

Lord Timmy and The Mystery of the Last Master

an original screenplay by

Teodoro Rivera  
&  
Satoshi Nakamoto

Teodoro Rivera  
zeke\_cruz\_sag@yahoo.com  
310-956-0947

FADE IN:

1 EXT. VICTORIAN MANSION - NIGHT

Thursday, November 13, 2007: 2300 p.s.t.

The huge old mansion sits at the end of a front lawn the size of a football field. The Mansion is dark, except a small window in the back corner. *Beethoven's, Moonlight Sonata, emanates in the background.*

2 INT. HENRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

*An Electric Guitar emits blues scales over the theme, a la Stevie Ray Vaughn. A desktop lamp at the window illuminates the room. A Reel To Reel tape deck rolls tape. The output from the Tape player is connected to an Analog to Digital Recorder. A red "Record" light flashes. The book shelves are lined with Text Books, Non-Fiction, and other Books. From Ancient Languages, Religions, Scientific Disciplines like Quantum Physics, Astronomy to Arabic, Hebrew and Greek Lexicons and Grammar Books. A Picture of a Navy SEAL Senior Chief in Uniform with his Mother. Blues scales fill the air.*

*Books on Pyramids, Geometry, Kabbala, Esoteric Mysticism. Framed poster of Gleason's Azimuthal Equidistant Flat Earth Map. Another Gleason's Map spread out on a table and marked up with different color sharpies. Sketches of eclipses. Charts and Books on Energy Vortices and Earth's Chakras. The Mahabharata. The Vedas. The Wall Chart Book of World History sprawled on the floor in a corner. Post its all over. A Pedal Clicks, The Guitar gets distorted.*

*Books on New age Spiritualism. The Emerald Tablets. The Book of Toth. The Egyptian, Tibetan and Mayan Books of the Dead. "The Great Pyramid and It's Divine Message" is dog eared with many multi-colored "post-its on the pages. Arabic, Sumerian, Paleo Hebrew, and Greek are being translated on charts. The Guitar's Stevie Ray Vaughan vibe gets Jimi Hendrix psychedelic.*

*Charts of hexagons, Merkabas, etc, with musical note scales assigned to the corners. A table is littered with drawings of numbered grids of various dimensions. 4x4, 5x5, 7x7, through 12x12. All labeled after the planets and moon. Another table is full of math charts shaped like doughnuts. Spools of Copper Wire hang on a Workbench. Another pedal click and the Guitar's Wah Pedal kicks in.*

*A two foot Rodin Coil Powers the LED's lighting the station. Smaller and smaller Rodin Coils lay in various stages of development. The number grid spirals around the circular tub. A child's beach tube is scribbled on with a sharpie like a Rodin coil. Several deflated and marked up tubes lay scattered.*

*Another Pedal click and the Guitar Talk Box, a la Mr. Peter Frampton kicks in, sounds like a mechanical voicebox.*

DR. HENRY AZARIA, 50, hair straight up in the air, muscular physique and crazy wild beard, plays scales on an old wooden fender stratocaster with steel pick guard.

He's behind a mic stand with a tube hanging from the top. The tube is in his mouth. He plays scales through the rodin coil modified pig nose amplifier. The sound is like *the chant of a thousand Buddhist Monks*. Henry jams.

He deviates from the scales back to Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. Jams for a while and then into some Eddie Van Halen finger tapping. Old ass Henry can Jam. He plays a blues lick and sustains a note. The feedback intensifies.

Henry shoves the tube from his mouth to the pickups of the guitar. The feedback exponentially intensifies and bolts of lightning jumps from the amp to the guitar and back. Lightning shoots from the amplifier to the guitar as the Feedback Loop opens a multi-dimensional crack in time space and the guitar explodes and sends Henry flying backwards.

Henry shakes his head, "yes." He runs to the Table with the Magic Squares where he examines a six by six grid of numbers titled, "The Magic Square of the Sun." He takes a cut out version of it and manipulates it and is frustrated. He cuts out the other 6 by 6 grid and holds them both.

