

# **CLEAN**

("United We Fall...")  
Pilot

Written  
by  
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CLEAN  
"United We Fall..."

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

**TEXT ON BLACK SCREEN: SIX MONTHS AGO**

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, MAIN AUDITORIUM - DAY

It's dark in here. You can barely see the hand in front of your face, let alone the person next to you. You can hear their breathing though. And a PA system's distinct HUM. Then:

MAN'S VOICE  
(seductive)  
Do you feel it?

VOICES, maybe 250 or more, answer.

VOICES  
Yes!

MAN'S VOICE  
People... Do. You. Feel. It!?

Syncopated with the "Feel. It." the house lights SNAP ON.

We're in a Post-Modernist auditorium; Frank Gehry or I.M. Pei would sell their souls to have designed this place. The architecture is invigorating, yet soothing.

The standing-room-only AUDIENCE, maybe 300 people from all walks of life, ranges from late teens to early 70's of every race, color and creed.

VOICES (AUDIENCE)  
YES!

Their complete attention is focused on the...

STAGE

Where a charismatic man in his late 30s stands dressed head-to-toe in all white. A white so startling and sparkling, when the light hits it, the fabric reminds you of the Kryptonians in the 1978 *Superman* movie -- as in it's PRACTICALLY GLOWING.

This is JONAS MAGNUM.

Behind Jonas is a movie screen. On the screen is the seductive logo for "The Delta Understanding", a graphic artist's wet dream come to life.

Your eyes would be glued to the symbol, if it wasn't for Jonas's captivating VOICE.

JONAS

What you are now feeling is that the world can be yours, that it will be yours, that it is yours.

The audience's eyes track Jonas like you'd track a tennis ball at Wimbledon.

JONAS (CONT'D)

What you are feeling is LIFE. You've probably forgotten what it means to caress life, to embrace life, to let its essence flow over and through you.

Every hand gesture... every smile... every stop & turn as Jonas motions to some random person in the crowd has the Audience on the edge of their seat. Will he pick me?

JONAS (CONT'D)

What you have to ask yourself is, "why?" Why has that feeling, that understanding escaped you?

Jonas locks eyes with a YOUNG WOMAN so stunning that God himself would blush. Jonas seductively smiles at her.

JONAS (CONT'D)

That's the real question, isn't it?

Yes, it is. She winks at him.

JONAS (CONT'D)

What we are going to do is help you find that exact moment of subtle emptiness. Help you discover what I call the Agent of Change that crippled you, and then we'll show you a better way.

Jonas finds and seemingly addresses a stoic MAN, maybe 55, who watches Jonas with a bit of skepticism.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Do you know what one of the greatest lies ever told is?

There's a frightening crackle behind his eyes, in his smile... he's deadly serious.

JONAS (CONT'D)

That you can change your situation  
in life just by putting your mind  
to it.

Jonas pauses at the edge of the stage, intensely focuses his eyes on the audience. A beat. Then another.

JONAS (CONT'D)

It's a lie, because you cannot  
change on your own; no one has.  
Take anyone who you think is "self-  
made"... they're not. They had  
help. Conveniently forgotten in any  
success memoir, but it was there.

Now we're TIGHT ON Jonas, he's talking to the audience, but he's actually talking to us -- THE VIEWER.

JONAS (CONT'D)

The question to ask yourself is how  
many hours, minutes, seconds do you  
have left in your life to change  
your life?

OFF-STAGE

Syncopated with Jonas's last word, CYNTHIA, a late 20s, Ice Queen; you know the kind who everyone wants to fuck (men and women) no matter what the cost, taps a CONTROL UNIT.

The stage lights rapidly FADE OUT, the curtains close with a swish.

Jonas marches off stage, protesting the thunderous ROAR OF APPLAUSE.

No need for an encore.

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, BACKSTAGE - DAY

The moment Jonas comes off stage, his SUPPORT STAFF bombards him with well-wishes, questions and messages. One thing is for certain, they're all under his spell. So are you.

JONAS

(without breaking stride)  
 Thanks -- thank you -- not now --  
 talk to Cynthia -- you're too kind --  
 - tell them I'll call them back --  
 seriously, thank you -- if he  
 calls, I'm never here...

A young PA hands Jonas a towel. He blots his face, continues down the backstage corridor to a READY ROOM.

Cynthia falls in lock-step next to him with a 3-RING BINDER.

CYNTHIA

That was easily the best one this year.

JONAS

(half serious)  
 I'm slipping if that's true.

CYNTHIA

Jonas... you can't hope to return to the Light unless you do this.

JONAS

I know, I know. But if you knew how draining it is.  
 (sotto)  
 They suck everything out of you and still want more. Just listen...

We can still hear the APPLAUSE. Jonas enters the...

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, READY ROOM - DAY

This is more of a spa than a green room.

CYNTHIA

If this was easy, you wouldn't be doing it.  
 (presents binder to Jonas)  
 I've made my analysis and narrowed the list down to eleven.

Jonas ironically smiles, sits and opens the binder. Inside are ELEVEN DOSSIERS.

JONAS

(scans thru dossiers)  
 Good choice... good choice...  
 (pausing at a dossier)  
 (MORE)

JONAS (CONT'D)

Hmm, if you think he can survive the Four Day retreat... good choice... he'll fail, because he believes in himself too much and that's going to be fun to see...

(pauses again)

This one will be... troublesome, but I like challenges. Ok, she'll be just fine!

CYNTHIA

I'll see that their welcome packets go out first of the week.

JONAS

And I'll follow-up a week later... I know, I know but I need you to remind me. Now, I need ten, fifteen minutes to recharge.

CYNTHIA

(checks her watch)

That's cutting it close.

Cynthia leaves.

JONAS

Oh! -- no distractions.

CYNTHIA

(simultaneous)

No distractions.

\*

Cynthia exits, locks his door from the inside on her way out.

Jonas leans back, spins the chair so his back is to the door. Shuts his eyes. We slowly get CLOSER to see his eyes jittering behind his eyelids.

We BLINK TO BLACK FOR TWO FULL SECONDS.

Then when we're back... Jonas hears a FOOTSTEP.

JONAS

(spins in chair)

Forget something?

Jonas is confronted by two men (who got past the locked door) - GABE BANISTER, African-American, mid 30s, with super-clean skin and investigative eyes and MICK STONE, white, early 30s, 500-yard Iraq War sniper's stare.

Everything about them is GQ model cool, except for their bad haircuts -- straight military-issue. And their shoes, combat boots so BLACK they seem to suck in the light.

Jonas's near-shimmering, white suit is now a DULL WHITE... as if these two interlopers canceled its divine properties.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
 (fuck you)  
 You two.

Jonas defiantly stares at the two men, who stare even more defiantly back at him. Daggers of contempt. Stone sits on the edge of the desk, fiddles with the stapler.

BANISTER  
 Yes, us.

STONE  
 (flips open the binder)  
 We know what you're doing, and  
 we're here to tell you, "no."  
 (flips thru dossiers)  
 Not with him and not with her.

JONAS  
 Oh really now, Agent Stone. You  
 are going to tell me what I can and  
 cannot do. I didn't know that  
 was... part of it.

BANISTER  
 Come on, Jonas, do you honestly  
 think we're not aware of your  
 little games?

There's a KNOCK at the door.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
 Jonas, it's that time.

BANISTER  
 (quiet hiss)  
 Get rid of her.

After a beat.

JONAS  
 In a moment, Cynthia.

The door UNLOCKS. Stone covers the distance from the desk to door at A FRIGHTENING SPEED. Stone holds the door shut. Shoots Jonas a "don't make me get ugly" glare.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
 A moment, please!

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
 ... Ok... you have two minutes.

Stone hears her walk off, returns to menace Jonas.

JONAS  
 Was that really necessary?

BANISTER  
 You tell us, Jonas?  
 (Jonas shrugs)  
 You made a deal with the Old Man  
 and you will abide by the terms.

JONAS  
 Does He know that you're here? I'm  
 not one of your limped-dick lackeys  
 -- never again! Every thing, and I  
 do mean every thing, is malleable.  
 Different rules apply in this  
 situation! So damn everything else!

For a tense moment no one moves. Their eyes smoldering at each other. Who's going to blink first? Then:

STONE  
 It's like that, huh?

Jonas smugly smiles. Stone lunges across the desk -- seizes Jonas by the throat!

STONE (CONT'D)  
 (squeezing)  
 Lemmie tell you how it's gonna be,  
 asshole: do what you want; you're  
 gonna slip-up and fall on your ugly  
 face. And I'll be laughin' all the  
 way.

