

MONTARO CAINE

Act 1 Sample

By

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Adapted from the novel with the same title

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP OUTER SPACE/EARTH ATMOSPHERE

A CAM POV TOUR.

Galactic space. Sparkling stars.

SIRIUS shines brightest.

A cosmic mist momentarily obscures.

A VACUUM VORTEX brings Sirius closer.

Tiny companion stars flank Sirius right and left.

MOVING towards it, Sirius grows with brightening brilliance.

Slowly MOVING around it.

Planet EARTH in the distance. GATHERING MOMENTUM moving towards it.

The unseen SUN illuminates Earth.

Merging liquid hues of green and blue form oceans and continents.

MOVING at SUPER SONIC SPEED over Earth's surface.

Curved. Expansive. Alternating horizon.

Increasing VELOCITY!

Changing topology whisks by and beneath.

A sudden WHITE BLAST into Earth's atmosphere dampens the speed into a slow glide.

Day sky over KANSAS. Faded hollow blue.

A yellowish-white burn slowly MOVING past the sun.

A sudden sharp change in course!

Swift descent!

PLUMMETING towards a city, a suburb, a neighborhood, a street, a park...

Finally arrive and HOLD on the face of YOUNG MONTARO CAINE.

EXT. PARK/RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

INSERT: Kansas City - 1969

YOUNG MONTARO CAINE (Caucasian, 8 yrs., handsome) focuses on something about ten yards away.

He practice-swings a stick like a baseball bat.

KIDS (Ages 8-12) scattered in a small park playing stickball.

A BURLY LAD (Caucasian, 10 yrs.) pitches the ball to Young Montaro who swings and knocks it out of the park.

It hits a PARKED CAR.

Someone SHOUTS from a distance.

The boys run, whooping and laughing.

EXT. CAINE RESIDENCE - DAY

The boys race past Young Montaro's HOUSE.

SARAH CAINE (Caucasian, mid 30's, cultured, attractive) steps onto the porch and calls Young Montaro inside.

The others keep running, waving goodbye.

INT. CAINE RESIDENCE - EVENING

Sarah Caine pulls a pan of baked chicken and apples from an oven in a well-organized kitchen.

DR. ROBERT CAINE (Caucasian, mid 30's, Tall, handsome) returns home from work and immediately calls Sarah.

His voice is excited.

ROBERT

It arrived today out of the blue.

He shows her a letter.

Sarah beams at him.

SARAH

This is wonderful, darling.

She kisses him on the cheek and then calls out to the adjoining room.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Montaro, time for dinner, son.

Young Montaro joins them at the dining table set to suburban perfection.

The happy family sits down to a joyous evening meal.

EXT. COLUMBIA-PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - NEW YORK - DAY

A massive multi-building complex.

INT. COLUMBIA-PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - NEW YORK - DAY

DR. ANDREW BANKS (Late 40's, Gary Cooper type) introduces Robert Caine and a small group of DOCTORS to an autistic man.

TOM LUND (Early 30's, wiry, hooded green eyes) sits in a folding metal chair center of the room.

He taps his foot as he fields complex mathematical questions with calculated precision.

A JOKING DOCTOR (Caucasian, female) breaks things up.

JOKING DOCTOR  
8,769 times...1?

They all look to her like, what?

Tom Lund pretends to ponder the answer.

The other doctors have a chuckle.

JOKING DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Just kidding. 8,769 times  
2,356,153?

TOM LUND  
20,661,105,657.

Robert Caine watches with fascination.

INT. PRIVATE EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Robert sits across from Tom Lund. Just the two of them.

Robert's mouth moves with UNHEARD questions.

Tom responds with UNHEARD answers.

Robert makes notes in a leather-bound journal. Next to him on a table, the red light on a DICTAPHONE glows.

INT. COLUMBIA-PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Robert Caine hurries down a hallway with Dr. Banks.

He holds the Dictaphone mic to Dr. Bank's face.

ROBERT

Dr. Banks, would you say that Tom  
Lund's autism is at a typical stage  
for a man his age?

DR. BANKS

Tom's level of autonomy is advanced  
for his autism. He'll eventually be  
able to function entirely on his  
own.

A boy with a twisted chin and a withered right leg limps  
toward them with a severe tilt to his body motion.

YOUNG LUTHER JOHN DOE (African American, 14 yrs., deformed)  
blocks their way with an unsettling look in his haunting grey  
eyes.

He hands Robert a small object and speaks in a garbled,  
guttural voice.

