

# JAKE MULLIGAN & THE MANIFEST DESTINY

Written by

Michael G. Gorman

(647)988-6623  
mike@michaelgorman.net

## READER NOTE

Jake Mulligan & The Manifest Destiny is part one of a trilogy and with that I hope you'll forgive the intentional loose end.

*"You cannot flee from the future. One always falls to fate. If that is the case the only alternative is to dive in to one's destiny with eyes wide open."*

- Gregory Mansfield

## DARKNESS

A MUSICAL PRELUDE followed by the gentle sublime English accent of the STORYTELLER.

STORYTELLER (O.S.)

Gather round. Nothing worse than being in the wrong place at the right time. For this is a tale of tragedy and woe, transcending time & space, a story neither happy nor indifferent. A tale of outrageous misfortune. Sometimes tragedy comes from one's own inact--

We hear FEET SCUFFLE. A DOOR OPENS into a studio.

GREG (O.S.)

Hold it! I'm very sorry.

STORYTELLER (O.S.)

Excuse me?

GREG (O.S.)

It's not you, John. You're brilliant. It is just that... Are you reading the old draft? Who gave John the old draft?

MURMURING from behind glass.

STORYTELLER (O.S.)

This is what was given. Is this not your story? Wait-- what are you--

GREG (O.S.)

An excellent point.

FEET SHUFFLE as the Storyteller is removed from his seat and forced from the room.

GREG (O.S.)

We'll have tea. Promise.

The storyteller MUMBLES and CURSES. The DOOR SLAMS. Greg EXHALES.

GREG (O.S.)

Hello. I am Gregory Mansfield. I'll be your teller of tales for this brief moment in time. And, oh! You can't see me. Hold a tick.

A match illuminates the inside of a

**CIRCA 1977 ELEVATOR**

We see an affable lanky Englishman stands in a suit a size too big with flare, GREG.

He holds the match and waves to us through the fourth wall.

GREG

I hope you'll forgive my interjection. When you don't like where a story is he-- Hey! Excuse me. Take a seat. Honestly. You. With the phone. Put it away or I'll arrange an usher to club you. If you had friends you would not be sitting in the dark with strangers. Forgive me. This story requires one's undivided attention and there are times the only way to save a story is to tell it yourself.

The elevator plummets. Greg shakes, waving it off.

GREG

What? This? Don't worry. The second act is always rubbish. But do pay close attention. This may seem complicated.

Greg nervously clears his throat. WIND WHISTLES.

GREG

Would you like to hear an inconceivable tale both strange and exciting?

The WIND HOWLS past the elevator. Greg stands fearfully.

GREG

Well, it was rhetorical anyway!

He snuffs the match. Sparks of blue. THWOOMP!

**EXT. ISLAND OF UNTETHERING - CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK (1650)**

WAVES CRASH against the hull of a dutch brigantine anchored beneath a setting sun. A stocky bearded figure, THE CAPTAIN looms over starboard bow clenching a necklace chain.

He looks across the water as WAVES fade to DRUMS. Shadows of men and women dance before a FIRE on the shores of a tropical island.

SUPERIMPOSE:

**"THE CARIBBEAN - 1650"**

Beyond the flames, a temple reaches toward the stars. The tribe's ELDER descends the steps with the aid of a staff. She wears a mask with frizzy boar hair that resembles Greg.

She approaches the fire. The tribe sits before her in a half circle. Her performance resembles Kabuki.

ELDER

Plat! For-Teela Day-oos. Moon-Key!

Flames rise behind her movements, imitating a monkey.

TRIBE

Moon-Key! Moon-key. Moon-key!

The elder straightens then slouches. She imitates smoking a cigarette to a LAUGHING tribe.

ELDER

Daro nemo too-ee Maucks.

The fire turns crimson behind her. The tribe HISSES.

ELDER

Quo! Hare-o ee-say. Molee-Khan.

TRIBE

Molee-khan. Molee-khan.

The elder points to the temple as the tribe CHANTS LOUDER, echoing into the heavens.

AT THE BRIGANTINE

A shadowy figure disembarks in a rowboat. Passes the prow revealing "Destinado Manifesteren" as the ship's name.

At starboard bow a SILVER COMPASS dangles from the Captain's fist. The needle spins wildly.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. MULLIGAN HOUSE - NIGHT (AUGUST, 1989)**

Moths flutter around a deck light as WIND CHIMES hang beside a sign with the family name "Mulligan". Eerie SILENCE.

TRIBE (V.O.)

Molee-Khan!

A golden retriever plunks down on a doormat that reads "THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME." We pull back on a two-story house as teenagers ride by on bikes. CRICKETS. A SPRINKLER.

SUPERIMPOSE:

**"HUMP HOLLOW, WASHINGTON - 1989"**

At the end of the house and through the window we see a golden age pirate epic FLICKERING on TV.