With remarkable quickness, Jonas wrenches Stone's hand from his throat. Stone flinches from the sharp, twisting motion.

JONAS  
 Touch me again... Here's the thing:  
 I don't lose. My Free Will is the  
 only thing that separates me from  
 you and those like you.

BANISTER  
 That remains t--

JONAS  
 (cutting him off)  
 And I won't give it up.  
 (MORE)

JONAS (CONT'D)

I have too many people to save.  
(off Stone's smirk)  
Yes, that's right -- to save!

BANISTER

A fool's errand. Your kind are corruptors, you do not save souls.

JONAS

That... is no longer true... and you not only know it, but must accept it.  
(stands)  
Now if you'll kindly get the fuck out.

STONE

You're not gettin' back in.

JONAS

That remains to be seen.

BANISTER

You've been warned.

JONAS

I'll try to remember that.

Jonas' calculating eyes watch them leave. Once they step out the door, the celestial shimmer in Jonas' suit returns. He notices the Glow's return, sneers. And we're out...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

TEXT ON BLACK SCREEN: TODAY...EXT. LENNOX RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A gated multi-million dollar estate in the Pacific Palisades.

EXT. LENNOX RESIDENCE, TERRACE - NIGHT

BRIAN LENNOX, 39, gray streaks in his hair, spa-pampered skin, leads his blindfolded wife, LEIGHTON, stunningly beautiful, out on to the terrace where a CANDLE LIGHT DINNER awaits. If you were paying attention, you saw Leighton at the Delta Compound.

LENNOX

Just two more steps.

Brian positions Leighton in front of the table. Pulls off the silk blindfold. A delighted smile crosses Leighton's face.

LEIGHTON

(looks at food)

... Is that --

LENNOX

Yes, all your favorites,.

LEIGHTON

(looks at wine, giddy)

Prosciutto and endives just that place in Tuscany, and if that's that shiraz from that little bed and breakfast outside of Seville...

With a twinkle in his eye, Lennox pulls out her chair.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENNOX RESIDENCE, SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Lennox and Leighton, in silhouette from the pool light, slow dance, both hold wine glasses. They hungrily kiss.

LENNOX

You've never looked --

LEIGHTON

Brian...

LENNOX

Why don't we do this more often?

LEIGHTON

That's a stupid question, you know why.

Lennox lets go of Leighton.

LENNOX

So all this was a waste of time?!?!?

Leighton walks off.

INT. LENNOX RESIDENCE, MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

Leighton grabs a prescript vial, pops two pills.

LENNOX (O.S.)

L, baby, when is it going to be enough, when --

Without warning, the startling glare of XENON HEADLIGHTS punch into the windows. The SOUND of a car rapidly approaching the house, STOPPING, then fleeing at break-neck speed freezes Lennox and Leighton.

LEIGHTON

(annoyed)

Brian, if that's your brother --

LENNOX

Shhh. Don't move.

INT. LENNOX RESIDENCE, FOYER - NIGHT

Lennox passes a bank of SECURITY MONITORS that scan the empty grounds.

EXT. LENNOX RESIDENCE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Lennox cracks open the door. A PACKAGE lies on the mat. The "Delta Understanding" logo is on the left corner. Lennox smirks with admiration.

INT. LENNOX RESIDENCE, MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

Lennox opens the package. Inside: a DVD, a FOLDER and a LETTER. Lennox reads the letter...

CLOSE ON LETTER: *Brian, Enclosed are the orientation materials. I look forward to seeing you next week - Jonas*

LEIGHTON

What is it?

Lennox puts the DVD in the player, presses play.

LENNOX

Hold on. It's from Magnum.

LEIGHTON

Jonas? Hmm... you're not going to back-out this time?

LENNOX

No. This time, no.

Moves to sit down. In the middle of him sitting down, we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Finishing the sitting-down-motion is HADJI GERA, mid 30s, Pakistani, in hipster clothes that don't seem exactly right.

Hadji's place is filled with TV GAME-SHOW PRIZES still in the boxes. Two chess games in play and a few all-white jigsaw puzzles are half complete. A 60-inch flat panel TV breaks up the extensive library. The flat screen goes BLACK --

CLOSE ON TV SCREEN

Hold the black for seven seconds... With a snap Jonas appears, staring directly at the camera, daring you to blink!

JONAS

The one constant thing in our lives is change. We cannot deny the power of change.

Hadji, now excited, ups the volume with the remote...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE-STYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

RAIN MORRISON, a raven-haired gym-rat in her late 30s (maybe early 40s, hard to tell with that physique), short cropped hair, curt manner, gets the volume where she wants it.

Her house is strictly functional, like she doesn't stay here that often. Stacks of mail on a chair. Jonas is on her TV.

JONAS

Most do not want to change and the results are often sad, unpleasant.

Rain picks up her Scotch from the table. Next to it is a photo of Rain and a devilishly handsome man (NICK LOGAN, more on him later), a 9mm SILVER-HANDLED pistol and one hollow-point bullet. She takes a deep sip, and we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE (MOVING) - NIGHT

HORACE "Happy" BELMEAR, a handsome, 62, African-American, still muscular and fit, a sense of raw power in his eyes, finishes drinking his champagne. He watches Jonas on the LCD TV next to the built-in minibar.

JONAS

After years of studying psychology, given a random person in a random situation, you can predict the outcome -- if you understand the dynamics involved.

TWO WOMEN walking that fine line between skanky and sexy giggle, as the Redhead does a line of coke off the Asian's ample fake-tit cleavage. The Asian refills everyone's champagne glasses.

REDHEAD GIRL

Happy, baby, who is that --

BELMEAR

I said "be quiet!"

ASIAN GIRL

(soft)

No need to be rude.

BELMEAR

What did I SAY!?!

The Girls, cowed, glance at each other.

JONAS

What happens is a catalyst moment  
will present us with a choice that  
determines who evolves and who  
doesn't.

The CAMERA gets closer and closer to the screen.

EXT. MONUMENT VALLEY, UTAH - DAY

John Ford country at its finest. The CAMERA rushes up the  
side of a butte - when it reaches the top it PAUSES.

JONAS STEPS INTO FRAME. Presides over the majestic landscape,  
like Moses overlooking the Sinai.

JONAS

If your life isn't heading in the  
direction you want, then it is  
possible that you lost something at  
a critical moment. When you failed  
to follow your Agent of Change?

Then we pull back and we're back in...

INT. LENNOX RESIDENCE, MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

JONAS

Today! Now! This very moment is  
when your life will change.

The screen cuts to Black, then is filled by the Delta  
Understanding logo. Lennox turns to Leighton.

EXT. PHOENIX, ARIZONA - MORNING

The luxurious Four Seasons Hotel.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL, SUITE - MORNING

Lennox drinks a cup of coffee while he video-chats with his  
daughter, DAKOTA, 12, on his iPad. She's in a HOSPITAL BED.

LENNOX

Be brave, that's all I ask.

DAKOTA

Don't worry, Dad.

LENNOX

You know I'd do anything to be there when you wake up. I fly back on Monday night and --

DAKOTA

You'll be there to drive me home from Cedars. Mom already told me.

LENNOX

Did Mom explain what I'm doing here? Why I have to do this now?

DAKOTA

Sorta. You promised Mom that you'd go, and you have to keep those to her.

LENNOX

How did you get so smart?

DAKOTA

I had a good teacher.  
(call from off screen)  
That's Nurse Ratchet, see ya later.

LENNOX

Okay, and... and I'm sorry. You know that?

DAKOTA

...it's not your fault, Dad.

Lennox smiles, but doesn't respond. The insistent nurse is MORE AUDIBLE.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Gotta go, bye. I love you.

She disconnects.

LENNOX

But it is my fault...

A hint of anguish passes over Lennox's face.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL, ELEVATOR - MORNING

Lennox types an email to Leighton on his Blackberry. The elevator stops. Doors open. Rain gets on. As the car descends, he notices her fiddling with a Delta Invitation.

LENNOX  
Are you an agent of change?

RAIN  
Excuse me?

LENNOX  
(shows his invitation)  
Uh... That was a little joke.

RAIN  
Was it now?

LENNOX  
How else do you break the ice at  
one of these things?

RAIN  
Good question.

LENNOX  
I have a better one, how'd you meet  
Jonas?

RAIN  
That's... a funny story. He  
approached me, actually.  
(quickly adding)  
I don't really know him that well,  
but I think I should.

LENNOX  
He and my wife met somewhere, hit  
it off and he's become one of her  
BFF's. I was going, we were going  
through... some troubles. She kind  
of put me up to this.

