpkins says Hap may be sick, too. He gave me a prescription for Haldol.

TOM

You and Hap are not psychos. Please, Christi, don't listen to him. And don't take that medicine.

CHRISTI

I hope you're right, Tom. I feel more alive than ever. If you ever suspect I'm out of touch, will you promise to tell me?

TOM

I promise. I love you.

CHRISTI

Love ya too. Bye.

Christi starts to walk, then stops, takes the prescription from her pocket and looks at it. She crumples it and throws it in the trash. She takes out her cell phone and dials.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)

Hi, Mom. The doctor says everything's fine. I don't have any unusual mannerisms. This just sometimes happens when a person is evolving from one world view to another. It's nothing to worry about.

INT. CHRISTI'S STAIRCASE -- MORNING -- DAYS LATER

Christi descends the stairs with her briefcase and notices a piece of paper lying on the dining room table. She hurries over and picks it up.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. WASHINGTON'S FOURTH NOTE

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)

Dear Miss Christi: Before we meet again, I ask that you consider the Second Principle, JUSTICE SHALL BE DELIVERED WITHOUT JUDGMENT. Your Faithful Servant, Geo. Washington

CHRISTI

Justice shall be delivered without judgment? What does that mean?

INT. HAP'S OFFICE - LATER

Christi is seated in front of Hap's desk reading the note.

CHRISTI

Justice shall be delivered without judgment. What do you think that means?

HAP

I think he's not going to cut

you any slack. That goes to the very heart of our present legal system.

CHRISTI

But how? How can there be justice without judgment? Those at the pinnacle of our profession are called judges because it's their job to judge. They impose judgment on wrongdoers.

HAP

That's what we claim, but is that what really happens? Being blind, I see things in the courtroom differently. I sometimes see with an inner vision that illuminates people's souls.

Hap chuckles.

HAP (CONT'D)

Sometimes I even hear their thoughts.

Christi moves to the edge of her chair.

CHRISTI

Tell me what you see.

HAP

In the courtroom I see this intricate web of laws we have created, but they're actually abstract concepts, often unconnected to the truth. Like . . . the weight of the evidence, a preponderance of evidence, clear and convincing evidence. These are just words that can mean whatever we want them to mean.

CHRISTI

But we use them every day.

HAP

Sure, they preserve an appearance of law and order, and so long as everyone goes along with it, we don't have to look at how destructive this win/lose paradigm actually is.

CHRISTI

Well, it works, most of the time.

HAP

That depends. Laws are written to benefit the lawmakers. They figure out what preserves their power--like fear, vengeance. It works the way the power brokers want it to work.

CHRISTI

But Hap, it's how we keep law and order.

HAP

No, it's how we insulate ourselves from responsibility for our mistakes. It lets us see separate parts, pieces, but never the whole. The legislators write the laws that serve themselves. The judge measures out the requisite degree of vengeance, as the lawmakers prescribed, then pretends he sends his victims to a place of redemption. The redeemers--the warden, the executioner--they're free of blame as well, because they had no part in laying judgment on their victims. And to make this blindness work, the law absolves all of them from responsibility for the pain they levy upon those they condemn. And then we all



tacitly agree, this is justice.

CHRISTI

Are you suggesting those who commit crimes should not be punished? How would you explain this to a mother whose child has been senselessly murdered?

HAP

How is that mother helped to heal by a system that desires only vengeance? In being made the object of vengeance, the murderer responds by denying his guilt, or minimizing the harm he has caused. The opportunity for confession and repentance are stifled, because the reward for accepting responsibility is retribution, not forgiveness. Certainly not love.

CHRISTI

But victims say it's what they want.

HAP

They know nothing else. The mother can't even talk to the murderer to ask why, making the opportunity to extend forgiveness, so essential to her healing, nigh impossible. Reconciliation between victims and offenders, whose lives have become inextricably intertwined, is not even given a passing thought. I weep for any mother of a murdered child who gets caught in this contorted system we call justice.

Christi sits quietly for a moment.

CHRISTI

Can it be different? Where  
have we failed?

HAP

We fail to understand life  
cannot die. Death is a  
creation of the ego, to prove  
its version of the world is  
true, but it's not. We don't  
decay when the body does. It  
makes no more sense than being  
afraid our clothes will rot.  
What we truly are cannot be  
threatened. Our attachment to  
the material world forces us to  
be weak. To create justice,  
Christi, we must focus on what  
is, not what isn't. That's  
what Washington is telling you.

EXT. CHRISTI'S DRIVE WAY -- AFTERNOON -- DAYS LATER

Christi's car turns into her driveway. George Washington  
can be seen approaching across the field from the west.

EXT. COLONIAL BRICK FARMHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

George Washington and Christi meet outside the house.

CHRISTI

Good afternoon. I'm glad you  
have come.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Well, Miss Christi, I thought  
it was time for some of your  
fine tea.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

Rainbows are reflected on the ceiling and Christi and  
George Washington are seated at the table having tea.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Once you grasp the basic  
precepts, it becomes easy. In

God's law there are no  
inconsistencies, no exceptions  
to the rule. None.

CHRISTI

But justice without judgment?  
It's nearly . . .  
inconceivable.

George Washington leans forward.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Yes, for those who are wedded  
to a belief in sin. When you  
inflict punishment you must  
believe your victim was a  
sinner to begin with  
--otherwise the punishment  
would not be justified.

CHRISTI

But sin requires punishment to  
expunge it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

No, no. This belief is why you  
mistrust God, because in the  
world of sin, no one is without  
sin, even you. So you cannot  
trust God for fear it may be  
you who burns in hell. On the  
one hand, you're punishing that  
sinner over there, and on the  
other hand, worrying about God  
punishing you for your sin over  
here. No wonder you live in  
fear.

CHRISTI

But it's like tough love. When  
we punish someone for a good  
reason, isn't that just?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Yes, if you believe in  
separation. But when you  
understand you are not separate  
from the person you are

punishing, your mission will be to heal and restore him. Until he heals, you are not well.

CHRISTI

So, does sin not exist?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Think for a moment. What is sin? It depends on who is answering the question! My sin may be your virtue. Such inconsistency cannot exist in God's law. In God's law there are no exceptions--if any are innocent, all must be innocent. It cannot be otherwise. Because all are innocent, judgment is unnecessary, but extending love is essential.

CHRISTI

But to tell those who believe in sin that sin doesn't exist would turn their world upside down.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Exactly. When it is understood that God seeks no vengeance because all are innocent, those who write the laws lose their authority to seek vengeance. And when so much is invested in vengeance, the investment is not easily withdrawn. You must anticipate resistance.

CHRISTI

But, "Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord."

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Precisely! To be in the Lord's safekeeping, and used by no one.

CHRISTI

Mr. Washington, I'm struggling.  
No sin? All are innocent? Do  
we let terrorists just blow  
things up?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
What are acts of terror if not  
vengeance? When you attack in  
return, you cement their belief  
that vengeance is just. You  
must see as God sees, Miss  
Christi. When another acts  
insanely, it is a cry for love.

CHRISTI  
A cry for love?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Of course. Seen in this light,  
no separation occurs. Your  
unity is recognized. This  
wrong-doer, he is offering you  
an opportunity to bless him.  
His need for love is yours, but  
you can attain it only by  
giving it.

CHRISTI  
When one commits a wrong, we do  
nothing?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
You missed the point.  
Certainly you respond, but with  
love, not vengeance. All  
beliefs are real to the  
believer, and he always  
believes in the moment what he  
does is just. It is his belief  
you must change, but you can  
only undo what is in the mind  
of another by extending love.