**INT. MULLIGAN HOUSE - JAKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

YOUNG JAKE, twelve years old with thick glasses, sits on his bed focused on the phosphor glow of Cathode ray television rigged with an antennae made of coat hangers and tin-foil.

THE BARON (O.S.)

You are over-confident, Captain.  
Two hundred of the King's men are  
aboard this ship.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Yet 20 pirates. Setting the odds in  
my favor. Now yield scum!

The captain swings across the phosphor screen amidst bad reception. Jake approaches the TV. Lights in the room surge then dim. Jake steps back then forward. The room brightens.

He nervously adjusts a complex array of coat-hangers and tin foil. An adjustment changes the station.

ON TV

70s psychedelic sci-fi with zither and theramin. UFOs, books, a silver compass, a monkey statue, and an elevator speed by as though in free-fall. Then, a familiar voice...

GREG (O.S.)

You are receiving a transmission  
from another dimension. Open your  
eyes. To a tale, inconceivable.

Jake hears A KNOCK at the front door.

YOUNG JAKE

(into next room)  
Mom.

GREG (O.S.)

Transcending time and space  
through the subconscious.

Another KNOCK, firmer. The signal switches to pirates. Lights FLICKER. The signal switches back to the sci-fi show.

YOUNG JAKE  
Mom!

GREG (O.S.)  
From reality beyond the  
liminal.

KNOCKING becomes desperate THRASHING.

YOUNG JAKE  
Mom! Someone's at the door.

GREG (O.S.)  
Too late to change one's  
mind. You are already  
falling.

The room loses power. Jake HYPERVENTILATES. A DOG BARKS as power returns with the captain fighting off soldiers in perfect reception.

YOUNG JAKE  
Percy.

Jake runs from the room into his

MOTHER'S OFFICE

Framed photos of expeditions and Nautical maps rattle against the wall. Notes fall from her desk including a scrawl of the Sonnenrad, a circular wheel with twelve rays shaped like jagged spokes. Jake steps onto it and passes into the

KITCHEN

stopping to turn a sink faucet off over an overflowing sink. It SQUEAKS. Jake sees muddy foot prints on the floor. He hesitantly enters the

LIVING ROOM

following the prints to the front door. TENSION SWELLING.

**EXT. MULLIGAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Moths flutter beneath the light as Jake steps out. He looks to an ominous cardboard box before a swaying porch swing.

YOUNG JAKE  
Mom? Percy? Percy?

Headlights on a jeep illuminate across the street. The engine revs. Paul Mauriat's "Love is Blue" plays on stereo. It peels off. Jake runs down the front steps crossing the lawn. The jeep rounds the corner. Street lights FLICKER. Jake stops.

YOUNG JAKE  
Mom?

Jake crosses back over the lawn. The family dog appears from behind the home. Trots up to Jake and follows him to the porch toward the box.

His tag reads "Percival".

GREG (O.S.)  
Your role, set. Your destiny,  
decided.

Jake kneels before the cardboard box. Eyes widen as he opens it. Percy sits salivating.

GREG (O.S.)  
Falling to where dreams and  
nightmares become reality.

The storm door SLAMS as porch lights dim and brighten. A menacing silhouette with muddied boots stands behind Jake.

IN HIS MOTHER'S OFFICE

CLOSE ON Sonnenrad. PSYCHEDELIC SCI-FI MUSIC RISING.

GREG (O.S.)  
Beyond the Rubicon, you have fallen  
into... The Nether Region.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXTREME CLOSE-UP - BLACK SUN FLAG**

A red flag with the Sonnenrad in the center billows over icy tundra. PULL BACK to reveal:

**EXT. ANTARCTICA - NEW SWABIA - DAY (1947)**

A German STORM TROOPER stands at the base of a flag pole, peering through binoculars frozen like a statue.

SUPERIMPOSE:

**"NEW SWABIA, ANTARCTICA - 1947"**

FWOOSH! A cross between a UFO and a stealth bomber, a VRIL FIGHTER, emits an ethereal blue flames as it flies overhead. The trooper follows with binoculars. RUMBLING as ice splinters beneath his feet. He looks to the distance.

He panics and reaches for a FIELD PHONE.

**INT. BLACK SUN BASE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Following a pair of black boots, a sweating Black Sun OFFICER runs down a dreary hall with a FIELD PHONE. Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman" ECHOES from an nearby office.

**INT. BLACK SUN BASE - BLEETZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

A record spins on gramophone as BLEETZ, mid-fifties colonel with a chiseled ashen face, sits at his desk chin digging into his chest before a chess board. A glass of scotch rests at the edge of the table.

The room RATTLES. Chess pieces shift. The glass teeters and falls. A hand clenches it without a drop lost. The NEEDLE SKIPS on the record as the officer nervously enters.

OFFICER

Oberst.

Bleetz raises a hand. The officer places the phone into it and steps away. Bleetz presses it to his ear. PANIC on the other side. No emotion, he hands the phone away.

