

God's Obituary

Written by
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Based on the Short Story by
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OVER BLACK

The voice of ALAN WINCHMASTER:

ALAN

My family has been incarcerated without bail - without formal charges - in a black bag government prison.

A WASH OF DIGITAL SNOW RESOLVES INTO

INT. CHARLIE ROSE SET - DAY

ALAN WINCHMASTER leans onto the table.

Imagine River Phoenix... cleaned up and lived into his mid thirties: dapper with a wave of long blonde hair swept over beautiful, frighteningly intense eyes that pierce the camera lens.

ALAN

My son is two. Suffers from Down syndrome. Who knows if he's even been allowed to see his mother.

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL CHARLIE ROSE

Thin, wrinkled - a shock of angel-hair white on his head. This is not today's Charlie, but CHARLIE ROSE IN HIS EARLY 80s: still going strong.

CHARLIE ROSE

And yet, you could free them if you returned to the United States.

Alan gives Charlie Rose a look that would freeze vodka - and then FLICKERS. Alan is here virtually, a hologram.

ALAN

And be locked up by the same government that kidnapped them? The United States is ransoming my family for my work - my intellectual property. Would you take that risk?

CHARLIE ROSE

But a lot of people think your work is evil and should be banned.

ALAN

What people? The Army? The government? Do you trust them to tell you what's evil?

CHARLIE ROSE
But your experiments -

ALAN
Are going to change everything. The world
as they know it is about to vanish and
that scares them.
(off Charlie's shock)
It scares them that I won't sell my ideas
so they can use them to make weapons. It
scares them so much that they are holding
my little boy hostage.

Charlie sits back for a moment, then leans in again:

CHARLIE ROSE
They say you have a unique nickname.

ALAN
I don't see what that's got to do with -

CHARLIE ROSE
Can you tell our audience?

Alan shakes his head, then:

ALAN
My friends call me "God".

CHARLIE ROSE
What do your enemies call you?

Alan responds with a withering stare.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE OVER BLACK: THIRTY DAYS EARLIER

SMASH IN ON FIVE BLACK VANS

PUSHING through a financial district: black windows, no
plates, no noise other than WHIRRING electric propulsion.

CRANE UP TO THE ROOF OF THE LEAD SUV

A hatch SLIDES OPEN. A sleek DRONE rises and deploys,
SOARING UP and away into:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DAY

The drone SLICES air like a bird of prey. Its red-glowing
FORWARD camera comes front and center.

One of the many buildings in the city's spiking profile center-punches the drone's convex eye.

TRAVEL THROUGH THE DRONE LENS

The building becomes a SEMI-TRANSPARENT DIGITIZED GRID.

INSIDE THE BUILDING

HUMAN BODIES IN HEAT-SENSING IMAGING go about their business... except one - in an upper level - she RUNS...

SMASH CUT INTO THE BUILDING

INT. WINCHMASTER BIOGENETICS - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Modern glass and steel - exposed ducts, open floorplan.

THEODORA DIXON - an aquiline black woman in a Chanel suit: imagine Thandie Newton in a decade or so - RUNS through frosted glass doors etched with a logo -

WINCHMASTER BIOGENETICS

Into the BULLPEN.

High-tech gear everywhere - desks mix with lab benches and organic chemistry equipment: some anarchist's idea of a startup.

Every station has an **interactive holographic display** hovering above it like a nimbus of data.

Theodora plows into a face-to-face with BEN WINCHMASTER, 30s - Alan's younger brother. If Alan is River Phoenix, then Ben is Joaquin: open, vulnerable, visibly broken.

THEODORA

Ben. Where's God?

BEN

He's in Heaven.

THEODORA

Jesus Christ.

(looks around, then)

They're coming -

BEN

Homeland, EPA, FDA - FBI?

THEODORA

All of them.

BEN

All of them?

THEODORA

They're calling it a "joint task force" -
it's everything they have. We need to
bug out. Now.

BEN

But... we're not doing anything
illegal... they know that...

THEODORA

And they don't care. You know what they
really want.

Ben throws up his arms, then heads for a wall-mounted
holo-terminal - his hands wave over the device: a
holographic "microphone" appears near his face.

BEN

This is Ben Winchmaster - this is a code
thirteen emergency - we are purging all
operations - walk away from your
instruments - shred your ID cards - exit
the building by any means possible.

