

CURSE OF MULA

By

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EXT. DUTCH COLONY OF NEW NETHERLAND - NIGHT.

SUPER: Manhattan Island, 1663

A group of DUTCH COLONISTS have gathered along the banks of the East River under a full moon. They await the trial and execution of a female black slave named MULA. Bound to a stake, she stands on a pile of wood awaiting her execution.

JON DE VORT, the leader of the colony, presides over the hearing.

JON DE VORT

My fellow colonists, neighbors, and Christians, I have called upon you all to bare witness to the trial of this slave, Mula. Based upon eyewitness reports by some of you here today, we have taken her into custody on the most serious charges of witchcraft, consorting with devils, speaking in tongues, and practicing black magic. Are there any here who wish to be heard?

GRETER is a tall gaunt man who wears preacher clothing. A large cross dangles around his neck. He steps forward from the crowd and walks up to Mula. She glares at him as he studies her proud, stoic face. Greter smiles before turning towards the colonists.

JON DE VORT (CONT'D)

Father Greter, we welcome your words of wisdom and holy guidance. Please...

Jon De Vort motions with his hand for Greter to address the community.

GRETER

(preaching)

My children of God, we have all traveled here to this far-away shore to live in peace and prosperity under the eyes of our most beloved Jesus Christ, leaving behind our country, our families, and our homes to create a new life dedicated to God; TO GOD I SAY! And though he has given us so much, we have sinned against him! Why else has this evil been sent to live amongst us?! We must repent to the Lord to cleanse ourselves!

COMMUNITY

(murmuring / frightened)

Amen. Amen. Amen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Greter points behind him towards Mula.

GRETER

We are being tested at this very moment by the Lord with this witch, Mula. Will we allow her to continue with her evil ways, or send her back to whence she came!?

COMMUNITY

Send her back! Cast her out! Burn her!

Greter revels in the power and control he is given.

GRETER

This has all been prophesied by the Good Book. Here, in the very midst of our God-fearing community, we have an imposter! This is no woman, but a false pretender, living amongst us to weaken our faith! She is the devil's pawn! She has opened the door to darkness and let it enter the house of our neighbor, Peter Van Deroot!

Greter points his finger towards a couple in the crowd, PETER and ANNA VAN DERROOT.

COMMUNITY

(gasping / whispering)

The poor Van Der Roots... Peter is a good man... Anna is a saint... They are good Christians... Bless their souls...

Anna Van Deroot clutches at her husband's arm and looks at him imploringly. Peter Van Deroot ignores her and stares at Greter with a stoic face.

ANNA

(whispering)

Peter! You must do something to stop this madness! Mula is more than our servant, she is our friend! She saved our children!

PETER

(whispering)

Hush woman! Do you wish for us to join her at the stake? Greter has death in his eyes on this accursed night. Beware.

Greter and Jon De Vort notice the couple whispering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JON DE VORT

Peter and Anna Van Deroot, as owners of this slave, do you have anything to say in behalf or against her before judgement is passed?

GRETER

(maliciously)

Yes, speak up, Peter! You have been awful quiet these past two days and have refused to give any evidence against her. Perhaps you are afraid to have this slave of yours destroyed. Perhaps, my fellow Christians, the slave Mula has spent too many years in the Van Deroot home and has swayed them with her dark craft!

A murmur passes through the crowd. Peter's eyes squint down in fury and he steps forward, pushing his wife Anna behind him. Anna and Mula's face perk up, thinking Peter's about to save the day.

PETER

This is nonsense, Greter!

The crowd hushes itself to hear Peter speak. Peter walks up to Mula within inches of her scared face. They exchange a moment with one another. Her hope is evident as she stares at him, pleading silently.

Peter frowns and whispers for only her to hear.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Her lips tremble and she closes her eyes, letting a few tears fall to the ground. Peter spins around to face the crowd.

PETER (CONT'D)

(shouting)

This evil witch has been nothing but a curse to me and my family all these years!

A murmur washes across the gathered community.

PETER (CONT'D)

She's been holding us hostage in our own home! I always knew she had the devil's mark upon her soul, but I was too afraid to do anything about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Mula bows her head down in defeat. A few tears roll down her cheek.

