



Episode 1:

Nine Circles

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

We are sailing high above a mountain range -- vast and seemingly endless -- at the speed of sound.

We shred our way through misty, moonlit clouds. They are ripped asunder in our wake.

And there in the distance is a lone, jagged peak that juts deep into the starry sky -- towering above all the rest like a crooked, defiant dagger that would spear the very moon itself.

Small lights twinkle at the crest of this lonely peak.

And that is our destination.

AT THE MOUNTAIN'S PEAK

Drawing near, the twinkling lights are revealed to be the mouth of a cave -- rimmed with human skulls. A flickering candle is housed within each skull.

We sail into the mouth of this cave without hesitation.

WITHIN THE CAVE

The passage itself is draped with gossamer linens -- and we wind our way through a dizzying, diaphanous fog of black, red, and orange until we reach --

THE ALCOVE

The end of this passage opens into a large alcove lit by candles. Hundreds of candles. Thin candles on elaborate stands, and fat candles set upon the stones themselves.

There is a small, filthy mattress on a wooden frame. There is a fire with a spit. A table that is little more than gnarled timbers lashed together with leather straps. A chair to match.

And -- impossibly -- a huge, gorgeous, museum-quality display case of glass and mahogany that covers the entire rear wall of the alcove.

We move in to examine the display, and ponder upon the bizarre collection of incongruous items housed within.

A lighter. A baby rattle. A baseball card. A Christmas ornament. A pair of dice.

Shelf upon shelf of cast-off trivia. The detritus of human existence. What is this place?

A soft voice startles us from our thoughts. A Swahili accent thick as syrup.

VOICE (O.S.)
What you lookin' for?

We whirl to find a 13-year-old African girl behind us.

A striking beauty with piercing eyes, she is draped in a long, black kaftan embroidered with a golden dragon. Beads dangle from her neck. Her hair in thick dreadlocks.

This is TANIS.

TANIS
What you hope you find?

She circles around us towards the display case and peers inside.

TANIS
Everybody that come see Tanis
lookin' for somethin'...only
sometimes...not everybody so happy
when they be findin' it.

She turns back to face us with a sly smile. She pulls a gleaming key from somewhere within her kaftan.

TANIS
But Tanis...she always be knowin'
what people lookin' for.

She fits the key into a lock on the display case, gives a quick twist, and pulls open the glass doors.

The hinges creak, but the sound is ghastly -- not metallic, but instead, the mournful sounds of pain and purgatory.

TANIS

Ah...they awake tonight. Like
maybe they know you comin'.

She reaches into the case and strokes one of the items, as if it were a pet. It gives a soft sigh in response.

Tanis speaks with affection, without looking back.

TANIS

These pieces...they all special.
Each got its own story to tell.

She strokes another item. Another sigh.

TANIS

Each piece...it got itself the
shadow of a soul. You see, not
everybody know...but you ain't got
a soul.

She looks back over her shoulder.

TANIS

No, you got yourself a body...but
what you are...you are a soul.

She turns back to the cabinet and reaches inside. She extracts a golden watch, the kind that closes like a clam.

TANIS

Tanis show you something. Maybe it
help you understand what Tanis be
sayin'.

She dangles the watch before us. It hangs from a golden chain.

CLOSE ON THE WATCH

The watch twirls on its chain as the light from the candles glints off its sheer surface. It is dizzying.

TANIS (O.S.)

You see, it ain't no ordinary
watch. No...it hold a secret. But
if you be wantin' to know, Tanis
got to tell you everything. Right
from the start.

As Tanis speaks, the watch dissolves into --

THE FULL MOON

Against a cloudy sky on a gloomy night. Tanis continues to speak as a cloud moves aside -- and the new light reveals a mist-shrouded graveyard.

TANIS (V.O.)

And it start here...where the dead
slumber...only they not restin'
tonight. They got a dead-man's
tale to tell, and it be
called..."Nine Circles"

SUPER: NINE CIRCLES

NINE CIRCLES

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

An old cemetery. Large headstones. Large trees shrouded in Spanish moss that cast long spooky shadows on the ground in the full moon light.

PAULO DA RIMINI, 30's, short, muscular with a tattoo adorned body in a wifebeater and leather jacket, treads along the graveyard path with a shovel in hand.