Ben pushes a virtual button:

ALL OF THE HOLO-CLOUDS IN THE LAB GO BLACK

A state of near-panic ERUPTS. Workers RUSH from their
desks - throwing off their labcoats and dropping IDs into
SHREDDERS by the doors as they make their way out.

THEODORA

(to Ben)

Let's tell God.

INT. HALLWAY TO HEAVEN - MOMENTS LATER

A SLIDING STAINLESS DOOR WHOOSHES OPEN. Theodora and Ben,
BARREL into the tube-shaped space as RED LAB-COATED TECHS
rush the opposite direction - taking off their coats and
throwing their tablet computers into an INCINERATOR.

BEN

(to the Techs)

Go, get out of here - go!

THEODORA

(to the LEAD TECH)

Where's God?

LEAD TECH

He won't - he won't leave
the baby -

THEODORA

(to Ben)

Damn it - come on, come on!

Ben reaches a second door at the end of the hallway, taps a holo-keypad and opens it to REVEAL:

INT. HEAVEN - ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The antechamber looks through a large, lens-like window into a GEODESIC DOME-SHAPED LABORATORY LINED WITH INDUSTRIAL MEZZANINES.

Alan - his back turned to the antechamber - stands alone by an opaque, spherical vat on a central platform. His hands busily - but calmly - interface with a room-filling holo-console. A concert pianist at work.

Ben reaches for a panel - activating an intercom.

BEN

Alan. Bro. G-men at the gates.

Alan calmly raises one finger into the air and keeps working with his other hand... then...

ALAN (FILTERED)

Benjamin. I'm trying to deliver a baby.

THEODORA

We gotta torch the place - minutes - maybe seconds.

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES BUILDING - PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

The doors to the vans GULLWING OPEN before the vehicles stop, disgorging SUN-GLASSED MEN AND WOMEN in black suits - all of them wield small submachine-guns.

THEIR GLASSES BLAZE WITH TERMINATOR-LIKE HEADS-UP DISPLAYS

At the lead: a red-haired, intensely green-eyed AGENT in her 40s. HELENA KRAZNY.

Imagine Jessica Chastain in *Zero Dark Thirty* - with an additional decade of hard, strident intelligence work under her belt.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. HEAVEN - ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ben pleads with his brother, back still turned, as
Theodora talks into her phone:

THEODORA
They're in the building.

ALAN (FILTERED)
(calm, resolved)
I'm not leaving her.

BEN
Alan, please. Data's
backed up offshore -

ALAN (FILTERED)
I'm going to finish
bringing her to term...
then I'll get out of the
building - when I know
she's safe - OK?

BEN
- and it's keyed to your DNA.

ALAN (FILTERED)
Ten fingers and ten toes.

BEN
We can start over.

ALAN (FILTERED)
Do me a favor, Ben. Take my phone...
it's in the locker.

BEN
Please.

ALAN
Go as far away as you can. Call Gabriela.
Tell her what's going on. She'll know
what to do.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES BUILDING - STAIRWELLS - INTERCUT

RADIO CHATTER fills the space as the G-Men and Women
clamber up the stairs - weapons at the ready.

RESUME ON BEN AND THEODORA

As she CLICKS OFF her phone:

THEODORA
I gotta go - can't do anything for you if
they take me out in irons.

BEN

Go, go, go -

(then, into the console)

Damnit, Alan, look at me - you need to come with us.

Alan pushes a virtual button on his holo-console.

THE HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAYS RATCHET UP

With heart-rate, brainwave and respiration monitor screens. A COMPUTER VOICE fills the room:

COMPUTER VOICE

Delivery in sixty seconds... 59... 58...

Alan turns to face Ben - stepping across a gantry as he speaks to finally meet him face-to-face across the glass.

Alan's face is pleasant - his eyes are large, projecting charm and a deceptive amount of empathy - and his thick lips curl into a comforting smile.

ALAN (FILTERED)

(endearment, not insult)

I'm looking at you now, little man.

(holding his brother's gaze)

Take my phone. Secure the door to the antechamber. Go as far away as you can. Call Gabriela and tell her I love her.

The two men stare at one another for a few seconds...

Alan then turns and goes back to the platform.

COMPUTER VOICE

56... 55... draining nutrient sacs...
initiating respiration protocols...