COMMUNITY

I knew it... It's true... She is a witch! Burn her! Kill her! Destroy the witch!

As the crowd rises up in hostility, Peter looks down at his wife. With tears in her eyes, Anna shakes her head slowly at him in disappointment and tilts her head down in shame.

JON DE VORT

Mula, beneath the eyes of God, we ask you to pray for forgiveness and to admit your guilt of being a devil-worshiper and witch. Your earthly flesh will burn here tonight, but you may still save your soul from the eternal fires of hell. Repent!

Mula's face hardens with determination and her eyes scan the crowd. Except for a grinning Greta, no one will make eye contact with her, not even Anna.

JON DE VORT (CONT'D)

Since you refuse to speak for yourself, is there anyone here that will speak on this woman's behalf? Anyone?

GRETER

It seems you are quite alone, Mula! What powers do you have to protect you against all mighty God? Where are your devilish friends now? Where is your Dark Lord now that you have been found out?!

Mula stares at Greter with complete ice-cold hatred.

GRETER (CONT'D)

(smiling)

I will tell you where! The devil hides in hell where he awaits your coming!

The crowd cheers for a moment but is quickly hushed as Mula suddenly speaks in a strong, booming voice.

MULA

You are a monster of the worse sort, Greter, hiding behind the robes of the holy! You raise up the Bible with one hand while you cast your evil spells with the other. These foolish sheep may not see what you are, but I do, you fiend!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MULA (CONT'D)

It is you who has the mark of the devil!
It is you who brings damnation upon your
neighbors! I knew this day would come
the day I set eyes on you!

GRETER

Again you dig your own grave! You freely
admit to seeing the future! A true sign
of witchcraft. Mula, servant of the
night and slave to Satan, we cast you
back to the hell-fires from which you
came! Light the pyre before her forked
tongue poisons our hearts!

A group of men douse the wood with oil while others walk
towards Mula with torches.

Anna Van Deroot makes a sign of the cross.

ANNA

(whispering)
God forgive us.

Anna takes a deep breath and turns away as the men toss their
torches onto the wood. Mula is engulfed in a blazing fire
and is obscured from sight. The community take a few steps
back from the heat.

Suddenly, a blast of wind blows the fire out. The people of
the community look to Greter with fear and awe on their
faces. Greter too is shocked. He makes the sign of the
cross. Anna, on the verge of tears, looks at Mula with
confusion and hope. She takes a step towards her, but her
husband grabs her arm and holds her back.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Mula!

PETER

Silence, woman! Do you want to join
her?!

Mula shoots Anna a look and shakes her head in a "no."

GRETER

The Devil protects her from fire! She is
close to him, even now! We must cut her
to pieces and scatter her body across the
land so that none may ever find her whole
again!

Mula screams her curses out as Greter leads a dozen men
towards her. They pull her down from the stake and drag her
to the ground. She struggles as they try to pin her down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MULA

I curse you all! Sinners! Murderers!
Every one of you! Greter! I will pull
you down to the abyss with me! And you,
Peter van Deroot!

Peter tries to look away, but can't. He stares at her
furious face as she screams her curse directly at him.

MULA (CONT'D)

You drag your righteous foot and silence
your good woman! Were you so bold, this
day would not bloom so dark! You have
set your cursed future with my demise!
From this day forth, every male born of
your line shall drag his right foot!

GRETER

Hold the witch down!

The men wrestle to keep her struggling body on the ground.
They finally tie down her arms and legs with ropes,
stretching her body out.

MULA

Greter, you won't see the next full moon!
I promise you that!

GRETER

(worried)

Bring the axes! Hurry!

MULA

(screaming horribly)

For the rest of this community of liars
and sinners, the next time my eyes see
the light of day, this island of yours
will be plagued and no man or beast will
be able to set foot upon it's accursed
soil!

A few men return with axes, but are all too scared to cut
her. The BLACKSMITH hands Greter an axe.

BLACKSMITH

You do it. I won't have the blood of a
witch on my hands.

MULA

(laughing)

It's too late! I've cursed you all!
You're all damned!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

People of the community step backwards. Greter grabs the axe and lifts it high into the air over Mula's head.

GRETER
Go to hell!