FRANCINE DA RIMINI late 20's, bleach blonde, fills out her skimpy white-trash outfit in the right places, stumbles along the path in heels way too high. She carries a flash light.

They stop in front of a newly dug grave.

The head stone reads:

GIANLUCA DA RIMINI

1978 - 2008

BELOVED HUSBAND OF FRANCINE

BELOVED BROTHER OF PAULO

PAULO

Last time, Francine... you sure
about this tattoo?

FRANCINE

Yes, I told you, it's on his back.

PAULO

How come I never saw it?

FRANCINE

He may have been your brother but I
was married to him. I slept with
him. I know where the tattoo is.

PAULO

It better be there or I'll be
guilty of two murders...
His and yours!

FRANCINE

Trust me. I know where the damned
tattoo is.

Paulo nods, bends down, picks up the loose dirt that covers
the grave, lets it sift through his fingers.

PAULO

This gonna' be easy.

He stabs the shovel into the mound of dirt. Digs.

Francine glances around the cemetery. She has a worried look
on her face.

FRANCINE

Hurry. This place is creepy.

PAULO

It's a fucking graveyard. What'd
you expect?

FRANCINE

I know... I just hope it'll be
worth it.

PAULO

If it's true what he told you, it
will be.

He slides on over, plants a hard kiss on her lips.

PAULO

We'll be the richest people on the
planet. Be anyone we want. Have
anything we want.

She lights up.

FRANCINE

You promise? Anything I want?

PAULO

Anything, baby. Anything.

They look into each others eyes, Francine a dreamy child-like
look, Paulo, crazy greedy.

Paulo digs again.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

A shovel is thrown out of the grave.

The shovel bounces on the ground next to Francine.

She shines the flashlight on Paulo.

Deep inside the grave, Paulo stands by a coffin.

Paulo pries the casket open with a big knife.

Francine shines the flashlight around the cemetery.

FRANCINE

Hurry before someone comes.

PAULO (O.S.)

I'm hurrying, I'm hurrying! Shine
the fucking light in here for
Christssakes!

Francine shines the flashlight down into the grave.

Paulo opens the coffin, the lid creaks.

Inside the coffin lies the not so pretty GIANLUCA DA RIMINI (30s), his decaying flesh a sickening moonlit shade of blue.

Francine bends down, takes a closer look.

She gasps. She looks sick.

Paulo pulls on Gianluca's suit jacket.

FRANCINE

Be careful.

Paulo rips open the jacket and shirt.

PAULO

Why? It's not like he cares...
Where is it?

A huge badly stitched "Y" scar on the dead man's chest appears black against the pale blue-grey skin.

FRANCINE

On his back.

Paulo slides his hands under the corpse. Turns him over on his stomach. Pulls the jacket and shirt down, reveals his back - no tattoo.

PAULO

There's nothing here?

FRANCINE

It's further down. Under his pants.

Paulo stares at her annoyed then yanks on the dead man's pants. They are too tight.

He flips the corpse over on his back, unbuckles his belt, unzips his pants, pulls them down.

PAULO

You better make sure no one's coming. Don't want anyone getting the wrong idea.

Francine sweeps the area with the flashlight then back down.

At the base of the corpse's back is a tattoo. It consists of nine circles in a funnel or upside down wedding cake shape - the size of a silver dollar.

PAULO

This it?

He gently caresses the tattoo with his finger tips.

Francine shines the flashlight on the tattoo.

FRANCINE

Yes! Yes, that's it.

Paulo carves a circle around the tattoo with his knife -- slowly peels the tattoo off the dead man's back - it makes a tearing sound.

He examines the piece of flesh in his hand, kisses it.

PAULO

Ahhh... it even smells like money.

Paulo hands the piece of skin to Francine.

PAULO

Take it!

She looks appalled.

FRANCINE

Ewww.

PAULO

I said take it!

She pinches it with the tip of her thumb and forefinger.

Paulo scrambles out of the open grave.

He shovels the dirt down into the hole where the half naked dead man's body lies out of the open casket.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Francine shines the light on the ground.

Paulo pats down the last of the dirt on the grave then gets up on his feet.

Francine still holds the skin between her two fingers. She passes it to Paulo.

He grins at her -- kisses the tattoo -- puts it in the inside pocket of his jacket.

PAULO
Let's go find our treasure.

