

I. Kathryn Railly -- Extract

Based on original screenplay and
characters by Janet and David Peoples
and filmed as "12 Monkeys" 1995

Dr. Kathryn Railly (Madeleine Stowe)

www.tempesta-tormenta.ca

Sequels-on-spec to "12 Monkeys" WGA/W WGA/W
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[Kathryn organizes out of friend Jim Halperin's house,
trying to figure out new angles to alert the authorities]

EXT. HOUSE (PHILADELPHIA) - DAY

Kathryn's Jeep is alone in the driveway of Jim's bungalow.

INT. HOUSE/DINING ROOM (SAME TIME)

Kathryn has her elbows up on a table with her hands to her
temples. The table is covered with papers and files.

CLARENCE (O.S.)
Help! Help!

She turns over a shoulder to the T.V. across the room.

INSERT - T.V. SCREEN "It's a Wonderful Life", B&W version

GEORGE BAILEY, horrified, looks down to Clarence wildly
THRASHING about in the river. George tosses off his coat
and DIVES over the railing to rescue his "guardian angel".

BACK TO SCENE

KATHRYN
Hmmm. You go, George Bailey.

Returning to the table, Kathryn grabs her latest book.

INSERT - BOOK IN HER HAND

"THE DOOMSDAY SYNDROME, Apocalyptic
Visions of the Mentally Ill"

BACK TO SCENE

She glumly flips through the pages.

INSERT - PAGE SHOWING A MIDDLEVAL PAINTING: A WOMAN'S FACE

"Cassandra the Prophetess". It's the one that looks a lot
like Kathryn, and that occupied a slide in her presentation
at her book launch.

BACK TO SCENE

Kathryn stares at the image with no reaction. She flips a few more pages and then perks up.

INSERT - PAGE DISPLAYING A LITHOGRAPH: A MAN IN ROBES

This is the slide image in the same presentation that showed a missionary-type figure in an outfit of the Crusades.

BACK TO SCENE

She slams the book closed and stares. She lifts herself up, tosses on a coat, and departs with a fresh determination.

INSERT - T.V. SCREEN - "Wonderful Life"

CLARENCE

I didn't fall in! I jumped in to save George!

GEORGE BAILEY

You what? To save me?

INT. JEEP/SKID ROW (PHILADELPHIA) - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Kathryn drives through the roughest part of downtown. She sniffs and wipes an annoying runny nose, and nibbles a fingernail as the derelicts and crack heads watch her go by.

She finds a place she's familiar with - it's where she and James Cole first saw the "Twelve Monkeys" stencils, near the run-down theater and the Freedom for Animals Association.

EXT. SKID ROW (SAME TIME)

She pulls over and gets out of her Jeep. It draws stares - and a crowd. She trots out of the way as winos, pimps and bag ladies saunter up to smell her and paw the nice car.

Kathryn peers into the theater and shudders. She stares at the stencils and a profoundly sad look crosses her face.

She cocks her head as she remembers something. She scurries across the intersection to where a BAG LADY and a half dozen DERELICTS congregate around a garbage tin fire.

KATHRYN

Hello. I'm looking for someone.

BAG LADY

Who, Dearie? Your Mumma down here?

They chuckle and crowd closer around the fire.

KATHRYN

No, it's... a few weeks ago, there was a preacher. He was around here...

WINO

She's talking about the Evangelist!

TRAMP

Are you the one he told us about?

KATHRYN

(blinks, confused)

Do you know where he is? I need to...

DERELICT

He gone. Back to where he came from.

KATHRYN

What about another man. I saw him.
He was very old, and he had no teeth.

There's laughter all around, mostly toothless!

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

He spoke to me. I spoke to him. He
must have known this "Evangelist"!

TRAMP

They all moved on. You should too, if
you know what's good for you!

KATHRYN

I know that. I know that. What about
all of you?

BAG LADY

We got what we need, Dearie. We're
not the ones in trouble.

Vanquished, Kathryn brings her hands to her face as she sits
down on the cold concrete curb.

KATHRYN

No... no. There's more I can do.

After a respite, Kathryn rises and scampers back to her car.
A derelict opens the door with a wave. She starts up, and
carols, reminiscent of her "dream", come on the car radio.

Everyone outside the car moves aside, and as Kathryn pulls
away they softly applaud. It doesn't seem a "sarcastic"
gesture, but it's certainly very odd. She knits her brow.

BAG LADY (O.S.)

Run away, Dearie. It's almost time!
You can't save them!