

A L M O S T E T E R N I T Y

From the novel by

RONALD EUGENE CLARK

Screen Play by

RONALD EUGENE CLARK

DRAFT

CHAPTER ONE SAMPLE ONLY

THE PLAYERS

In the order of their appearance:

Lucasiah (as J.P. Abernathy)
Mr. Anderson (Shopkeeper)
Mr. Ricci (Pretzel Vendor)
Cecil McMasters (Doorman & Cartographer)
Millie Polanco (Abernathy's Secretary)
Jefferson Watkins (Senior VP, Abernathy Transport, Inc.)
Lucasiah (as Wallace Taylor Pittman)
Tough guy #1 (O'Toole)
Tough guy #2
Lucasiah (as Benjamin Bradley)
Lucasiah (as Luc St. Clair)
John Dawkins (Chief Executive Officer)
Gunther Adams (Chief Security Officer)
Megan Reed (Special Projects Officer)
Harry McMasters (Executive Assistant)
Mary Jo Smyth (Chief Financial Officer)
Daniel "Sully" Sullivan aka Lancer (Chief Information Officer)
Seth (3rd son of Adam & Eve)
Adam (1st Man)

“ALMOST ETERNITY”

PREMISE: Lucasiah has been alive for 6000 years and is the grandson of Adam and Eve. He is immortal and cannot be injured. He has lived his long life changing identities as needed to avoid questions about never growing old. Lucasiah (Luc) looks to be around twenty five, is a master of disguise, has a photographic memory and has amassed a fortune over the centuries. He doesn't know why he is immortal and has always looked for that answer without success. Strange things have been occurring that may be leading to that ultimate answer.

FADE IN:

EXT. 23 EAST 62ND ST., NYC – EARLY MORNING, DEC 18, 1913

OLD NEW YORK CITY CLOSE TO CENTRAL PARK

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY), A typical well-off 1913 executive in his sixties in business suit and top hat and carrying a walking cane.

The man stepped through his doorway and squinted into the sun. He took a good long look around as his eyes adjusted and then made his way toward Central Park. He stopped into a shop for some cigars and apples at Anderson's Groceries.

ANDERSON'S GROCERIES

MR. ANDERSON (SHOPKEEPER), White male with apron and spectacles around fifty years old.

MR. ANDERSON (SHOPKEEPER)

Good morning, Mr. Abernathy.

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

And a good morning to you sir. How is the family today?

MR. ANDERSON (SHOPKEEPER)

They are a family, a wife that is smarter than me and children who think they are too. And how is business on Wall St. these days?

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

Oh, just fine, just fine. And how is your business doing?

MR. ANDERSON (SHOPKEEPER)

Worst year in the ten I've been here. But, people need the things I sell, so, unless everybody suddenly stops eating, I will be okay.

They settled their business, said their good mornings and Abernathy slid back into the stream of foot traffic on the street. Abernathy makes his way down the street and into the edge of the park looking for his pretzel vendor friend, Mr. Ricci. The park was confused with the sudden change of weather after a heavy snowfall. Little flowers blossomed, destined to die with the next snow. People were confused as well, carrying coats and umbrellas expecting a chill, but getting spring-like weather instead. The park was filled with nannies walking their charges and people passing through in a hurry to get to work. Not finding Mr. Ricci, Abernathy was about to hail a carriage when Mr. Ricci pushed his cart out of the park and into his spot. Abernathy turned back and politely stood by until Ricci opened his stand.

MR. RICCI (PRETZEL VENDOR), Classic Italian American with apron and cap around forty years old.

MR. RICCI (PRETZEL VENDOR)

So sorry Mr. Abernathy. My children are all sick with colds, and I was in the toilet room all night with them.

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

That's horrible. Stop by Mr. Anderson's store after you close up tonight, and I will have him prepare something to help with your sick children.