INT. HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT

A computer geek's dream setup. Large flat screen monitors, the latest hardware fills the small space. The only light comes from the monitors.

DENNIS HELLMAN (20's) with a scraggly beard, tall and skinny, baggy clothes, sits in a chair in front of the computers.

Francine and Paulo stand behind, watches over his shoulder.

Dennis holds the tattooed skin, inspects it.

DENNIS
You got my money?

Paulo hands him a wad of cash.

PAULO
A thousand bucks like you said.

Dennis pockets the cash.

DENNIS
You sure there's a code in here?

PAULO
I'm one thousand dollars sure.

Dennis glances up at Francine.

DENNIS
So what's the code for?

FRANCINE
It's something worth bi --

Paulo shoots Francine a look - "keep quiet".

Dennis notices, he's suspicious.

DENNIS

Must be pretty important code to go dig up dead bodies and cut a piece of flesh off.

PAULO

Just find the code. I didn't pay you to ask questions.

Dennis pulls out a drawer, takes out a high tech looking pen light, turns it on, points the light at the tattoo.

Nothing's there -- he flips a switch - it changes to a fluorescent blue light. A bunch of white numbers shines bright.

With a smug smile, Dennis glances at Paulo.

DENNIS

It sure was hidden well.

Francine leans in, stares at the numbers.

FRANCINE

What does it mean?

PAULO

It's a sixteen digit number.

Dennis points to the bottom of the tattoo.

DENNIS

This looks like an address.

Dennis pulls out the drawer, takes out a magnifying glass and inspects the tattoo more closely.

DENNIS

It's a New York address...

(sarcastically)

I guess all you gotta do now is drive to New York and pick up your fortune.

He laughs. Paulo and Francine do not.

Paulo snatches the tattooed skin from Dennis.

PAULO

That's the easiest money you'll
ever make.

Paulo drags Francine with him, they exit the room, the door
slams shut.

Dennis picks up his cell phone. Dials.

DENNIS

(into phone)

They got it... They're on their
way.

He flips the phone shut.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Francine and Paulo hurry towards the only car.

PAULO

Hurry!

Out of Francine's view, Paulo flips open his watch. It opens
like a clam. He places the tattoo inside the watch, closes
the lid.

Paulo and Francine approach the car, get inside.

INT. PAULO'S CAR - NIGHT

Paulo inserts the key.

The driver's side door flings open, a pistol is shoved
against Paulo's temple. He freezes.

The passenger door opens, a big burly man, LUCIAN (30's)
reaches in, grabs Francine by the hair, pulls her out.

Lucian opens the rear door, shoves Francine into the back
seat, he gets inside, sits beside her, she screams.

Lucian thrusts his gun against her mouth. Her lip bleeds.

She stops screaming. He points the gun at Paulo's head.

LUCIAN

Don't fuckin move!

VIRGIL (30's) thin thug type with a porn star mustache removes his gun from Paulo's head and hurries over to the passenger side where he climbs inside. Gun pointed at Paulo.

VIRGIL

Drive!

Paulo turns the key, engine roars, the car drives off.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

A small cell. Concrete walls and floor. A rusty drain in the middle of the floor. No windows only a heavy metal door with a small slit opening.

Paulo lies unconscious on the floor.

A loud clang of a bolt. The door opens. Lucian steps into the cell, Virgil right behind him.

Lucian approaches Paulo, kicks him hard in the ribs.

Paulo coughs, sputters... He comes around, looks up, eyes glazed, he grimaces in pain.

A woman's scream is heard in the background.

LUCIAN

Hey, fuck face. Wake up!

Paulo stirs.

VIRGIL

What did Francine tell you about Gianluca?

PAULO

What?

VIRGIL

You stupid or something? I want to know what Francine told you about Gianluca!

Paulo discreetly feels his watch.

PAULO

What are you talking about?

Lucian kicks Paulo a second time.

Paulo curls up in pain. The woman screams a second time.

LUCIAN
Are you fucking stupid?

PAULO
He was my brother.

VIRGIL
What about the tattoo?

Virgil gestures for Paulo to get up, he does.

LUCIAN
The Boss wants to know where it is
and you better tell him.

Lucian shoves Paulo towards the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The warehouse is old, dilapidated, the windows whitewashed.