YOUNG LUTHER

For your son.

ROBERT

My son?

The boy nods.

DR. BANKS

This is Luther.

ROBERT

That's very nice of you, Luther.  
What is it?

YOUNG LUTHER

It's a ship.

ROBERT

Ah, a very nice looking ship.

The object is a wooden carving in the size and shape of a  
woman's compact.

Robert tries to open it

YOUNG LUTHER  
You're not supposed to open it.

ROBERT  
Oh, I'm sorry.

YOUNG LUTHER  
It's coming. For information.

ROBERT  
Who's coming?

YOUNG LUTHER  
It's a secret.

Robert smiles and glances at Dr. Banks.

ROBERT  
I see. But suppose my son wants to know? What do I tell him?

YOUNG LUTHER  
I'll tell him when he comes to see me.

ROBERT  
When will that be?

YOUNG LUTHER  
When he's older.

DR. BANKS  
All right, Luther, Dr. Caine has a plane to catch.

ROBERT  
Thank you, Luther.

Robert and Dr. Banks proceed down the hall.

Young Luther watches them with steady grey eyes.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
How did he know I have a son?

DR. BANKS  
I don't know.

ROBERT  
What's his situation?

DR. BANKS  
Abandoned. All he could say was  
Luther when we found him, so we  
call him Luther John Doe.

ROBERT  
He made this compact?

DR. BANKS  
That's a ship.

ROBERT  
Fascinating. Dr. Banks, with your  
permission, I'd like to study  
Luther John Doe as well as Tom Lund  
on my return trips.

DR. BANKS  
Looks like we're going to be seeing  
you here quite a bit, Dr. Caine.

ROBERT  
That's the plan.

DR. BANKS  
Good. Let's get you on your plane.

INT. CAINE RESIDENCE - EVENING

The NEWS is on the TV.

A ROTARY DIAL TELEPHONE near it rings.

Young Montaro picks it up just as his mother passes carrying  
a tray with a pitcher and several used glasses.

She pauses before the TV.

REPORTER(O.C.)  
Once again flight 799 from New York  
to Kansas City has crashed, killing  
everyone on board.

Mrs. Caine drops the tray and shatters glass all over the  
wooden floor.

Her knees quiver. Her balance falters.

She catches herself on a table before completely crumbling.

Young Montaro's voice trembles when he extends receiver.

YOUNG MONTARO

Mom...

INT. CAINE RESIDENCE - DAY

ONE WEEK LATER.

MOURNERS are gathered at the Caine residents.

Young Montaro Stands before a long hallway that leads to his father's study.

A COFFIN lays just beyond the open door.

P.L.CAINE (Caucasian, late 50's, tall and stately), Young Montaro's grandfather, stands near him.

P.L. CAINE

The difficulties in life can lick a man, or they can strengthen him.  
It's the man's choice.

Sarah Caine takes Montaro by the hand and starts down the hallway.

P.L. CAINE (CONT'D)

Let the boy say goodbye in private.

Sarah squeezes her son's hand and lets it go.

Young Montaro begins the dreaded walk alone.

INT. CAINE RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

A battered black brief case sits on the kitchen table.

Sarah and Young Montaro watch P.L. Caine pry it open with a screw driver.

The contents are a Dictaphone, papers, two leather bound journals, and a smooth wooden carving.

Sarah sobs as she silently reads her husband's final notes.

P.L. Caine rewinds the Dictaphone and presses play.

They listen intently to Robert Caine speak to what sounds like a sick young boy.

YOUNG LUTHER(O.C.)

For your son.

ROBERT(O.C.)

My son?

DR. BANKS (O.C.)

This is Luther.

ROBERT (O.C.)

That's very nice of you, Luther.  
What is it?

YOUNG LUTHER (O.C.)

It's a ship.

ROBERT (O.C.)

Ah, a very nice looking ship.

Mrs. Caine shuts the tape off.

SARAH

I can't do this. Please, could you  
dispose of his case and send the  
notes and tapes back to Dr. Banks?

P.L. CAINE

I'll take care of it, Sarah.

P.L. Caine removes the carving and hands it to Young Montaro.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - SUNSET

INSERT: 2014

A Boeing 787 lifts off.

INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

A cacophony of flight announcements, news broadcasts,  
passengers texting and speaking on cell phones, open laptops.

One particular couple is remarkable for their stillness.

ANNOUNCER(O.C.)

Flight 674 to Atlanta is now ready  
for boarding.