Abernathy got a bag of pretzels and gave Mr. Ricci a five-dollar gold coin. Mr. Ricci showed his appreciation for the over-payment with a big smile and a tip of his cap. There were other customers waiting, so they said goodbye for the day. Abernathy caught a carriage for the ten-minute bumpy ride to Wall Street. The city was changing the streets from cobblestones to black tar pavement but had not yet reached the streets Abernathy was traveling upon. Horse-drawn black carriages were backed up with people getting out and cramming into the financial high rises. Abernathy arrived at his building and was greeted by the doorman, Cecil. Cecil was a very sharp black fellow that was about to be offered a position in Abernathy's offices.

CECIL MCMASTERS (DOORMAN & CARTOGRAPHER), Black male in a 1913 doorman's uniform around forty years old.

CECIL MCMASTERS (DOORMAN & CARTOGRAPHER)

Good morning, Mr. Abernathy.

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

And good morning to you, Sir. I believe we have a meeting this morning. I look forward to it.

CECIL MCMASTERS (DOORMAN & CARTOGRAPHER)

As do I, Sir. As do I.

DISSOLVE TO:

ABERNATHY'S OFFICE

Abernathy entered his offices through the main doors, and half a dozen people greeted him. When he reached his personal office, his secretary, Millie Polanco, took his coat, hat, scarf and gloves.

MILLIE POLANCO (ABERNATHY'S SECRETARY), White female in dress professional secretary attire with hair pulled up in a bun around fifty years old.

MILLIE POLANCO (ABERNATHY'S SECRETARY)

Good morning, Sir.

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

It is, isn't it...

She then herded him into his office, obviously anxious to get the day started. His name was on the brass doorplate read "J.P. Abernathy, President." His office was a good size at 32 by 38 feet, but felt smaller with all the furnishings. There were two big comfortable sofas facing each other as he entered with a large low coffee table in the center. Several small beautiful vases sat quietly in the middle of the table. Each couch was set off by matching end tables. The end tables and couch sets were different, but similar in size and style. The Persian rug beneath was large, thick and complimented the furniture perfectly. This end of the room had walnut paneling. The rest of the room held built-in book and display cases filled to the brim, making the room look more like a museum than an office. The books were expensive and rare. At first glance, the books looked like those in any very, very nice private library. Upon closer inspection, one would find first editions of masterpieces by Voltaire, Robert Burns, Audubon, William Blake and many, many more. Personal letters written by the authors were tucked into the books here and there. The display cases were packed with things that some might mistake as nothing but old junk. But they were valuable for their historic significance. The collection included pens that signed the Magna Carta, the Declaration of Independence, the United States Constitution, significant treaties between nations and much more. One case stood alone and housed a handwriting-duplicating machine that Thomas Jefferson used for years. Every piece of furnishing was old, in perfect condition, beautifully handcrafted with lots of inlay and fine woodcarvings and imported from Europe.

All of this surrounded Abernathy's huge desk. It was the picture of organization. His writing supplies of paper, pen and ink were there more for display than use. The implements were little used anymore. Abernathy did all of his business writing on a typewriter now. Two typewriters sat next to each other along with stacks of paper and envelopes. Around the "outgoing" workspace were stacks of "incoming" items like newspapers, magazines, other less reputable publications, books and such items. There were special spaces for mail, telegrams and packages. The necessary lamps and niceties made the desk homier. But there were no pictures of family or friends.

The drawers were ordinary looking if opened, but every one of them had some kind of a false bottom. He used those compartments to hide serious and secretive writings. They were all unlocked with a slide built into the wood trim around one side at the top of each drawer. The rest of the desk was a giant Chinese puzzle box. It held a hidden side compartment that opened with no less than six mechanisms set precisely to unlock it. Inside was a very special and expensive personal arsenal of weapons. Pistols included ones that shot tranquilizer darts and incendiary bullets. There was even a gas propelled rapid-fire pistol machine gun.

If someone were smart enough to get into this enclosure and knew the next three things to push, pull or set, another compartment would be revealed. And that one led to another and then another. These inner compartments contained stacks, bags and pouches of gold, silver and precious gems. He considered all of these things necessary fluid assets.

MILLIE POLANCO (ABERNATHY'S SECRETARY)

You have two meetings today, one with Jefferson and then one with Cecil. He is such a nice man. I look forward to working with him...

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

I'm going to be behind closed doors after those two meetings for the rest of the day.