RAIN  
Wait. I don't understand, it's  
supposed to be your choice and your  
choice alone. Jonas specifically  
said --

LENNOX  
It is. It is my choice. It's just  
that Leighton and Jonas... it's my  
choice. I backed out at the last  
minute the last time, and this time  
they...

The elevator stops. The Lobby.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

Lennox and Rain walk across the lobby.

RAIN

They what?

LENNOX

I'm Brian, by the way.

RAIN

(slow, curious)

Rain.

Besides the desk staff, the place is vacant... except for the TEN MEN and WOMEN gathered near the lounge. Ten people who would NEVER come together under normal circumstances.

Among the group are Hadji and Mr. Belmear. One of the other men, in DARK SUNGLASSES and a HOODIE, leans against the wall. He looks like that Rock Star who's always appearing in Page 6 or US Weekly with the latest Hollywood Starlet...

Lennox studies the group for a second... thinks he recognizes the African-American basketball star (who Hadji talks to) but no one else.

LENNOX

(to Rain)

Would you excuse me? I see someone I know.

RAIN

Sure. Mr. Lennox...?

Lennox, puzzled, turns back to look at her, nodding. Before he can react, he's intercepted by Hadji.

HADJI

Hello, are you here for Delta?

LENNOX

Yes, is Jonas meeting us here?

HADJI

That would be more than fantastic, wouldn't it?

(extends his hand)

I'm Hadji, Hadji Gera.

Hadji's name doesn't resonate with Lennox, the way he wanted.

LENNOX

Hi... Just a second.

Lennox walks off, doesn't even shake Hadji's hand. Bends around a sofa and damn near trips over someone lying in a heap against it. This is VANVERNARD "VAN" WAYNE, late 30s, looks and smells like a homeless bum.

So there are actually thirteen...

LENNOX (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't see...

Van grunts, brusquely waves him away. Hopes to get comfortable again. Lennox approaches Belmear, who imposingly stands with his arms behind his back, surveying everyone.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

Hello, we've met before. A few years ago at one of your fund-raisers --

BELMEAR

Yes. It's a pleasure to see you again, Mr... Lennox.

LENNOX

I'm flattered you remembered.

BELMEAR

You're with Echo Bridge Consultants, if I remember correctly?

LENNOX

Yeah... no longer there.

BELMEAR

Wasn't it your company? That's not why you're here, is it?

Lennox uncomfortably smiles, is about to say something when:

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Good morning!

Everyone turns to see Cynthia, looking so stunning that the temperature in the room shifts. Her white Dolce & Gabbana pant suit is tailored for her delicious dimensions.

She's flanked by two ASSISTANTS with amorphous faces, almost as if they're wearing rubber masks.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Welcome to Delta. My name is Cynthia.

(MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I see that everyone is here, and I trust you're well rested because today begins with day one in your new life.

FROM THE RECEPTION DESK

The Hotel Staff casually watch. A RECEPTIONIST (back to camera) checks her watch, then urgently darts off.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

You are about to embark on what we at The Understanding know will be a life-altering experience.

One of her Assistants deftly slips away.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

To that end, follow me and we will take your first step toward the Delta Understanding.

Cynthia heads toward the doors, but detours to...

THE ELEVATORS

Cynthia's Assistant has two elevators waiting. Cynthia leads the Thirteen inside. Lennox gets in last.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL, ELEVATOR - DAY

They shoot up in the elevator. The FLOOR INDICATOR LIGHTS keep flashing up, up, and up, until they reach the Penthouse. The doors open.

CYNTHIA

This way, please.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL, PENTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

Cynthia strides down the hallway, leading the Group toward the Roof Access Door. She opens it and steps out on to the...

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL, ROOF - DAY

Where a HELICOPTER (Delta Logo on the tail) waits on the hotel's helipad. The PILOT sees Cynthia, REVS UP the rotors. One of Cynthia's Assistants opens the helicopter's door.

CYNTHIA

Everyone, please hurry.

HADJI

Will we be needing any of our  
stuff?

CYNTHIA

(soothing, coy)

No.

Hadji excitedly smiles, hurries toward the Delta chopper. The Group crosses the helipad. When Rain arrives onto the roof, Cynthia pulls her out of line.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Ms. Morrison, Jonas would be very  
insulted if he knew you were  
bringing that with you.

RAIN

I'm not sure I--

CYNTHIA

Don't pretend I'm an idiot, and I  
won't treat you like one.

As if on cue, one of the Assistants appears with an open leather-bound BOX.

Van passes by Rain and Cynthia, gives them a skeptical once over.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

That life is over.

Rain slowly pulls out her Silver-Handled pistol. Expertly ejects the magazine. Cagily places the gun in the box.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

After you.

Rain glances back at Cynthia... how the FUCK did she know Rain was packing? More importantly, why was Rain packing?

INT. DELTA HELICOPTER - DAY

Rain takes her seat on the helicopter... which is beyond plush. Mini-plasma screens in the seatbacks broadcast "The Delta Experience" commercial.

Van leans over to the cold, conservative girl around 18 or (BEKKA), who sits next to him, but keeps an eye on Rain.

VAN  
 (whispering)  
 That bitch was packin'.

Bekka politely pulls away from Van, because his alcohol-laced breath stinks to high heaven. The Assistants close the door. The rotor noise DROPS. Silencing the cabin.

HADJI  
 Have you ever seen anything like that?!

LENNOX  
 ... No.

EXT. PHOENIX SKY - DELTA HELICOPTER

banks right, gains altitude and speeds out toward the desert.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL, ROOF - DAY

We're behind a WOMAN (the hotel receptionist) with binoculars watching the helicopter. She brings up a walkie-talkie. There is a tattoo (in Latin, "Warrior of the Holy Spirit") below her ear.

WOMAN  
 No hiccups with our agent's insertion. We are "go."

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY

Hot, rugged, clean and beautiful. It's quiet. Then in the distance, coming around a mountain is the Delta Helicopter.

EXT. DELTA HELICOPTER - DAY

It flies low to the ground. Up ahead on the edge of a cliff, seemingly only approachable by helicopter is... you guessed it --

THE DELTA COMPOUND. It makes the Crystal Cathedral look like a homeless guy's cardboard box. You'd expect something this lavish to be a retreat for a Saudi royal prince!

EXT. DELTA COMPOUND, HELIPAD - DAY

Cynthia leads the Thirteen toward the main building. Belmear breaks from the group, catches up with Cynthia.

BELMEAR

Excuse me, Ms. Cynthia, this isn't what Jonas sold me on --

CYNTHIA

It's just "Cynthia." Please be patient, Mr. Belmear. I know that's never been your strong suit... (hushed) ...as your numerous mistresses would attest. (normal volume) Jonas will answer any and all questions.

Belmear slows, disturbed by Cynthia's intimate knowledge of his private life. Distrust swells in Belmear's eyes.

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, MAIN HALL - DAY

Maybe Gianni Versace's fabled Miami Beach home would hold a candle to this place. It is by no means gaudy. Everything is perfect in its placement, its selection and its lighting.

You'd say this place feels "holy" but you couldn't quite explain why. Cynthia reaches the middle of the hall, stops.

CYNTHIA

If everyone will remain here for a moment.

Cynthia stridently disappears through a doorway (we can see a SPIRAL STAIRCASE just beyond the door).

VARIOUS ANGELS ON THE THIRTEEN

As they try to absorb (and not be overwhelmed by) their surroundings.

ANGLE ON A VASE

Mid-18th century Italian. It captures Van's attention. Reaches out to touch it. His hand trembling. A TEAR appears in his eye. Bekka appears at his side. Sees the tear track on Van's cheek.

BEKKA

I wonder whose ashes are inside?

VAN

You think this is an urn? You some kind of idiot?

Bekka curtly smiles, returns to the group. The click-clack of Cynthia's shoes draws everyone's attention up to the...

## BALCONY

Where there are two huge floor-to-ceiling WINDOWS. Between the windows is a life-like OIL PAINTING of JONAS MAGNUM. In his trademark celestial white.

Cynthia appears and subserviently stands next to the huge painting. Through the window, the CLOUDS move in the sky, DARKENING the balcony quite a bit. And suddenly --

JONAS MAGNUM STEPS FORTH FROM THE PAINTING!

JONAS

Welcome to the Delta Understanding.

That voice immediately has them ALL in his thrall. Hadji giddily smiles at Lennox. He uncomfortably nods.

Jonas stares at the group for an uncomfortable beat. Then glances at us, the audience... then tilts his head to smile at Cynthia.