BLEETZ

Mulligan.

Bleetz looks to the officer.

BLEETZ

(Subtitled from German)  
Commence preparations. Herr Max  
will be with us promptly.

Bleetz swigs from the glass. He stands. Grabs his jacket. On the lapel, the Sonnenrad. THWOOMP!

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. SAN FRANCISCO - CHEVY CAMARO - DAY (AUTUMN 1969)**

A PEACE SYMBOL sways beneath a rearview mirror. We pull back inside a red Camaro rounding a bend. Gloved hands grip the wheel to 5th Dimension's "Let the Sunshine in" on 8-track.

SUPERIMPOSE:

**"SAN FRANCISCO - 1969"**

The Camaro accelerates.

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - PARK STREET - CONTINUOUS**

YOUNG MAX, age nine, walks in unison with his big brother ALAN on the sidewalk wearing pea coats as autumn leaves fall. Max's blonde locks contrast with his brother dark hair.

IN THE CAMARO

MUSIC SWELLS as the driver in wayfarer sunglasses looks into the rearview. Accelerates.

ON PARK STREET

Alan and young Max stop at the corner for the walk light on an empty street. The light changes. Alan steps into the street. Young Max doesn't move.

MUSIC RISES as the Camaro approaches. Alan looks to his brother extending a hand.

ALAN

Max? Are you coming?

TRAFFIC LIGHTS FLICKER. Alan looks to the oncoming car.

Young Max's face is cold. CRACK! SQUEALING TIRES. He watches his brother collapse onto the road as TRAFFIC LIGHTS EXPLODE.

Alan's bloodied hand unclenches. Young Max remains on the sidewalk, hands buried in his pockets.

Blood drips from the hood as the driver, forties in a white dress coat over a turtleneck wearing wayfarers, rolls down the window. We see a scar on his face prominent with his blonde hair. It's MAX. He backs the Camaro to the crosswalk.

MAX

I apologize but Que Sera. Sera. I know this is a lot to take in considering I'm you and you're me. Don't worry. I've been there. This is for your troubles ahead.

Young Max says nothing as his older self reaches into a pocket and tosses a SET OF KEYS. Young Max catches them.

MAX (O.S.)

You'll thank me someday. I trust you'll pay it forward. Otherwise we would no be having this one sided conversation.

Close on the multiarmed depiction of the Hindu Goddess SHIVA on the keychain. Tires SQUEAL as Max speeds away. THWOOMP!

MAX (O.S.)  
Be seeing you.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. LONDON AUCTION HOUSE - DAY**

In a large auction hall a flurry of paddles raise into the air bidding on a centuries old painting of the Goddess Shiva. The GAVEL DROPS.

AUCTIONEER  
Now these pieces, miracles of preservation, date back to the Yuan and Ming Dynasties.

The stage revolves replacing the painting with two nearly identical Ming vases, decorated with the dragon and turtle.

SUPERIMPOSE:

**"FAUSTUS'S AUCTION HOUSE, LONDON"**

AUCTIONEER  
These pieces before you are decorated in copper red unlike the common blue cobalt oxide, making these a remarkable find. I start today's bidding at a half million.

GASPS then SILENCE. Several paddles raise in the front row.

AUCTIONEER  
A half million. Do I have one million?. Do I have one?

A paddle reading "321" near the center aisle raises.

AUCTIONEER  
I have one million. Do I have two?  
I have two million. Raising bid to three million? Do I have three million?

MAX (O.S.)  
Three million.

The holder of paddle "321" is Max, relaxed and collected. He sees a paddle numbered "123" several rows ahead of him raise.

PADDLE HOLDER 123 (O.S.)  
Four million.

AUCTIONEER (O.S.)  
New bidder. We have four in the  
room. Five in the room...

Max continues outbidding. His face contorts in a fit of rage.

AUCTIONEER (O.S.)  
Six to my left. Six-five?

Max stands up and paces toward the auctioneer and vases. He raises the paddle once more.

MAX  
Twelve million.

The auctioneer is taken aback recognizing Max.

AUCTIONEER  
Twelve million pounds going once.

MAX  
It's in pounds? Hell.

A SECURITY GUARD steps in Max's path.

MAX  
Do you know who I am?

The guard nods and nervously steps out of his way. Max steps onto the stage as the auctioneer stands timidly.

AUCTIONEER  
Twelve million going twice.

Max walks to one of the vases, picks it up. He examines the artwork with his hands. He grins and lets go of the vase. It crashes to the floor shattering to pieces. He picks up the other vase and examines it. The auctioneer is in a panic.

MAX  
I hope you have a "you break, you  
buy" policy.

On a piece of broken vase lightly etched in red copper are the initials 'J.M.'.

MAX  
Not to worry. This piece has  
appreciated.

Two guards push a table on wheels with a large allosaurus skull upon it on to the back of the revolving stage.