CORDISS KRINKLE (Caucasian, 30's, calculating) and VICTOR  
LAMBERT (Caucasian, 30's, brooding) rise from their seats.

INT. WALKER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

IN THE KITCHEN

WHITNEY WALKER (Black, late 20's, pretty with innocent eyes) puts a pan of fried chicken in the oven.

The doorbell rings.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

FRANKLYN WALKER (Black, late 20's, inquisitive) opens the door to two smiling strangers.

CORDISS  
You must be Franklyn. I'm Cordiss,  
and this is Victor.

Franklin invites them in with handshakes.

Whitney comes rushing in excitedly while removing her apron.

WHITNEY  
Cordiss! Hey Girl!

The two women bounce and giggle as Cordiss rubs the seven month bump on Whitney's tummy.

LATER - IN THE DINNING ROOM

They're all seated around the table with half-eaten deserts.

CORDISS  
I walked right up to him and said,  
You remind me of boy in a picture  
on a post card from San Remo,  
Italy. But a grown up version of  
him.

VICTOR  
And I said, that's funny, because  
you remind me of a grown up version  
of Pippi Longstocking.

Chuckles all around.

WHITNEY  
So Cordiss, what's this surprise  
you mentioned over the phone?

Cordiss looks at Victor. He smiles his encouragement.

CORDISS  
Well, Victor and I have talked it  
over, and we would like for you and  
Franklyn to be our business  
partners.

Instant mood shift.

Whitney's face registers shock.

Franklyn slowly places his fork on the table.

Cordiss continues after an awkward pause.

CORDISS (CONT'D)

The job would involve setting up health clinics in Africa. Now the two of you would...

FRANKLYN

If I may, this offer is quite unexpected. I can't imagine how you would think that we're qualified to be your partners.

VICTOR

Oh, you're definitely qualified.

FRANKLYN

We've only just met.

VICTOR

Cordiss and Whitney go back.

WHITNEY

Let's not forget, there's a baby on the way.

CORDISS

I assure you this is not a problem. The first leg of the job requires extensive research, which means butts in a seat in front of a computer, not scaling the jungles of Africa.

Cordiss and Victor laugh at this. The Walkers do not.

WHITNEY

But it's all so sudden, Cordiss.

CORDISS

Did I mention there's a \$50,000 start fee, plus an all-expenses paid stay in Europe where you would be conducting the research?

Whitney gasps.

WHITNEY

What? I've never been to Europe.  
And we really need the money.

FRANKLYN

All right hold on a minute. But why  
us? Why exactly were we chosen?

CORDISS

Well, first of all I've known  
Whitney for years. I trust her.  
Second, you're both well educated,  
and ready to move ahead in life.  
You're about to have a baby, so we  
figured you could use the extra  
money. And, most important...you're  
black.

Franklyn nods his head.

FRANKLYN

I thought so.

Cordiss smiles at the couple with calculating satisfaction.

Underneath the table she squeezes Victor's hand.

EXT. CARLYLE HOTEL - NIGHT

Upper east side Manhattan apartment building.

INT. CARLYLE HOTEL - NIGHT

The apartment is furnished with subtle, expensive taste.

A framed photo of a middle aged woman and a mixed race  
teenage girl stands near a large flat screen TV.

The television runs a news report on the Fitzer Chemical  
Corporation. The FIELD REPORTER (Asian, female, 30's) speaks  
into the camera.

FIELD REPORTER

Two subsequent collapses at their  
Utah mine has killed thirty six  
miners and rescue workers. Fitzer  
Corporation manager of operations,  
Alan Rothman, in a position that  
finds the company leadership  
divided, had this to say:

ALAN ROTHMAN (Caucasian, late 30's) is a corporate "FBI" type.

CARLOS T. WALLACE (Caucasian, mid 20's) is a stylized clone of Rothman, only taller.

They stand side by side with cameras and mikes shoved in their faces.

ROTHMAN

In this time of trial, what is needed is a businessman, not a scientist.

A corporate headshot photo of a handsome middle-aged man is flashed onto the screen.

FIELD REPORTER(O.C.)

CEO Montaro Caine was not available for comment.

IN THE APARTMENT

A hand holding a remote points toward the TV and shuts it off.

MONTARO CAINE (Caucasian, mid 50's, intelligently handsome) is the man that was just seen in the photo on the news.

He looks towards the bar. It beckons.

He goes to it and pours himself a generous glass of Glenfiddich.

He ignores the weary face in the mirror over the miniature bar until after the drink is downed and tingling.