Abernathy nodded and Millie scurried away. A knock at the door and Jefferson enters the room.

JEFFERSON WATKINS (SENIOR VP, ABERNATHY TRANSPORT, INC.),
White male in formal business period attire with hairdo around fifty years old.

JEFFERSON WATKINS (SENIOR VP, ABERNATHY TRANSPORT, INC.)

Good morning, JP. Let me tell you about the progress we are making on getting contracts on the two routes you wanted to push ahead with.

He was negotiating rights to expand his routes when every other transportation company was selling theirs. He thought in very long terms and had the cash reserves to do whatever he wished. Besides, he was manipulating certain

influential men in Congress and knew the future better than most. This was a balancing act that he had perfected. Abernathy gave Jefferson a list of items to purchase to keep the trains moving. It was time to use some reserves of fuel as the prices were rising quickly with the arrival of winter weather. With that business concluded, Abernathy asked Jefferson to stay on for the next meeting.

DISSOLVE TO:

End of conversation as a knock comes at the door.

MILLIE POLANCO (ABERNATHY'S SECRETARY)

Excuse me gentlemen, Mr. McMasters is here for your meeting with him.

Abernathy waves them in.

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

Good Morning Mr. McMasters, good morning. Come in, come in please. And have a seat here.

Cecil comes in with Millie and they sit down. Cecil looks scared.

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

Cecil, I will get right down to business. I want to offer you a job.

With that, Cecil switched from worried to excited.

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

You and I have spoken many times, and I have always been impressed with your keen insights. How did you come to be so well educated without attending any school past high school?

CECIL MCMASTERS (DOORMAN & CARTOGRAPHER)

My mother made me read. She made me read everything she could get her hands on.

Abernathy nodded.

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

Yes, mothers can be driven when they truly want the best for their children. God bless her.

They all chuckled.

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

If you could have any job in this office, which one would it be, besides mine, of course.

That got another chuckle.

CECIL MCMASTERS (DOORMAN & CARTOGRAPHER)

I am really good with understanding maps.

JEFFERSON WATKINS (SENIOR VP, ABERNATHY TRANSPORT, INC.)

Interesting. How in the world did you learn to do that?

CECIL MCMASTERS (DOORMAN & CARTOGRAPHER)

We used to play a game called Pirate's Treasure, and my Daddy would make a treasure map for us. He would hide the treasure, and we would have to find it. It could take days sometimes. Then I made a game of finding things that were wrong with real maps. It was fun.

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

Millie, please prepare the paperwork for employment for Mr. McMasters here and make him a clerk in our library with a special assignment. I want him to spend six months reviewing our maps and preparing a report on his findings. After that, we will decide where his new career should take him. Cecil, a clerk makes \$80 a week. Is that acceptable?

CECIL MCMASTERS (DOORMAN & CARTOGRAPHER)

Yes, sir! Thank you, sir!"

The amount effectively tripled his old salary.

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

Cecil, it is I who will be thanking you. I hope that you find that all our files are in order but, if not, we need to know. I am particularly interested in flood plain maps and what risks we are carrying regarding flooding rivers in Ohio.

Abernathy turned to Jefferson.

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

And let me make one thing very clear. Cecil is not to be given special treatment either, favorably or unfavorably. He is not to be disrespected in any way by anyone. Provide him what he needs to do his job with the same courtesy we give to all our employees.

He turned to Cecil

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

I want your employment here to be above reproach. I'm not giving you any special favors because I think you are an honorable man and want to earn your way through your career, not have it handed to you.

Abernathy paused to let that sink in and turned to Millie.

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

Please make sure that Cecil has enough time before he starts his new job to give proper notice to his current employer. We do not want to burn any bridges. Then please check on him every day and make sure that all is well. I would like to have a lunch meeting in my office with him in one month and every month thereafter.

Abernathy stood to end the meeting And ushered everyone out of his office.

LUCASIAH (AS J.P. ABERNATHY)

Thank you all. And good day.

