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The Pretender: Island of the Haunted

By Steven Long Mitchell

Behold the scrolls.
They're not here.
Talk to me, Daddy.
This is not the way
it's supposed to be.
Catatonia is
a schizophrenic disorder...
marked by stupor
and mutism-
no doubt brought on by the trauma
of the gunshot head wound he suffered.
- Can't you wake him up?
- Oh, he's awake.
He's just... trapped in there.
I'd like to be alone
with my father.
If, in fact,
you are my real father.
Daddy?
Are you in there,
Daddy?
Look at this.
It was sent to me anonymously.
Do you have any idea why my mother
and Jarod's mother are together?
I didn't even know they knew
each other.
Is this what you had
so much to tell me about?
Hey, Sis.
We gotta get out of here.
- Why?
- They say so.
What are Adama and his
Triumvirate goons doing here?
Well, now that Dad's awake and, conscious,
they are taking over his protection.
They want him isolated.
Why? They afraid of what he might say
or who he might drool on?
I don't know. But I have a feeling it has
something to do with a vault on SL 15...
- they blew to pieces last night.
- Looking for what?

- Hell if I know.
- What do you bet Raines has something to do with this?
Doubt it. He hasn't even resurfaced
from his latest disappearing act.
Truth is,
don't know, don't care.
When these crazy Zulus get this pissed off,
all I do is follow orders.
And now that Dad's brains
are as scrambled...
as yesterday's eggs...
they're gonna need somebody else
to put in charge around here.
Consider me an applicant.
If it isn't
another Parker.
Surprised to see you here.
Really? Considering my family has been
running this place since-
The Triumvirate runs
the Centre. You leave us now.
You harm one hair on my father's head,
Adama, and so help me-
I never liked you either.
- Miss Parker.
- Not now, Broots.
No, no.
It has to be now.
I-
I found Jarod.
It's an ancient symbol
of some sort.
Yes.
Eight skeletal figures on
the circumference of the symbol.
You've seen it.
Do you have an address?
I have been searching for this for weeks.
I'd be happy to hold.
Hmm!
Oh, no. No, no.
Come on.
Come on, come on, come on.
- Jarod Dodson.

- Second floor.

- Let's move.

- Yes, I have a pen.

It's on the wall outside
the Alley Sports Bar.

Thank you very much.

Find him.

- What?

- You've been chasing me for five years.

Why don't you
just leave me alone?

You know that's not the way it is. My job
is to catch and return you to the Centre.

You run, I chase,
just like always.

- Besides, I need answers.

- About?

- About who my real father is. About who I really am.

- Welcome to the club!

That photograph that both of us were
e- mailed of our mothers-What does it mean?

You work for the Centre.

I thought you people know everything.

- I know they still want you back.

- Why, because I'm a Pretender?

Because I can become
anyone I want to be?

I'm not buying that one anymore.

It's something else.

Just tell me what you know
about that photograph.

I'm not sure what it means, but something
tells me it holds the key to this whole puzzle.

And the first one to find
the answers wins.

Jarod.

The museum people say that Dr. Jarod...
was the funniest archeo-symbologist
that ever worked for them.

Yes, he's a regular
laugh riot.

-What exactly is an archeo-symbologist?

-You know.

It's the study of the origin of

unexplainable symbols through the ages.

It's a quite
exciting field.

I can just imagine the crop circle
deciphering parties at your house.

Is there any other symbol in particular
that intrigued Jarod?

No. The people at the museum
said this was the only thing he looked at.
That whole box is full of different photo
enhancements of it. It's creepy too.

Eight skulls in a circle, guarding some kind
of giant chest in the middle.

They said Jarod was obsessed
with finding out where it came from.

Whatever the symbol means...

Jarod's obsession tells me
it's personal.

And the first one
to the answers wins.

Uh, most people don't even
notice that spooky thing.

It's why I'm here. I've been
doing some research on symbology..
which led me
to this building.

Huh. Well, you're just in time for our
going-out-of-business sale.

-I swear this joint's got a mojo on it.

-Mojo?

Yeah, one of those locations
where no matter what business...

you run out of it,
the place goes belly up.

I mean, this is a sports bar, right? It's at
a college campus, and I can't give beer away.

I'm looking for someone
who may have been here years ago-
someone who might have been interested
in this symbol on the wall.

Oh, yeah,
the Crazy Eights, huh?

- Crazy Eights?

- Well, that's what I call it anyway.

They got 8 freaky dead guys in a circle
there around that other weird thing. Crazy Eights.

-They say it all started with the, Vespasians.

-Vespasians?

A secret society that was founded a
hundred years ago right in this building.

- Secret society?

- Like guys that ride around on minibikes with fezzes on.

Anyway, rumor has it

that some immigrant guy set up shop here...

and amassed a fortune holding these evil-
worship-type meetings down in the basement.

It sounds a little far fetched,

don't you think?

Yeah, that's what

I thought at first too...

till we started doing renovations

in the basement, and we found all this stuff.

Right back here.

We were gonna add

a second sewer line down here...

till the plumber

uncovered this.

He, uh-

He wouldn't finish the job.

I, uh-I can't say

as I blame him.

The hell?

- Damn it, it's missing.