MULA
Not without all of you!

Screaming, Greter swings down the axe into Mula's neck...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE / NEW YORK CITY - DAY.

A BACKHOE violently scoops into the earth. A giant PIT is being dug for a new building along the waterfront on East 41st and 1st Ave.

BIG MIKE is in the pit working with one of the back-hoes driven by JOE. Seeing something in the dirt, he shouts up at Joe. They both speak with heavy accents from the Bronx.

BIG MIKE
Hold up Joe! Hold up! I got something
down here!

JOE
What is it?

BIG MIKE
I dunno. Throw me a shovel, will ya?

Joe hops out of his rig, grabs a shovel, and tosses it to Big Mike. He starts clearing some dirt off a METAL BOX.

JOE
Holy shit, Mike! A treasure chest!

BIG MIKE
(worried)
I don't know, man. It's got crosses and
skulls.

JOE
Like a pirate chest!

Mike clears off more dirt, exposing most of the box.

BIG MIKE
Doesn't look like a treasure chest to me.
It aint got a lock or hinges. And what's
all that funny writing all over it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He taps at the box with his shovel. A few more workers gather around the edge of the hole to see what's going on. The FOREMAN pushes his way to the edge.

FOREMAN

Alright, alright, what the hell is going on here!? No one's paying you guys to stand around holding your dicks.

BIG MIKE

You better take a look at this, boss.

The foreman peers into the hole and squints.

FOREMAN

What the hell's that?

JOE

Looks like a treasure chest!

The workers become excited.

WORKER ONE

Hey, we should all split it equally, like pirates!

FOREMAN

You aint pirates, and this aint no treasure chest! Looks like a coffin for a baby to me.

The workers excitement dims and they all take a step back.

BIG MIKE

A coffin? For a baby?

Big Mike takes a step back from the box.

BIG MIKE (CONT'D)

That's creepy, man.

JOE

You afraid of a box, Big Mike? Give me that shovel. I'll open it.

Joe hops into the hole with Mike.

FOREMAN

Get out of there! Both yous! Nobody's gonna open nothin. I'm callin the city inspector's office. This belongs to them now. Get back to work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The workers ignore his order and all continue to stare at the box in silence.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Hey! This ain't a freakin coffee break! Everyone back to work! Joe and Mike, go to the East corner and start digging. The rest of yous... nobody, and I mean NOBODY touches this box, or goes near this hole. Now, get a move on!

The workers all turn to leave, some guys joking, others grumbling. Mike and Joe climb out of the hole and walk away. The Foreman turns his back on the pit and pulls out his cell phone and dials.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, hi. This is the foreman on the East 41st and 1st dig. I need somebody from your office to come collect a box we dug up...

Down in the pit, the chest moves slightly.

INT. MUSEUM / PRESERVATION ROOM - NIGHT.

The chest sits on a table in the museum clean-room under bright lights.

Walking around the table in a white lab coat, examining the chest, is a young research scientist, MARY. She's in her early thirties. She holds a large magnifying glass up to the box while speaking into a voice recorder.

MARY

Four overlapping bands of brass nailed into lead sheets. No signs of hinges or locks. Solid construction, potentially air-tight. Definitely early Colonial period, probably mid to late sixteen hundreds. Dutch construction techniques and writing. Six crucifix symbols across the metal banding are clear, along with two skull and bones. A single Latin word is written, perhaps a name: Mula.

A door behind her slams open, startling her. It's her boss, FRED, the director of the Museum, walks in.

FRED

A little jumpy, Mary. Try decaf.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

You're supposed to wear a lab coat in here, sir.

FRED

(smug)

Sure. Next time. So, why haven't you opened the chest yet?

MARY

Well, for starters, it doesn't have any hinges or lock, so there is no real way to open it without destroying it. We have a lot more research to do before we cut into it. We still need someone from the Dutch embassy to come and translate the bands. That could give us a better idea of what we have here.

Fred stares at her in silence.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to be difficult, Fred...

FRED

I didn't say you were. Look, Mary, the Trustees are coming tomorrow morning to decide on whether or not I get the further funding I need to maintain our current staff, including your position.

MARY

Is that a threat?