Finally he flashes onto his own reflection.

INT. 21 CLUB - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The ritzy restaurant-bar is filled with clients that regularly drop fifty bucks on lunch.

Montaro Caine sits in a private booth with longtime friend, LARRY BUCHANAN (Caucasian, Early 50's).

BUCHANAN

Come on buddy! Do me this one solid. I'm under a lot of pressure to make this happen. Besides, these are heavy weight investors.

BUCHANAN (CONT'D)  
Bona fide, tripple-A players with  
genuine interest.

MONTARO  
Who are they?

BUCHANAN  
I don't know. The senior partners  
are handling this thing.

MONTARO  
I got my hands full, Larry. The  
mining incident. I'm sure you've  
heard the rumors about a takeover.  
How do I know I'm not walking into  
a trap with corporate raiders?

BUCHANAN  
Please buddy. I need this. Half an  
hour, that's it, no more.

Montaro sighs his consent.

MONTARO  
Do you at least know their names?

BUCHANAN  
Yes! That I do. Herman Freich and  
Colette Beekman. Thanks old buddy!  
Thank you, thank you, thank you! I  
owe you.

MONTARO  
Am I going to regret this?

EXT. 21 CLUB - WEST 52ND - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Caine and Buchanan attempt to flag down taxis that are in  
short supply.

MONTARO  
Be sure and tell your people that  
more than...

Buchanan takes off sprinting!

He races two ELDERLY WOMEN to a taxi that has finally become  
available. Beating them to it, he commandeers the car and  
calls back to Caine before jumping into the back seat.

BUCHANAN  
Just you and the clients, OK?

EXT. GRANDPA P.L. CAINE'S COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Carmel, California - 1969

Young Montaro sits on Grandpa P.L. Caine's lap in a rocking chair on the porch.

P.L. CAINE

People don't always mean what they want you to think they mean. If you listen hard enough, your ears will begin to see things.

MALE VOICE(V.O.)

Mr. Caine...Mr. Caine?

INT. FITZER HEADQUARTERS - MONTARO CAINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Montaro Caine stands staring out of the window of his 41st floor office at the Fitzer Corporation headquarters.

A spectacular panoramic view of Manhattan stretches out before him.

MALE VOICE(O.C.)

Mr. Caine?

Montaro is finally pulled from his thoughts.

JEFFERY MASON (Caucasian, Mid 40's), Caine's assistant.

JEFFERY MASON

It's time for your eleven o'clock.

MONTARO

Thank you, Jeffery.

Jeffery exits through a side door.

A female voice (NANCY) comes over his intercom.

NANCY(O.C.)

Mr. Freich and Miss Beekman are here.

MONTARO

Show them in, Nancy.

Montaro spins a smooth, dark object on his desk that resembles a woman's compact before moving towards the door.

NANCY MACDONALD (Caucasian, 50's) ushers in COLETTE BEEKMAN (Caucasian, Late 20's, stunningly beautiful) and HERMAN FREICH (Caucasian, 50's, somber with sunken eyes).

Introductions and handshakes...

FREICH

Let us begin by stating that our intentions extend beyond investing in the Fitzer Corporation.

They sit.

Colette Beekman extracts a white envelope from her briefcase.

Written on the flap is, 'To Richard Walmeyer, M.I.T. Department of Metallurgy'.

She flips it around so Montaro can read it.

COLETTE

Might that be your handwriting?

MONTARO

It might.

She taps it to her lips before handing it over.

COLETTE

Would you please read the contents.

Montaro smiles slightly at the dramatic proceedings and removes a paper written on M.I.T Stationary.

INT. MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY - DAY

M.I.T. - 1986

28-YEAR-OLD MONTARO CAINE enters a room with a door marked 'Professor Richard Walmeyer, Head of Metallurgy'.

DR. MICHAEL CHASMAN (Caucasian, Middle aged with long thin legs) is apologizing to RICHARD WALMEYER (Caucasian, 50's, feisty, diminutive).

DR. CHASMAN

I really hate to inconvenience you, Richard.

RICHARD WALMEYER

Nonsense, Michael. Montaro, Dr. Chasman needs a workup done for a friend as quickly as possible.

RICHARD WALMEYER (CONT'D)  
I want you to put everything aside  
and get to it.

He places a coin in Montaro's hand.

RICHARD WALMEYER (CONT'D)  
Be careful. We don't want it  
disfigured in any kind of way.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Montaro eyes the coin as he leaves the office.