He grabs some scotch tape. He returns and tapes the two edges together. He holds them at right angels. It looks like a cube. He compares this with Coltrane's "Circle of Fifths." The intersecting lines form a six sided star. Henry sets it down.

He *dials a rotary phone*. It takes forever. The record plays to the end and skips.

HENRY

Get off that game, I'm coming down,  
now.

Henry hangs up. He dons a head lamp, grabs the folded cards, disconnects the A to D drive from the player, throws them in a satchel, and heads out the door.

3 EXT. VICTORIAN MANSION - NIGHT

Henry, head lamp "on." Walks out of the back of the Mansion, through a garden. He heads up into the forest, up a long stone staircase. He arrives at the top, greeted by a stone bench beneath a bearded bronze bust of World Renowned Sci-fi Author, Zechariah Azaria. He taps a kiss from his lips to the bust's, walks into the dark forest. He jogs off into the night.

4 EXT. AREA 59 - NIGHT

AREA 59, SILICON VALLEY, CA

Thursday, November 13, 2007: 2315 p.s.t.

A JANET AIRLINES Jet takes off from a Moffett Field runway.

5 INT. EXAMINATION LAB - NIGHT

Am empty, dark, medical examination room has an examination Table and bank of Servers on a Cart inside. A Monitor on the Cart shows a logo. "NSA - Dept. of Alien Property." The Symbol is a circle inscribed with star of David shaped Merkaba with a Grey Alien head inside. Two bald headed Shadows are in the corner. ROVER, 35 and SYD, 55 they are MIB. Rover shines a small Pen Light onto a National Security Agency Memo.

ROVER

Read this shit.

SYD

This is N-S-A, I ain't reading that bull shit.

ROVER

Just read the fucking headline.

SYD

How to Make a Mint: The Cryptography of Anonymous Electronic Cash.

ROVER

See.

SYD

Sounds good to me. Take my name off all them damn credit cards and let some anonymous mother fucker pay them down.

ROVER

Stop fuckin' joking. This is not good! Do you see what's happening?

SYD

I see you trying to think outside your pay grade.

ROVER

It's fucking over man.

SYD

Mother fucker, you always saying that.

The door knob turns, Rover kills the Pen light. A lab Tech, DONNA CLYNE, 36, in a white Lab Coat & ear buds, plays a *Riley Stuart hip hop Beat* as she walks into the dark room. She holds a leash. At the end of the leash is a shadow of a little GREY ALIEN silhouette.

Donna drops a small piece of candy onto the table. The Shadow jumps up onto the table and savors the small piece of candy. Rover and Syd slip out into the hallway. Donna removes a stun gun from her lab coat. She hits the Alien with a zap from the stun gun. The Alien's Shadow drops to the table.

Donna shackles the Alien to the table. She reaches to the base of the Alien's skull and pops out a 100 TB MICRO DRIVE. She inserts a computer plug into the Alien's head. An LED on the plug flickers. Donna hits several keys and initiates a download of a program, "FOO.74.2.EXE" The program download status bar states: "Download complete in 12 hrs. 30 min."

6 EXT. CAMPUS FOREST - NIGHT

The head lamp works its way through the thick redwood forest. Henry emerges from the forest and heads toward a group of buildings. His pits are wet from running.

7 INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING - NIGHT

Henry, sweaty pits, walks into a large and dark Computer Server Room. *Ventilation motors and cooling fans create a steady hum.* AMARU, 24, super tight fade, lab coat, and Pajama bottoms, rushes back to a large black refrigerator sized V-Wave Quantum Computer. A small magnetic sign hanging on the front of the chassis reads: "DOWN FOR MAINTENANCE."

AMARU

Why tonight? I told you I'm prepping for a system maintenance test in the morning?

HENRY

Has to be done tonight. I'm leaving for Shasta tomorrow and I need to confirm this data.

The Quantum Computer is connected to the box with wires and conduit. There are switches for "Power" and an Internet Cut-off." On a Monitor, the V-Wave logo spins on a three dimensional Axis.