FRED

Don't be so defensive. I'd like to show the board members something special to jazz up the meeting. Why can't you just x-ray the thing? There could be something important in there, like jewels, or coins, or books.

MARY

No luck. The sheets of lead they used on the outside are thick enough to block x-ray and MRI scans. We can't see what's inside without opening it, and the only way to do that is to cut into it. Sorry, Fred. We're gonna have to wait this one out. In a few weeks...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRED

(alarmed)

In a few weeks, this entire research department, including you and I both, may be part of the budget cuts I'm trying to prevent! If we show the Trustees some hot new results tomorrow, they'll be more likely to keep us afloat. If they think we sit around all day staring at metal boxes, then they'll get rid of us. I need to get the media involved and hype this up. We could be sitting on the greatest Manhattan find of all time.

MARY

I understand completely, sir. That is why I won't make a scientific blunder and be responsible for destroying what you just said may turn out to be one of the most important archaeological finds in the history of Manhattan. I think we should contact Professor Ruben at the Smithsonian Institute. She could...

FRED

(heated)

Absolutely not! That woman would use an opportunity like this to humiliate me and the department and take all the glory for herself. You don't know how she thinks.

MARY

Fred, all I know is that she's the best Colonial archeologist in the world. This is right up her alley. She could probably look at a photo of this box and tell us exactly what it is and how to open it.

FRED

No. Absolutely not. And please don't bring it up again.

MARY

Yes sir. As you wish, but I think you're making a big mistake.

FRED

(irritated)

Well, when you're the boss, do what you think is right. For now, you do as I say.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRED (CONT'D)

Have something substantial for me by tomorrow morning to show the Trustees, please. And, remember, no calls to Dr. Ruben.

MARY

Yes sir. I'll do my best at figuring out what this all means, and I promise I won't call your ex-wife to solve the mystery.

Fred throws her a warning glance before exiting.

INT. SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE / WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT.

In the midst of a sprawling office covered in books and maps, a very serious DR. JENNY RUBEN, forties, is seated at her computer looking at something. Her computer screen reveals detailed photographs of the metal box in the Museum clean-room. She looks at her watch, picks up her phone, and dials.

DR. RUBEN

Hi, Mary? This is Dr. Ruben. Yes. I'm looking at your photographs right now. Don't let anyone touch that box. I'm taking the last train from D.C. to N.Y. tonight. I'll be there by morning. Wait for me.

She hangs up the phone, grabs her jacket, and exits.

EXT. TRAIN. NIGHT.

A TRAIN zips through the night.

INT. TRAIN. NIGHT.

Dr. Ruben is sitting alone in a train car, reading a very old book. She carefully turns the page and there is a drawing that looks very similar to the box in the museum. Above the drawing, a single word is written in red: Mula.

Dr. Ruben looks out her window at the passing landscape with a worried look on her face.

DR. RUBEN

(whispering to herself)
So, the legend of Mula is real after all.

EXT. NEW YORK MUSEUM OF HISTORY / FRONT STEPS - MORNING.

Mary rushes down the steps as Dr. Ruben exits a cab.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

Dr. Ruben! It's Mary!

DR. RUBEN

Hi Mary. Let's hurry. We have lots of work to do.

Dr. Ruben starts to walk, but Mary holds her arm and stops her.

MARY

Wait...

DR. RUBEN

What's wrong?

MARY

We have a problem.

INT. MUSEUM / TRUSTEES BOARD ROOM - DAY.

Surrounded by a bunch of TRUSTEES in suits, Fred is acting like a car salesman. In front of him in a large rolling plastic display container is the metal chest. One panel of the box has been sawed open and the inside can be viewed. The nearly perfectly preserved head of Mula can be seen. Her leathery skin clings to her bones.

FRED

This find is not only the most exciting one ever to be discovered here in New York City, but also the most important one to date in furthering our understanding of early Colonial New York. The mysteries of the mummified head in this small box will slowly be revealed to our dedicated and talented staff of researchers and archeologists working here at the Museum.

The boardroom doors suddenly burst open and in walks a furious Dr. Ruben and Mary.