Peculiar. Dark grey. Between the size of a nickel and a quarter.

One side has sprinkles of dots - like a constellation. The other side is completely smooth.

Montaro enters a room with a swinging door marked M.I.T. Metallurgy Lab.

The Lab door swings back and forth once before Montaro comes rushing back out of it wearing a different shirt.

He carries a white envelope.

INSIDE WALMEYER'S OFFICE

Montaro can hardly contain his excitement.

MONTARO  
I could only identify four of the seven elements that make up approximately 80% of the coin's mass. The remaining three unknown elements exert enormous influence on the behavior of the known properties. I've never seen elements behave this way, Professor Walmeier. To my knowledge it's unprecedented. These particles are impervious to heat far above the temperature I was able to expose them to.

RICHARD WALMEYER  
Very well, Montaro. Thank you. That will be all.

Montaro is shocked.

MONTARO

Do you know what this could mean  
for science? I'd like to study the  
coin further.

RICHARD WALMEYER

That won't be possible. Dr.  
Chasman's friend has ordered the  
coin returned immediately.

INT. FITZER HEADQUARTERS - MONTARO CAINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Montaro hands the report back without comment.

Colette tries to sound casual.

COLETTE

Do you remember much about the  
object, Mr. Caine?

MONTARO

Yes.

COLETTE

Mr. Caine, may I call you Montaro?

He nods.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Montaro, so much time has passed.  
There have been many new  
innovations in the analytic process  
of metals. We wondered if you would  
consider conducting another work-up  
of the object with more  
sophisticated equipment.

Montaro perks up.

MONTARO

What exactly are you interested in?  
The object or what it's made of?

FREICH

Both.

MONTARO

This person you represent, how long  
has he had the coin?

COLETTE

Why do you assume it's not a she?

MONTARO

What time frame do you have in mind?

FREICH

Tomorrow.

MONTARO

That's rather fast.

COLETTE

But it can be done?

MONTARO

Ms. Beekman...or Colette, if I may, I would be hard put to accommodate anything that's not directly related to the business of Fitzer Corporation.

COLETTE

We would of course compensate you for your inconvenience.

MONTARO

It's safe to presume we won't be discussing investments today?

FREICH

Another time. Our primary concern is the work up.

They stands.

MONTARO

Let me look into it. Where can I call you after lunch?

FREICH

Waldorf Towers, Suite 2943.

COLETTE

Thank you for your time.

Caine leads them to the door.

FREICH

We would appreciate it if you would make the procedure a private affair. Just the three of us.

Caine lets them out into the reception area. He stands staring at the door a minute after they're gone.

Nancy hovers quietly nearby.

Caine snaps out of it suddenly with a sense of urgency.

MONTARO

Nancy, get a hold of Michen Borceau  
in Research. Tell him I'm coming  
into the lab tomorrow. Cancel all  
of my appointments.

NANCY

But you have a half a dozen  
meetings tomorrow.

MONTARO

Reschedule. All of them.

EXT. CAINE FAMILY RESIDENCE - WESTPORT CONNECTICUT - EVENING

A 100-year-old colonial home in a affluent neighborhood.

INT. CAINE FAMILY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

CECILIA CAINE (Late 40's, Attractive, suburban hi-society)  
sits on a black leather Eames sofa next to her husband,  
Montaro.

On the same couch but separate from her parents sits PRISSY  
CAINE (Mixed race, 17 yrs, tall, attractive and headstrong)

Disdain clouds her face.

She's being berated by the family lawyer, GORDON WHITCOMBE  
(50's, bespectacled, balding).

WHITCOMBE

I gotta know everything they know,  
and some things that they don't.  
How many times per week did you  
use?

PRISSY

I told you.

WHITCOMBE

No, you didn't. You said more than  
once. How many times is that?

PRISSY

I'm not an addict.

WHITCOMBE  
I know you're not, Prissy.

PRISSY  
Then stop treating me like one.

Cecilia makes a move to sit closer to her daughter but Montaro restrains her.

CECILIA  
(angry low whisper)  
Let me go!

MONTARO  
Stay out of it, Cecilia.

WHITCOMBE  
Guys, would you mind giving me ten minutes alone with Prissy?

MONTARO  
Not at all.

Whitcombe waits while Montaro leads his reluctant wife out of the room.

WHITCOMBE  
Listen, we gotta convince the police up there that you never sold drugs to anyone. Think we can do that?

PRISSY  
No.

IN THE KITCHEN

Cecilia pours milk into a glass.