There's a metal chair in the middle of the cavernous room,
Francine is strapped into it, naked.

Her hands duct taped behind her back, ankles taped to the
legs of the chair, a big black ball gag in her mouth.

Sweat drenched hair clings to her face, her eyes wide with
fear and pain. She breathes hard.

YANOCZ (30's) with prominent Slavic features, cheap shoes,
black mock turtleneck and leather jacket, he is a caricature
of an eastern Eurotrash thug.

He sits in a chair in front of Francine, enjoys the view,
smokes a cigarette.

The two goons shove Paulo into the warehouse.

Paulo's eyes immediately fixes on Francine then Yanocz.

Yanocz's gaze drifts over to Paulo.

He gestures with his hand.

YANOCZ
Paulo... Have a seat.

Paulo looks around, there's no chair.

LUCIAN
The man said sit!

He kicks Paulo in the back of his knees, he falls down.

YANOCZ
Me and Francine have been having a
little chat.

Paulo stares in horror at Francine.

YANOCZ
You know what she told me?

Paulo shakes his head "no".

Lucian kicks him hard in the back.

LUCIAN
Answer the man you stupid fuck!
Show some respect.

PAULO
No. I don't know.

YANOCZ
Gianluca had apparently cracked the
DES code. That's the government
endorsed data encryption standard.
You know what that means?

Paulo shakes his head "no" a second time.

Lucian kicks Paulo in the gut.

LUCIAN
Answer him you dumbass sonofabitch!
(apologetic to Yanocz)
Sorry boss.

Yanocz continues as if nothing happened.

YANOCZ

It means all the secure data transactions like all e-commerce, government secure computers like those running nuclear power plants, IRS and so on will no longer be secure...

(leans toward Paulo)

...Can you imagine how much damage that could do if it ended up in the wrong hands?

Paulo stares in disbelief at Yanocz then glances over at a distressed Francine.

YANOCZ

It would be worth billions and billions... Now Francine tells me that Gianluca had a tattoo on him with information where to get that cracked code.

Francine looks at Paulo, fights back the tears.

PAULO

I don't know what you're talking about.

YANOCZ

You don't? That surprises me... You dig up dead bodies just for kicks?

Yanocz takes a long drag on the cigarette, flicks it towards Francine.

The cigarette hits between Francine's breasts, bounces down between her open legs.

Francine squirms.

Yanocz gestures to Virgil.

Virgil stands in front of Francine, cocks his gun.

YANOCZ

I kinda' believe her, you know.

A wicked smile spreads across Yanocz's face.

YANOCZ

I know one of you have it
somewhere. And I know she don't
got it on her... I checked every
inch of her body.

Virgil pushes the gun against Francine's temple.

Yanocz studies Paulo.

YANOCZ

How much is that money worth to
you?... Are you willing to let her
die for it?

Francine panics. She breathes hard, drool seeps out around
the ball gag, drips down her chin.

YANOCZ

Just think of all the things you
can do with that money... All that
power... status...

Yanocz condescendingly nods towards Francine.

YANOCZ

You can have any woman you want.
Beautiful, classy women... Not
cheap trash like this one.

PAULO

Please leave her alone. She doesn't
know where it is.

YANOCZ

Give it to me then and I'll let her
live.

Paulo peers at Francine then lower his gazes at the floor.

PAULO

I don't know where it is. We never
found it.

Francine's eyes bug out. She tries to yell.

Virgil presses the gun harder against Francine's temple.

YANOCZ

Are you sure? This is your last
chance. Give it to me and she
lives... if you don't... she dies.

Everyone's eyes are on Paulo.

Paulo briefly glances at his watch.

YANOCZ

Your choice.

Paulo looks down at the grimy floor. Shakes his head.

PAULO

I don't know where it is...

Yanocz nonchalantly gestures with his hand to Virgil.

Virgil squeezes the trigger, a loud bang and Francine's brain
jets out of her head, her body slumps forward.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paulo jolts up in bed, covered in sweat.

Wide eyed, disoriented he looks around the room.

A dark bedroom. The only light comes from street lights and
colorful neon lights that flicker on and off outside.

A car horn blares outside in the night traffic.

Paulo sits up, looks down at himself, confused. He's naked,
cuts and bruises.

He glances at his watch, touches it then one quick check
around the room again to make sure he's alone.