- What's missing?

Well, there was a blue box

with a heart carved on it.

It had a porcelain doll inside it.

The lady must have taken it.

-Lady?

-Yeah, a lady came down here a couple days ago.

Let me guess.

She was brunette, tall, great legs.

No. such luck. No, an older lady askin'

questions about the symbols and the Vespasians.

Well, hold it.

That's-That's her.

You must know her.

That's her in the picture right there.

- Are you sure?

- Yeah. I mean, she was older, sure.

But I'm positive. She was standin' right where you are, not three days ago.

- Uh, she mean somethin' to you?

- Yes. She's my mother.

Did she say

where she was going?

Yeah. She said she was goin' back to, where the guy who built this place came from.

Right there-

an island off Scotland-

a place called Carthis...

where all this spooky stuff

must have come from.

What are you doing,

Miss Parker?

Searching for answers.

I have to know if Daddy is my real father.

Here's my

genetic material.

You get a sample of my father's

and run a comparative.

Your father's being guarded

by those psycho Zulus.

I don't think they're gonna take too kindly to us plunging a needle in your old man's arm.

There's another way, Broots-

the Centre's bodily fluid storage facility.

Bodily fluid storage facility?

What the hell is that for?

Blood storage for anyone important

who may need a transfusion.

- Well, they didn't take mine.

- Get a sample of my father's.

Parker, have you considered

the psychological implications?

Sydney, please, just do it.

Miss Parker, I don't know what you're

looking for, but I'd be happy to help you.

Thank you, Broots. But this is one mystery that I have to solve myself.

And there's only one person

qualified to help.

Angelo, I need you to use
your gift as an empath...
and tell me what my mother
and Jarod's mother were doing together.
Miss Parker's mother-
sad.
Jarod's mother- frightened.
What about
what's on the wall in the ivy?
Vespasians.
Vespasians. Vespasian-
Vespasian-Vespasians!
Vespasian-
Angelo!
Angelo, please!
Calm down. Calm down.
It's okay. Calm.
Angelo,
I need your help.
- What are Vespasians?
- Evil. Evil pe- Evil people!
Evil people. Evil people.
Evil people! Evil people!
Where can I find
the evil people?
Evil people. Place.
Evil people, evil place.
Evil people, evil place.
Evil people, evil place!
Angelo.
Where can I find
the evil people?
On the island.
The Island of the Haunted.
Are you sure you want
to go there?
They say that the souls
of the damned walk on that isle.
I've been searching for years for answers
that might be on that island.
What is it you say
you did again?
I'm an archaeologist.
Well, Mr. Archaeologist,

if the answers you're diggin' for...
are on that island,
you'd be better off not knowin' them.
Something that offended God himself
happened on that land.
Only evil leaves
that place.
I ferry people back and forth
from it, period.
Hell, if I was
to capsize right now...
even with this great
bloody storm comin'...
I'd rather take my chances in the sea...
than set one foot on that land.
Please, Brother Rinaldus, we're scared. They
don't call it the devil's storm for nothin'
I speak for everybody when I say
that we'd all feel safer if we left.
- 'Tis a huge storm, Brother Rinaldus.
- Agreed.
But I strongly believe its course'll take it
As a matter of precaution, we could arrange
for a couple of shallow boats to evacuate...
come morning,
if the storm changes course.
I fear it will change course.
It's time for a cleansin' storm to come.
We bear responsibility
for the souls on this isle.
Yes.
Please, Brother, please.
Aye, very well-
though I think the two of you
are being overly fretful, as usual.
I'll arrange to have
the shallow boats prepared for dawn.
Thank you, Brother.
Excuse me. To whom does one speak
about accommodations?
That would be me. I am Brother Rinaldus.
This is Brother Menenicus and Brother Clote.
I can't say as I was informed
to expect a stranger.

My name is Jarod.
I'm looking for refuge.
I was told that no traveler seeking
sanctuary on these shores would be turned away.
Of course.
Brothers, please.
Thank you.
Watch your step. Much of the monastery's
over 700 years old...
all built by
the brothers before us-
most of whom were
better brandy makers than masons.
So the rumor that the monastery was built
by an offshoot of the Knights Templar is true?
True or not, questions like that should best
be addressed to Brother Rinaldus.
Though I doubt anyone
can picture me...
as belonging to some
secret society of warrior monks...
unless, of course, the weapon of choice
were skin and bone.
By modern standards,
the amenities are primitive...
with no electric, no phones
and very little running water.
This will be just fine.
As a matter of fact, it sort of reminds me
of the place I grew up in.
Think of the isle as a good place
to get away from the modern world.
- And what about other visitors?
- Visitors?
Let's say someone was
looking for me.
If someone were looking for you, or you were
lookin' for them, you'd be in the wrong place.
For centuries the Vespasian Brothers
have made this a place of refuge.
Privacy of our guests
has always been the rule.
But, uh-
Thank you.

Jarod, Jarod.

Help me!

No, Mommy, no!

- What's going on?

- Evacuation!

The storm changed course

in the night and doubled in size.

It's a devil's storm, sure enough,
the type that comes once a century.

- And it's heading for this isle.

- The bells announce the evacuation.

- Half the isle's already gone.