AMARU

I don't know how much longer we can keep this up. Doctor De La Salle's linear accelerator project starts next week and she's booked until the L-H-C is finished in twenty twelve.

HENRY

What a waste of good computing power.

AMARU

What?

HENRY

It's not an accelerator, it's a portal  
but it ain't gonna work.

AMARU

Whatever, man. This is it. After  
this run, everything else has to go  
through her.

He opens the door and exposes the huge golden chip suspended  
in a deep freeze tank.

HENRY

Don't worry, if we crash the system,  
I'll be long gone by then.

Amaru flips an "on" switch.

AMARU

Yeah right. Like a five thousand  
year old granite temple's gonna stump  
a zero point, six thousand gigawatt,  
quantum spectrum processor.

Lights and tubes with fluorescent liquids circulate the  
chamber. The Chip is suspended by rods, cables, and wires.  
Amaru flips a switch and the Liquid Nitrogen Cooling System  
kicks in. The 432 Cycle hum revs up.

AMARU (CONT'D)

What do you got?

Amaru types code into the small system interface Monitor.  
An XY Axis 2D configuration illuminates the large 4K Monitor.

HENRY

Same one, only cube it.

AMARU

Cube it? You couldn't do that on a  
fucking calculator?

HENRY

No. Cube it. Like a cube, with  
four sides.

Amaru makes a crazy face. Henry unfolds his pop up cardboard  
model of the two 6x6 planes of numbered rows and columns. He  
unfolds other sides to form a cube.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Give it a z axis, fill in all sides to form a cube like this, run the sequence in ninety degree phase shifts and then see what happens when you play Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata while while simultaneously running that hashing algorithm we obtained using the one through nine number patterns from the original six by six matrix. If I'm right, it should spit out something like this.

Henry produces a small plastic toy doughnut sized ring all scribbled with the numbers 1-9 all scattered around it in squares set at a 45 degree angles like diamonds.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Only this time allocate for the doubling to occur simultaneous to an inverse function where the same sequence is then halved sending both directional momentums of the sixes and threes into infinity as they compress through the nines. Input this music simultaneously and run it.

Henry hands Amaru, the A to D Drive, Amaru gets cross eyed for a second and plugs the drive into the V-Wave.

AMARU

You just making this shit up as you go along?

The addition of the Z Axis pops up on the 4K Monitor in 3D.

HENRY

Isn't everyone?

Amaru types and the squares appear in sequence rotated from each other by ninety degrees.

AMARU

Stealing is more like it. The three, six, and nine? Sounds like Tesla.

HENRY

Said it was a key to the universe. Be stupid to start anywhere else.

Henry starts flipping switches and adjusting dials. Amaru, slaps his hand, flips another switch labeled, "Quantum Cooling System." Amaru types and flips switches, looks to Henry.

AMARU

The elderly aliens thing getting tired with the ladies, wanna play Tesla now.

Henry huffs. Smells his pits, smiles.

AMARU (CONT'D)

You can start by showering, I'm pretty sure Tesla showered. Maybe shave. Ugly ass homeless looking Nikola tesla.

Henry sees his mangy beard in the reflection on the monitor. He looks down to his salt stained arm pits. The system *screams and hums at a very high frequency*. Henry is jacked. Amaru shuts the door and *the hum is muffled*.

HENRY

Tesla didn't have one of these bad boys at his disposal. You know I believe he postulated on quantum computing technology when he stated that.

AMARU

That his knowledge came from another dimension. And that he was constantly inspired by it, but even he couldn't directly access it?

HENRY

Look at the big brain on Amaru.

AMARU

Yeah, you ain't the only Tesla wanna be in the building, Hank.

Amaru finishes construction of the model on the monitor.

HENRY

Isn't that a refreshing thought. If my research is correct we will find a key to a real mother fucking portal. Run that bad boy ASAP, and I'll swing by in the morning for the results.

AMARU

After you shower?

Henry shrugs his shoulders, leaves.