He opens the watch.

Inside is the tattoo.

He takes it out, feels it, smells it then he jumps out of
bed, runs into the --

KITCHEN

-- where he rummages through all the drawers until he finds a pen-like flashlight just like Dennis had.

Paulo turns the flashlight on, shines it on the piece of skin.

Numbers and an address appear in bright white.

A huge grin spreads across his face, he opens up the watch, stuffs the tattoo back into the small compartment.

Still naked, he rushes into the --

BEDROOM

-- gets dressed, pulls a travel bag out of a closet.

He throws some clothes into the bag, pulls out a gun taped to the back of a drawer.

He puts the gun inside his jacket pocket then rushes out the front door.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Heavy rain washes onto the windshield. The wipers clatter, Paulo leans forward, tries to see out.

A green road sign up ahead which reads:

"I-95 NORTH"

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Just outside the city. Skyscrapers up ahead.

Paulo drives his car past a a sign that reads WELCOME TO NEW YORK and underneath someone has scribbled graffiti with a marker that reads I AM THE WAY INTO THE CITY OF WOE.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A dark and dreary day. Heavy traffic moves slowly along the streets between the tall buildings.

INT. CAR - DAY

Paulo cranes his neck, peers up at the buildings.

A piece of paper in his hand with the numbers and address from the tattoo.

He checks the address on the paper against the fancy entrances to the buildings.

One entrance has a number above it's door which reads:

"9666 COMMEDIA"

Paulo pulls over to the curb.

A doorman approaches his car, opens the door.

DOORMAN

Mr. Paolo Da Rimini. We've been expecting you.

PAULO

(surprised)
Really?

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Paulo and the Doorman enter the lobby. Paulo's in awe as he takes in the opulence of the place.

The Doorman guides Paulo to the elevators.

Engraved above the elevator in small print is I AM THE WAY INTO ETERNAL SORROW.

The elevator doors open.

Paulo steps in.

The doors close. Paulo slips his hand between the doors, the doors open.

PAULO
Wait. Where am I going? Which floor?

DOORMAN
Don't worry Mr. Da Rimini. This elevator only goes to one place.

Paulo is about to say something when the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Paulo looks around the mirrored black marble elevator.

There are no buttons nor floor indicators.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

After a moment the doors silently glide open.

Paulo feels the gun inside his jacket then steps out into the huge palatial office.

He stops right outside the elevator, mouth agape and stares at the extreme luxury.

A stunning woman, LUCINDA (30s) long wavy, fiery, red hair in a body hugging emerald colored dress stands in front of a large ornate desk.

Paulo sees Lucinda, steps towards her.

PAULO
Wow! This is an amazing place you got here.

LUCINDA
Thank you, Paulo.

PAULO
You know me?

LUCINDA
Of course. I've been expecting you.

PAULO

Really?... I don't get it.

She smiles mysteriously.

LUCINDA

When you have as much power as I
do, you tend to have excellent
access to information.

All of a sudden Paulo looks worried.

PAULO

What information?

She gives him another smile, strides towards him with her
right hand extended.

Her feminine figure seems to float on air towards him.

The color of her eyes constantly changes from the deepest
green to yellow, orange, red and black.

Paulo is mesmerized, in a trance.

She stops in front of him.

LUCINDA

Please allow me to introduce
myself.

Paulo snaps out of it, laughs nervously, takes her hand.

PAULO

You're a woman of wealth and taste?

She laughs.

LUCINDA

So you know who I am?

Paulo seems confused.

PAULO

What?... I was kidding.

A devilish smile appear on her face as she locks her ever
changing eyes on him.

LUCINDA

I wasn't...

PAULO

Okay, I seem to be the only one who
don't know what's going on here.
You wanna fill me in?

She lets go of his hand, turns around and with a feline
smoothness strolls over to an overstuffed chair, sits down
and seductively crosses her legs.

LUCINDA

Why did you come here Paulo?

PAULO

(still confused)
What do you mean?

LUCINDA

Think!... Why did you come here?

Paulo appears uncomfortable.

PAULO

I... I...

LUCINDA

Were you hoping to find something?

PAULO

Yes... I guess.

LUCINDA

And what exactly was it that you
were hoping to find?... Money?

Paulo sheepishly lowers his gaze.

PAULO

...yes.