- They're already gone?

- The next set of bells announce the last
boat. Be on it. - But wait. I-I can't leave!

Brother Rinaldus's orders!

Listen for the bells!

- Save your life!

- Excuse me.

- Have you seen this woman on the island?

- No, no.

- Excuse me. Have you ever seen her?

- Mm-mm.

- Excuse me, sir.

- No.

I'll get her, I'll get her! You hurry up!

Mom! Mom!

No, Mom-

Excuse me! Excuse me.

Where's everyone going?

Off the isle! There's a bad storm coming!

If you're smart, you'll leave too!

Weather updates I don't need, answers I do.

Does this ring a bell?

That's the archway to the Chapel of Souls.

It's up the path to where it dead-ends.

How about this man?

Have you seen him?

Vespasians speak of no visitors here.

God be with you!

Where does Adama get these

Triumvirate freaks anyway?

They make the Centre Sweepers

look like anorexic Powerpuff Girls.

You're certain about
their shift schedule, Broots?
According to Ms.Parker,they swap out every
six hours.Where's she been all day anyway?
She could at least have the decency
to risk her butt along with ours.
It's now or never, Syd.
Oh, gosh.
It's placenta
and cord blood samples...
from Brigitte
and Mr. Parker's baby boy.
Not to sound cynical or anything,
but has anybody seen that little kid lately?
- Oh, geez.
- What is it?
I am so underpaid.
Miss Parker owes me so big.
- Is that Mr. Parker's blood?
- I wish it were Mr. Parker's blood.
The only sample
of Mr. Parker's in here is semen.
Let's get
the hell out of here.
Right over there, ma'am. Over there.
Over thereI Over thereI
Can I be ofhelp, stranger?
I'm just... leaving,
like everyone else.
It's sad to be alone.
- I'm terribly sorry to intrude.
- You're not an intruder.
You're the seeker.
Shouldn't you be preparing
to evacuate from the storm?
Aren't you afraid
of what's coming?
Ocee's journey almost done.
Yours,just beginning.
Yours, full of pain.
Pain?
You've a broken heart.
You have not found...
the loved one you seek-

the woman
with the scarlet hair.
Hello.
- It's in the chapel.
- What's in the chapel?
Wait!
Tell me what you know about
the woman with the scarlet hair.
I- I saw her earlier,
but I lost her.
The one you seek...
seeks you as well.
Ocee, help me. Please.
Ocee, what's the matter?
Danger.
She's in danger- now.
Where?
- Chapel of Souls!
- The Chapel of Souls!
My God. You look just like her!
Wait!
Next time you slam me like that,
you'd better make it count.
- Miss Parker.
- Drop the surprised crap, Jarod.
"First one to the answers wins. "
That is what you said, isn't it?
My mother is on this island.
I have reason to believe she's in danger.
Now is not the time to play
Centre bounty hunter!
- Then that was your mother.
- You saw her?
Yeah, just now. She was... panicked,
and her arm was bleeding.
She was hurt.
Look, that's the last shuttle boat
off this island.
Answers we both have been searching for
could be leaving right now.
Please.
Wait! Stop the boat!
Mom! Mom!
No-o-o!

Forgive me, Lord.

Forgive me.

She was right here.

My mother was right here
in front of me.

Once again, it's the Centre that
stops us from being together.

Where do you think
you're going?

In case you hadn't noticed,
that's the last boat off the island.
We're alone now, so you can shoot me
if you want to.

But I'm going to find out
what my mother was doing here...
and why someone tried to kill her
to stop her from doing it.

Lyle.

You took my thumb.

You weren't using it
at the time.

A digit is the least I could give you
for the favor I'm about to ask.

The preliminary results will be in
in less than 24 hours.

- I tried to contact Miss Parker, but-

- I couldn't find her either.

I don't get it. Her father's genetic test
results are so important to her.

Now that they're in motion,
she up and disappears. That's really weird.

- Yeah, it's not like her to stay out of contact for so long.

- No, no. Not that.

That.

Mr. Raines is back.

Something really strange
is going on around here.

Come on.

I found your mother
in here...

after I heard the gunshot.

She was by the confessional.

It's my mother's blood.

Somebody's boot print

with a crack in the heel.
It must've belonged
to the man who shot her.
And knocked me out.
It leads this way.
Jarod, look.
Your mother was carrying that.
There's blood on it.
Well, it's empty,
except for the impression of a small body.
My mother found a doll
in the building...
that she and your mother
were photographed in front of.
This must have been
the box it came in.
"P-47." What does that mean to you?
Nothing-yet.
So much for being alone
on the island.
Ocee?
Why didn't you leave
with the others?
Ocee born here. Ocee dying here.
- Did she get off the island all right?
- Did who get off the island?
The woman with scarlet hair-
your mother, of course.
How did you know
she was my mother?
You're Jarod, aren't you?
Your mother came to me for herbs,
complaining of headaches.
But it was easy, even for a blind woman,
to see that it was her heart that was aching.
And that she feared
for her life.
Ocee, what was my mother
searching for?
To find out who you are.
What do you mean,
who I am?
All I know is
what she spoke.