Amaru taps his phone, Riley Stuart's *rap music emanates* from the blue tooth speaker. He programs the timer and sets it at:

The Display depicts a three axis graph of the magic square number sequences that just blinks at the intersection. *The rhythm of the blink starts a beat.*

The beat moves within the 432 Cycle spectrum of notes and chords. The Music is oscillating, almost Rave-Like.

8 INT. RAVE - NIGHT

The Party is jumping and the music is groovin' to strobe lights and other light patterns. The Flyers read: DJ SATOSHI'S FREAKANACCI SEQUENCE. The CROWD jumps and sways back and forth to the rhythm.

CROWD

Satoshi, satoshi, satoshi.

TIMMY, 20, the DJ, Thugged out clothes, sun glasses, and pink and purple, Anime-Cos Hoodie mixes beats through an APP on his Phone.

The Phone is connected to a small mixing Pad and then connected to a Stereo Backpack, *which pumps the very loud "Toolish Hip Hop" music.* Psychedelic images fill the screen.

9 EXT. VICTORIAN MANSION - NIGHT

Henry jogs down the stone stairs. He runs through the garden and into the dark mansion.

10 INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - NIGHT

The dark mansion glows under the moonlight. A single window suddenly illuminates. Henry closes the drapes.

11 INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING - NIGHT

Friday, November 14, 2008: 0002 p.s.t.

The Digital display on the V-Wave starts to change as the V-Wave chip begins to increase in speed. The XZ axis generates a sequence of numbers on a plane. The YZ axis kicks in and the numbers form a three dimensional quantum vortex turbine. The turbine generates a sequence of numbers that spin the digitized quantum generator. Data spews from the central core in a beautiful pattern of rings.

*The 432Hz frequency gets higher and higher as the display begins to create waves of exponential graphics depicting the famous "Mandelbrot Set" of infinite patterns. The frequency steadily increases and gets very high as the display is filled with the images. Vapor slips through the cracks of the computer case.*

A knocking emanates from inside the chassis. Amaru is at a computer with headset. He plays a video game. He does not notice the temperature alarm on the V-Wave monitor.

The internet blacks out, screens are filled with the Mandelbrot images and black out.

12 INT. AREA 48 - NIGHT

The Silhouette of the Alien connected to the wiring harness convulses and stiffens, its arms and legs straight out. Donna runs in with a hypodermic needle in her hand, pulls the plug from its head. The Alien grabs the hypodermic needle and stabs her, she falls unconscious.

Inside the Alien's head: is an Augmented Reality display that pulls up million web pages per second. The Alien scours tons of data instantaneously. The images slow and maps, charts, heiroglyphs, University Home Page, Faculty Pages, Henry's book, A picture of Mt. Shasta, A Mayan Calendar. It reads thousands of e-mails per second. Stops on an e-mail from Henry. Subject Line: Mt. Shasta Gemology Field Trip. Google maps pops up and zeros in on Mt. Shasta. The Alien clicks "Directions to: The Violet Flame Portal."

13 INT. RAVE - NIGHT

The *Music is pumping*, the video display of psychedelic shapes is eaten by the Mandelbrot as it devours the screen. The *Crowd boos* as the music is stopped and the video download is searching for service. Timmy frantically taps his phone.

14 INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING - NIGHT

The Video game is attempting to download. The needle on the Temperature Gauge rises from 15mK to 10mK. Amaru looks around like WTF? He sees the Alarms, gets up. Amaru smacks the kill Switch on the V-Wave Internet Connection. *The 432 cycle hum winds down*, the display on the screen pops in and out, *the popping turns to knocking*. *The knocking turns to thumping*. *The thumping turns to a New Age Drum Circle Beat*.

15 EXT. FOREST SKY - NIGHT

*New age drums and chanting*. The Milky Way glistens above the forest canopy. A shooting star crosses the sky.

16 EXT. VIOLET FLAME TEMPLE - NIGHT

A Circle of white, hooded WORSHIPERS play *drums and chants* around a campfire. The flames rise into the night, the sparks ascend skyward and dance with the stars. *The Chants and drums cease*. PORTIA, 22, stands and raises her arms to the sky.