CHRISTI  
Change his beliefs, not his  
acts?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

When you extend love, you create a clearing for him to choose again. When you extend love, love is what will be returned to you. Giving and receiving are one. That's God's law.

CHRISTI

Our enemies, they are sinless?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

You must see the hearts of those you call your enemies are pure. Only in this mind set can you forgive, and only in forgiveness are you free. By acknowledging there is no sin to forgive, justice shall be delivered without judgment.

CHRISTI

Can we ever judge?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Judge only yourself. Judge if you are choosing separation, vengeance, and continuing this vicious cycle of fear, or extending love by giving your so-called enemy what he cries for.

CHRISTI

Is there any hope we will ever learn this? That things will get better?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Indeed. Fortunately, tolerance for pain may be high, but it is not without limit. A turning point will soon be reached.

INT. CHRISTI'S OFFICE -- DAYS LATER

Christi is seated at her desk.

PHONE RINGS.

CHRISTI

Hello. . . Mr. Torpor? I  
didn't expect to hear from you.

MATCH  
CUT:

INT. TORPER'S POSH OFFICE

Torper is on the phone. Richard Selander and Willard  
Smith are seated in front of his desk.

TORPER

I'm sure you didn't. I wanted  
to let you know you're being  
sued before the Sheriff serves  
you with the papers.

CHRISTI

What are you talking about?

TORPER

You've been sued. I just  
received the pleading that was  
filed with the court yesterday.  
Willard Smith has sued you for  
malpractice. His petition for  
an appeal was denied by the  
Appeals Court because you  
failed to preserve necessary  
objections. You're responsible  
for this.

CHRISTI

What objections? I did the  
best I could in a terrible  
case. The jury believed the  
little girl. It happens.

TORPER

Remember the mother who  
testified at length to  
statements her daughter made  
about the abuse? You didn't  
make a single hearsay objection  
for the record.

CHRISTI

But they were excited utterances, an exception to the hearsay rule. That's not malpractice. Even if that testimony had been excluded, we still would have lost. The evidence against Smith was overwhelming.

TORPER

Tell that to the jury. This time you're the defendant. Smith's reputation was ruined by this case.

CHRISTI

But I was employed by your firm, covered by your malpractice insurance when that case was tried.

TORPER

Oh, it's covered by insurance and Smith is sure to get a sizable verdict. If you just admit your mistakes the carrier will be forced to settle for part of it. You have to pay the rest, of course. Or we can fight it out in court and get the same result. Let me know in a day or two how you want to proceed.

Torper slams the receiver down.

Christi sat speechless. Then she leans forward, elbows on her desk, her forehead resting on her fingertips.

CHRISTI

Don't attack. The hearts, even of your enemies, are pure.

A moment passes.

Christ hits the desk with her fist.



CHRISTI (CONT'D)  
How can I forgive this?

Christi shoves back her chair and gets up.

INT. HAP'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Hap is dictating a document to June.

CHRISTI  
May I come in?

HAP  
Sure. You sound upset.

CHRISTI  
Torper just called. A client at his firm has sued me, with Torper's blessings. Some scheme they've dreamed up to charge me with malpractice. I think they plan to collect the malpractice insurance and split it somehow. And he wants me to pay, too.

JUNE  
So, how are you going to respond?

CHRISTI  
How should I? Extend love? To people who are corrupt?

JUNE  
Well, we know what Jesus said about being sued.

June goes to a book shelf and gets the Bible.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
It's here in Matthew. He begins by saying the law of Moses, an eye for an eye, is the old way. Then he describes the new way he came to teach. Don't resist violence, he says.

If you're slapped on the  
cheek, turn the other cheek.  
If you're ordered to court, and  
your shirt is taken from you,  
give them your coat too.

June closes the Bible and looks at Christi for a  
response.

CHRISTI

The Law of Moses, an eye for an  
eye. It's what works in our  
material world. It's all that  
I know.

HAP

So, Christi, what are you going  
to do? File defensive  
pleadings, or figure out what  
it means to extend love?

CHRISTI

All my training . . . How can I  
suddenly be something else?

HAP

Perhaps they're the ones who  
will teach you how.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- NEXT DAY

Christi and George Washington are seated at the table  
having tea and cookies.

CHRISTI

Justice without judgment,  
forgiveness, everyone is  
innocent. There are moments  
when I seem to understand, but  
then something happens and I'm  
right back where I was.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

What is it that causes your  
doubt?

CHRISTI

Why are we still struggling to

find a better way? By now, we should have learned. Why does it take so long?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
People have always to feel an evil before they can see it. Even then, it is easier to suffer than seek to abolish the injustice to which people are accustomed.

CHRISTI  
But, people doing terrible things, they're innocent? Intellectually, in my head, perhaps. But in my heart, uh uh.

George Washington leans forward.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Consider this. What was the intent of the people who persecuted Christ? Thorns on his head, crucifying him. What did they want to achieve?

CHRISTI  
To humiliate him. To deter his followers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Precisely. But did they achieve their purpose?

CHRISTI  
No. Christ knew he had done nothing wrong. And his disciples became more committed than ever.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Exactly. Now, who had control over how Christ responded?

CHRISTI  
Christ, of course.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

And what happened to Christ after he was crucified? Three days later he arose from the dead and ascended into Heaven to sit at the right hand of God. His so-called enemies gave him the opportunity to chose resurrection, not death.

CHRISTI

So when someone attacks us, we get to choose if it's terrible, or an opportunity?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

If you see as Christ did. Your enemies are blinded by their belief that justice and vengeance are one, just like you are. But you can choose to love. That's the lesson in Christ's death.

CHRISTI

Are you saying we misunderstood, that the crucifixion of Christ was actually to demonstrate our freedom to choose, even when facing our worst enemies?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Exactly. To believe that a God of Love required the murder of a son to atone for sins that are, in fact, a cry for love, makes no sense. But when you believe in sin, you need a theory that lets someone else die for your sins. This mistaken belief leads to endless confusion.

A moment passes.

CHRISTI

Jesus didn't die for our sins?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Miss Christi, you're very bright. Examine this theory. It says the crucifixion of Jesus created a sort of amnesty from God's wrath. But only for those in the right club, of course. If you were baptized face up and the club rules say it must be face down, too bad. This foolishness cannot be God's law. No, he wanted to show that you, too, can choose resurrection over death, just as Christ did.

CHRISTI

In God's law, we're all equal?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

You have touched on the Third Principle for Governing a People. The Equality Of Every Citizen Shall Be Honored.

Christi looks at George Washington for a moment.

CHRISTI

I don't think you mean equality in terms of money, power, sex, the gages most people use to determine who is equal and who isn't.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Of course not. Not everyone wants to be equal when it comes to burdens and vices. I speak of the equality to choose again. Each citizen is the result of past choices, but God has given free will to all so that each citizen can choose differently at any moment.

CHRISTI

The past is not important?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

No. The choice that is made in this moment, that is what counts, and everyone is equally free to choose again. It is this equality that must be honored. When your laws reflect justice based on love, they will create the clearing for citizens to freely make new choices, choices based on love.

CHRISTI

Justice as love . . . creates choices based on love?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

The measure that is given is the measure of what is received. This is God's law.

CHRISTI

But getting from justice that requires vengeance to justice based on love. Can we?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Would God make a promise that could not be kept?

INT. CHRISTI'S OFFICE -- NEXT DAY

Christi is seated at her desk looking at the phone. She moves her hand toward the phone, then pulls it away. She moves it toward the phone again, hesitates then picks it up and dials.

CHRISTI

Hello? Winston? This is Christi. I . . . I wanted to tell you . . . I'm going to try something new, an experiment. I'm going to choose differently.