She and another woman
had been trying to discover the truth...
for a long time.
That must have been
your mother.
You sure you're blind?
Sight may come
from one's eyes...
but the vision comes
from one's heart.
Jarod, if your mother was searching
for something in the chapel...
-maybe the girl could tell us what it was.
-Little girl?
I was led to the chapel by a little girl
with long, light-brown hair.
Little girl on this island?
Are you sure?
- I'm the one who knows what I saw.
- Little girl or not-

Ocee, tell me:

What was my mother searching for?
She was searching for
the scrolls, of course.
- Any change?
- You have a purpose for being here?
Yes. You have a call
coming in from Africa.
It's been requested
you take it on a secure line.
There's one
at the end of the hall.
Put it through.
Be just a second.
Well, it saddens me
to see you this way.
I know you're
in great turmoil.
That's why I'm here.
I came out of love.
I'm sure the call
will be coming through any second.
You and I have always

been closer...
than anyone here has ever known,
ever suspected.
I know you could never truly
acknowledge our relationship...
especially to Catherine.
But because of our bond...
I had to come.
Tell me the truth.
Are you faking this?
Please tell me.
I can help.
I want to help you.
I want to show you something.
It's the truth, isn't it?
Damn it all, tell me the truth!
We don't have much time!
What are you doing?
If it's urgent,
I'm sure they will call back.
Adama! Adama, wait!
Adama? Adama, wait.
Don't leave him alone.
- What is this place?
- It's the crypt room.
It was built on the souls
of the original monk warriors...
who brought the scrolls to this island
and founded the order-
literally on their souls.
The legend on Carthis is...
that when Brother Vespus and his disciples
returned from the crusades...
they brought with them
mystic scrolls of biblical proportions.
- You mean, like the Holy Grail or something like that?
- Something exactly like that.
The monks had given
their solemn word to Pope Innocent...
that they would bury
the scrolls in the sea.
But instead, they brought them here
and hid them.
Through the centuries,

seekers of destiny...
have come to the isle seeking the scrolls
and their mystic power.
Many searchers have ventured
into the woods, never to return at all.
It is said that the fate of the one
who dares defile the scrolls...
will be filled
with eternal damnation.
And yet my mother
was trying to find them.
The scrolls and everything
about the man...
whose footsteps
you now both walk in.
- I don't understand.
- Many believe that a hundred years ago...
the crypt keeper of this facility
found the Vespasian scrolls.
It is said that he planned
to leave Carthis with them...
and therefore was made to pay a devastating
price for this bargain with the devil.
That night, by his hand...
his entire family burned
to death in their cottage.
- My God.
- He left the isle the next morn.
And what about the scrolls?
No one knows for sure
where they are-
or for that matter, what.
Some say that
they are gospels...
written in
the hand of God.
Others, scribblings
from the paw of Satan.
Whatever they are,
they contain a power...
no man should encounter.
My mother was also
searching for something called P-47.
The island is parceled out

in numbered plots...
all of which are registered
at the monastery archives.
Come, I'll show you.
The answers you search for
are in that building. Come on.
It's in the chapel.
I'll meet you inside!
The storm is getting worse.
Don't stay out here too long.
Miss Parker's pulled a vanishing act...
and you'll never guess
who she talked to last.
See?
Look what he's drawing, Syd-
the same symbol that Jarod
was investigating.
- And those words.
- "Terribilis est locus iste. "
That doesn't sound good.
What's it mean?
Terrible things happen here.
Great.
Where are you?
In the chapel.
What's in the chapel?
Wait!
It's me.
- Where is she?
- Ocee's back at the cottage.
- No, not Ocee. The little girl.
- Little girl?
- Yeah.
- There's nobody here but us.
She was here,
and she led me to that.
Must be the doll
from the box.
- Maybe your mother dropped it when she was shot.
- Or she hid it here.
She must have been here searching
for something- like she was at P-47.
- Did you find out where it is?
- And what.

It's the cottage where the crypt keeper
murdered his family.
Let's get out of here.
There it is-P-47.
Or what's left of it.
-I've never seen it rain and snow at once.
-Well, it is the devil's storm.
No! No, Daddy, no!
How could a man
destroy his family...
just for his pursuit
of greed and power?
Why don't you ask
your father that?
What is it?
It's a muddy boot print,
just like we saw in the chapel-
and it's fresh.
Hey!
There's nothing for you over there.
It's over here. Follow me.
Wait, wait!
Wait for me!
Miss Parker!
Are you all right?
What's wrong?
She led me here so I'd
know where I come from!
- What do you mean?
- The crypt keeper's family!
They're who I am!
No, Daddy, no!
Brother Menenicus was right.
This is the devil's storm.
You were lucky
to make it back alive.
It's not just the storm.
We're not alone here.
You're shivering.
Give me those wet clothes to dry.
Then my feeling
was justified.
- Feeling?
- My feeling that the only goodness left on the island...

is the connection between
you and Miss Parker.

- No, thank you.

- It's not for you.

Go to her.

It's not exactly the monks'brandy,but
Ocee says it's good for emotional upheaval.

Can she back a truckload
of it up to my house?

Let the storm rage outside,
Miss Parker...

not inside you.

Easy for you to say,
Jarod.