17 EXT. FOREST SKY - NIGHT

The shooting star crosses over a Full Moon. The Shooting Star turns into a brilliant spiral and corkscrews across the sky. *A 432 Cycle Hum reverberates through the ionosphere*.

18 EXT. VATICAN - NIGHT

The Dome of St Peter reflects the light of the half Moon.

19 INT. VATICAN - NIGHT

A dark and smoky room. Incense burns at an altar to an Angel. The POPE sits at a 1979 Heathkit H89 Terminal. He types as we follow the cable from the back of the heathkit through consecutive chord adapters from the ancient computer to the V-Wave Quantum Computer. FATHER DAVE, 45, john doe, clean shaven, in a hooded habit enters. The V-Wave computer hums in the corner. The Pope watches the Mendelbrot replay on a V-Wave monitor.

FATHER DAVE

Yes, Holy Father?

THE POPE

Look at what your nemesis has discovered.

FATHER DAVE

It's just a mandelbrot, holy father?

THE POPE

I know what it is, I was extrapolating corresponding Julia sets while you were still on your knees in seminary. Look at it.

Father Dave leans in for emphasis.

THE POPE (CONT'D)

It's everything we have worked for all these years.

FATHER DAVE

Holy Father?

THE POPE

We have been building and watching for over two thousand years and it has finally arrived.

FATHER DAVE

We have waited all these years for a funky screen saver, holy father?

THE POPE

You truly do not see it? So beautiful, it is.

FATHER DAVE

All I see is a mandelbrot.

The Pope hits a key on the keyboard. The Mandelbrot morphs into a grey Alien head with a mandelbrot design on the forehead.

THE POPE

A double P-H-D in quantum physics and Esoteric Antiquities and you still don't get it.

FATHER DAVE

Holy Father, I have spent the last decade testifying for the Cardinals. Please spare me the embarrassment and enlighten me.

The Pope, turns, his face is sinister.

THE POPE

The Mark has arrived.

FATHER DAVE

He? Found it?

THE POPE

It found him.

FATHER DAVE

Would you like to have a talk with him?

THE POPE

I want it so nobody can talk to him.

Father Dave realizes the severity of the situation, transforms.

FATHER DAVE

As you wish, Holy Father.

The Pope hits several keys. The E-mails flip and land on Henry's Mt. Shasta E-mail. The Pope hits Control-P on the Heathkit Keyboard, a sheet prints out of an old dot matrix printer. He hands the paper to Father Dave.

Father Dave leaves the room. The Pope waits for the door to close, taps "control, F1" and a game of Solitaire pops up. He clicks the mouse and deals the cards. He rubs his hands together.

THE POPE

Venite hoc facuint, Let's do this.

20 EXT. REDDING AIRPORT - NIGHT

Friday, November 14, 2008 - 0100 p.s.t.

A Helicopter lands. Two men in black boots, jeans, leather jackets, and VR Sunglasses exit the Helicopter. Inspector ROVER, 35, goatee, bald head, checks his watch. Two gold plated Desert Eagles hang from his shoulder holsters under his black leather Members Only Jacket. SYD, 55, Samuel L. Jackson Geri curl, leather trench coat, accompanies him, limps.

SYD

I can see losing a whole node for a few seconds, but the whole damn internet?

ROVER

It went dark for twelve seconds. You know how long twelve seconds is in internet time?

SYD

Twelve seconds, mother fucker. Why you all mister trick question tonight?

ROVER

You sure are cranky, you change your diaper today?

They walk toward a Black Mini-Van.

SYD

Nah, I just got two more weeks of this shit and I'm going to bust your remaining testicle every minute until then.

Catches Rover off guard.

ROVER

Didn't know you were that short.

SYD

Surprise, mother fucker.

ROVER

Shit, we need to bust a zap in this alien ass and go celebrate that shit. Send you off in style.

21 EXT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

The small black Van is parked off to the side.

SYD

(under his breath)  
Fucking mini van? She got it out for you, huh?