THE VAT COMES TO LIFE

Valves OPEN. A number of transparent bladders SWELL with brackish amniotic fluid.

BEN

Reaches for a locker and removes a bright red phone from a plastic bag next to a neatly folded suit jacket.

BEN

Love you too.

SMASH CUT TO THE BULLPEN

Krazny's strike force SPREADS like a swarm of mechanized bees - covering every exit, stopping the last members of the operation from leaving.

Krazny waves a sheaf of digi-paper and BARKS ORDERS:

KRAZNY

Everybody freeze. I'm Special Agent Helena Krazny and I have a warrant for the search and seizure of all assets - that includes you humans and all the contents of your brains, so please, put your hands over your heads...

ONE EMPLOYEE

Tries to run and gets STUN-BATONED with an echoing ZAP!

KRAZNY (CONT'D)

...and try to cooperate.

As other employees get WRESTLED DOWN and ZIP-TIED:

SMASH CUT TO HEAVEN

The machine BELLOWS. More bladders FILL. A large iris-like opening expands at the center of the array.

For all of the holographic computer technology lighting Alan's face: the device looks like a massive birth canal.

SMASH CUT TO KRAZNY

A G-WOMAN steps up to Krazny:

G-WOMAN

We have Winchmaster. Positive trace.

KRAZNY

Lab?

G-WOMAN

No... skyway.

Krazny's ALREADY RUNNING, waving two more Gs to follow.

INT. WINCHMASTER BIOGENETICS - SKYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Two Gs BUST out of a door onto this passage between buildings - and rapidly close the distance to FLY TACKLE a fleeing scientist!

Krazny steps up as the Gs turn the fleeing scientist to show Ben - scared shitless - holding his brother's phone!

KRAZNY

Shit!

SMASH CUT TO HEAVEN

The iris DILATES completely:

COMPUTER VOICE

Delivery complete. Delivery complete.

A CAPSULE - about the size of a loaf of bread, made of black, opaque metal DESCENDS ONTO ALAN'S WAITING ARMS.

Alan smiles.

IN QUICK CUTS

Alan throws off his red labcoat and puts the capsule in a black satchel.

The Gs SHOVE Ben face-down as they zip tie his wrists.

Krazny RUSHES DOWN A HALLWAY, flanked by more Gs.

Alan DESCENDS FROM HIS PLATFORM DOWN A LADDER to a small hatch at the bottom of his spherical lab.

Krazny reaches the door to the antechamber, then steps back.

Her Gs produce a SONIC BATTERING RAM which powers up with a high-whine, then produces a SHOCKWAVE:

AND BLASTS THE METAL FROM ITS FRAME

With a loud THUNK!

ALAN

Closes the hatch over his head.

INT. HEAVEN - ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Krazny and her Gs STORM in through a haze of debris. Krazny reaches the window just in time to see:

A HOLOGRAPHIC CIRCLE

Floating above the dormant lab. A GLOWING RING around the circle appears three segments from closing... then two...

KRAZNY

Oh shit! Fall back! Fall -

KABOOM!

A billow of orange fire and black smoke fills the window!

Krazny falls back - protected by the thick glass but overwhelmed by a wave of overpowering heat:

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

Alan climbs out from an open grate on the curb to see the side of his building - BLACK SMOKE POURING OUT FROM THE WINDOWS ON A SINGLE FLOOR.

Alan pulls on an overcoat and rushes past the rapidly gathering crowd of rubbernecks.

INT. HEAVEN - ANTECHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

The high-pitched RINGING of temporary hearing loss.

Krazny lifts herself up and looks through the glass to the skyline - resolving through a frame of wreckage.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - STREET - LATER

Alan puts the chaos further behind him, lifting his hand as a miniature holo-display resolves over his watch.

ALAN

Where's my ride?

VOICE FROM ALAN'S WATCH

Your car will be here in 3... 2... 1...

And just then, a TOWN CAR pulls up. Alan opens the door.

INT. TOWN CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Alan settles into the back seat.

ALAN

How quickly can you get to the airstrip?

REVERSE ANGLE ON THE DRIVERS SEAT

There's no driver - just a holographic display.

HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY

ETA in thirty minutes.

ALAN

Privacy please.

A holographic PRIVACY SCREEN resolves. The windows BLACK OUT. Alan reaches into his satchel.

ALAN (CONT'D)

How's my baby? How's my little Sally?