A graveyard full of Parkers
burned to death by their father...

my great-grandfather...

the same year that my great-grandfather
arrived,alone,and founded the Centre.

Generation

after generation...

that evil...

has been passed down to me.

You know who you are.

I'm a Parker. And with every
new revelation in my life...

my family portrait
becomes...

a more hideous picture.

Do you remember

when we were kids...

that night that I snuck you
into my father's office?

You said if I was
really a genius...

I would be able to figure out
where your father hid the present...

he bought you

on his business trip.

And later you found it exactly
where I said it would be.

Yeah. Only it wasn't.

I just told you that it was
because I was so disappointed.

My father lied
about buying it.
The pathetic part
is that I've been...
searching for that gift
from Daddy ever since.
Your father, the Centre-
manipulation
is what they do.
The only present
they ever left us with was...
emptiness.
All those Parker graves
out there go way beyond empty.
Which brings me back
to wondering-
Who it is you really are?
I don't know now if I
really ever wanna know.
Yes. Yes, you do.
The Centre wants us to believe
that finding the truth is a mistake...
that looking for answers about
who we really are is futile...
and finding
any kind of connection...
outside their control
is wrong.
I know you don't want to hear this,
but you can feel it.
You've been a Centre prisoner
all these years, just like me.
And with every discovery,
you find you-
you're every bit
the outcast.
Just like me.
Why is it that
the one person...
that I've been trained
to distrust, to hate...
to capture...
is always with me...
during the most difficult

moments of my life.

Maybe...

it's supposed to

be that way.

I don't want to interrupt.

Would anyone care

for more tea?

Ocee, please let me help you.

Thank you.

- It's her!

- Who?

-It's the girl that led me to the chapel.

-Cannot be that little girl.

It is her.

And she's holding the doll.

Impossible. This little girl

is the crypt keeper's daughter.

She's been dead

a hundred years.

Syd, I'm worried

about Miss Parker.

Me too. I'm afraid there are no
answers to her whereabouts here.

Her house either.

I invited myself in through
the bathroom window.

But get this.

I wasn't the only one who'd broken
into her house looking for her.

Somebody besides us is damn
interested in finding her too.

I wonder where she is.

Angelo.

What's he trying
to tell us?

"Terribilis est locus iste. "

Terrible things happen here.

Terrible things

happen where?

"19-240-86."

- What's it mean, Angelo?

- All about the Parkers.

Truth about the Parkers.

Terrible things.

This sketch, the self-portrait
of the little Parker girl-
She gave it to
the priest from the chapel...
Father Theo,
on the day she died.
- What a tragedy.
- Oh, yes. Theirs and his.
His?
The night the crypt keeper's family
burned to death, Father Theo also died.
A mysterious accident.
He supposedly fell
from the chapel balcony.
My father was a good friend
of Father Theo's.
He got all
his personal items...
including this sketch
of Angel...
which he was clutching
in his hands when he died.
Did you just
call her Angel?
That's what her father called her.
Does that mean something to you?
Everything means something.
If Father Theo was clutching this when
he died, that means something too.
We need to find out everything
we can about Father Theo.
All his belongings
are in the archive chamber.
Evil scrolls, ghosts...
a little family arson.
All a perfect Parker fit.
Call me crazy, but I'm ready
to believe in curses.
Well, cursed or not,
the scrolls...
have enough value that our mothers are
willing to risk their lives to find them.
Here's Father Theo's chest...
just where Ocee

said it would be.
Meet Father Theo.
Humble belongings
of a humble man.
And a dead end.
- Maybe. And maybe not.
- What?
You see how the binding
is loose in the photo here?
But it's been
re-stitched here.
It's a letter that Father Theo
wrote to his Bishop in Glasgow.
And it's dated the day
Father Theo died.
"Bless me, Your Holiness, for I break
the sanctity of the confessional..
"as I commit these words
to paper.
This eve, the daughter
of the local crypt keeper"-
Spoke words of such terror that
the quill quivers in my hand as I write.
Her father, she claims, discovered and stole
the long sought-after scrolls of Vespa.
The demons have now turned
this once loving man into a tormented soul.
In trying to save him
from eternal damnation...
she took and re-hid the scrolls,
along with three other items-
a leather pouch,
a porcelain doll...
and an eerily
accurate self-portrait.
She said they were
to remember her by...
as if she had realized her time
upon this earth was nearing its end.
Her words regarding the scrolls
terrified me, Your Holiness.
"While she told me the location of the scrolls...
she holds the key to
finding them still. "