MATCH  
CUT:

INT. TORPER'S POSH OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Torper is on the phone.

TORPER

Yeah, what does that mean?

CHRISTI

I'm not going to fight you and Smith. You work it out with the insurance company. All I ask is this, that you do what you . . . what you feel is fair to everyone . . . in your heart.

MATCH  
CUT:

INT. TORPER'S POSH OFFICE

Torper sits silent for a moment, stunned.

CHRISTI

Winston? Are you there?

TORPER

Yeah, I'm, I'm here. . . . Why would you give up so easily?

CHRISTI

It's like this. I thought I was your victim and you should pay for what you did. You think I victimized you, so now you're attacking me. I could fight you in court, or report your scheme to the bar. And next you would seek vengeance against me. When will it end? When will we find a better way?

TORPER

Are you mad? What kind of

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world would this be if every defendant just called up and said I surrender? What would become of the practice of law?

I suppose you would have us just surrender to the criminals. How is that a better way?

CHRISTI

No, Winston, not surrender. Destruction must be stopped, but coming from a place of love, not hate. Vengeance doesn't get us anywhere.

TORPER

You're in a cult, aren't you? You want to destroy our system.

CHRISTI

No, no. We created this chaos, but that's why we have the power to change it. We can choose differently. Listen to me, please. It doesn't have to be this way.

TORPER

That's gibberish. You mad or something? I'll call you and let you know how much you have to pay to settle this thing. You'll hear from me.

INT. HAP'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Hap is seated at his desk. Christi stands at the door.

CHRISTI

Hap, I think I just made a huge mistake. I told Torper I wouldn't fight him and Smith. Now Torper's going to call and tell me how much I have to pay to settle. All I have is my house -- I put all my savings in it, my 401K, my inheritance.



He doesn't deserve it. I  
can't do this.

HAP  
So, what now?

CHRISTI  
Mr. Washington said not to  
attack and Jesus said to give  
him more than he asks. But I  
live in *this* world.

HAP  
Washington's telling you not to  
see it from this world, not in  
the old way. You must  
surrender the things of time to  
embrace the eternal  
within--within you, and them.  
Christi, you have met your  
enemy--it's you.

EXT. I-95 SOUTH ON A COLD WINTER MORNING

A beat up black Ford pick up truck is driving down the  
road.

INT. INSIDE SHANAN'S TRUCK

Shanan is driving her pickup truck. Christi is in the  
passenger seat. They are dressed in casual, warm  
clothes. Christi's open briefcase sits on the seat  
between them.

Christi has a legal file on her lap and a paper cup half  
full of coffee in her hand.

SHANAN  
I stayed with him and  
Grandmother a lot when I was a  
child. Mom was kind of  
unstable, drank too much.

CHRISTI  
Your Grandfather lives alone?

SHANAN  
Yeah. He lives on a tiny

peninsula surrounded on three sides by a swamp near the edge of a river. He has a clear view of the sun when it rises in the east and sets in the west. Waterfront property that has belonged to our tribe from the beginning of time. His job is to take care of the sun.

CHRISTI

What does that mean?

SHANAN

He greets the sun as it rises in the east. My people believe the sun would be forsaken if this wasn't done. Each evening he bids the sun farewell as it sets in the west. He lives a simple life but believes the entire world depends on him.

EXT. SMALL STATE ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

Shanan abruptly slows down and turns the truck onto the small state road.

A car behind them slows down as they turn. The driver watches where they turned.

EXT. NARROW TWO-LANE DIRT ROAD IN THE WOODS

The truck is driving down this dusty road.

EXT. SMALL CLEARING AT THE END OF THE DIRT ROAD

Shanan pulls the truck up and parks in the woods.

Shanan and Christi get out of the truck and walk toward a path in the woods.

EXT. PATH IN THE WOODS

Shanan and Christi are walking.

CHRISTI

Why didn't you tell me about

your grandfather when we were  
in college?

SHANAN

I was embarrassed. In our  
tribe my Grandfather is the  
wisest of the wise. But in the  
white man's world he'd be  
considered delusional, dementia  
or something.

CHRISTI

Yeah, don't send him to Dr.  
Lumpkin.

They laugh.

EXT. SMALL FRAME HOUSE IN THE WOODS NEAR WATER -- A WHILE  
LATER

A small garden is next to the house. A fishing net rests  
against the wall.

SHANAN

This is it.

Shanan calls out.

SHANAN (CONT'D)

Grandfather. Grandfather.

GRANDFATHER MOSES appears around the corner of the house.  
He has dark, wrinkled skin, his long white hair tied in  
a pony tail. He wears a red plaid flannel shirt and worn  
jeans.

SHANAN (CONT'D)

Grandfather Moses!

Shanan runs and hugs her Grandfather.

SHANAN (CONT'D)

Grandfather, this is Christi  
Daniel, my best friend from  
college.

GRANDFATHER

Welcome to my mansion, friend.

Just call me Moses.

INT. INSIDE GRANDFATHER'S SMALL HOUSE - A WHILE LATER

Christi, Shanan and Grandfather are seated at a small table holding tin cups with dark coffee in them.

GRANDFATHER

The white men, they don't understand our ways. Our ancient ancestors live in this place, but you must see with the eyes of the spirit, not the body, to see them. But they tell us of a time when all men will see in this way, even the white man.

CHRISTI

You talk to them?

GRANDFATHER

With the ears of the spirit. To hear the message of the wind, or the real song the birds sing, you must hear with the ears of the spirit.

CHRISTI

I want to see and hear in this way. Maybe sometimes I do.

GRANDFATHER

You, you want to do this?

CHRISTI

Want may not be the right word. Maybe it's something I have to do.

GRANDFATHER

You think this is something you have to do? With such eyes and ears you wake up and leave the world of illusion. It's not the white man's world. You have a world of dense vibrations, full of

distractions so you don't  
notice how bad it is.

CHRISTI

If I see ghosts? Is that  
seeing with the eyes of the  
spirit?

GRANDFATHER

Yes. Oh, yes. When the  
ancestors visit you, it means  
you are special in their world.

SHANAN

George Washington has been  
meeting with Christi. He's  
teaching her important lessons.

GRANDFATHER

George Washington? He was not  
always good to us, but he has  
healed, as we all do. What is  
he teaching you?

CHRISTI

He's teaching me Seven  
Spiritual Principles for  
Governing a People. But he has  
only told me about three so  
far.

GRANDFATHER

Oh, he sees you are a dreamer  
of the future, that you will  
hold the vision.

CHRISTI

Yes, exactly. That's what I've  
been asked to do!

GRANDFATHER

And . . . what do these seven  
principles say?

SHANAN

They sound like the old Indian  
teachings. The equality of all  
the people shall be honored.

GRANDFATHER  
Spiritual equality, this is  
true.

CHRISTI  
The first had to do with fear,  
that fear shall not be used to  
manipulate the people. The  
second was about justice  
without judgment.

GRANDFATHER  
Justice without judgment? From  
a white man?

CHRISTI  
Yes, Justice Shall Be Delivered  
Without Judgment. That's the  
Second Principle.

GRANDFATHER  
Such principles . . . being  
delivered to the white man by  
George Washington? Shennie,  
you didn't tell me you were  
bringing a messenger of such  
news. This is what we have  
waited for.

Shanan and Christi look at each other, surprised,  
confused.

Grandfather touches Christi on the arm.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)  
My Shennie has brought you to  
tell us the time is now. We  
will soon speak the same  
language, the white man and us.  
Come. We must send  
thanksgiving to the ancestors.

EXT. SMALL FRAME HOUSE IN THE WOODS NEAR WATER

Grandfather dances around a large fire in a pit,  
chanting.