FRED (CONT'D)

(nervous/hurried)

Uh, here is one of our leading researchers now, professor Mary Albright. After a breakfast break, we'll have her give us a tour of the research facilities. Thank you, everyone. See you in an hour in the front lobby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The excited Trustees all stand and begin to file out of the room. Some of them take the time to get a closer look at Mula's head.

TRUSTEE 1

Truly an astounding find! This could reshape our understanding of the early colonial period.

TRUSTEE 2

Just think, a mummified head sealed in a box right here in New York City! What could it all mean?

Dr. Ruben glares at Fred. Fred squirms under her gaze. As the last Trustee has left the room and the door closes behind them, Dr. Ruben explodes.

DR. RUBEN

You idiot! Of all the stupid, unethical, sophomore stunts I've ever heard of, this wins the grand prize!

FRED

Jenny, please... you don't understand.

DR. RUBEN

No, YOU don't understand! Do you have any idea what you've done here this morning in destroying that artefact?

FRED

Yes. I'm saving my museum! Now, I suggest you return to yours so I can continue my work here!

Fred tries to exit, but Dr. Ruben steps in his way. Mary, meanwhile, takes a few steps closer to Mula's head.

DR. RUBEN

It's not that easy, Fred! Under these matters, all museums fall under Congressional jurisdiction, which means my jurisdiction, so I suggest you start listening and stop talking!

The room is totally silent. Fred stares, fuming that she pulled rank on him in his own museum in front of one of his own employees. Fred turns to Mary.

FRED

This is exactly why I told you not to contact her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRED (CONT'D)

She's going to ruin everything. When this is all over, you're fired, Mary.

Mary looks away, frowning.

DR. RUBEN

Don't worry, Mary. The way things are going so far this morning, when this is all over, Fred here won't have a job, and you can take his. Come on. Let's get this back into the clean-room where it belongs.

Mary and Dr. Ruben begin to move the heavy display on wheels towards the door. Fred stands in their way, stopping them.

A SHAFT OF LIGHT from the giant windows splashes onto Mula's face. No one notices.

FRED

You can't do this!

DR. RUBEN

The hell I can't!

FRED

I need that display to help me get through this meeting!

DR. RUBEN

You should be ashamed of yourself! Destroying a historically significant find to try and get some funding from a bunch of narrow-minded, pseudo-intelligentsia buffoons.

FRED

What's the big deal? It's just a woman's head!

DR. RUBEN

(totally frustrated)
You're unbelievable!

Mary is studying Mula's face while Fred and Dr. Ruben argue.

MARY

Hey, Doctors, I think I saw something...

They ignore Mary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DR. RUBEN

How you ever talked you're way into
running one of the world's great museums,
I'll never know!

FRED

The same way I talked myself into that
disturbed brain of yours and married you!

MARY

(shouting)

Quiet! Both of you! I saw something
weird in her face. A twitch.

DR. RUBEN

Nonsense. That's just her skin settling
after being exposed to the air. You see,
Fred, you've already ruined the find...

MARY

No. It wasn't that at all. Look!

Dr. Ruben, Fred, and Mary turn and slowly lean over to look
closely at the head in the box.

Mula's eyes are clearly shut, and still. Both eyes suddenly
TWITCH!

Mary screams and the three of them jump back in shock.

DR. RUBEN

(calm)

I told you, it's just her skin
settling...

Mula's eyes suddenly open, her face grimaces into a smile,
and she let's out a horrible long scream that sends Mary,
Fred, and Dr. Ruben to their knees, clutching their ears in
pain.

Mula's head disappears in a flash of white light. The room
is silent. Fred, Mary, and Dr. Ruben slowly stand up in
shock.

FRED

(whispering)

What the hell just happened?

MARY

This isn't possible. It can't be!

DR. RUBEN

This is very, very bad. It's unholy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FRED

The Trustees are never gonna believe that the head just up and vanished. I'll never get the money I need now.

DR. RUBEN

(furious)

You just unleashed a curse on this city and all you can think of is your own precious neck?! You're pathetic!

FRED

What curse? There IS NO CURSE! That flash was just some bizarre natural occurrence. A bolt of lightning could have shot through the window, or something...

DR. RUBEN

C'mon Mary. We need to see the one man in this city who can help us now.

MARY

Who's that?

DR. RUBEN

The Mayor. Let's go.