It's unfinished.
He must have been interrupted
while he wrote this.
And hid it in this Bible
so it wouldn't fall into the wrong hands.
My great-grandfather
must have discovered...
that his little girl had
confessed to Father Theo...
and killed him
trying to find the scrolls.
She tried to save her father
from his own demons...
knowing it would
cost her her life.
Father Theo writes...
"She holds the key to
finding the scrolls still. "
"She holds the key. "
Not her.
Your great-grandfather must have
brought this to America...
and my mother brought it
back with her for her search.
"She holds the key. "
Father Theo
hid the scrolls...
and put the key to finding them
inside her doll.
And I know what it opens.
I figured out what the numbers meant-
the ones that Angelo wrote.
Nineteen- SL 19.
Eighty-six-
Lock box number 86.
So I broke in,
and I found this.
Medical records.
And a death certificate...
and adoption papers
and a birth certificate.
All issued within three days of each other,
all in the Parker family name.
It seems Mr. Parker

had a brother.
His name was Abel Parker.
Almost died at birth.
Then spent three sickly days
in an incubator.
A rushed adoption was arranged,
and the baby was sent off. And this-
I can't even believe this.
Mr. Parker's father bought and paid for
a bogus death certificate.
All in the name
of Abel Parker.
Like the baby
didn't even exist.
Like- Like the weak limb
of the Parker family tree was just cut off.
- It's unbelievable, Broots.
- No, no. You haven't seen nothin' yet.
Look at the name of the family
that adopted the baby.
- "Raines. "
- Am I crazy...
or does this mean that
Mr. Raines is really-
Mr. Parker's brother.
So what does the key fit?
Under the altar of every Catholic church
there's a secret chamber...
that hides the relics
of that church's patron saint.
Here goes nothing.
- Angel's leather pouch.
- I'll take that.
- Brother Menenicus.
- Give me the pouch.
Tell me something,
Brother.
Why didn't you leave the isle?
Too busy tryin' to kill
my mother?
Too busy tryin'
to keep us from the truth?
In 700 years there has always
been a Vespasian brother...

on this isle
protecting the scrolls.
I wasn't going to be the one
to leave them unguarded.
As for your mother,
I know not of what you speak.
- Don't you lie to me!
- This isn't about lies.
And since you won't
give me the pouch...
you can return
to hell with it!
He's locked us in, Jarod I
These barrels are gonna blow.
There's no way out.
There's one.
Come on.
- Are you all right?
- I've been better.
- Ocee.
- Come on.
Ocee I
Ocee, did Menenicus do this?
No. Destiny.
Just curse of scrolls.
Are you all right?
Confused.
Do you believe about what Ocee said
about the scrolls being cursed?
It doesn't matter
what I believe.
Too many people are dying
trying to find them.
A demon, a serpent
and a cherub.
And they're all looking
at something.
And it's in Angel's hand.
It's her sketch.
No, it's not just
a sketch.
It's a map. Directions left
by the crypt keeper's daughter...
to tell us where

she re-hid the scrolls.
But what is she telling us?
That they know where it is.
That they can see it.
But where are they?
I know where one of them is.
Meet the demon Asmodaeus.
Ugly son of a bitch.
Reminds me of Raines.
All he's staring at
is a blank wall.
Perhaps.
"I tegeo. "
What's it mean?
By itself,
probably nothing.
But my guess is that the cherub
and the serpent are both looking at words-
clues that might
lead us to the scrolls.
Jarod.
- Brother Menenicus.
- Something tells me he's not the one who killed Ocee.
Someone doesn't want us to find the scrolls.
You take the serpent.
I'll take the cherub. And watch your back.
We're definitely not alone.
Hello.
I carved it myself.
It's beautiful.
I hope you find
what you're lookin' for.
Thank you, Angel.
Papa's the only one
who calls me Angel.
My friends call me
Miss Parker.
I found what the angel was looking at.
The word "arcana. "
The serpent
is looking at "Dei. "
"I tegeo arcana Dei. "
But there's no box that the figures
are looking at with those words on it.

Yes. There's one.

- I got a bad feeling about this.

- About what?

I was passing by the infirmary.

That's when I saw it.

- You saw what?

- Nothing. No one. Nada!

Broots, what are you talking about?

Look around. Adama,
the Triumvirate muscle...

Mr. Lyle, Mr. Parker-
they're all gone.

They vanished
just like Miss Parker.

Call her cell phone
every five minutes if you have to.

I don't know what
any of this means...
but we've gotta find her.

"I tegeo arcana Dei. "

What's it mean?

Begone, for I conceal
the secrets of God.

Let's see what secrets God has for us.

- That must be Brother Vespus.

- And these...

must be the scrolls.

Aye. Our scrolls.

We knew you could find what we
were never able to.

You must be the one that killed
Ocee and Brother Menenicus.

And you're the one
who tried to kill my mother.

Acts that are done
for God's good works...

shall always remain
acts of piety.

And now,
give me those scrolls.

- Daddy?

- Sure as hell not Santa Claus.

Brother Rinaldus has been
my faithful servant for years.

But God does not forgive...
acts of aggression
against one's mother.
Neither do I,
right, Angel?
Now I can radio Adama
we have the scrolls...
and Jarod.
Long live the Centre.
I've seen some bizarre things in my
time, but nothing to compare with this.
What is it, Syd?
Mr. Parker's genetic
test results.
So is Mr. Parker
really her father?
Oh, my God.
Syd, I don't believe this.
Finally.
Adama, you know a Parker
never breaks his promise...
especially when it concerns
the scrolls.
I look forward to communicating my pleasure
to my superiors in Africa, once in flight.
I can't help but to imagine our mothers
holding that box instead of them.
And I can't help but to imagine
a different ending to all of this.
What am I
supposed to do, Jarod?
Only you can answer that. I just
hate to see anyone miss a turning point...
when one is staring them
right in the face.
And I suppose you're
gonna open my eyes?
No, you don't need me
to do that.
Only you can decide for yourself whether
or not to take a hard look at your life...
the way your mother
once did.
Leave my mother