Christi and Shanana sit next to the fire on blankets.

The tone of the chant changes and he makes an offering with burning tobacco to the four winds, north, east, south and west.

SHANAN

Now he's giving thanks for new life.

Grandfather sits on a blanket next to the fire, across from Shanana and Christi. He picks up a gourd and drinks from it.

SHANAN (CONT'D)

I think he is preparing to talk to the ancestors.

FADE IN:

Grandfather sits next to Christi.

GRANDFATHER

In the white man's world they will call you crazy because, for them the inner world remains hidden. Many live behind walls because they don't know how to look into their inner space.

Christi nods.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

So we, the native people, in many parts of the land have secretly preserved the ancient wisdom, until our so-called conquerors could share our powerful knowledge. You have brought the message that the time has come. The ancestors thank you.

EXT. SMALL FRAME HOUSE IN THE WOODS NEAR WATER -- LATE AFTERNOON

Shanana hugs her Grandfather goodbye.

Christi hugs Grandfather.

Shanan and Christi wave good by and head down the path in the woods as it is getting dark.

EXT. SMALL CLEARING AND END OF DIRT ROAD -- LATER

Shanan and Christi approach the truck. Shanan peers inside.

INT. SHANAN'S P.O.V. INSIDE THE PICKUP

Christi's file is on the floor and legal papers are strewn all over.

SHANAN  
Someone has gotten into the pickup. Who could have found us in this remote place?

CHRISTI  
What do you think they were looking for?

SHANAN  
Let's get out of here.

EXT. NARROW TWO-LANE DIRT ROAD IN THE WOODS -- NIGHT

The pickup truck is speeding along.

SHOTS RING OUT.

INT. INSIDE PICKUP TRUCK

CHRISTI  
Could they be shooting at deer?

SHANAN  
Not likely. Not at night.

Christi looks out the rear window.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. HEADLIGHTS FOLLOWING THEM

CHRISTI  
We're being followed. Speed



up.

EXT. CAR CHASE

A jeep is speeding behind Shanan's truck. Shanan speeds along the winding road through the woods.

As Shanan comes to the end of the dirt road, a deer leaps in front of the jeep that is following them, it hits the deer and careens into the barrow pit.

Shanan and Christi speed on.

INT. HAP'S OFFICE -- DAYS LATER

Hap is seated behind his desk, Christi in front of it with here elbows on the desk, her hands animating her speech.

CHRISTI

Last night I had this dream. There was this raging battle between these huge armies. I was looking through some sort of gadget and could see that everyone on the battlefield was cooperating, not like usual, but on the spiritual plane. They were having this savage fight on the battlefield, but the soldiers on both sides were helping each other learn their soul lessons.

HAP

Ah. You are beginning to see differently.

CHRISTI

Then, this morning Mr. Washington came. We talked about how life is in constant conflict. Litigation in the courts, guns, terrorism, wars. Always worrying someone will take something from us. It never stops.

HAP

What did he say?

CHRISTI

He says that reflects the consciousness of the People. That a Nation is a gathering of individual souls and all together, they form the collective consciousness of a People.

HAP

Like a unified national consciousness, creating the whole?

CHRISTI

Yes, he explained it like this. When this collective consciousness becomes unified, its very powerful, beyond the limitations of time, or space or distance. It's so powerful, it can feed the hungry or overcome dark forces with equal ease, because the power of God lies within it.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM

George Washington and Christi are seated at the table having tea.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

You must understand the difference between power and control. Control exists on the physical plane. Governments can amass physical force to control the People or those whom they call their enemies, but this not power. The power of a People lies not in physical might, it springs from

the spirit. And it is the  
People, collectively, who  
possess power, not  
governments.

CHRISTI

So, the power of the People  
reigns supreme, but only when  
we share the consciousness of  
love?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Yes, that's the Fourth  
Principle. The Power Of The  
People Shall Be Inviolate.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. HAP'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

CHRISTI

Whatever happens in a nation  
reflects the consciousness of  
the people, even when we're  
being herded around like sheep.

HAP

But we can choose again, right?

CHRISTI

Yes. If we choose to hold  
justice and love in our  
consciousness, that's what we  
will create. We like to blame  
the government for what is  
wrong, but we're responsible.

HAP

What about the people who think  
it's faster, more efficient for  
the government to use force,  
instead of waiting around for  
this collective consciousness  
to manifest.

CHRISTI

He says that's an illusion,

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because when force is used to  
decide an issue, it's not  
really solved, it's just  
delayed. When force is used,  
someone always wins and someone  
loses. But until everyone  
wins, balance has not been  
achieved so the conflict  
continues. That's why the  
world is in such a mess.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- NIGHT -- DAYS LATER

Christi and Richard Selander are sitting near the fire  
drinking hot cider and roasting chestnuts.

CHRISTI

Is that all you can tell me?  
That the meaning of the symbols  
is secret?

RICHARD SELANDER

Well, the keys stand for  
opening up. The stairs stand  
for moving upward. Just use  
your imagination.

Richard moves closer.

RICHARD SELANDER (CONT'D)

I'm more interested in you than  
in these old things. You know,  
you're an interesting lady.  
What do you do when you're not  
battling it out in the  
courtroom?

CHRISTI

I study.

RICHARD SELANDER

What are you studying?

CHRISTI

Some information that's kind of  
new. Maybe even revolutionary.

Richard moves closer to Christi and runs his hands down

her arms.

RICHARD SELANDER

Like what, for instance?

Christi looks at Richard and bats her eyes at him.

CHRISTI

It's a new way of seeing. When you attack another, you attack yourself. That until everyone wins, no one does. Everyone must be judged only as innocent.

Richard laughs.

RICHARD SELANDER

Right. Everyone's innocent? You're a trial attorney. You know how bad people are. Murderers on the street. Why would you even be interested in such ideas?

CHRISTI

I know there's another way.

RICHARD SELANDER

Honey, you're serious, aren't you? Where are you getting this information from?

CHRISTI

Oh, various sources. I'm still working on it. Do you like music? I have some great CDs. My favorite one is this.

Christi turns on the C.D. player and soft music begins to play.

RICHARD SELANDER

I like it. May I have this dance?

Christi smiles.

CHRISTI  
I'd love to. I haven't danced  
in ages.

Richard takes her in his arms and they slowly dance.

Richard bends down and kisses Christi on the lips. After resisting for a moment, she embraces him while they kiss.

Moments later, Christi and Richard are laying on the floor in front of the fire kissing.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)  
Who could that be? I wasn't  
expecting anyone.

Christi gets up and goes to the door. Richard follows her. As she opens the door, Richard stands behind her with his hands on her shoulders. Tom is standing at the door.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)  
Tom!

TOM  
Am I interrupting something?  
It's my birthday. You forgot.  
I thought I'd surprise you.

CHRISTI  
You should have called. I  
didn't expect . . .

TOM  
That's obvious. Sorry I  
interrupted your evening.

EXT. COLONIAL BRICK FARMHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Tom's car speeds out of the driveway.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- EARLY MORNING

George Washington is seated at the table when Christi descends the stairs.

CHRISTI  
I thought you'd be here.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Yes, I come when you are ready.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- LATER

George Washington and Christi are at the table having tea.

CHRISTI  
May I be honest? Sometimes I feel like I want to change, but not always. I get very confused.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
That's because you are trying to live in two conflicting belief systems. You want the new, but you do not want to give up the old. Eventually you will recognize there is only one choice, and that is to love, so you need not choose after all.

CHRISTI  
It's a wide river between here and there. It's like, I know what you say is true, but I still don't believe it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
You make it more complicated than it is. The Fifth Principle will help. Change Only Comes From Within. The Fifth Principle means you don't have to change the world, just yourself.