CLOSE ON THE CAPSULE

Alan touches a small control panel. A small part of the opaque outer covering becomes TRANSPARENT.

Through it - barely discernible in the darkness - pokes the little pink nose of a small animal...

...right below a pair of GLOWING RED EYES.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - NIGHT

Bathed in blue light. Ben's eyes OPEN - then flutter - fighting sleep.

WIDER TO REVEAL BEN: STANDING IN A POLISHED CONCRETE ROOM

Wearing a pocketless jumpsuit. Around his feet is a square too narrow to sit in. Around that, a floating sheet of GLOWING BLUE LIGHT spreading out several meters in either direction.

Knees buckling - fatigued - Ben loses his footing, and his shin touches the leading edge of the light.

ZAP! An electric shock hits Ben's legs.

BEN

OW! Son of a bitch!

Ben stumbles - his knee hits the light border - **ZAP!** Ben cries out in pain.

A DOOR OPENS

Etched against the instreaming light: Krazny, flanked by two men, one in his 60s - an oak in army regalia - the other in his 50s and as unremarkable as his grey suit.

Ben sees them and licks his dry, caked lips, trying to conceal his pain. Failing.

BEN (CONT'D)

Where's my lawyer? I want to see her.

KRAZNY

She's in the Federal Building filing papers. Real pit bull. Of course, only so much she can do since we froze all your personal and company assets. She may even figure out all these billable hours she's putting in may never get paid...

BEN

You can't hold me.

KRAZNY

Until we know the exact nature of your infractions against federal laws restricting the use of human DNA -

BEN

You know we weren't -

KRAZNY

No. Not until you give us your databanks. Not really.

BEN

Those are proprietary.

KRAZNY

Well, shit, Ben. You find yourself in a real catch-22.

BEN

You just want to take our work.

KRAZNY

Not your work, your brother's. There is a difference - and you know it.

(letting it sink in)

Your bother. Who set you up to be captured... who's left you here for what - a week?

GREY SUIT

A week.

Ben fights back his anger: Krazny's right.

KRAZNY

Seriously, I admire your loyalty, but damn, that's ice cold. How your legs holding up?

BEN

Where's Gabriela?

Krazny produces a tablet, touches the screen and:

KRAZNY

Pretty fond of his wife, aren't you?

ONE OF THE SIDE WALLS GOES TRANSPARENT

To REVEAL GABRIELA WINCHMASTER (32) - a striking, black haired Latina with eyes the color of coffee. She's also in a jumpsuit, standing in a small square, surrounded by light... drawn, fatigued and terrified.

BEN

Aw, Jesus Christ... Gabriela... what did you do with Leo? Where is he?

(turning)

Gabriela!

KRAZNY

She can't hear you.

BEN

She doesn't know anything - you can't -

KRAZNY

I can't? Oh you're right... if only I had the Army and the Federal Government backing me up.

(indicating the two men)

Have you met General Sutherland?
Associate Attorney General Willis?

BEN

What did you do with them?

KRAZNY

You just stand there and think about what you really owe your brother... and how you answer this: where's Alan Winchmaster?

A WASH OF DIGITAL NOISE OVERTAKES THE SCREEN

THEN RESOLVES INTO

A VIDEO COLLAGE

A CHAOTIC ANIMATED SEQUENCE of Arabic script.

INTERCUT with images of men in kameez and keffiyeh praying, demonstrating on streets and firing AK-47s in the desert.

The image COALESCES into a logo of a double helix entangled in multiple scimitars.

Against the logo background, a PICTURE-IN-PICTURE - the montage of demonstrators and wargames continues on one window.

On the other window, a young MAN (BULUS, mid 20s), speaking with great fury... his Arabic words subtitled in English...

BULUS

The Jihad Alkassum was born of fire to cleanse the land of blasphemers whose work demeans the sanctity of human life - it is said that the American scientist Alan Winchmaster has succeeded in creating a fully-synthetic life form - that he has named himself "God" as an insult to the faithful. The work of this atheist, this godless scum is spittle on the face of God... this heretic will be stopped, his laboratories will be burned... and if he sets foot on a Muslim country... he will be executed.

A HAND REACHES INTO FRAME AND TOUCHES THE IMAGE

The Jihad video SWIPES to a corner of the screen - another screen opens, this one showing:

AN AMERICAN TELEVANGELIST

In a light blue suit. On a stage, addressing a multitude at a Crystal Cathedral-like hall - wearing a headset which frees him to wield a gilded bible and gesticulate.