out of this, okay?
I am not her.
Then who are you?
Your father?
Is the Parker legacy...
what you want to pass on
to your children?
Look, we've been through
a lot together, you and me.
From when we were
kids at the Centre...
to the last
couple of days.
I know that rarely
our allegiances are the same...
but I've always felt-
I've always known...
that there was something
more to our lives than...
I run and you chase.
Maybe we do what we have to
just to get by in this life, Jarod.
Maybe we both deserve
something more.
Just-
Just forget what
happened on that island.
Forget that moment of weakness.
Turning points only come...
when you've got something
to turn to.
I'm sorry this isn't the different ending
you were looking for.
But it's just the way
the damn story goes, Jarod.
That's the wonderful
thing about life, Miss Parker.
If you change the story,
the ending is up to you.
- Let's go, Daddy.
- Hold it.
You're not going
on this flight.
- What?

- Now don't get all bent out of shape.
I'll explain everything to you
back in Blue Cove.
But, Daddy, the last time that I saw you,
you were in a catatonic stupor. And-
That was just something I cooked up
with Raines and Lyle...
to keep the Africans sniffing up
the wrong flagpole...
while you and Jarod
found the prize.
Daddy, is it true?
The Parker that found the scrolls-
is that my great-grandfather?
And what about the scrolls? Is it true
that they hold some kind of power?
Not now. We'll sort everything out
back at the Centre. That's final.
Just take a couple of days
at the London house. It'll do you good.
- Hello?
- Parker, thank God.
It's us, Miss Parker.
We've been so worried about-
- Did you just say hello?
- What, Broots?
We've been tryin' to get in touch with
you for days. Where have you been?
Somewhere between hell and a turning point.
No, this is hell, trust me.
And it's getting hotter by the second.
Did you find my father's
blood sample?
Blood? No. The only sample we got was semen.
And is my father my father?
The genetic lab did
detect pattern similarity, so technically...
you and your father
could be a match.
"Technically" was hardly
the rousing endorsement I was hoping for.
Well, see, the-
the thing is, is that, uh...
your father's... soda...

seems to be flat.

Sydney,

what is he talking about?

The sample of Mr. Parker's sperm count was so low, he's virtually sterile.

So the probability of him siring an offspring-

That probability is small.

-How small?

-The odds against his ability to be a father... were put at, uh, one in 10.

Well, how could he be a genetic match and not be my father?

Well, uh, the- the only biological explanation is- is that your father could actually, uh, be your uncle.

I don't have an uncle.

Parker, there were further revelations.

We found records, uh, things that tell us that your father actually, uh...

did have a brother who was given up for adoption... three days after he was born.

And the adopting family was named Raines.

Are you telling me that Mr. Raines could actually be my father?

Oh, I think

I'm gonna vomit.

Adama has authenticated the scrolls with the Triumvirate.

He's the happiest Zulu this side of Rompala.

No surprise there.

Yeah.

I've had my fill of surprises too.

Like the one I just got about who my real father is.

- I'm still waiting for my answer.

- Not now, Angel.

Don't "Angel" me.

I wanna know which one of you two
is my real father.

Now!

Wait, now. I don't know
what this paternity-suit thing is about...
but I do know this is not
the time or the place for it.

Now, when we get back to Blue Cove-
if we get back-
we can talk about
family matters then.

- What do you mean, "if"?

- Adama thinks you're bad luck.

And we certainly don't want him
to be suspicious.

- Suspicious of what?

- You, Miss Parker.

Your being on board fouls up their plans
to double-cross Adama and the Triumvirate.
You see, now that the scrolls
have been authenticated...

Mr. Lyle and your father-
or, uh, should I say "fathers"-
are going to parachute out of here
with their prized possessions-
the scrolls...

and me.

Unfortunately,

I only see four parachutes.

And you, Miss Parker,
make... five.

What's the advantage
of betraying the Triumvirate?

The supposed power of
the so-called prophecies...
have been leverage the Centre's
been using for years...
to keep the Triumvirate
at bay.

You people don't really
believe those things are real, now do you?
The only thing that really matters
is that the Zulus believe.

So if the scrolls become in the possession
of the Triumvirate in Africa...
the Centre's power base
is history.
And I'm guessing your mother
discovered this years ago.
And if she found
the scrolls, then-
She would have had all
the leverage of the Centre.
Or the leverage
to end it.
Are we getting warm?
ParkerI
Why is she on board?
Uh, she just wanted to
surprise her father, that's all.
Take these three forward.
Lock up the scrolls.
Let me ask you a question.
Did you ever love her?
Because what little affection
you've given her over the years, she craves.
I love my daughter more than
anything on this planet.
More than those scrolls?
I find it pretty pathetic
that you fashioned...
your entire life around them,
and you've never even seen them.
I learned their secrets
from my grandfather.
There was nothing pathetic
about his legacy, young man.
Oh, yes.
Burning his family to death.
That's a hell of a legacy
to pass on to your, uh-
Oh, what should we call her now?
Uh, daughter?
Come on. Hundreds of people
over thousands of years...
have sacrificed their lives to
get a glimpse of those scrolls.