CHRISTI  
It's not all that easy . . . to change yourself.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(Impatiently)  
Miss Christi, I'm not here to entertain you. The future of the world is at stake.

CHRISTI  
But don't you see . . . I don't want the future of the world resting on my shoulders. When you picked me for this, you must not have realized how weak I truly am. I keep making a mess of my own life, how can I teach anyone else?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Recognizing the old beliefs don't work is the first step. When you realize change only comes from within, you are no longer subject to manipulation through fear. It's then that justice can be delivered without judgment. It is the root of honoring the equality of all citizens and the key to the power of the People being inviolate.

CHRISTI  
But's that so high and mighty. Sometimes fear just takes over.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Being afraid may seem to be an involuntary act, but it is not. It appears beyond your control only because you have become so accustomed to submitting your will to fear that you have forgotten you chose it.

CHRISTI  
But it's a pattern that's deeply ingrained, practiced over many year.



GEORGE WASHINGTON  
That's not the problem. A good  
teacher begins where the  
student is. What I need is a  
good student.

INT. CHRISTI'S OFFICE -- DAY

Christi is seated at her desk holding legal papers in her  
hand. Hap is standing in the doorway.

Christi holds up one pleading.

CHRISTI  
A Motion for Judgment that says  
I committed malpractice and  
caused Smith's reputation and  
business to be destroyed.

Christi holds up another document.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)  
Discovery--what do I own, what  
is it worth, where is it. Hap,  
all I have is my house.  
There's nothing else for them  
to take. But it's more than  
that. I hate to lose. Hap, I  
just need for everyone to back  
off.

Hap laughs.

HAP  
I understand. But it's not  
going to happen.

Christi gets choked up.

CHRISTI  
Hap, I know how to fight this.  
I know the tricks of the  
trade. I can engage them in  
this courtroom battle and win.  
I know, turn the other cheek,  
give them more than they ask.  
Nice in theory. But I can't do  
that.

HAP

Yes, you can. You have no choice. You have to learn this lesson.

CHRISTI (ANGRILY)

Don't tell me what I have to do.

HAP

Can't you see? You're being forced to leave that world behind and take on the mantle of a new order. You are being called to lead. How can you believe that this stuff, the things you own, could possibly be more important than the journey you have begun? You may change the course of history.

Christi knocks a coffee cup off her desk with the back of her hand.

CHRISTI

Well, this cup can pass me by. I still have free will. I'm the one who gets to choose, and I'm gonna fight.

HAP

This is perfect, actually. This is precisely why the world is in the mess it's in. Talk is so cheap. Love, peace, good will, but not if it costs me anything. No sir, we'll go to war before we'll give up our bits of metal, the slips of paper we call money. Souls versus money? Ha. That's easy.

Christi looks at Hap with tears streaming down her face.

CHRISTI

Stop it, Hap. You're not the

one looking at being put out  
of your home, or bowing to  
these bastards. They're the  
ones who should pay. What  
would I do, live with my  
mother?

HAP

Maybe, just maybe, you would  
lose your house but gain a  
kingdom.

Christi grabs her coat from the coat rack and rushes past  
Hap and out the door.

EXT. CHRISTI'S FRONT DOOR -- LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Christi comes out the front door wearing a winter jacket,  
gloves and warm slacks. A breeze is blowing.

EXT. THE HILL TO THE WEST -- CONTINUOUS

Christi runs through her yard, past her garden and into  
the adjoining field. She heads west toward the hill from  
which she can see Mount Vernon.

As she trudges through dry corn stalks, tears begin to  
fall down her face and the wind grows stronger.

Christi pushes through the underbrush as the wind grows  
even stronger.

Christi sobs as she stumbles into a patch of burrs that  
cling to her coat.

As Christi reaches the crest of the hill the wind blows  
at gale force.

EXT. MT. VERNON AS IT LOOKED 225 YEARS AGO

In the distance, Mount Vernon is gleaming, white and  
serene, just as it looked when Washington lived there.

EXT. THE TOP OF THE HILL

Christi stands on top of the hill. In the opposite  
direction stands Christi's house, surrounded by blowing  
dust and leaves.

Christi stands up and extends her right arm in the direction of Mount Vernon, her left arm in the direction of her house. She looks in one direction and then in the other, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Christi screams a primordial scream and falls to the ground on her knees with her face to the wind.

CHRISTI

I can't live in two worlds. I cannot both hate and love at once. I want to see differently. The world I have invented has no value, no joy. God, please help me.

Christi looks towards the sky, stretching her hands upward.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)

God knows, I want to change. I want to do the work I'm to do, but never attack? How can I? God, deliver me from this hell. Help me to see that all are innocent . . . even myself. Help me see justice as love. Justice as love, yes, yes. Justice as love. God, grant us peace.

The wind immediately calms.

Christi lowers her arms and looks around.

A gentle rain begins to fall and a hint of a rainbow stretches across the sky.

EXT. BLUE SKY ABOVE

An eagle soars high overhead.

EXT. THE TOP OF THE HILL -- CONTINUOUS

Christi wipes the tears from her cheeks.

CHRISTI

Thank you, God. All is in  
Divine Order. Once we see the  
problem as it truly is, our  
prayers *will* be answered.

INT. CHRISTI'S OFFICE -- MORNING -- DAYS LATER

Christi enters her office.

JUNE (O.S.)  
There's a message for you on  
your desk.

Christi picks up a paper laying on her desk and reads it.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. -- FAX ON TORPER, HARP & HYDE LETTERHEAD

Dear Ms. Daniel: Willard Smith has decided to non-suit  
the claim and not proceed at this time. Some questions  
with the insurance company must be resolved before he  
files again. But it's not over. You will pay. Winston  
Torper

The fax slips from Christi's hand and flutters to the  
floor.

Tears fill Christi's eyes.

CHRISTI  
(Whispering)  
I'm sorry, Mr. Washington.  
I'll have more faith next time.  
I promise I will.

INT. COURTROOM IN OLD COURTHOUSE -- DAY

The Judge is seated behind the bench. Christi is  
standing at counsel's table and her client, MRS. SCOTT,  
is seated next to her. At the other counsel's table is  
opposing counsel, BOB CRITCHEN, and his client, DR.  
BROWN.

CHRISTI  
Your Honor, I can't continue to  
try this case the way we've  
always done it. Mrs. Scott's  
baby was seriously injured, for  
life, and she wants to know

what happened. But in this win/lose format, Dr. Brown can't tell her. Opposing counsel has him concocting facts to fit his imaginative theory of the case.

BOB CRITCHEN  
Objection, Your Honor.

JUDGE  
Don't bother, Mr. Critchen. Your imagination got a little carried away this time.

CHRISTI  
Your Honor, I don't think Dr. Brown's a bad person. He intimated in depositions that he wants to say he's sorry, but he can't. What we have here is a serious breach in a relationship that needs to be healed, so Mrs. Scott can get her life together and get on as best she can.

JUDGE  
Ms. Daniel, people don't come to court to heal their broken relationships. They can go to a psychiatrist for that. The goal is to win. Right?

CHRISTI  
But what is winning? When it's winner take all, the stakes are so high that people lie, even honest people lie in the courtroom. It keeps us from getting to the truth. Just last week, you said to me, "Of course she's lying, Ms. Daniel. It's a divorce case." It's so bad, we just live with it, but it's not the people, Your Honor, it's the system. Mrs. Scott needs money to take care

of her child, but just as important, she needs a clearing to heal her soul. Everything I am required to do as her attorney makes that more difficult. It stands in the way of the parties ever getting to forgiveness and repentance.