CECILIA  
I hope this doesn't ruin our summer plans. We can't miss Grandpa P.L.'s birthday. We've already paid for our reservations in Carmel.

MONTARO  
I don't think we'll have to undo anything. At least not yet.

CECILIA  
Fine. But whatever happens, P.L.'s birthday is a must.

Gordon Whitcombe comes into the kitchen alone.

WHITCOMBE

She's in with a bad crowd up there.  
Casual drug use. Some evidence of  
dealing. And there's a personal  
relationship you don't know about.

MONTARO

Who is he?

WHITCOMBE

Nick Corcell.

MONTARO

What's he like?

WHITCOMBE

Bad news. Cunning. Manipulative. I  
strongly recommend you prevent her  
from associating with him any  
further.

CECILIA

She won't like that.

INT. FITZER LAB OFFICE - DAY

Montaro speaks to MICHEN BORCEAU (Caucasian, French, 50's,  
portly with bushy eyebrows).

MONTARO

No member of the laboratory staff,  
not even you Michen, are allowed to  
take part in this analysis.

BORCEAU

Unusual protocol.

GINA LAO (Caucasian, late 20's, too pretty for the job),  
ushers Colette Beekman and Herman Freich into the office.

With barely a glance at Freich, Borceau introduces himself to  
Colette.

BORCEAU (CONT'D)

I am Michen Borceau, director of  
research. Welcome to our  
laboratory, Mademoiselle.

His eyes devour Colette in prolonged silence.

She stares back.

GINA  
Coffee? Anyone?

Stare unaverted...

COLETTE  
No thank you, I've already had  
mine.

Gina gently escorts Michen to the door.

MONTARO  
Gina, I don't want to be disturbed  
under any circumstances.

GINA  
Understood.

When they're gone, Colette hands Montaro a folded black velvet cloth.

He extracts the small coin and holds it to the light.

MONTARO  
Let's go to the lab.

INT. FITZER LABORATORY - DAY

Montaro flips a wall switch.

White lights flicker on in a rapid procession across the ceiling.

Montaro leads them to a large piece of equipment that resembles an oversize Xerox machine.

MONTARO  
This is a spectrometer. The Spectro MS is equipped with newly developed ion optic and pioneering detector technology. It'll provide us with a reliable analysis as to the contents of the metal, and undoubtedly answer additional questions that I presume you have.

He turns on the machine.

MONTARO (CONT'D)  
It needs a minute to warm up.

INT. FITZER LAB OFFICE - DAY

Beekman and Freich wait expectantly as Caine looks over the printed results.

His expression reveals nothing. He sits the papers down.

MONTARO

This is not the same coin.

Neither of them seem surprised.

FREICH

It's not?

MONTARO

I'm certain of it, and so are you.  
So, no games please. Tell me. What  
is the point of all this?

COLETTE

Can you tell us if there is a  
relationship in the composition of  
the two coins?

MONTARO

There are indications. Where is the  
first one?

FREICH

In a minute. Given your expertise  
as a scientist and considering what  
you wrote in your memo twenty six  
years ago, do you know of any  
civilization in which these objects  
could have been constructed?

MONTARO

I do not.

COLETTE

Is it possible they could have been  
made by a culture in human history  
of which we presently have no  
knowledge?

MONTARO

Maybe. A very, very long time ago.

COLETTE

Thank you, Montaro.

MONTARO

So what about the other coin?

FREICH  
It's in America someplace.

MONTARO  
Come now, you can do better than  
that.

FREICH  
Afraid not.

MONTARO  
Are there more than two coins that  
you're aware of?

COLETTE  
Not to our Knowledge.

MONTARO  
In that event, they would have to  
be considered among the rarest  
objects on earth.

Colette opens her palm.

Montaro transfers the coin to her.

BY THE EXIT

Their handshake is prolonged and tender as Colette thanks him  
again.

Freich say his goodbye and waves.

Montaro nods at him. When they turn to leave Caine keeps his  
eyes on Beekman's legs as she moves through the outer office.

Montaro buzzes Gina Lao on the intercom. His tone is  
purposeful.

MONTARO  
Gina, find Borceau. I need to see  
him now!

Borceau comes through the door.

MONTARO (CONT'D)  
Never mind, he's here. Get me Dr.  
Chasman's office at M.I.T.

He speaks to Borceau.

MONTARO (CONT'D)

There are some minuscule fragments of a coin in the lab that I purposely set aside. I want to know everything you can tell me about them.

BORCEAU

Right away.