As soon as Millie and Jefferson left and he was finally alone behind locked doors, Abernathy attacked the pile of work on his desk. He read everything, typed up his letters and other papers and wrote up answers to telegrams. He spent thirty-three minutes doing what would take any other man all day. Millie would be in at the end of the day to move piles from one stack to another. Then she would make new stacks out of the correspondence that showed up in the office that day.

Abernathy got up from his desk, walked around a bit and stretched. He stared out the windows at the busy street below and sighed. Done with his quiet ponderings, he approached a bookcase. He reached into a small space between books, and moved a lever that allowed the huge case to swing open exposing a hidden room with several closets. Within the room were a makeup table and other utilitarian furnishings. He undressed and laid his clothes carefully aside, then removed the wig and fake beard that completed the Mr. Abernathy costume that gave him the appearance of looking to be around sixty. After quickly dressing in old street clothes, he suddenly appeared forty years younger and was ready to move around the city, blending in with the hard working people that were everywhere.

LUCASIAH (AS WALLACE TAYLOR PITTMAN), Wally looks to be a regular hustling street urchin dressed in old street clothes and looks to be around twenty.

He left the building by a hidden staircase that deposited him in an alley. He had a lunch meeting in two hours and headed straight back to his house. On the way, he

made the time to stop by Anderson's store to order a couple of bags of groceries for Mr. Ricci. He had done this many times for lots of the people who lived around him, and Mr. Anderson was pleased with the big sale every time. In this guise, he was a familiar face at the Abernathy house as Mr. Abernathy's ward, Wally, who did the maintenance on the property. His full name was Wallace Taylor Pittman, and he would inherit some of the Abernathy holdings when that identity was retired.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANDERSON'S GROCERIES

When Wally Pittman entered Anderson's Grocery Store, two burly men who were carrying everything they could grab pushed by him quickly, and he saw Mr. Anderson getting a broom to clean up a mess. The mess was not just a spill. A whole aisle had been torn up, and goods were scattered all over the floor. It was obvious the two men had done this. Wally assumed this was related to rumblings he had heard about a gang of tuffs trying to extort protection money from the local merchants.

LUCASIAH (AS WALLACE TAYLOR PITTMAN)

Are you okay? Did they hurt you?

Wally was getting angrier as he asked these questions.

MR. ANDERSON (SHOPKEEPER)

I am fine. Nothing to worry about. Just a minor misunderstanding.

Anderson said this half-heartedly, trying more to convince himself than Wally. Wally turned and left the store to look for the two men. They were just entering the park and he followed them quickly. He reached the street just as they were starting their shake-down routine on Mr. Ricci, his pretzel vendor friend. Wally dashed across the street and prepared to confront the hooligans. They looked to be in their mid-thirties and built like barrel-chested dockworkers. Wally hoped the assailants were armed with knives and nothing else. Wally put on a London cockney accent.

CENTRAL PARK

LUCASIAH (AS WALLACE TAYLOR PITTMAN)

Hold up there mates. I run this part of the city for Abernathy, and he won't take kindly to you two moving in on his territory.

The shorter of the two spoke while the other began to move to his right for a better position to handle this intruder.

TOUGH GUY #1 (O'TOOLE)

Well, we ain't heard of no Abernathy, and these kind folks just want our protection from folks like him anyway.

TOUGH GUY #2

And what would a skinny twerp like you have to say about it, if we were a mind to listen?

LUCASIAH (AS WALLACE TAYLOR PITTMAN)

I would say that you are making a very bad mistake.

Both men made a move towards Wally with one pulling his arm back to take a swing. Wally threw a sidekick breaking the knee of the man on his left while he blocked a punch from the one in front of him. As his swing went by, Wally grabbed the man's hand and twisted until he heard cartilage tearing. Wally held on, twisting the man's right arm as he dropped to his knees. Wally pulled out a revolver with his free hand and shoved it in the man's face.

LUCASIAH (AS WALLACE TAYLOR PITTMAN)

Now there's a good lad.

The one with the broken knee had managed to pull his own gun from his waist. Wally turned his gun toward him and shot his kneecap to finish destroying it. The man dropped his gun in favor of clutching at what was left of his knee. By then, Mr. Ricci had moved in ready to help if needed. Wally directed his question at Mr. Ricci.