Dr. Brown stands up.

DR. BROWN

Your Honor, I admire Ms. Daniel's honesty. I'm losing sleep at night. I want Mrs. Scott to know what happened.

BOB CRITCHEN

Your Honor, perhaps we should take a recess.

Mrs. Scott stands up.

MRS. SCOTT

Your Honor, I just want to know the truth. If we lose this case, I won't get any money, and I won't know what happened either. Can't you do something about the injustice?

JUDGE

I think things are getting out of control. Court adjourned until counsel get a handle on their clients.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- AFTERNOON, DAYS LATER

Christi is sitting at the table looking out the window at a snow storm.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. THE DINING ROOM WINDOW

A figure wearing a long dark coat and a colonial hat emerge from the snow and come into view.

Christi jumps up and heads for the door.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

George Washington and Christi are seated by the fire having tea.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
You are making progress. Now we must consider love as a defense.

CHRISTI  
Love, as a defense? That's what we have used attack for.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Yes, but an attack is no defense. When you attack another you attack yourself. Consider Christ. How did he defend himself as he hung on the cross?

Christi thinks a moment.

CHRISTI  
He had no defenses. No guns, no bombs. He was helpless. Totally defenseless.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Your analysis of defense is too limited. Who won, Christ or the Romans?

CHRISTI  
That's obvious. Christ said, "Forgive them Father, for they know not what they do." Was that a defense?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
That was his refusal to judge even those persecuting him. He knew their blindness deprived them of the capacity to see any other way to address their fear. They believed their



attack on Christ to be just.  
So he implored God to forgive  
them.

CHRISTI

Is forgiveness a defense?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Forgiveness is an extension of  
love. In response to their  
attack upon him, he extended  
love to them. His persecutors  
were redeemed and Christ  
ascended into Heaven. Everyone  
won.

CHRISTI

But that was an exception.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

No, an example, not an  
exception. Love has not  
changed from then to now.

CHRISTI

But we still associate love  
with weakness. In our world,  
vengeance is strength.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Indeed. You believe love can  
be slain by hate. You also  
imagine you are but a little  
life easily snuffed out by  
death.

CHRISTI

But in the real world, we still  
have enemies.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Enemies? There are those who  
have given their power to the  
material world, who exist in a  
primitive state of  
consciousness and are consumed  
with fear. They fear those who  
would pillage their hoarded

treasures, but even more, they  
fear those who teach love, for  
love will destroy their world.  
Is this who you call enemies?

CHRISTI

People won't understand. When  
we successfully attack our  
enemies, the people cheer.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

But each attack has no more  
valor than the attack that  
prompted it. Fear heaped upon  
fear. It arms your enemies,  
generates the threat of ever  
more attacks that lead to the  
need for more defenses.

CHRISTI

So we should be like Gandhi, or  
Martin Luther King, Jr.? They  
disarmed their persecutors  
without physical force. But in  
law school, I was taught to go  
for the jugular. I'm . . .  
struggling to let go of that.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Punishing a mistake cannot heal  
it. It takes the power of love  
to correct mistakes. Only love  
heals relationships so everyone  
wins. It is this truth that is  
reflected in the Sixth  
Spiritual Principle for  
Governing a People. Love Is  
The Only Source of Power.

CHRISTI

Love, the only source of power.  
You know that requires the  
world as we know it to be  
turned upside down. I can talk  
about these principles, like I  
understand them. But living  
them, it's . . . it's hard.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

If you fail to practice the Principles at all times, it is not failure. Your experience in this world is but a shadow of all that occurs within yourself. You are not alone in this task. Many on the other side are assisting.

CHRISTI

Okay, so we undertake a gentle revolution. We overthrow the tyranny of fear and restore the reign of love. Our armor is God's love and our plan of attack is to change our mind. And in our defenselessness, we are impervious to attack.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Exactly.

Christi pauses, then retreats.

CHRISTI

Mr. Washington, it's easy when I'm with you. But this is a different world. When I return to the 'real' world . . . it's . . .

GEORGE WASHINGTON

You forget where you were when we began--in that world of illusion, totally unaware of reality. You will succeed. Love is the only source of power, and it gives you everything.

INT. CHRISTI'S BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING

It's still dark outside. Christi is asleep in bed when her alarm clock goes off. The clock says it's 5:30. She opens her eyes and gets out of bed.

EXT. OUTSIDE HAP'S HOUSE -- LATER, STILL EARLY MORNING

Hap's house is a small white frame house in the country.  
June helps Hap get into Christi's car.

CHRISTI

It's not a long hearing. Just  
a motion in the Federal  
Bankruptcy Court. If all goes  
well, we'll be back from  
Richmond by early afternoon.

JUNE

Have a safe trip. Oh, Hap, do  
you have your GPS?

HAP

Naw, I never use that thing.

JUNE

Christi, wait. I'll get it.

June runs off.

CHRISTI

What is she going to get?

HAP

Some damn thing that's supposed  
to tell her where I am if I get  
lost. But I never figured out  
how to use it.

June appears and hands a small gadget to Hap. He slips  
it into his vest pocket.

They drive off.

EXT. HIWAY 95 GOING SOUTH TOWARD RICHMOND -- MORNING

Christi is driving her car and Hap is in the passenger  
seat.

Christi looks in her rear view mirror. A long black car  
is behind them.

HAP

What do you think, Christi?  
Will these principles help us

solve terrorism?

CHRISTI

I've been thinking about that.  
We're so conditioned to think  
of vengeance as the only  
possible response, it's hard to  
think outside that box.

Christi changes lanes and tries to distance her car from the black car that continues to follow dangerously close behind them. Christi continues to watch in the rear view mirror.

HAP

What about economics, like  
new-feudalism?

CHRISTI

Neo what?

HAP

Neo-feudalism. You know, when  
the wealthiest in a society  
take over the government and  
run it for their benefit. That  
can happen with big  
corporations, just like it did  
with the lords and barons of  
old. The government serves  
their interest, not the people.

CHRISTI

The principles and economics?  
I haven't thought that far,  
Hap.

EXT. HIWAY 95 GOING SOUTH

The black car follows them at a distance.

EXT. HIWAY SIGN FOR THE EXIT TO RICHMOND

The black car takes the same exit.

EXT. MAIN STREET IN RICHMOND IN FRONT OF THE FEDERAL  
BANKRUPTCY COURT

Christi aids Hap across the street. Christi notes the black car driving past them.

INT. INSIDE THE COURTROOM OF THE FEDERAL BANKRUPTCY COURT  
-- LATER

Hap stands at the podium and the judge is behind his bench.

HAP  
The financial statement was  
fraudulent, your Honor. May I  
proffer a copy to the Court?

Hap turns toward Christi who is seated at counsel's table. She hands a copy to the bailiff.

HAP (CONT'D)  
My client is a hard-working  
farmer who relied on this false  
statement. He made a loan to  
the friend of a relative, and  
thought he was doing all he  
needed to protect himself when  
he accepted this, but it was a  
swindle. His claim should not  
be barred by a bankruptcy  
petition.

INT. THE REAR OF THE COURTROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Richard Selander is seated among others in the back row wearing dark glasses and a dark suit.

As Hap and Christi walk out of the courtroom, Richard bends down and fumbles with papers in his briefcase. Christi sees him, but is not certain at first if it is Richard.

CHRISTI  
Richard?

Richard looks up, embarrassed.

CHRISTI (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Did you have to file  
bankruptcy?

Richard shakes his head.

RICHARD SELANDER  
I'm here for a friend.

EXT. I-95 GOING NORTH -- AFTERNOON

Christi is driving her car and Hap is in the passenger seat.