In the mirror behind Cynthia, we see HER REFLECTION and the entire right-half of her head has NO HAIR, NO FLESH, NO NOTHING - just a clean skull.

And we're out...

END OF ACT TWO

## "ACT THREE"

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON RAIN'S EYES

They're filled with excitement, because we're in a ...

INT. OFFICE - DUSK (FLASHBACK)

And Rain, with expert dexterity and dressed in infiltration gear, attaches a laptop to a desktop, starts hijacking files.

Without warning the door swings open -- THREE ANGRY MEN enter, barring the exit.

ANGRY MAN #1  
(in German)  
*<I told you we had a breach!>*

Before the Angry Men can react, Rain is swinging the desk chair at the first two men -- whacking one in the neck.

She yanks out her laptop -- charges to the window -- the 3rd Angry Man pulls his deadly gun, FIRES at Rain --

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING (OVERHEAD SHOT) - DUSK (FLASHBACK)

Rain crashing thru the window -- plummeting two stories, landing -- HARD -- on a car roof. Still clutching the laptop, she rolls off with some bone-bruised difficulty --

KA-BLAM! KA-BLAM! From the window, a STREAM OF BULLETS hail down on Rain. She whips out her 9mm, returns fire, as breaks out into a sprained-ankle sprint across the parking lot to a BMW MOTORCYCLE.

Stuffs the laptop in her backpack, slams on a motorcycle helmet, hops on. Kick starts the engine --

EXT. TWO-LANE BLACK TOP - DUSK (FLASHBACK)

A country road. The BMW Motorcycle barreling this way. Damn! That thing. Can. Move!

UP AHEAD -- a taut strand of PIANO WIRE is stretched across the road.

Rain guns the bike. Rain's EYES widen when she sees the piano wire -- at decapitation height!

Rain veers toward the edge of the road, skillfully downs the bike in a controlled crash. The bike rattles to a halt on the road's shoulder.

Rain rolls over on to her stomach, scans the treeline. No one there, no movement at all. Her gun searches for targets and -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Two PARAMILITARY MEN fall from behind two trees.

RATATATATATA -- bullets rip into the downed BMW from the other side of the road. Rain spins, tracks the muzzle-fire -- unloads her clip. The last Paramilitary Man collapses.

Rain flops on to her back, breathing heavy, closes her eyes and relaxes for a second. A SHADOW crosses her. She opens her eyes. It's Nick Logan (the man from her framed photo).

NICK LOGAN

I gotta stay up to speed with you  
if I want to live, huh?

He smiles at her. She returns it, still breathing heavy and closes her eyes.

MATCH CUT:

Rain, breathing heavy, opens her eyes. We're in the...

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, ASSESSMENT CENTER - DAY

Rain is hooked up to a STRESS TEST SIMULATOR. She runs on a treadmill at a steep incline. The BPM monitor states: 158. Several PHYSICIANS and TECHNICIANS monitor her results.

PHYSICIAN

I see that your hip is still out of  
alignment from that motorcycle  
mishap in Dusseldorf, hmm?

Rain slows down...

RAIN

(shocked)  
How --

PHYSICIAN

Take up any questions with Cynthia,  
please. And keep the pace.

Rain picks up the pace.

CUT TO:

BELMEAR

Emerges from a G-FORCE SIMULATOR. He's beyond exhausted.

EXAMINER

We'll take a break and start again  
in twenty minutes.

Belmear wearily nods.

CUT TO:

HADJI

taking a 3-D RORSCHACH TEST. The EXAMINER flips a new card.

HADJI

The "Get Out Of Jail Free" Card in  
Monopoly.

Nonplussed, the Examiner methodically scribbles a note.

CUT TO:

VAN

haphazardly shifting his weight on a BONGO BOARD. He can't sustain the required balance, tumbles off. Falls to the ground. Stays there. Petulantly refuses to get up.

An Examiner ticks off a box on a chart. From behind a glass window, Cynthia subtly shakes her head.

CUT TO:

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, WOMEN'S SHOWERS - DAY

Rain washes down her soapy body, wraps herself in a fluffy towel, heads to her locker. She passes Bekka, who quickly covers up a tattoo across her belly.

At her locker, Rain drops her towel, reaches for her panties... and finds her pistol has been returned to her.

JONAS (O.S.)

I thought you might want it back.

Rain spins to find Jonas mischievously leaning against a locker. Was he ogling her tits, her ass? She stares directly into his eyes, not challenging, but curious. She leisurely... flirtatiously... puts on her panties.

RAIN

No, Cynthia made a good point, so I don't want it back.

(off Jonas's look)

You talk about all of us making a change...

JONAS

It's what you need to be more than who you are.

RAIN

Step one on the long march, eh?

JONAS

Yes. But I cannot keep this. Plus it has a certain significance to you and Mr. Logan... doesn't it?

Fuck, dude! How much do you know?

RAIN

It's a memory I don't need anymore.

Jonas steps uncomfortably close. She doesn't pull back. In fact, she relaxes as he puts his hand on her shoulder.

JONAS

The past hurts, Ms. Morrison, but you can burn from it or learn from it.

RAIN

Or just end up with the right regrets.

JONAS

Never regret anything, because at one point you wanted it. And, some mistakes are too much fun to only make once... that's why God created tomorrows.

And with that Jonas leaves. Rain slams in the clip. Clicks off the safety, inspects the gun. Clicks the safety back on.

JONAS (CONT'D)

(without stopping)

Besides, someone else might need it.

Rain, puzzled, looks up at him, but he's already gone.

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, MEN'S SHOWERS - DAY

Horace Belmear lets the pulsating water massage the back of his neck. He grabs the soap, lathers up. When he reaches below the waist and starts cleaning...

CYNTHIA (O.C.)

You must let me show you how to use that.

Belmear spins. Cynthia has pulled the curtain back, leans against the door frame. She holds a leather bound book (still in plastic) that has "H. BELMEAR - EXPERIENCE JOURNAL" embossed on it.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

It's an important way to connect.

Belmear realizes she's talking about the journal, rinses off.

BELMEAR

Someone told me one time that whatever you write down, make sure it's something that won't embarrass you if it ends up on the front page of the Washington Post, so this...

(indicates journal)

...is for who? Me? I didn't cough up 35,000 dollars to take notes on my inner most thoughts. Been there, done that for less.

Belmear reaches for a towel. Cynthia laconically hands it to him, lasciviously smiles at him as he dries off.

CYNTHIA

It's part of the process. You are familiar with a "step program", correct?

Belmear shoots her a sideways glance.

BELMEAR

Listen, it's my wheelhouse to read people, to know when they're genuine; but more importantly when they're bending the truth.

CYNTHIA

I take it you're equally skilled at hiding it.

Belmear wraps the towel around his waist, steps out of the shower.

BELMEAR

I didn't know snappy repartee was part of your job description.

CYNTHIA

Multifaceted and ever-changing.

BELMEAR

Mind if I use that? I always looked at the truth as being fluid. You shape it to whoever you're talking to.

CYNTHIA

Is that what you think you're doing now?

A shared cat-in-the-cookie-jar smile.

BELMEAR

Never kid a kidder, huh?

Belmear immodestly tosses off the towel.

CYNTHIA

I think we're going to get along nicely.

BELMEAR

I'll shoot straight with you. I came "this" close to blowing off this whole thing.

CYNTHIA

Then we would have missed our opportunity of meeting.

Belmear wonders how much Viagra he'll need. Her glance at his "package" and smile tells him, "more than one." Belmear starts to get dressed.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

What changed your mind?

BELMEAR

... I gave my word, and that's the one thing I've been trying to rehabilitate. There came a point when that sacred bond between men and women -- between people -- didn't mean shit.

CYNTHIA

Is that when you resigned?

BELMEAR

I kept at it for another term. But when I did step down...

CYNTHIA

You saw the ripples and they ran deep?

BELMEAR

You want a cigar?

CYNTHIA

Jonas told me that you've been approached again. Is that why you're here?

BELMEAR

It's not that I can't handle politics again, it's do I want to?

CYNTHIA

Mr. Belmear, Horace... Happy, can I call you "Happy?"

(he nods)

At Delta the first thing we require is recognize your sins. Until you publicly acknowledge them, they will shape your actions. With your present actions twisted by your past, you can't move forward to realize who you are.

BELMEAR

And then Magnum will do whatever the hell he does and I'll know what I'm supposed to do next?

CYNTHIA

Not at all. Once you acknowledge your sins, you can disassociate yourself from them, and then and only then Jonas will direct you on how you can clearly see what your next move must be.

(offers the journal)

Then you'll be your own Agent of Change.