Borceau hurries out. Gina comes back over the intercom.

GINA(O.C.)

Madeline Pitcar, Dr. Chasman's secretary on line one.

Montaro picks up the phone.

MONTARO

Hello, Madeline. How are you?

MADELINE(O.C.)

(tentative)

I'm fine thank you. How are you?

MONTARO

I'd feel a lot better if I was sure you hadn't forgotten me. It's Monty. Montaro Caine.

MADELINE(O.C.)

Monty! What a pleasant surprise!

MONTARO

I need to talk to Dr. Chasman. It's urgent.

MADELINE(O.C.)

The doctor is out of town. I don't know where he went because this time he booked the flight himself.

MONTARO

Madeline, listen, throw your mind back twenty six years. I'm sure you'll recall that winter when Professor Walmeyer and I made such a nuisance of ourselves regarding a rare coin. Dr. Chasman would not let us know who the owner was. Now, I know you know who that person is.

MONTARO (CONT'D)

Assuming he's still alive, I want you to call him and tell him this - I have just seen and done a workup on an object that is almost identical to his. In my professional opinion I would say their origin is probably the same. Please give him my number. Do you understand?

Madeline swallows audibly hard before speaking.

MADELINE(O.C.)

As soon as I hear from Dr. Chasman, Monty, I will let him know that you have tried to reach him.

INT. GINA LAO'S OFFICE - DAY

In her tiny side office, Gina Lao makes sure that both lines are disengaged before she hangs up the receiver she has been listening in on.

INT. FITZER HEADQUARTERS - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

LAWRENCE AIKENS (Caucasian, early 40's, aging athlete) sits before a wall of mounted TV monitors.

CURLY BENNETT (Caucasian, mid 30's, red head, get it done type) is giving Aikens a report.

Aikens raises his hand when the phone rings and the caller I.D. reads Montaro Caine.

AIKENS

Morning Chief...excellent...like a weed...Okay.

He grabs a pen and scribbles on a notepad.

AIKENS (CONT'D)

Freich...Colette Beekman...Waldorf Towers...when do you need it by?...you got it.

He hangs up, rips the paper off and hands it to Curly.

AIKENS (CONT'D)

Sorry Curly, everything else will have to wait.

(MORE)

AIKENS (CONT'D)

The CEO needs this yesterday. Who they are. Where they're from.

AIKENS (CONT'D)

Business and financial sheets. And anything else you can come up with. Got it?

CURLY

Yes sir.

He dashes out of the office. Aikens calls after him.

AIKENS

By this afternoon!

EXT. BROUGHAM ARMS APARTMENTS - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

A Mercedes Benz creeps into the underground garage of an upper west side apartment.

INT. BROUGHMAM ARMS APARTMENTS - NIGHT

IN THE UNDERGROUND GARAGE

Alan Rothman gets out of the Mercedes. He leaves the keys and a twenty dollar bill with the GARAGE ATTENDANT (Hispanic, 20's).

Rothman cautiously observes his surroundings as he heads to the service elevator.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Rothman rides it up alone.

INT. HALLWAY/STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Rothman gets off on the 27th floor and goes to the stair case, being sure that he's not seen.

He jogs up the last two flights to the 29th floor.

The door to apartment 2901 is answered by VERA FOUNTAINE (Caucasian, late 40's, stylish, well-built blond).

INT. VERA FOUNTAINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vera leads Rothman to a living room.

RICHARD DAVIS (Caucasian, 62, wiry) a billionaire businessman is seated at a table between his two lieutenants: BOB WILDENMILLER (Caucasian, late 50's) and THOMAS BOLTON (Caucasian, late 40's).

Verna sets out a silver tray of soft drinks.

ROTHMAN  
Everything's on schedule, Richard.  
Nothing to worry about.

RICHARD DAVIS  
You seem confident.

ROTHMAN  
I am.

RICHARD DAVIS  
Caine, on the other hand, is  
canceling meetings. Running off to  
the lab. Any idea what that's all  
about?

ROTHMAN  
Blowing smoke.

RICHARD DAVIS  
He wouldn't be doing what he's  
doing without a good reason.

ROTHMAN  
He doesn't have one.

RICHARD DAVIS  
Then explain his actions?

ROTHMAN  
Everything's weighing on him and he  
doesn't know how to carry it.

RICHARD DAVIS  
Find out what you can, Alan. We've  
decided it's time to move. We'll  
buy as much of the stock as we  
possibly can before we make our  
intentions public.