Christi spots the black car that had been following them in the rear view mirror.

EXT. THE COUNTRY LANE LEADING TO HAP'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Christi's car is driving down an isolated country lane when the black car pulls out in front of them, blocking the road. Christi slams on the breaks and stops just short of the black car.

CHRISTI  
This isn't good.

HAP  
What happened?

Christi sits in her car for a moment. She takes a deep breath.

CHRISTI  
Wait here, Hap.

Christi gets out of the car and walks cautiously toward the black car, unsure of herself.

EXT. THE BLACK CAR

Christi can see a man sitting in the driver's seat. She knocks on the window.

The man inside rolls the window down. It is Curtis, Torper's driver. He does not look at her as he speaks softly.

CURTIS  
Good evening, Miss Daniel.

CHRISTI  
Curtis! What are you doing?

CURTIS  
Sorry, Miss Daniel. I got a son in college, so I do what I'm told. His future is all I care about.

CHRISTI  
But, why were you following me?

CURTIS  
Sometimes, it's like the world is upside down. I don't try to figure it out, I can't. Please, Miss Daniel, don't fight 'em. They're bigger than all of us put together.

CHRISTI  
But Curtis, how can we . . .

Richard Selander suddenly stands behind Christi holding a pistol. He puts the end of the barrell on her back.

RICHARD SELANDER  
Hello, Christi.

CHRISTI  
Richard? I thought you had a date in bankruptcy court. Is that a gun you have greeted me with, stuck in my back?

RICHARD SELANDER  
Compliments of Willard Smith--just for this occasion. Curtis, put the handcuffs on her, behind her back. Then tie this scarf around her eyes.

CHRISTI  
Is there something you plan to do that you don't want me to see?

Curtis puts the cuff links on Christi.



RICHARD SELANDER  
Shut up. Who's the old man in  
your car?

Curtis puts the blindfold on Christi.

CHRISTI  
My law partner. Please don't  
hurt him. He's blind.

Richard laughs.

RICHARD SELANDER  
Great. Curtis, put those hand  
cuffs on him. Don't bother  
with the blindfold.

INT. BACK SEAT OF THE BLACK CAR

Christi is laying hand-cuffed and blindfolded on the floor. Richard is seated on the back seat. The gun is in his hand, resting on his lap. Hap is in the front seat. Curtis is driving.

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD WITH A LOCKED GATE ACROSS IT

Curtis gets out of the car and unlocks the gate.

EXT. OUTSIDE A COTTAGE IN THE WOODS

Richard leads Christi into the house. Curtis leads Hap.

INT. A SMALL ROOM IN THE COTTAGE

The room is square with a tiny window. Against one wall is a bed with a small table by it. Opposite the bed is a toilet and a sink.

Richard shoves Christi into the small room and closes the door behind them. He takes the handcuffs off Christi and she pulls the blindfold down.

CHRISTI  
This room is designed like a  
prison. Who uses it?

RICHARD SELANDER

Make yourself at home. Win will be here later tonight. He has some unfinished business with you.

CHRISTI

Win? Winston Torper? Is this what you learned from the Masons?

RICHARD SELANDER

You were more gullible than we had hoped.

(With contempt.)  
Masons? Not me.

Richard brusquely shuts the door and turns the key in the lock.

She puts the table under the small window, then stands on the table and looks out the window.

CHRISTI'S POV. A LARGE RIVER GLISTENS IN THE MOONLIGHT

Outside everything is peaceful. Christi lies down on the bed and begins to breath deeply.

CHRISTI (V.O.)

I am sustained by God's love, even now. The problem is, I don't love myself. I must believe in my own innocence before I can believe in their innocence.

Christi's breathing is deep and even. Her eyes are closed.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

A DIM RAINBOW COLORED LIGHT FILLS THE SCREEN --  
CONTINUOUS

CHRISTI (V.O.)

This light has always been here, I just didn't see it.

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. THE DIM LIGHT BECOMES BRIGHTER --  
CONTINUOUS

CHRISTI'S P.O.V. WAVES OF LIGHT, GREEN, BLUE, VIOLET

IN CHRISTI'S MIND: A BEAUTIFUL ANGEL APPEARS AND THEY  
STAND BEFORE ONE ANOTHER -- CONTINUOUS

The angel bows.

Christi nods to the angel.

CHRISTI

Who are you? Why am I here,  
like a prisoner?

ANGEL

I am the Angel of Destiny.  
Your journey through time and  
space is not at random. You  
can only be at the right place  
at the right time.

CHRISTI

But what lesson am I to learn  
in this place?

ANGEL

You are studying a unified  
thought system, one in which  
nothing is lacking that is  
needed, and nothing is included  
that is contradictory or  
irrelevant. I come to express  
our gratitude, and tell you I  
am near, at all times.

Christi, laying on the bed, opens her eyes. Except for  
the ray of bright yellow moonlight shining through the  
small window, the room is dark.

Christi pulls a blanket over herself and rolls on her  
side.

INT. SMALL ROOM IN THE COTTAGE -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Christi is asleep in the bed. There is a sharp knock on

the door. Christi is startled from her sleep. A key turns in the key hole.

The door opens. Winston Torper stands in the doorway.

TORPER

So, we've got the bitch. This time you're not getting away.

Torper closes the door behind him and locks it. He holds the key up and smiles at Christi. He puts it in his pocket.

Christ sits up on the bed.

CHRISTI

What do you want?

TORPER

First, I want to know what you're up to. Money, drugs, insurrection?

CHRISTI

What are you talking about?

TORPER

These strange conversations you have, about some principles.

CHRISTI

My conversations? How do you know?

TORPER

Don't take me for a fool. Dick bugged your phones. We know everything you say on the phone, at your office, at your house. Even Dick's visit. That was sweet.

Torper grabs Christi by the arm.

TORPER (CONT'D)

Who are you working with? It's a cult, isn't it, a secret order you've got mixed up in.

You've got some plot up your sleeve and I'm going to stop it.

CHRISTI

There's no cult.

TORPER

It's a scheme of some type. Drugs, weapons, what are you into?

CHRISTI

Winston, we're not enemies. I'm learning there's a new, powerful way to love.

TORPER

You talk about love a lot. Is that a code word? What does it really mean?

CHRISTI

You wouldn't understand.

TORPER

I'll show you what I understand.

Torper pushes Christi down on the bed. He unfastens his pants and falls on top of her. They struggle for a few moments.

SIRENS wail in the distance.

Torper stops and looks up.

EXT. THE ROAD TO THE COTTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

The headlights of three police cars with sirens wailing are driving down the road towards the cottage.

EXT. WOODS NEAR THE RIVER -- MOMENTS LATER

Torper is running through the woods along the river.

INT. SMALL ROOM IN THE COTTAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Christi is sitting on the side of the bed, her clothes torn.

HAP (O.S.)  
Christi. Christi. Are you  
okay?

Christi runs out of the room and finds Hap.

HAP (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Sorry it took so long.  
I couldn't figure out how to  
make this damn thing work.

Hap holds up the GPS.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Christmas decorations are on the mantle. Christi is putting logs on the fire. She pauses, then looks up and sees George Washington seated at the table. She smiles.

CHRISTI  
Mr. Washington. A belated  
Merry Christmas.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Do you know what day is today?

CHRISTI  
December 27th.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
The Feast of St. John the  
Evangelist.

CHRISTI  
I know. I was expecting you.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Today the sun begins its  
journey from the winter  
solstice to the summer  
solstice. It will soon be time  
to plant and life begins anew.  
This chapter of our work is  
nearly complete.

CHRISTI  
I'll make us tea.