Lucinda pretends to ponder this in an exaggerated way.

LUCINDA

Hmm... I believe there is a word
for that. Can't think of it right
now... Help me out here. What's the
word for wanting... desiring money?

With his head hung, shoulders stooped he whispers.

PAULO

...greed.

LUCINDA

Thank you! That's the word I was looking for.

A long awkward pause while she stares at him.

PAULO

I still don't get why I'm here.

LUCINDA

Take out that tattoo you have tucked away in your watch.

Shocked he stares at her then reluctantly takes it out.

PAULO

How did you-

LUCINDA

What does it say on it?

Paulo looks at the piece of dry skin. The numbers and letters shine white and bright without the black light.

Perplexed he touches the letters and numbers with his finger.

LUCINDA

Read the first eight numbers to me.

PAULO

1, 1, 3, 1, 9, 7, 8.

LUCINDA

Do those numbers mean anything to you?

He shakes his head no.

LUCINDA

What if those numbers were a date?

He stares at the tattoo then peers up at her.

PAULO
January 13th, 1978...
That's my birthday.

LUCINDA
What do you think the last eight
numbers mean?

He stares at the tattoo again.

PAULO
May 30th, 2008.

A slight sadistic smile forms on her lips.

LUCINDA
So, if January 13th is your
birthday... what do you think May
30th is?

Lucinda's tongue licks her lips. For a fraction of a second
it appears to be forked and her eyes turn a fiery yellow.

PAULO
...I don't know.

LUCINDA
Think Paulo!

PAULO
My... death?

She claps her hands.

LUCINDA
Bravo! Finally we're getting
somewhere.

PAULO
But that was seven days ago?

She gets up, glides over to him, puts her arm around him.

LUCINDA
You really are dense, you know.

She runs her long slender index finger with the pointy blood
red nail down his cheek.

LUCINDA

You died seven days ago in a freak accident. Remember? You were walking your big macho pitbull when a rabid squirrel attacked it and he started running around in circles getting your legs all tied up. Then you tripped and fell and hit your head on the pavement. You died instantly!

Paulo looks appalled.

PAULO

I was killed by a squirrel?

She shrugs.

LUCINDA

There are worse ways to go.

PAULO

What am I doing here then? Are you...

She nods and smiles sadistically again.

LUCINDA

God and I had a meeting about you. He was almost going to accept you. You had been very good about going to confession throughout your life and he thought... maybe there was still hope for you.

PAULO

(worried)

What am I doing here with you then?

She laughs wickedly.

LUCINDA

I couldn't help myself... I reminded him that you never mentioned in confession what you used to do to that fat retarded girl.

Stunned, Paulo stares at her.

LUCINDA

You know... the one that lived two doors down in your apartment building when you were twelve. What was her name again?

She has him fixed with her ever changing eyes.

LUCINDA

Susanna... yes, that was her name. You should have asked for forgiveness about that one, but since you didn't, we weren't sure where to send you... After all you were very young at the time.

PAULO

Can't I ask for forgiveness now? Please...

She laughs heartily. She enjoys this.

LUCINDA

We agreed to give you one last chance to prove yourself. See how you would do when tempted.

Paulo is clearly upset, panic begins to show.

PAULO

It was a set-up? I can't believe this! You set me up?

LUCINDA

We agreed to something simple. Something that you would most likely pass.

(laughing hard)

But we were both wrong! You didn't even think twice about digging up that body and desecrate his flesh for the chance at some money... I have to tell you, the look on God's face when you did that. He was appalled!

Sheer horror on Paulo's face as her laugh pierces through the air, a mixture of sarcasm and sadism.

LUCINDA

I have to say, even I was a bit surprised. Don't take me wrong though. I like you Paulo! I really do. You're my kind of guy.

PAULO

Please. Can I talk to him , please? I want to explain and ask for forgiveness.

She takes him by the arm, leads him to a second elevator door next to the one he arrived in.

Above the elevator door "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here" is engraved into the marble.

LUCINDA

Come with me. It's time to go.

Paulo plants his feet firmly, but her grip on his arm tightens, he's simply dragged along.

The elevator doors open. Inside, the walls are made of glass.

PAULO

Please I don't want to go. Please give me one more chance.

LUCINDA

Don't be afraid Paulo. You'll like it there.