AMERICAN TELEVANGELIST

Where does it end? They abort the unborn, harvest their stem cells, make their own unholy abominations. Where does it end? Our women lined up as brood mares in an atheist's assembly line? Where does it end? Alan Winchmaster is the narrow end of Satan's spear - the lives he creates are the footsoldiers of a demonic army that will engulf us in the fires of hell.

THE HAND SWIPES THIS VIDEO TO THE CORNER

The screen RESOLVES a third window, showing THE POPE, in full regalia - addressing the masses from the balcony at St. Peter's - as his words ring out:

WIDER TO REVEAL ALAN

Alone. Dressed in a suit and scarf, watching the videos on a tablet from a passenger seat inside:

INT. QUADCOPTER - DAY

As Alan shakes his head, TRAVEL OUT OF THE QUADCOPTER WINDOW next to him to REVEAL:

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

To REVEAL A MASSIVE SHIP.

Multiple helipads and stacks, a SUPERSTRUCTURE the size of an office building - floating in the blue expanse.

Signage on the helipad reads BENTHIC PETROLEUM.

THE QUAD TOUCHES DOWN ON THE HELIPAD

A stepladder HYDRAULICS DOWN. Alan steps onto it.

INT. BENTHIC EXPLORER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Corporate but for large windows looking to the ocean. A group of PEOPLE IN SUITS sits at the conference table.

At the head of the table stands BOB WOOLARD (early 60s: a double-Windsor knot-wearing monument to white privilege).

BOB

Doctor Winchmaster.

REVEAL ALAN AT THE OPPOSITE OF THE TABLE

Removing his scarf and carefully laying it out on the table before putting the capsule on top of it.

BOB (CONT'D)

As of this moment, Benthic Petroleum is harboring a wanted fugitive. Your picture's on every news broadcast in the States, and you are being tried in the media for being...

A SUIT by Bob raises his finger:

SUIT #1

The new Victor Frankenstein.

BOB

Guy's name was "Victor?" Really?
(off Suit #1's shrug)
(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

Everyone in my board could be put in prison for even being here.

ALAN

The Jihad Alkassum will pay more than the US Government.

(off the looks)

And they are just opposed to my work on principle. They don't even have trumped up charges that I'm not smart enough to do what I do without breaking the laws on using human DNA.

BOB

Why should we listen to anything you have to say?

ALAN

How much money does Benthic Petroleum spend on pipeline cleaning and maintenance?

Bob looks around at his team - another SUIT pipes up:

SUIT #2

Approximately forty dollars per barrel.

ALAN

So that's what - twenty percent of every barrel goes toward cleaning oil sludge out of your plumbing?

(off the looks)

What if I told you I could cut that cost down by over fifty percent?

BOB

I'd ask how a genetic engineer thinks he knows the drilling business better than a battalion of my best eggheads.

ALAN

I'm not a genetic engineer - I'm a genetic architect... and I'd like you to meet Sally.

Alan pushes the control on the capsule - the opaque outer shell becomes transparent to:

REVEAL SALLY

A rat.

Approximately nine inches long... her fur is deep black, her nose bright pink.

She has glowing red eyes and SUCTION CUPS AT THE ENDS OF HER PAWS - which she uses to amble up and around the sides of the container.

BOB

What the blue fuck is that?

Alan pushes a button on a control built into the table - the windows DARKEN around the room - and Sally's eyes glow BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER!

ALAN

Sally is not only the first ever sentient creature made entirely in a lab, she's also the world's first and only pipe rat.

(indicating as he speaks)

She has suction cups for feet, her eyes glow brighter the lower the ambient light, and...

Alan produces a second canister - filled with dirty, sediment-rich black/brown gunk.

He screws the canister into a valve on the capsule - and as the filthy crud LEECHES into Sally's home...

ALAN (CONT'D)

She eats nothing but oil sludge.

Sally goes to town on the sludge pouring into her capsule - eating it up and LICKING THE GLASS CLEAN.

The collected executives LEAN IN watching curiously, but Bob stands back, unamused.

BOB

A hamster that licks oil pipelines clean... well dip me in shit.

(off Alan)

That's a great party trick... now explain to me why my next call shouldn't be to the State Department?