LUCASIAH (AS WALLACE TAYLOR PITTMAN)

Would you mind gathering up his pistol, please?

Mr. Ricci reached down where the gun had fallen and picked it up.

LUCASIAH (AS WALLACE TAYLOR PITTMAN)

Take everything in his pockets.

Wally was still holding the arm of the other man, but he managed to pull a gun with his free hand. Wally released the man's right arm and put a bullet through his left one. The man's gun went flying as he dropped to the ground in pain. Mr. Ricci was watching in awe at the action.

LUCASIAH (AS WALLACE TAYLOR PITTMAN)

Be careful in those pockets. I'm sure there's a blade or two somewhere on him.

He said this as he went through the pockets of the man he was standing over. Wally found a boot knife, a switchblade, some identification papers and a wad of cash. Mr. Ricci came up with the same. Mr. Ricci handed it all to Wally.

MR. RICCI (PRETZEL VENDOR)

That's some pretty fancy gun play, Wally. Nice to have a friend like you around.

Wally smiled at him and got back to business.

LUCASIAH (AS WALLACE TAYLOR PITTMAN)

Now, here's the way it's going to be. You two are going back to your minder and tell him what happened here. Then you will tell him that Mr. Abernathy respectfully requests that he leave the folks from this side of the park over to Lexington alone. No harm, no foul. A nice respectable arrangement. Can you lads remember that message?

TOUGH GUY #2

Yes, sir. A good arrangement to be sure. Yes. No trouble again. None whatsoever. Right O'Toole?

TOUGH GUY #1 (O'TOOLE)

Yes, yes. We won't be bothering these nice people again. No bothering at all. Yes, sir.

LUCASIAH (AS WALLACE TAYLOR PITTMAN)

O'Toole, help your friend along and off with the both of you.

O'Toole got to his feet and slowly walked around the gun still pointed at him, helped the other tough up, and they limped away. Wally turned to Mr. Ricci and handed him the cash.

LUCASIAH (AS WALLACE TAYLOR PITTMAN)

Take what is yours and return the rest to our friends who were fleeced today, please. And I would appreciate it if you kept this to yourself as best you can. I don't need the publicity.

MR. RICCI (PRETZEL VENDOR)

Wally, did you see that big stranger take on those hoodlums? I wonder who he was? Tonight, I will thank God for blessing me with a friend like you.

Wally turned back, smiled and thought what a profound statement that was coming from this simple and kind man. It gave Wally an idea. Maybe it was time to create a group of trustworthy friends with whom he could share ideas. Wally patted the wise vendor on the shoulder and walked away as if nothing had happened. Besides, Wally had a schedule to keep.

ABERNATHY HOUSE

There were four entrances to the house. Three were obvious -- the main double front doors, a kitchen entrance from the side yard and a set of double doors onto a large back porch. However, there was also a camouflaged doorway through a brick wall in the alley. Still made up as Wally, he used the front entrance with a key. He slipped in and changed clothes into another old man disguise. This one looked to be about fifty and portly. He was quite a dandy from the South and owned a large coal mining concern. He was having a lunch meeting with his executives and bankers. He slipped out the secret alley entrance and joined the other people on the street smoothly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERIOR OF FANCY RESTUARANT

The meeting was at his favorite luncheon restaurant located around the block from Abernathy Transport, Inc. and two blocks from his southern gentleman's offices. It was an important meeting in preparation for the upcoming financial storm. His guests greeted him as Benjamin Bradley. They enjoyed an excellent lunch while they chatted about the country, finances and the markets. They were all waiting for the orders they knew were coming, and Bradley dragged the lunch out just to watch them fidget. Their livelihoods depended on him, and they were worried.