Mr.Washington nods.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
One last time.

FADE IN: George Washington and Christi are seated at the table having tea.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Just as individuals come into the world with a special purpose, nations, too, have a destiny.

CHRISTI  
You mean, nations have a spiritual purpose?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Yes, wherever a collective consciousness exists, it must have a purpose. Before our Revolution, this land was carrying out the purpose of the British Colonies. They served to unite peoples of the world by developing a common language, common law, even similar religious traditions. Despite the harm they did, there was a purpose.

CHRISTI  
That changed after the Revolution?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Yes. We formed this nation to demonstrate for all the world. . . justice as love. Without love, there is no justice. It's God's law. I know many mistakes have been made, but it's not too late. The present chaos is actually a necessary

element in your success. A new thought will now move rapidly through the system, just as Thomas Payne's concept of a united republic swept the colonies when they were fomenting with discontent. The time is now.

CHRISTI

What is the next step?

George Washington places his hand upon Christi's.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

To engage in this battle, you must train your mind to go to the depths of conflict. Unveil each layer until you reach the source. There, separation vaporizes. The cause will be eradicated, for at the source, *E Pluribus Unum--The Many Are One*. It is this truth that is the Seventh Spiritual Principle For Governing a People.

CHRISTI

*E Pluribus Unum--the many are one?* That's the nation's motto.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Indeed. None can achieve heaven until all do, for the many are One. When Americans accept their Oneness, they shall be known by the fruits of their labor. Their Brotherhood shall be crowned from sea to shining sea.

CHRIST

Can we, the people, actually .  
. . .

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Yes. The mind must be trained



to use the body only to  
communicate love. And so it is  
with nations, as well. The  
physical wealth of this nation  
must be used only to  
communicate love.

George Washington pauses.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

You know, I am going to miss  
having your fine tea.

CHRISTI

I'm going to miss sharing it  
with you.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

You will be occupied with your  
work. But I must warn you. As  
is often the case, things may  
seem to get worse before they  
get better. There are still  
those who serve the lord of  
death, who come to worship in a  
separated world, each with his  
tiny spear or rusty sword, to  
keep his ancient promises to  
die.

CHRISTI

But there is a better way.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

A better way has now been shown  
to you. But the will to make  
it manifest must come from  
within.

George Washington stands up. He takes an envelope made  
of thick parchment from inside his vest.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

On your journey to know God,  
always remember, the place in  
which you meet another is the  
meeting place of God.

He hands the envelope to Christi.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Please keep this, as a  
remembrance of me.

Christi and George Washington look at each other for a moment, then George Washington walks toward the door. Christi accompanies him.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

As you unite, you will  
recognize the holiness of your  
companions and realize there is  
no journey--only an awakening.  
The journey to God is a  
journey without distance, to  
God who has never changed.

George Washington steps outside, then turns toward Christi, extending his right hand which she immediately clasps with both of hers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Go now, and teach others to  
see. . . so that love can  
replace fear, laughter replace  
tears, and abundance replace  
loss. This is the real world,  
for your will and the Will of  
God are One. You will do more  
than command success, you will  
deserve it. My peace I give to  
you.

George Washington pulls his hand away and pulls his cape around him.

CHRISTI

My peace I give to you, as  
well.

Tears are in Christi's eyes.

George Washington turns to the west and walks toward the hill.

Christi stands in the doorway watching.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Christi is seated at the table reading the letter from George Washington. It is written in his distinctive hand.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)

Dear Miss Christi:

In times when those who govern fail to be great, the greatness of the People must arise. God speed. The worlds await.

(new paragraph)

Our work together may appear to have come to an end, but, in truth, it has no end for eternity has but one dimension--always. Your Humble Servant, Geo. Washington.

INT. CHRISTI'S BEDROOM. -- THE NEXT DAY

Christi is sitting on her bed, watching T.V.

NEWS REPORTER

We interrupt this broadcast to bring you a news bulletin. This afternoon federal agents and Washington D.C. Bar officials entered the offices of Torper, Harp and Harrison, a well-know D.C. law firm. The senior partner, Winston Torper, heads the new political party, the Rebel Republic. Banking and accounting records were seized after an investigation spanning several months found evidence that the firm was laundering money from illegal Chinese gun sales on behalf of a major client of the firm.

Christi turns the T.V. off.

The phone rings.

CHRISTI

Hello.

MATCH  
CUT:

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Tom is on the phone in his apartment.

TOM

Christi, I have to talk to you.

CHRISTI

Tom, I'm so glad you called.  
I'm sorry about your birthday.  
It wasn't at all what it looked  
like. I thought he was a  
friend. I wanted to call you.  
I was so stupid. I didn't know  
what to say.

TOM

It's not important, Christi.  
We all make mistakes. But I  
have to talk to you. You will  
never believe what happened.

CHRISTI

I just heard about it on T.V.  
It's no surprise this was going  
on.

TOM

What are you talking about?

CHRISTI

The bust at Torper's firm. The  
books were seized. They were  
laundering illegal Chinese gun  
money.

TOM

No, I'm not calling about that.  
It's very confidential. Any

chance your phone is bugged?

CHRISTI

No. Actually, I just had them cleared. What happened?

TOM

Father Johnson, this priest at Georgetown, he's one of the theologians on this project I'm on. We've been talking about the project, in a general way. But we soon became friends. You won't believe this.

CHRISTI

Believe what?

TOM

As we got to know each other, our discussions got more personal. You know, as we got to trust each other. I told him about the information from Washington.

CHRISTI

Are you sure that was a good idea?

TOM

I didn't mention you were actually meeting with him. Well, this afternoon, just a little while ago, he asked me point blank what was happening.

CHRISTI

You mean, the Principles?

TOM

Yeah. He wanted me to tell him details about the Seven Principles. I had a sense he had spoken about them to someone else, and that was who really wanted the information.

CHRISTI

Who do you think it was?

TOM

Don't know, but someone high in government. Father Johnson said that he and several others at the University have been working with a secret committee in Congress on how to incorporate spiritual principles into public policy and law.

CHRISTI

Why would they do that?

TOM

National security. A handful of Senators admit the old way doesn't work. They're desperate to find a better way, before everything is lost. Father Johnson wants to meet with you, tomorrow. He thinks you may hold a key to what they're trying to do. Can you come?

CHRISTI

Tomorrow? I think I can do that. I have to take care of something here, first. Will I get to see you?

TOM

Sure. I'll be waiting for you.

INT. CHRISTI'S BEDROOM-- MOMENTS LATER

Christi moves her hand to the phone, hesitates, then picks it up. She dials the phone, then waits a moment.

A PHONE MESSAGE

We are unable to take your call at this time. The firm is temporarily closed. If you have an emergency, please leave

a message.

CHRISTI

Hello. This is Christi Daniel.  
I have an important message  
that must get to Winston  
Torper. Please give him this  
message. Tell him . . . tell  
him I know he didn't think what  
he did was wrong, that he was  
justified. I . . . I forgive  
him. Really, there's nothing  
to forgive. He helped me learn  
what I had to learn. I want no  
harm to come to him. Tell him  
. . . during these difficult  
times, he's in my prayers.

INT. CHRISTI'S DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Christi is packing the three candlesticks, the square and  
compass, the old Bible and the worn floor cloth in her  
large briefcase. She sets it on the dining table and  
goes upstairs.

FADE IN:

INT. CHRISTI'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Christi is asleep in bed.

In the window, a golden moon emerges from behind the pine  
trees causing a radiant beam of light to stream through  
the window, illuminating a path beside her bed.

The Angel of Destiny appears.

ANGEL

Let the battle for love begin.  
Victory shall be ours!