Dr. Ruben and Mary race out the door, leaving Fred alone with the empty box. He looks at his right hand and sees a few lesions and sores.

INT. NEW YORK CITY. TAXI CAB - DAY.

Dr. Ruben and Mary's taxi zips through traffic.

DR. RUBEN

Faster! I thought this was N.Y.!

Mary and Dr. Ruben hold on for dear life as the taxi cab races through the city.

MARY

So, Mula cursed the Dutch colonists before her head was chopped off for witchcraft in 1663?

DR. RUBEN

That's why they sealed her head in that box. They obviously considered her a serious threat, even in death. The Dutch writing on it is a warning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

I still don't get how Mayor Root is gonna help us.

DR. RUBEN

His real last name is Van Derroot.

MARY

So?

DR. RUBEN

Mula was a slave. Mayor Root traces his line back to Peter Van Derroot, one of the original Dutch settlers and a founding father of New York. Peter Van Derroot was also Mula's owner.

MARY

(astonished)

Wow. This is getting more and more bizarre.

DR. RUBEN

Curses weren't taken lightly back then. If anyone knows anything about Mula's curse, it'll be a descendant of the original family who owned her and was cursed by her: Mayor Root.

EXT. STEPS OF MAYOR'S MANSION - DAY.

Mary and Dr. Ruben rush up the stairs to the security entrance of the Mansion. A POLICE GUARD stops them.

POLICE GUARD

Do you have an appointment here with the Mayor's office today?

Dr. Ruben pulls out her I.D. and hands it to him.

DR. RUBEN

No. This is an emergency. I just arrived from Washington D.C. My name is Dr. Ruben. I'm head of the Paleontology Forensic Research Team at the Smithsonian Institute.

POLICE GUARD

(amused)

I know you didn't just make that up, but you still need to make an appointment to get in. Which department do you need to see?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. RUBEN
(frustrated)
I need to see the Mayor! Now!

POLICE GUARD
Impossible. He's having a press-
conference right now. He won't be
available til late this afternoon.

DR. RUBEN
His life could be in danger.

MARY
The lives of people in this city depend
on us seeing him!

POLICE GUARD
And who are you?

MARY
Dr. Mary Albright, from the Metropolitan
Museum of Natural History, Department of
Forensic Archaeological Research and...

POLICE GUARD
I get it, I get it. Let me see if I can
find someone to talk to you ladies.
Excuse me.

The Police Guard picks up a phone in his booth.

POLICE GUARD (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah, Barry. Front gate, here. I got
two Doctors I'm sending up. They need to
speak to one of the Mayor's assistants
about an emergency meeting with the
Mayor. No, not those kind of Doctors.
These are, uh, well, different. I'm
sending them up.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION / HALLWAY RECEPTION AREA - DAY.

Escorted by two SECURITY OFFICERS, Dr. Ruben and Mary walk
down a long opulent hallway. A door opens ahead of them, and
DAVIS, a nervous mayor's assistant dressed in a suit,
approaches them with a fake smile.

DAVIS
Welcome, Doctors. I understand there is
an emergency that may affect the Mayor's
life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. RUBEN

And the lives of every person in this city.

Davis's smile vanishes.

DAVIS

That's a very strong alarmist warning. Is it a virus of some kind?

MARY

No. Much worse.

DAVIS

(skeptical)

Listen, Doctor... What kind of a Doctor did you say you are?

DR. RUBEN

Look, we don't have time for all this. Get on your radio and have someone tell the Mayor that the Curse of Mula just woke up.

DAVIS

(laughing)

The curse of what? Is this a prank of some kind?

DR. RUBEN

(dead serious)

This is not a joke! The Mayor will know exactly what it means. If he thinks we're crazy, we'll go, but I guarantee you he'll sprint here to talk to us.

There is a tense silence between all those present. Davis has lost his smile. He nods his head, believing her.

DAVIS

Okay, Doctor. But the Mayor isn't the type to sprint anywhere. He has a...

DR. RUBEN

...a deformed left leg; yes, I know. All of the Van Deroot men have a deformed left leg from the curse.

With a surprised look on his face, Davis raises his hand to his mouth and speaks into a MIC in his sleeve.

(CONTINUED)