Bradley gave them specific directions on what needed to be done to minimize the impact on his coal business. He had many friends that were wise to the fiscal situation including several senators and congressional representatives. Bradley often knew things that most people did not. That was because he owned a majority of the complete supply chain. He owned an arms manufacturing company that contracted exclusively with the military, a freight shipping company that shipped the armaments, a railroad that contracted with the shipping company, and several large coalmines that provided fuel for his railroad. He owned each of these businesses as different people. You could say it gave him a leg up. It was also against several anti-monopoly laws.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTERIOR OF BRADLEY COAL MINING COMPANY OFFICE BUILDING

After lunch, Bradley moved on to his coal mining company office. Having met with his finance team, he then met with his senior operations staff and briefed them on what to do during the next few weeks. He lied to them and told them he was leaving on a trip to Europe in a few days and would not be back for three months. Everything would be just fine. He had other matters to attend to with some inventor friends. When he wrapped up his Bradley Coal Concerns business, he slipped back into the Abernathy offices, changed into his Abernathy costume and hurried home. He would be attending the opera that night...

DISSOLVE TO:

TODAY 23 EAST 62ND ST., NEW YORK CITY

His old house was still in fine shape though it had not been used in forty years. He rode his bike past it every once in a while just to keep watch. There were some very valuable items inside, and the security system was state of the art. Satisfied once again, he flew along to his home in the Empire State Building. He was using his Luc St. Clair name today as he usually did while in this beautiful building. Most of the time he just went by Luc or Lucas. At least for the last fifty years or so. Today was a very big day. He was expanding his circle by adding a computer hacker (technologist) to his team and would be dropping the mother of all secrets on him. The hacker thought he had a Top Secret clearance, and he did. However, it was about to go way beyond all that. By the way, this technologist was not just any hacker. He was known on the Net as Lancer, and he was the best of the best at what he did. Moreover, Luc and his team knew this because they found him when he tried to access the most secure files containing Luc's most important secrets. Luc's own team of computer wizards saw Lancer start his hack. The battle took a full hour while they threw everything they had at him -- three firewalls, a new encryption algorithm they developed for the National Security Agency and one self-evolving firewall. But the hacker still got further in than any of their test attacks ever had. In the end, he succeeded in accessing only the cover data. All fake. However, that allowed the team to track him with some tricks of their own. They didn't bust him, but hired him instead. That was eight months ago.

The current members in his circle included the Chief Executive Officer, Chief Security Officer, Special Projects Officer, Executive Assistant, and Chief Financial Officer.

JOHN DAWKINS (CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER), John Dawkins was his personal CEO and had been for thirty-eight years. He looked great for fifty-eight years of age. Dawkins was the most intelligent person Luc had ever met, except for himself. He discovered John in one of his shipping companies after he graduated from Harvard Law and further helped John along with his education. John got his PhD from Oxford in International Trade and a Juris Doctorate from Harvard specializing in corporate law. John had been at the top of his classes always. He was small in stature compared to Luc at only 5'8" with a full head of blonde wavy hair. John had always worn suits, and Luc could not remember seeing him without a tie on. John only bought his clothes from one Italian tailor. He could afford it. In fact, he could afford anything thanks to Luc. However, John's best quality was the ability to sum up a situation quickly and clearly for Luc. John could sort through data from a wide variety of sources, distill it down to relevant information, put numbers and percentages to it, and present the conclusions quickly and clearly. Luc loved it.

GUNTHER ADAMS (CHIEF SECURITY OFFICER), Luc's CSO was Gunther Adams. Gunther had only been with him for eight years. Gunther was forty-two

years old and very, very fit. He was short, stocky and always dressed for action in military-looking clothes. Dressing up for Gunther meant a pullover collared shirt and a sport coat. He always had a couple of guns on him and an assortment of other toys. He was the only other person who had an internal communication unit like Luc's in his skull. When Gunther was hired, he insisted they be able to communicate anytime and anywhere.

When Luc was looking for someone to fill the security position, he called in favors from the Pentagon, and they sent him to the CIA. Gunther was at the top of a very short list. He was skilled in every weapon invented and helps invent new weapons now.

Gunther's most valuable asset to Luc was his connections. He could call his contacts and get help on the spot anytime. Gunther cultivated his network and, with Luc's resources, was very successful. He also enjoyed chasing secrets. A couple of years ago, Luc and Gunther were chatting when the subject of Area 51 came up. They decided they should see for themselves what was going on there. There was a lot of speculation between them, but they wanted the real dirt. Gunther arranged clearances and they took a field trip. No aliens, but many cool new toys were discovered.