Belmear sluggishly nods, takes the journal.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Good day, Mr. Belmear.

Cynthia spins on her heels, gives him a lingering, sexy, "it's gonna be good" stare before she exits.

EXT. DELTA COMPOUND, JAPANESE ROCK GARDEN - DAWN

As the morning sun comes over the horizon, several of the participants (including Rain, Belmear and Bekka) meditate. An old DELTA MODERATOR guides them to the inner self.

OLD MODERATOR

We live in four discreet realms at once: the physical world, the mental, the emotional and the spiritual world.

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, GROUP ROOM - DAY

Lennox, Hadji, the Hooded Rocker, and a GIRL in her late teens sit around a large table. A young DELTA MODERATOR sits at the head of the table.

YOUNG MODERATOR

... so bravery and fear are the same thing; it's just a matter of how you react to that same feeling.  
(checks watch)  
Okay, that's all the time we have.  
(standing)  
I want to thank those of you who did share, and those of you who didn't, it is expected. The big thing is, if you don't change, then why are you here?

HOODED ROCKER

To learn 'bout the flaws we don't even know we have that block our path?

MODERATOR

You are quite right. I'll see you after lunch.

The Moderator gathers his things and leaves. The Participants follow him.

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Hadji is that last one out. He forgot something, goes back in the room.

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, GROUP ROOM

Hadji sees Lennox by the window searching for a signal for his phone.

HADJI  
Hey, you coming?

LENNOX  
In a second.

HADJI  
You know you're not allowed to do that.

LENNOX  
Relax, just checking my messages.

HADJI  
Yes, I mean, no, we're not supposed to have contact with our world while at Delta.

LENNOX  
I can't talk with my --

HADJI  
Girlfriend?

LENNOX  
My wife. Sometimes I wish she was a girlfriend, then I'd... Relationships require work. A lot of work.

HADJI  
And you're not working hard enough?

LENNOX  
... Something like that.

HADJI  
She must be a beautiful woman. Do you have a photo of her?

Lennox gauges Hadji for a moment.

LENNOX  
... Yeah... sure.

Lennox shows Hadji a fun & sexy PHOTO OF LEIGHTON in a bikini in the Greek Isles.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

That's Leighton.

HADJI

She looks that exquisite every day?  
Do you ever feel lucky that you  
have her?

LENNOX

There's something she does every  
week that reminds me why I fell in  
love with her, but other times... I  
could just kill her.

HADJI

Or have her killed? You wouldn't  
get your hands dirty, would you?  
You'd hire someone to do it?

LENNOX

What are you talking about?

HADJI

I've never been in a position where  
I actually had to kill someone, but  
I think I could do it. What about  
you?

LENNOX

Do what? Kill someone? ...N-- What  
are you doing asking me that?

HADJI

I like games, all kinds of games.  
For example, what if you were  
hiding with your baby daughter in a  
farm house with a group of people  
in Nazi-occupied Poland --

LENNOX

What?

HADJI

Just hear me out. You're a refugee  
in Nazi-occupied Poland in a farm  
house, the SS are combing the  
grounds outside. Suddenly your baby  
starts to cry - LOUD - and she  
can't be stopped. Smothering her to  
death is the only way to save  
everyone else. Could you do it?

Lennox looks at Hadji, "what the fuck is up with you?"

HADJI (CONT'D)

What if it wasn't your baby! Could you smother someone else's baby? If the SS find you, they'll skin you and everyone else alive on the spot. Nothing's going to happen to you if you kill the baby. You might be considered a hero, could you do it?

LENNOX

I... I, uh... that's not, not...

The twinkle in Hadji's eyes causes Lennox to pause.

HADJI

It's just a game, a conundrum.

LENNOX

I'll stick with the crossword on Sunday mornings with my bagels and cream cheese.

(beat)

Why did you join this little adventure?

HADJI

I... I'm not sure I can explain it.

LENNOX

What do you know about Jonas?

HADJI

That he gives people a second chance.

LENNOX

A second chance? Is that what you expect?

HADJI

All I know is that I don't want the life that I'm living anymore. I want -- to know why you came to Delta?

LENNOX

Over the last year a perfect storm of events have turned my life, particularly my business, to shit. For years it was like I couldn't lose. Then all of the sudden, something derailed me, and I can't figure out what happened.

(MORE)

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
Right now everything I built is in  
the balance.

HADJI  
And Leighton?

LENNOX  
Jesus Christ...

Hadji is silent for a beat, then he blurts out:

HADJI  
Simply fascinating!

LENNOX  
... what?!

HADJI  
It's... it's so rooted in false  
assumptions about wealth,  
materialism and permanence, and yet  
you're very passionate about it.

LENNOX  
Our passions are what drives us.  
That's how we get what we want.

HADJI  
But it has to be the right passion.

LENNOX  
I don't know what mine is.

HADJI  
Maybe Jonas does, maybe that's  
what's waiting for you?

Off Hadji's wily smile...

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, MAIN HALL - DUSK

A Delta Group Coordinator leads Lennox, Bekka and a few others thru the main hall. Lennox glances down a corridor, sees Cynthia unlocking a door, entering an office. Lennox peels off from the others.

OUTSIDE CYNTHIA'S OFFICE

Right before Cynthia closes the door, Lennox appears.

LENNOX  
Can I have a word?

CYNTHIA

Mr. Lennox, of course. How can I be of service?

LENNOX

(holds up Blackberry)  
No signal.

CYNTHIA

It's the way the building is constructed. And it's against the Rules. However, I'm sure Mrs. Lennox can handle anything that arises with your daughter.

LENNOX

I know she can, but I have a crucial business call to make.

CYNTHIA

I'm sure it is... perhaps you should have postponed your coming to Delta --

LENNOX

But since I'm here --

JONAS (O.S.)

Is there a problem?

Down the hall, Jonas stands at the intersection.

CYNTHIA

Will you excuse me?

LENNOX

Can I make the call? Is there a phone in your office?

CYNTHIA

I'll see what Jonas will allow.  
Please, wait inside.

Cynthia walks to Jonas. Lennox steps into Cynthia's office.

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, CYNTHIA'S OFFICE - DUSK

Lennox grabs the desk phone. Dials. Nothing happens, sees "Enter Code" flashing on the phone. Slams the phone down.

Several BINDERS on a shelf. One has "Lennox, Brian" stamped on the side. He opens it.

Inside is a plethora of public and private data, photos, news clipping about Lennox. He's not impressed; it's all stuff anyone could gather.

What grabs him is a FLASH MEMORY CARD labeled "Lennox, Leighton - Dungeon Exp9.mpeg" in a clear pouch. Anxiety rolls over Brian's face. He removes the Memory Card.

Just then -- the CLICK-CLACKING of Cynthia's shoes. Quickly closing the binder, stuffing it back on the shelf. Walking thru the door, bumping into --

Jonas.

LENNOX

I'm sorry, I thought you were Cynthia.

JONAS

No worries. This is my office, I figured I'd let you, of all people Brian, use the phone.

Lennox glances at the plaque next to the office; it does say, "Jonas Magnum, Director" on it. Did it say that before? Lennox can't remember. Can you?

LENNOX

I don't need to use the phone now, maybe later. Thanks anyway.

JONAS

Just let me know and I'll have a satellite phone brought to your room this evening...  
(off Lennox's look)  
... to give you privacy.

Lennox scrutinizes Jonas for a quick beat. Does he suspect?

LENNOX

That'll be great, Jonas. Thanks.

He quickly strides off.

JONAS

This evening's lecture starts in five minutes, please don't be late.

LENNOX

I won't.

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, SHOWERS - DUSK

Lennox opens the door. He hears the WARBLE of a Nextel radio phone. Lennox pauses, before turning the corner to see Belmear approaching the row of sinks...

And Vanvernard at a urinal. Peeing on the wall and floor. He sneers at Lennox, and doesn't correct his aim.

BELMEAR

Hey Brian, how are you?

Van finishes peeing and meticulously washes his hands.

LENNOX

I'm good. You?

BELMEAR

So far so good. Is everything okay?

As Van leaves, he indignantly glares at Belmear and Lennox.

LENNOX

You'd think for a quarter million dollars, I'd be able to set my own rules. I should at least be able to call my wife.

BELMEAR

I didn't even bring my phone. It's good to disconnect every once in a while.

Lennox wonders, "why the lie?"

BELMEAR (CONT'D)

And I need some "Me Time" after all these tests we've been doing. They've packed a lot into two days.

LENNOX

You look like you can still take a man 20 years your junior.

BELMEAR

... and I have.