ALAN

You're not impressed.

BOB

I stick that unholy abomination in one of my pipelines and it dies from toxic fume inhalation in seconds.

ALAN

She's anaerobic.

BOB

Excuse me?

ALAN

Doesn't need oxygen to live.

BOB

All right... what happens when these critters start fucking in my equipment?

ALAN

Pipe rats are asexual. Sterile.

(touching the capsule)

Everyone who works for me has to take three vows for all of the creatures we design: first, nonmultiplication - nothing we create can reproduce, second, controlled intelligence - nothing we create can be more intelligent than those who created it...

BOB

I'm sure you believe that's a high bar.

ALAN

No. I know it.

(then)

The third vow is eternal captivity - everything we create has to be under our control at all times. Pipe rats have minimal intelligence and all it takes to terminate them is sustained exposure to fresh air.

BOB

And what am I going to do when these little monsters start shitting in my pipes?

ALAN

Not a thing, they process the waste into a watery biological agent that acts as a detergent - it's actually safer than what you already add to your products.

(a smile)

Sally and her cloned-to-order brethren pretty much live for one thing and one thing alone: to eat oil sludge and keep your pipes clean.

Almost like an exclamation point - Sally licks the last of the sludge from the glass. Alan smiles and brings up the windows into daylight.

BOB

You just stamp 'em out like Model T's?

ALAN

When God's on your side, life is cheap.

Bob looks at his executives, then:

BOB

How much?

ALAN

Lucky for you, what I really need right now is lawyers.

(off the looks)

Lots and lots of lawyers.

Bob's lips curl into a crafty rictus.

BOB

Anyone raise his hand who's a lawyer.

TWO THIRDS OF THE PEOPLE IN THE ROOM follow suit.

As Alan smiles... shooting fish in a barrel...

A WASH OF DIGITAL NOISE OVERTAKES THE SCREEN

VIDEO IMAGE - A NEWSCAST

A vapid NEWSREADER speaks before video of a PRESS CONFERENCE featuring Alan and Bob Woolard among flash-flares as they unveil Sally on an ornate podium.

NEWSREADER

The world has gone rat crazy with the Benthic Petroleum company's unveiling of the world's first completely synthetic life form... but who is Alan Winchmaster? Who is this mad genius who has succeeded where everyone else has failed - and how did he create life from thin air?

BOB

Thanks to Doctor Alan Winchmaster there's a new beast in the animal kingdom - one made entirely in a lab!

(from the podium)

This little critter here... whom we have lovingly nicknamed "Sally"... is yet another step in making oil production safer and more environmentally friendly.

VIDEO IMAGE - A CONGRESSIONAL HEARING

Alan sits at a desk beside Theodora before a panel of
SENATORS AND CONGRESSMEN:

NEWSREADER'S VOICE

The unveiling took place amid controversy
and on a ship outside of American
waters... later, Alan Winchmaster
appeared before congress via holographic
tele-presence...

Alan FRITZES, then speaks:

ALAN

Gentlemen, the businessmen who fund my
work want to use it to benefit this
country - but how can we do that when
people like me fear your prosecution,
when my family - we have created life,
but instead of embracing new life, you
want to imprison it.

CUT TO

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - HALLWAY - DAY

A door RISES at the end of the dark, grey hallway to
REVEAL Gabriela - holding LEO, her and Alan's son -
nuzzled against his mother's shoulder - and Ben -
escorted by a coterie of ARMED GUARDS.

INTERCUT WITH VIDEO

OF ALAN - INTERVIEWED ON A NEWS NETWORK SHOW

A CHRISTIANE AMANPOUR-LIKE REPORTER on a PICTURE-IN-
PICTURE. Her lower-third chyron reads "ATLANTA" his reads
"LOCATION UNDISCLOSED."

ALAN

The government is holding hearings on the
impact of my work on the economy -

AMANPOUR-LIKE

Thanks, I am sure in no small part to the
army of lawyers and lobbyists the oil
companies have deployed to -

ALAN

I have not broken any laws, I'm not
demeaning the sanctity of human life.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

This may be capitalism at work the way it was intended to - so why are you talking to me like I'm some kind of terrorist?

AMANPOUR-LIKE

Funny you should use the word "terrorist," there is still the matter of the explosion at your lab two months ago.