At last count, Luc had nine research and development facilities doing Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) projects. It kept him on the front-edge of technology. Besides, he had always liked toys. Luc knew that Area 51 turned out to be anticlimactic for Gunther without the aliens. In Luc's mind, Gunther was a lot like James Bond.

MEGAN REED (SPECIAL PROJECTS OFFICER), Luc's SPO was Megan Reed. She has been with him for twenty years and was forty-seven. She dressed quite ordinary in casual business attire always. She was pretty, but could sometimes look great with a little makeup. Her hair had always been short, and she would not color it so gray was starting to appear. She could keep more balls in the air than even Luc. And that was a lot. She was married to a radio basketball announcer who did college games and made radio commercials too. They had two kids that kept her busy when Luc didn't; James was fourteen and Justin was twelve. The family lived down the hall from Luc, and he helped James with his homework. They spent a lot of time talking about girls now -- James had a crush on a stuck-up rich girl that wouldn't give him the time of day. Luc would also take the boys to the local basketball courts and let them win most of the time. Without them knowing it, he fed them the newest video games and they provided some beta testing for him.

Besides Megan's project management skills, she was the one Luc counted on to help him do the right thing. She was a Christian and her moral advice was always valuable. He often decided things with a little too much callousness. You would too if you had seen what he had seen. Life becomes less of a miracle when you have lived through the deaths of one hundred billion people.

HARRY MCMASTERS (EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT), His EA was Harry McMasters. Harry had been with Luc for twenty-eight years and was his best friend. He was the best best friend Luc had ever had, and Luc had known a lot of best friends. Harry often fooled people with the butler routine. In reality, he was much, much more. He spoke four languages besides English, including Chinese, Japanese, Spanish and French. Luc worked with him on his language skills all the time. Luc particularly enjoyed his Chinese Mandarin but, when he spoke English, Harry had a quiet southern drawl. He was also Luc's sparring partner and personal trainer. Luc watched Harry's career as he was growing up. He was the son of Cecil McMasters, the retired head of his cartography department for a railroad company Luc owned. Cecil passed away several years ago and had asked Luc to look out for his son when he first became sick. Harry was a Marine Corp Master Sergeant when they met, and he and Luc instantly became close friends. Harry was black with no hair and a goatee. They talked about his father a lot. Next to his father, Harry was the most honorable person Luc had ever met. By the way, Harry really looked quite *bad*. He too packed an arsenal on him.

MARY JO SMYTH (CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER), Luc's CFO was Mary Jo Smyth, and she managed billions of dollars, or Euros or Yen, or whatever, every day. Luc was easily the richest person in the world, so she had her work cut out for her. Mary Jo had been with Luc for seventeen years then. They had been lovers twice but were currently not. The age difference made it a challenge. Mary Jo had bright red shoulder-length hair and was still stunning when she dressed up, which was less and less frequent those days. Luc thought she should date more, but she did have a couple of guys with whom she would vacation. She was sixty years old, and she was still *hot*.

DANIEL "SULLY" SULLICAN AKA LANCER (CHIEF INFORMATION OFFICER), Lancer Daniel Sullivan, aka Sully, was twenty-two and the exact opposite of what you would expect a geek to look like. He would look quite natural on the cover of *GQ* magazine, being 6'2" and slim. If Sully took the new job Luc was about to offer, he would become the Chief Information Officer.

The team revealed to Sully the truth about Luc. He was not Luc, the kid who helped around the Operations Center. He was someone and something entirely different. Including the name Luc, he used seven fake identities and made up temporary ones as needed. Luc learned long ago that anonymity kept him protected -- protected from the world. It was a lesson he had learned over the years and centuries, because he was immortal.

SETH (3RD SON OF ADAM & EVE)

ADAM (1ST MAN)

He was Lucasiah, the fifth son of Seth, the third son of Adam, and had been alive for over sixty centuries.

END OF SAMPLE

SCREENPLAY ADAPTATION

OF

AMOST ETERNITY

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DRAFT

CHAPTER ONE SAMPLE ONLY