LENNOX

Okay, don't ask me if I can strangle someone under the right circumstances.

BELMEAR

I beg your pardon. Why would I do a thing like that?

LENNOX

(grits his teeth)  
Because, because... nothing.

BELMEAR

...if you want to kill someone, use a gun.

LENNOX

Let me guess... an untraceable one?

BELMEAR

No, you want a gun that's been used in many crimes, so the police think a career criminal did the killing. You want that gun... then just make sure it's not traced back to you.

LENNOX

And those are just sitting around.

BELMEAR

You never know.  
(glances at watch)  
Jonas' lecture is starting, let's pick this up another time?

LENNOX

Yeah.

Belmear walks out. Once Lennox hears the door close, he darts into a stall. Throws the door latch.

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, LECTURE HALL - DUSK

Jonas paces the stage of a lecture hall that's decorated with looted items from The Temple Mount in Jerusalem.

11 of the 13 fill the first few rows of the hall (Lennox and Van are absent).

JONAS

Your second day is about over, and you no doubt have more questions than I can possibly answer now.

Just then, Van noisily enters from the back, rudely steps over people to take his seat.

JONAS (CONT'D)

However, soon you will be able to answer your own questions, and the questions of your fellow participants.

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, BATHROOM STALL - LENNOX

Jams the memory card into his Blackberry. His heart-rate ratchets up as he finds the video controls. Jabs "PLAY".

ON THE BLACKBERRY: A RED AND BLACK ROOM fills the screen. Light barely illuminate the room. TECHNO MUSIC screams from the tiny speaker.

A vinyl-clad DOMINATRIX with a mask that allows her hair, eyes, and mouth to come thru, strides in. She carries a burning candle.

The Dominatrix approaches the SILHOUETTE of a WOMAN, who is tied to a Saint Andrew's Cross. The Silhouette has auburn hair in a style far too familiar for Lennox, whose heart is now beating at panic-attack pace.

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, LECTURE HALL - JONAS

has left the podium, walks to the edge of the stage.

JONAS

When this part is complete you will help redeem your fellow man. I don't believe in hoarding the spiritual technology that you will learn. This technology, as I call it, is the key to finding the undiscovered you.

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, BATHROOM STALL - LENNOX

is glued to his Blackberry. The Dominatrix drips CANDLE WAX on the Silhouette's erect nipples, then goes lower, stopping just above her pubis. Under the cries of agony & ecstasy, the Dominatrix seductively whispers in the Silhouette's ear... then starts to untie her from the cross.

Lennox's eyes scrutinize the tiny image, dreading the reveal. The Dominatrix leads the Silhouette to a doorway where another masked Dominatrix awaits.

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, LECTURE HALL - JONAS

JONAS

You will each receive dossiers  
containing your secrets, your inner  
most desires, your neuroses.  
(anxiety rips thru  
everyone)  
Cynthia, if you please?

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, BATHROOM STALL - LENNOX

The Dominatrix spansks the Silhouette with a riding crop, as the 2nd Dominatrix leads her out. The Dominatrix kills the music. Pulls off her hood - it's Leighton.

Lennox's hammering heart nearly leaps out of his throat. He kicks the stall door off its hinges!

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, LECTURE HALL - DAY

Cynthia and her Assistants hand out THICK MANILA FILES.

Hadji opens his... inside are Bekka'S SECRETS. Stunned, he glances to find her. Bekka looks at Van, in her lap is VAN'S DOSSIER. Belmear gingerly opens his, finds the Hooded Rock Star's dirt. His face contorts.

Rain leafs thru hers -- its LENNOX'S off-the-record and hush-hush info; there's a photo of Lennox with Nick Logan. WTF? A thousand questions flood her mind, she looks for Lennox...

Cynthia approaches Jonas with Lennox's folder. Jonas peers into a SMALL MONITOR SCREEN; it's a "hidden camera view" of Lennox in the bathroom. Jonas wickedly smiles, he looks at Cynthia and --

BOOM! The Main Doors burst open! A CONTINGENT OF FEDERAL AGENTS storm in, heavily armed - enough to push past the Delta Security. Banister and Stone lead the charge.

JONAS

May I know the nature of this most  
uninvited visit?

Confusion smacks everyone in the face.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Everyone remain calm, there's  
nothing to worry about.

Banister marches up to Jonas, pulling out an ARREST WARRANT.

BANISTER  
Jonas Magnum?

JONAS  
Oh, don't be so theatrical.

BANISTER  
Just so we're clear, you're under  
arrest for fraud and tax evasion.

JONAS  
Agent Banister, this is a complete  
pack of lies! And you know it! Who  
put you up to this? My competitor?

Stone and another AGENT secure Jonas with handcuffs, rudely  
herd him off stage like a suspect on "COPS".

STONE  
(whispers to Jonas)  
I told you when you slipped up, I'd  
be there.

JONAS  
(fighting their grip)  
I can walk by myself, thank you  
very much!

Hadji makes his way to the aisle, distress on his face.

HADJI  
Mr. Magnum?!?!?

JONAS  
Nothing to worry about. Believe me.

Hadji is only slightly soothed by Jonas's confidence.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
Cynthia! Get Wallace -- meet me  
where ever these lapdogs are taking  
me!

Cynthia ducks behind the curtain. Banister leads Jonas and  
his team out. Stone turns to the awestruck group.

STONE  
Ladies and gentlemen, y'all been  
had, bamboozled, lead astray!

Stone heads out, slamming the door shut behind him. Everyone  
-- and we mean everyone from the Delta Security to the Twelve  
to the Delta Team Coordinators -- stare at the cold closed  
door. Is this some kind of joke? And we're out --

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. DELTA COMPOUND, LECTURE HALL - DAY

Cynthia... stunned... but just for a second. She snaps out of it and is back to her calculating self.

CYNTHIA

Everyone! Your attention please.

The Group of 12, confused and confounded, turn to Cynthia, desperately hoping she'll provide reassuring answers.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

This is highly unexpected, but categorically a mistake. Mr. Magnum is innocent of any wrong-doing and is the victim of a pernicious smear campaign. Until this is resolved, your Delta Retreat is suspended.

(to her Assistants)

Gentlemen.

Cynthia's Assistants quickly gather the Dossiers; having to snatch them out of some people's reluctant hands.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

We'll be in contact about rescheduling. I am sorry.

Bekka storms up.

BEKKA

So like do we get our money back?!

CYNTHIA

I'm afraid that's not possible at this time.

(beat)

The helicopter will be leaving within the hour.

Hadji hurries toward her, a question on the tip of his tongue.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I won't be there to see you off, good-bye and good luck.

Cynthia jumps up on stage, disappears behind the curtains.

## ANGLES ON THE TWELVE

Disgusted. Confused. Angered. Perplexed. Relieved. Sad.  
Everyone's emotions are basically all over the place.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENNOX RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A Towne Car, lights off, stops at the front gate. The door opens. Lennox gets out with his suitcases.

DRIVER

Are you sure you don't want me to  
drive you up to the house, Mr.  
Lennox?

LENNOX

Yes. The walk will do me good.  
Thanks, Joshua.

The Towne Car drives off into the darkness. When it's a good 1/4 mile away, its tail lights turn on. Lennox watches it disappear, before keying his way past the main gate.

EXT. LENNOX RESIDENCE, DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Lennox, walking on the grass, in the shadows, approaches his house. Stops to see if there are any signs of movement. There are none. He goes around the side of the house.

INT. LENNOX RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lennox gently shuts the door. Puts his bags down, stares at the ceiling. The pulsating beat of the TECHNO MUSIC from the Dominatrix video ECHOES in Lennox's mental ears. Fury begins to bubble up inside. He strides forward... passes a PHOTO of Lennox, Leighton and Dakota.

STAIRS

Lennox marches up the stairs.

HALLWAY

Lennox reaches the doorway to the Master Bedroom. He pauses, then shoves it open --

LENNOX

(turns on lights)  
Leighton!

But the bed is... empty. Smoldering, Lennox pauses for a second. Violent rage building behind his eyes. He storms into Leighton's huge WALK-IN CLOSET and starts tearing into her things looking for "evidence."

INT. CONDOMINIUM, LOBBY - NIGHT

Belmear pulls out his mail from the bank of mailboxes. Sifts thru it. Stops on a colorful political flyer: A MAN YOU CAN TRUST - WATSON FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL. Candidate Watson has a toothy, friendly smile.

Belmear sneers at Watson. Keeps sifting, stops at a manila envelop. Address is handwritten. "FYI" in bold. Belmear opens it. Pulls out several 8x10s, a Post-It Note on the top: "Belmear's Rule #6: Know your competition..."