ALAN

(lying his ass off)

Why would I blow up my own lab? Destroy my life's work? Maybe the same government that's kidnapped my wife and son detonated a bomb in a population center to discredit me.

RESUME ON GABRIELA, BEN - AND LEO

Striding down the hallway to find a taciturn Krazny - standing in the shadows. He hands them a tablet.

KRAZNY

Your exit docs. Sign there.

A WASH OF DIGITAL NOISE, THEN:

VIDEO IMAGE - A WIRED LIKE TECHNOLOGY TALK SHOW

CORY DOCTOROW (60s, still wearing thick-rimmed glasses) talks to an ALT-DREADLOCKED HOST.

CORY DOCTOROW

This is nothing short of a fundamental change in what it means to live - in twenty years, everyone's going to have a "life printer" on their desk and make unique life forms on demand... the same way they can print out a letter.

ALT-DREADLOCKED HOST

If Dr. Winchmaster ever makes his methods and technology public.

CORY DOCTOROW

You know I'm all about open source -

VIDEO IMAGE - OF A FEMALE ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVIST

Asian, wearing her obsidian hair in a severe bob, she speaks before the CAPITOL.

Around her, a large group of DEMONSTRATORS holding signs with slogans like "NO GMO LIFE" and "KEEP LIFE ORGANIC".

ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVIST

This is an outrage - big oil is using their political power to strong-arm the government into sanctioning dangerous research that could destroy the environment and -

RESUME ON BEN, GABRIELA AND LEO

Now FOLLOWING Krazny through an indoor CHICKEN WIRE CAGE lined with X-ray sensors and screens: showing Ben, Gabriela and Leo's skeletons as they walk through.

VIDEO IMAGE - THE WHITE HOUSE - PRESS ROOM

A WHITE HOUSE SPOKESWOMAN - a charmless martinet in a Chanel suit - speaks to the assembled press:

WHITE HOUSE SPOKESWOMAN

The situation is fluid. The President has met with scientific and religious leaders and while he understands the ethical concerns, there simply is no evidence that Alan Winchmaster's work violates the federal guidelines on the use of human genetic material...

RESUME ON BEN, GABRIELA AND LEO

Leaving the chicken wire checkpoint behind - leaving the minders behind... making their way toward a front entrance - a large door, opened by two GUARDS to let in a blinding RAY OF SUNLIGHT from outside.

VIDEO IMAGE - AN OPRAH-LIKE TALK SHOW

An OPRAH-LIKE TALK SHOW HOST (same age as Oprah, because Oprah is ageless) sits on a couch next to Gabriela - beautifully dressed and coiffed.

OPRAH-LIKE HOST

Do you blame your husband?

GABRIELA

For what?

(off Oprah-like's look)

I covered the uprising in Chongjin three years ago while I was pregnant with Leo. Spent three days in a jail. It was pure luck that I wasn't tortured and raped. I didn't blame my magazine editors for what happened to me.

OPRAH-LIKE HOST

But - as a mother -

GABRIELA

I married a visionary who is doing things that will shape everything that's to come and I should be resentful because governments are thieves and cowards? All my husband wants is to do his work in peace and for peace - to keep governments from using what he makes to wage wars. He's not the villain.

APPLAUSE from the audience.

Oprah-like shifts in her seat, then touches Gabriela's knee as the panels behind them shift from the show logo to a larger-than-life black and white image of Leo.

OPRAH-LIKE HOST

Your son has Down Syndrome.

GABRIELA

And?

OPRAH-LIKE HOST

Your husband is on a quest to create life in the lab, is he in some way trying to fix -

GABRIELA

Fix?

OPRAH-LIKE HOST

I mean -

GABRIELA

There's nothing wrong with my son. Nothing that needs fixing - and if my husband felt the need to fix anything, he never would have vowed to stay away from research with human DNA.

OPRAH-LIKE HOST

But he is so driven, so strident -

GABRIELA

And that can only come from having failed as a parent?

Gabriela stands and pulls off her lavalier:

GABRIELA (CONT'D)

We're done here.

Gabriela WALKS AWAY... and as the audience responds with uncomfortable silence:

INT./EXT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - DAY

Ben, Gabriela and Leo step into the white light and emerge outside the gray, cinderblock-like building.

As Gabriela's face lights up:

PAN TO REVEAL ALAN

Flanked by Theodora and an army of PRIVATE SECURITY crowding around a black vans with tinted windows.