And now you
hold them in your hands.
Aren't you
a little curious?
All that... power?
Make sure they're clean.
Not today, cowboy.
Mind if I get a blanket?
They keep these damn jets cold as morgues.
Get your damn
blanket and sit down.
So Jarod was right.
Tell Mr. Parker we're on
and to get ready.
- Ready for what?
- Just do it.
Adjust air speed
to 200 knots...
then descend to 13,000.
And put it on autopilot.
Now!
Going someplace?
Just taking a journey
somebody should have taken a long time ago.
Alone.
What the hell are you doing?
I've read the scrolls, Angel...
and I'm returning 'em
to the sea.
It's the only way to stop
the Parker madness-
the madness that started
the Centre.
- What?
- The scrolls are real...
and so is the pain they inflicted,
especially on your mother.
I know that now.
I know that.
It's time to fulfill
her wish...
and send this evil
back where it belongs.
It's controlled our family

for too long.

Hang onto something, Angel.

You can't come with me this time.

We are at 14,000 feet
and descending.

Autopilot has been set to
the coordinates you requested.

Then your services will
no longer be needed.

Daddy, are you just gonna
leave me here to die?

No, no,
you'll be all right.

That's not how they
say it ends.

Wait!

Daddy, I have to know.

Are you my real father?

I love you as my daughter.

That's all that counts.

Don't be sad.

The new Parker legacy begins with you.

- God be with you, Angel.

- Wait!

What the hell's goin' on?

We've lost electronics. The glide path
will disintegrate. Get to the cargo hold.

- What happened?

- Daddy jumped with the scrolls, and there's no parachutes!

Flight crew's dead,
and the controls are damaged!

- What the hell do we do now? - Well, I would
suggest that you un-cuff the one person...

who can fly this thing
and save your life!

Do it!

I have to get
to the cockpit!

Miss Parker, come with me!

Auto-control is down. We're gonna
have to fly the rest of the way manually.

Electronics are gone, which means no gauges
and no landing gear.

These are the latest coordinates

the flight computer printed out.

Use those numbers to find
a matching landing area.

Got one.

Magua Airport, Morocco.

- Can you make that?

- I better.

Here's the tool kit. Get to the rear of
the plane. I'm gonna shout instructions.

Unless we fix these blown-out
electronics, we're going down.

Lyle, of the three panels,
the middle one is burned out.

We need to circumvent it
and reestablish the circuit...

by connecting the wiring
of the other two.

Yellow to yellow,

green to green, blue to blue

You'll blow up the whole system

if even one wire is crossed

We're going down fast!

- Come on! Come on!

- Okay! Okay!

Just one connection to go!

- Damn!

- What?

We've got about 30 seconds

before it's too late!

Jarod, he's got three wires left

Only one of them is blue. What should he do?

- Lyle, you have to choose carefully

- In other words, guess!

And pray that he's right.

Lyle, pick one, damn it

Pick one

Yes!

Not so fast.

-What?

-The good news is we're landing in about 10 seconds.

The bad news is the landing gear
is not deploying properly.

So hold on

We're going to crash

Jarod!
Damn it!
Come on!
This thing's gonna blow!
This must have been
an emotionally trying time for you.
Are you all right,
Miss Parker?
I don't know, Broots.
But thanks.
I just want
everything to get-
You know, I almost said
I want everything to get back to normal.
No such thing around here.
Well, no. Particularly now
that Raines is in charge.
Raines?
What, hadn't you heard?
You look
surprised to see me.
Well, after the way
the Africans were behaving...
on the tarmac in Morocco,
I figured a beheading was in order.
After they understood that
Jarod broke free on the jet...
and, sadly, killed Adama and his guards,
then parachuted away with the scrolls...
they were forgiving, and especially
proud of the way Mr. Parker...
gave his life trying
to save what was theirs.
- Quite a bedtime story.
- It kept us alive.
All of us.
They need me,
now more than ever.
As well as my children.
Jarod has to be returned.
So, it is back to normal.
With a twist. Whichever of you
two brings Jarod back...
will also have

a long-term future here...
and a future
in the Parker legacy.
And whoever fails?
Be careful when you joke
about beheadings.
Your brother has shown me
a sign of loyalty.
I'll be awaiting
a sign from you.
I'll have to get
back to you on that.
-What?
-So what do you think they said?
The scrolls?
I was hoping
you had some answers.
Insights into
the so-called prophecies.
Those answers are somewhere
in the ocean along with my f-
Do you think that...
there's any chance that he bailed
for the right reasons, Jarod? Or-
Or was his Geronimo
just another one of his lies?
I don't know. Maybe it's time you gave
yourself that gift he never gave you-
the truth.
I hope you
find your mother.
And what about... us?
You run. I chase.
That choice was made for us
a long time ago.
Maybe that
is the Parker curse.
Yeah.
Hell of a life
we have here, Jarod.
Only this time, the first one
to find the answers... lives.
Jarod, the prophecies,
if they were real...

maybe...
we could have...
found out what
our future would hold.
If they're real.
The Centre shall rise.
The Chosen will be found...
a boy named...Jarod.