Belmear examines the 8x10s -- HIDDEN CAMERA SNAPSHOTS of WATSON pants down playing "Lipstick" with semi-naked UNDERAGE GIRLS... his erect penis deep in their mouths.

Belmear carefully looks up to see who is watching...

INT. COTTAGE-STYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain empties a half bottle of Scotch down her throat. When it's too much, she coughs up some liquor and throws the bottle against the wall. She drops to her knees, rams her palms into her eyes. Tears start down her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARIBBEAN OCEAN - DUSK (FLASHBACK)

That blue, blue sea. A well-appointed SAIL BOAT is anchored about 20 yards from a small rocky island... far away from any tourist area and any hint of Western materialism. Basically, what we think of as paradise on earth.

EXT. SAIL BOAT - DUSK (FLASHBACK)

Nick Logan, late 30s, chiseled body with a SEMPER FI TATTOO across his back, comes out on deck with two freshly made daiquiris. He's in surfer shorts, sunglasses and a straw hat. Nick leans over the railing, looks into the water...

Rain emerges from the depths with SCUBA gear on. The second she pulls off her mask and meets Nick's eyes, they smile at each other, so bright, so inviting... so in love.

LOGAN

Hey, you.

She swims to the boat, climbs the ladder. She's in a bikini a Brazilian girl would envy.

The only blemish on those well-toned legs is a healed BULLET WOUND on the back of her left thigh. Rain slides off the airtank and mask. Logan hands her a daiquiri.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

How bad are you ready to be?

RAIN

(takes a deep sip)

Very...

They powerfully and seductively kiss. He undoes her bikini top, kisses her breasts. She unties his shorts, slides them down, then she slides down...

INT. SAIL BOAT, MASTER CABIN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The candles cast shadows of Rain and Logan vigorously having sex on the wall. Their SILHOUETTES easily and erotically rotate thru a variety of tangled positions - their chemistry is perfect, seamless, BEAUTIFUL.

EXT. SAIL BOAT, DECK - DAWN (FLASHBACK)

Logan, with a towel wrapped around his waist, watches the sun climb over the horizon. Transforming the purple sky to a carnal red. Rain approaches, kisses his shoulder.

RAIN

I don't want this to end.

He devours her with a passionate kiss.

LOGAN

I'm so in love with you.

Rain pauses, taken aback. Almost embarrassed. Logan studies her eyes, looking for a hint of a response... As she struggles to respond...

STUTTER CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE-STYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain peels her hands from her eyes. Wipes away the tears. Crawls over to a desk, takes out a SATELLITE PHONE. Dials.

RAIN

Zetta-Nine-Five. Control, this is Shiva. I'm ready for re-activation.

Rain stares at the photo of her and Nick Logan.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door unlocks, opens. Hadji turns on the lights, plops down on the imported Moroccan sofa. He's still bewildered by the events of the last 12 hours. He glances at one of his all-white jigsaw puzzles. He sees a potential combination, leans over the puzzle and absentmindedly turns on the TV.

ON THE SCREEN

Is once-wayward actress LINDSAY LOHAN, dressed in an elegant and classy Armani black skirt suit. Behind her is the DELTA UNDERSTANDING logo.

LINDSAY LOHAN

(midstream, on the TV)

... My life and career were train wrecks. I had my dream, but then it became a nightmare, as most of you knew me more from my antics in the tabloids than my movies. And after the mandatory jail time, I was at the end of my rope.

Hadji fits two pieces together in the jigsaw puzzle.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

(on the TV)

A friend from rehab introduced me to the Delta Understanding, and through Jonas I discovered how after achieving a great deal of success, I was sabotaging myself. I learned what my agent of change was, and soon after my life started on a positive trajectory that --

Hadji snaps off the TV. Stares hungrily at the blank screen. When he puts the remote down, his eyes lock on a photo resting on the media cabinet.

He picks up the photo, stares at the people. Everyone is lost in the joyous moment... Except for Hadji. He looks awkward as he holds up his beer. The RAVEN-HAIRED WOMAN with her arm around Hadji's shoulder looks familiar...

Hadji takes out his iPhone, finds a number, dials. It rings a few times, then:

WOMAN'S VOICE

(on voicemail)

You've reached Tessa (giggle), be a doll and leave a message.

HADJI

Tessa. It's me, Hadji. I know it's been close to a year since... well, I know things were weird when we last talked, and uh, I took your advice on getting closer to people and finally went to see that Jonas Magnum and... something strange happened. You're the only person I can talk to. I'm at the same number.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A NEW CELLPHONE SCREEN

"New Voicemail from Hadji" scrolls across the screen. PULL BACK FROM SCREEN TO REVEAL...

The YOUNG WOMAN from Hadji's photo... she is the Young Woman Jonas noticed from the Delta Understanding Rally at the beginning. You remember her, beautiful enough to make God Blush. Only now she's ravaged by anxiety.

The Young Woman rifles through a DESK in a...

INT. HIGH-RISE OFFICE TOWER, OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT

... and stuffs two, no three documents into a FILE FOLDER. Closes it. Hurries over to the door, peers out the thin window next to the door. No one's on the main office floor. She darts out --

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Mostly vacant. A few CARS belonging to the midnight oil-burners. Aside from the sodium-vapor lights' HUM, it is deathly silent.

DING! The ELEVATOR DOORS open. The Young Woman springs out, keys ready, clutching the file folder.

The Young Woman's racing heart skips two beats -- where the hell is her car?! It was supposed to be RIGHT. FUCKING. HERE?

Her eyes rabidly scan UP and DOWN the garage... Paralyzing terror slowly rising within --

SCREEECH! A blood-red DODGE CHARGER whips around the corner. Barreling directly at the Woman. Skids to a halt!

The door swings opens: at the wheel is a mid 50s MAN (also seen at the Delta Rally), 5 o'clock shadow, abundance of stress lines, now-white hair, looks like he's survived a recent heart attack. The woman is more than relieved it's him at the wheel.

MAN

Get in!

(she starts to speak)

-- Don't ask questions, get in!

His fear, his paranoia is just as palpable as hers. Maybe more so... She hops in. Door slams shut. Rubber squeals. Tires smoke. The Charger vaults forward --

INT. CHARGER (SPRINTING) - CONTINUOUS

The Woman notices the POOLS OF SWEAT around the Man's COLLAR, on the bridge of his NOSE, at his HAIRLINE.

YOUNG WOMAN

Where's my car?

MAN

Had to ditch it. I think it was compromised.

YOUNG WOMAN

You think?! What the fuck! You need to know if it was!

MAN

Fine, it was fucking compromised! What did you want me to do?

YOUNG WOMAN

That's another thing Jonas has taken away.

MAN

Better to be safe. Did you get it?

YOUNG WOMAN  
 (shows file folder)  
 Now we'll know why -- after  
 everyone else -- it's me and you.

MAN  
 (leans over to read)  
 Let me see!

YOUNG WOMAN  
 I can't believe the others will  
 never know. It's not fair.

MAN  
 Fair?! Fuck fair! I wanna expose  
 that --

-- Suddenly SILENCED BULLETS punch thru the REAR WINDOW!  
 Behind them -- SEVERAL MEN in pinstripe suits wearing white,  
 eye-less spandex masks with UZIs chase the Charger.

The Man stomps on the GAS PEDAL.

INT. PARKING GARAGE, EXIT RAMP - NIGHT

The Charger fishtails around the corner. The Charger's right  
 FRONT FENDER scrapes against the WALL. The collapsing fender  
 pinches the tire.

INT. CHARGER (MOVING) - NIGHT

YOUNG WOMAN  
 I was careful, I was careful!

MAN  
 Not careful enough, GODDAMN IT!

-- TOO-BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS rake across the front -- blinding  
 the Man and the Woman (another car?) The Woman SCREAMS!

MAN (CONT'D)  
 Son of a bitch, shit!

The Man loses control --

INT. PARKING GARAGE, EXIT RAMP

The Charger clips the wall again, forcing the fender into the  
 wheel -- rupturing it --

The Charger FLIPS OVER -- skids down the ramp, sparks spitting -- Heading directly into the retaining railing --

EXT. HIGH-RISE OFFICE TOWER, PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The Charger CRASHES thru the BARRIER -- sails out into the night sky... In an instant, gravity grabs us -- The Charger. Tumbles. Four. Three. Two stories --

EXT. HIGH-RISE OFFICE TOWER - STREET - CHARGER

WHAM! Smacking the ground roof-first with a life-snatching crunch. FLAMES leap to life, blazing the undercarriage.