The men at the table open the folders in front of them.

INT. 21 CLUB - WEST 52ND - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Lunch crowd having a few too many.

Larry Buchanan sits across from Caine nervously stuffing his face from a bowl of crispy brown fries.

BUCHANAN  
They're investors. Honest to God  
that's all I know.

MONTARO  
They don't let you in on much over  
there, do they, Larry?

BUCHANAN  
That's a dirty crack.

MONTARO  
According to my guy, a company  
called Socoloux is paying their  
bill at the Waldorf?

BUCHANAN  
News to me.

MONTARO  
Which one of the seniors handles  
them personally?

BUCHANAN  
Hargrove.

MONTARO  
The head man?

BUCHANAN  
Yes. But look, if you're  
thinking...

MONTARO  
Larry, I did you the favor of  
meeting with Beekman and Freich and  
I've nothing to show for it. Now  
you're going to do me the favor of  
finding out everything you can  
about them.

Larry reaches for a fry but they're gone. He waves the  
container at a passing waiter.

INT. DR. MOZELLE'S CLINIC - EVENING

DR. HOWARD MOZELLE (Caucasian, early 60's, Kind and  
nurturing) is the last to leave his Women's Health Clinic in  
east Manhattan.

He turns off lights, grabs his jacket and brief case, and heads for the exit door.

The phone rings. He lets the machine answer it.

MADELINE(O.C.)  
Dr. Mozelle, this is Madeline  
Pitcar calling from Dr. Chasman's  
office. It's about the coin.

Mozelle is nearly out the door. He throws it back open and stares at the machine.

LATER

ELSEN MOZELLE (Caucasian, late 50's, sweet, maternal) wearily watches her husband nervously fidget.

An elderly woman hobbles into the room.

ANNA HILBURN (Caucasian, early 60's, arthritic) looks dazed and bewildered.

ANNA HILBURN  
I just got off the phone with  
Whitney. She couldn't talk long  
because she was just about to board  
a flight.

DR. MOZELLE  
And?

ANNA HILBURN  
She said she got married.

DR. MOZELLE  
Married! When? Can she come in for  
a checkup?

ANNA HILBURN  
She moved to Atlanta. And now she's  
traveling abroad.

DR. MOZELLE  
How come we didn't know about this?

ANNA HILBURN  
She said she dropped in to say hi  
and have a checkup, but you were on  
vacation.

DR. MOZELLE  
Shouldn't you have known she was  
here?

Elsen touches her husband lightly to calm him down.

ANNA HILBURN  
Must have been a day when Cordiss  
was here by herself.

DR. MOZELLE  
Cordiss didn't tell you Whitney  
came to the office?

ANNA HILBURN  
No she didn't.

ELSEN  
No one but Cordiss knew that we  
were monitoring Whitney. And now  
she's gone.

DR. MOZELLE  
Do we know where?

ANNA HILBURN  
She didn't leave a number or  
forwarding address.

DR. MOZELLE  
Something's going on. Somebody must  
have found out.

ELSEN  
But how? The three of us are the  
only ones who know what happened.  
I've never spoken a word about it.

ANNA HILBURN  
You think Cordiss found out?

Dr. Mozelle thinks about it a second. Then the thought seems  
to hit them all at once.

DR. MOZELLE  
Oh God.

ELSEN  
The safe!

INT. DR. MOZELLE'S CLINIC - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Doctor burst through a door and sprints down a corridor on two bad hips.

Elsen helps Anna hobble slowly behind him.

Mozelle turns down a narrow hallway and comes to a small windowless room at the back of the building.

INT. DR. MOZELLE'S CLINIC - VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A vault with a steel door is opposite the room. Mozelle rushes to it and enters the combination.

INT. DR. MOZELLE'S CLINIC - WALK-IN SAFE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the walk-in safe, Dr. Mozelle weaves around boxes and discarded office furniture.

An old wooden file cabinet in the corner of the room.

Mozelle feels around behind it and withdraws a single key that he uses to open the bottom drawer of the cabinet.

He plunges both hands inside, makes several forceful jerks, and extracts a manila folder.

Elsen and Anna arrive as he frantically shuffles through the papers inside.

He finally turns it over, dumping the contents, and looks up at the women in horror.

DR. MOZELLE

All my notes are still here, but  
the coin is gone.

BLACK -----

This is an excerpt from the screenplay adaptation of the book  
entitled, Montaro Caine,

Written by Mr. Sidney Poitier.

Adapted by Robb Edward Morris

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