PAULO

No I won't. Please!

LUCINDA

Of course you will. You'll be surrounded by other sexually deviant greedy bastards just like yourself.

She laughs a wicked laugh then shoves him into the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The doors close. They are surrounded by darkness.

Paulo hyperventilates in fear, sweat drips down his face.

There's a panel on the side with nine buttons. They are number -1, -2 all the way down to -9 at the bottom.

Lucinda's finger pushes the button -2. The button -1 lights up as they descend past green fields and a castle.

Paulo glances with a glimmer of hope at Lucinda.

LUCINDA

Boring!

Desperation returns to Paulo.

They continue on down until the -2 button lights up. The elevator stops.

Paulo stares out through the glass.

A violent wind blows naked people around in darkness.

PAULO

What place is this?

LUCINDA

This is the second circle of hell.
It's for those who committed sins
of lust.

She puts her arm around him, seductively smiles at him.

LUCINDA

This is one of my favorite places.

PAULO

Is this where I get off?

LUCINDA

You took your brother's wife...
(suddenly remembers)
Ooops! I almost forgot about the
murder!

She winks at him.

LUCINDA

I have a much better place for you.

Her finger moves down to the number -9.

PAULO

Oh please no! Not number nine!

He stares in horror at her.

PAULO

(trembling voice)

...What's at number nine?

A huge sadistic smile spreads across her face then she pushes the -9 button. The elevator descends again.

LUCINDA

Going down.

Terror on Paulo's's face as they descend.

The further down they go, the darker and colder it gets.

Paulo's breath shows. He zips up his jacket, rubs his arms to stay warm.

After a short ride the doors open.

Paulo holds his breath. His eyes wide as he stares into complete darkness.

LUCINDA

This is it. This is where you belong. The worst of the worst.

Tortured screams in the distance are heard.

Paulo takes a short breath. The air from his mouth turns frosty in an instant. He turns and looks at Lucinda.

PAULO

I don't want to go...

LUCINDA

You lusted after your brother's wife and then you killed him. You didn't even think twice about digging up his body and desecrate his flesh at the chance at some money. Then you let those thugs kill Francine just so you could keep the treasure to yourself.

Paulo panics.

LUCINDA
(sympathetically)
It doesn't get much worse than that
Paulo.

He grabs her, holds on to her.

PAULO
Can I stay with you? I'll do
whatever you tell me too.

With a disgusted look on her face, she shoves him out.

LUCINDA
For heaven's sake, just go.

INT. HELL

The elevator seems to be suspended in the dark space. Out of
the open doors Paulo is pushed out.

He screams as he falls down, down, down.

The elevator doors close then the elevator quickly ascends.
There's only darkness and tortured screams.

FADE OUT:

DISSOLVE TO:

TANIS

She sits by the fire now, the watchcase open, gazing at the
tattoo it contains. She speaks without looking up.

TANIS
Nobody told Paulo that greed... it
be like a monster. It eat you up
from the inside...

She SNAPS the watchcase closed, then looks across the fire to
where we sit.

TANIS
...till there ain't nothin' left.

She stands and walks back to her display case.

TANIS

And if you got nothin' inside, then
where you be?

She gently returns the watch to its spot upon the shelf.

She turns back and smiles over her shoulder.

TANIS

Then maybe you be here, eh?

She closes the door. There are ANGUISHED MOANS of protest from within the cabinet as the door swings shut -- but they are INSTANTLY SILENCED as the latch CLICKS into place.

TANIS

But not tonight. Tonight you go
and leave Tanis be. Go back to the
warm things that make you
happy...whatever they be. But
maybe you come back and see Tanis
again...maybe Tanis got more things
to show you? Well, we just wait
and see.

Tanis winks, and then, with a dismissive wave of her arm, we are whisked away.

Back the way we came -- but backwards, as we leave -- away from the alcove and back through the dizzying array of gossamer linens.

Her voice echoes in our ears as we depart.

TANIS (V.O.)

But remember what you seen,
for a careless wish be the
death of you. When the Gods
truly want to punish us...

(beat)

...they answer our prayers.

And Tanis begins to laugh, and her O.S. LAUGHTER echoes and fades as we soar into the night sky -- back, back, away from her mountain.

And the stars wink out, one by one, until...

FADE TO BLACK

THE END