INT. CHARGER - CONTINUOUS

The Man and the Woman. Dead on impact. Scattered around the are the precious PAPERS from the file folder. THE DELTA UNDERSTANDING logo on the letterheads. Stamped on the papers: "For Your Eyes Only"; "Burn After Reading."

EXT. HIGH-RISE OFFICE TOWER, STREET - NIGHT

Overhead shot, rising -- WITNESSES and ON-LOOKERS gather around the Charger. Without warning, the gas tank ERUPTS. Spits out FLAMES! Scattering SHRAPNEL. IGNITING a second car.

The swelling sound of POLICE SIRENS. The glow of FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS approach.

JUMP CUT TO:

Wider overhead shot -- rising, same angle; FIRST RESPONDERS have set-up shop, are cordoning off the scene. A FIRE ENGINE TEAM works to quell the fire.

JUMP CUT TO:

Still wider overhead shot -- rising, exact same angle; the Charger is a blackened husk. CSI TEAMS sift thru the wreckage; photographing everything from every possible angle.

DETECTIVES canvas the area, interview potential witnesses, consult with each other, "what the fuck happened here?"

EXT. SEATTLE STREET - NIGHT

Just down the block from the crash scene, a tan Crown Victoria pulls to a stop. Inside: Banister and Stone.

BANISTER  
(smashes his fist against  
the wheel)  
Jonas, you son of a bitch.

Stone boils and right when he's about to scream to high heaven... we're out --

END OF ACT FOUR

"ACT FIVE"

FADE IN:

INT. PHOENIX MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL, HOLDING CELL - DAWN

Overcrowded with fuck-ups, stupid rich men stopped for DUIs, MEXICAN DRUG DEALERS, White Trash METH-HEADS. Rough-n-tumble BLACK GANGSTAS. Your basic dregs of society.

A jittering Meth-Head can't wait for the toilet, yanks his dick out and pees on the floor. The pooling piss flows over to a WHITE LOAFER.

Jonas Magnum glances down at his shoe, then looks up at the Meth-Head.

METH-HEAD

Watch where you're standing,  
glitter-boy.

Jonas chuckles.

GUARD (O.S.)

Jonas Magnum, you made bail.

Magnum walks to the opening cell door. As he passes the Meth-Head, Jonas waves his hand by the Meth-Head's ear. The Meth-Head becomes STONE-STIFF...

Right when Jonas steps out of the cell, the Meth-Head falls straight backward -- cracks his skull wide open! Blood splatters out... mixing with the piss.

INT. PHOENIX MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL, CORRIDOR - DAWN

Two GUARDS escort Jonas to Releasing. They pass by another over-packed HOLDING CELL. Inside the cell, a clean-cut MAN with an arrogant air leans against the bars, staring off into nothingness. But when Jonas passes, he's suddenly awake...

CLEAN CUT MAN

Magnum!!! -- what the fuck is he  
doing here!

Clean-Cut Man violently shudders back from the bars, rudely squeezes between THREE TATT'ED-UP MEXICANS desperately hoping to hide among the throng of fuck-ups.

BALD MEXICAN  
 What the hell you think you doing,  
 white boy!?!?

CLEAN CUT MAN  
 Move, Beaner!

Bald Mexican unleashes a savage punch to Clean-Cut Man's jaw. He falls. The Three Mexicans STOMP THE LIFE out of him!

Jonas doesn't even notice the incident as he steps through the door to Releasing.

INT. LENNOX RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The bedroom is TRASHED. Lennox sits in a chair, he's been awake all night; the anger still riding high. He HEARS the front door open and close.

INT. LENNOX RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Leighton and her auburn-haired friend, KARA, late 20s, prepare bagels and coffee.

KARA  
 You're going to love this onion and  
 spice bagel. Just taste it.

LEIGHTON  
 I trust you.

KARA  
 Unlike some people.

LEIGHTON  
 Now, now.

Leighton opens a cabinet to get the sugar and creamer.

KARA  
 Oh, let me get that for you.

LEIGHTON  
 What? Are you my little servant  
 now?

KARA  
 (giggles)  
 Right.

Lennox suddenly enters.

LEIGHTON  
Brian! Oh my God! You scared me.

LENNOX  
Hello.

KARA  
Hi.

LEIGHTON  
What, what are you doing back? Did you quit --

LENNOX  
No, it wasn't me. Something... happened, and the retreat was suspended.

KARA  
Wow.

LEIGHTON  
You'll have to tell us all about it.

LENNOX  
Oh, you bet your sweet life I've got a story for you.  
(to Kara)  
Hi, I'm Brian.

KARA  
Kara. Nice to me you. I've heard a lot about you.

LENNOX  
(joking)  
All lies!

LEIGHTON  
Ha ha, well now that you're back...

Leighton bounces over, gives Lennox a kiss.

LEIGHTON (CONT'D)  
Welcome home, lover.

LENNOX  
(whisper)  
Should I call you "mistress" now that I know you're a dominatrix?

A look of shock -- that quickly subsides -- flashes across Leighton's face.

KARA  
Uh, is everything okay?

LENNOX  
Of course, why?

KARA  
I just thought --

LEIGHTON  
Kara, can you give Brian and I a second?

KARA  
Sure, I'll be out by the pool.

When Kara picks up her coffee, we see that she is missing the entire nail on her left ring-finger. She steps out the back door.

Off Lennox glaring at Leighton...

EXT. PHOENIX MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - EARLY MORNING

Jonas steps out into that unique desert chill. He shivers. Out of nowhere CINDY approaches. Cindy could be Cynthia's twin, except that she has sandy brown hair.

CINDY  
Mr. Magnum, my apologies for the delay in getting you released.

Cindy offers Jonas a parka, which he slides on and immediately feels its warm embrace.

We notice that she's missing the entire nail on her LEFT RING FINGER.

JONAS  
No need to apologize, Ms. Wallace. You did everything right. I was half expecting those arrogant imbeciles to find some way to tie me up longer.

CINDY  
It's a good thing Judge Pembroke has been a supporter.

JONAS  
Yes, I wanted to save his marker. No matter. Do we know if Belmear has seen the envelope?

CINDY

He has. And we know that Morrison used her satellite phone, but we don't have a recording of the conversation.

JONAS

I know who she called. She's still predictable and weak.

CINDY

Also, Vanvernard is back to --

JONAS

Hold off on him and the others for a day or two; what I want to know is: do you have an update on what's happening at Leighton and Brian's?

CINDY

Not yet, but we will.

JONAS

Good, they wanted to change their lives... let's see how far they'll go.

CLOSE ON JONAS' EYES

A menacing crackle flashes across his Paul Newman Blues, and we're out...

TO BE CONTINUED

Now that you've been introduced to the world of Jonas Magnum and CLEAN, you probably wondering a few things...

But first... CLEAN takes us inside one of those closed societies that dramatic TV thrives on, one with specific codes of conduct, where the Delta Understanding participants represent aspects of our inner-selves and the turmoil we suffer from and go through for making bad choices.

The Delta Participants are people who at some time in the past desperately and rashly wished for something, and then got it. What was the price of that prayer? The price was their soul... Now, the proceeds from the sale of their soul are all used up, and their lives are beginning to unravel. That's when they "decide" to see Jonas and join the Delta Understanding.

In coming episodes we'll meet CLINT MUNROE, the rock star who's career has taken a nose dive and he's looking to be relevant and number one again (at any cost); MARQUIS TOUSSAINT, the selfish, self-centered NBA star, who's career was cut short and he wants to mount a comeback for the Championship Ring he never played for; SASHA PARKS, a Harvard freshman, who can't win her parent's affection even though she French-kissed the Devil to get in to the Ivy League and, and... you'll see. We will also meet former Delta participants and other fallen angels, who will divert, guide and harm the current Thirteen. The one thing to remember is: No one is safe, because everyone wants to be CLEAN... at any cost.

In every story arc of CLEAN we will see how one of the current Thirteen is pushed to see if they'll change who they have become to win their soul back. They'll be tested mentally, spiritually and physically. Do they want their soul back? Do they even know they've sold it? And how far will they go to get them back?

And who the hell is Jonas Magnum? Aside from being a well-connected billionaire, we'll find out in the Season One finale that Jonas is a FALLEN ANGEL, who is looking to get back INTO Heaven... by exchanging rehabilitated souls.

Mick Stone and Gabe Saltair are the Archangels Michael and Gabriel, Heaven's co-CEOs, who don't want to see Jonas return, as he's a direct threat to their position of power.

And if everything goes to plan, we'll show you some of Jonas' past, how and why he fell...