Alan rushes to his wife and son and hugs them. Gabriela smiles and kisses him. Alan kisses his son.

Theodora talks into her phone, then turns to Alan:

THEODORA

Let's get them in the cars - right now - we shouldn't be here any longer than we have to.

ALAN

'fraid they'll change their minds?
(off Theodora's look)
Okay, let's go, let's go.

Alan NUDGES his wife and son toward the vans.

As they clear his frame of vision, he sees Ben, his expression grim and dire.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hey. Ben. Let's get out of here, I got tons to tell you... come on...

Ben nods grimly - scarred - and as he enters the van:

REVEAL KRAZNY

Standing a little further behind, her stare baleful.

Alan looks at her and smiles:

ALAN (CONT'D)

What's it like being on the side of the Jihadis?

INT. BLACK VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Gabriela, Alan and Ben sit on the back bench. Alan holds Leo in his hands as Gabriela rests her head on his shoulder. Ben stares out the window as Alan speaks:

ALAN

Shoulda seen their faces, brother - had them eating out of the palm of my hand.

(a smile)

Kinda money they're shelling out for the Sally program didn't just get you out of here, it's going to change the laws in this country.

Alan keeps talking...

Oblivious to the TEARS RUNNING DOWN HIS BROTHER'S FACE.

ALAN (CONT'D)

It's going to build us the largest lab in the country, mass production and R&D, all in the same building - all the things we've wanted to create since we were kids are just going to be there for us, waiting... every creature you and I could ever dream of is going to roll out that assembly line...

Alan realizes that his brother is upset, puts a hand on his shoulder.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hey... buck up, little man - I got this one. I won.

Alan looks at Leo... repeating "we won" as Ben keeps his sights outside.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

The sound of a violin played without a bow - picking out a *pizzicato* rendition of the bridge to Van Morrison's "Brown-Eyed Girl."

Badly.

INT. ALAN WINCHMASTER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alan lies on a thick rug in the center of this large room - picking out the song and watching Leo play with Sally's capsule - trying to open it to pet the pipe rat inside.

ALAN

No... no you can't open it... she's not a pet, you can't pet her...

LEO

Yes! Pet!

ALAN

(stops playing)

I promise, she's just fine in there, and she won't be if you open it.

Leo looks into the tube - and Sally looks up at him!

As Leo breaks out in laughter...

LEO

My pet!

As father and son go back to their playing...

WIDER TO REVEAL

That Alan's new house is a large mid-century marvel - with verdant woods visible from every massive window... stretching out in every direction.

WIDER TO REVEAL

MEN IN SECURITY UNIFORMS - walking along the far corners of the house - scanning every post and lintel with what appear to be high-tech metal detectors.

A HOLOGRAPHIC INTERFACE FLOATS UP

Partially obscuring the view of Alan and Leo.

Theodora's hand REACHES UP INTO THE DISPLAY, demonstrating its function to Gabriela at a counter in the open kitchen looking out into the living room.

THEODORA

The house's security features will be keyed to you and Alan's palmprints -

GABRIELA

This place is huge.

THEODORA

Not compared to our new offices... the labs.

(off Gabriela's look)

Thank Benthic petroleum for that.

(indicating the security men)

(MORE)

THEODORA (CONT'D)

And for the bomb sweepers. They'll scan the house for devices every day until you move in, then every week...

GABRIELA

(looks around, sighs)

So what do I do if I see Jihadists, or fundamentalists... or Greenpeace coming down the driveway with dogs and pitchforks?

THEODORA

Hot oil?

Gabriela grimaces.

Theodora SWIPES a hand-shaped interface onto the floating holographic display, then puts Gabriela's hand on it.

SHUNK! SHUNK! SHUNK!

Alan and Leo both look up, stunned as the sun in their faces is blocked by -

A SERIES OF BLACK BOMB SHUTTERS

CLOSING over every one of the panoramic windows.

LEO CRIES

Alan puts the violin aside and gathers him up in his arms, cradling him as he stands - then freeing a hand to pick up Sally as he walks over to Gabriela and Theodora.

THEODORA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The entire place is a panic room - but there's steel deadbolts in every internal door and every room has independent com circuits. In case someone gets in.

ALAN

Want to warn me next time you do that?
(rocking Leo)
It's OK... it's OK.

Gabriela reaches for Leo, taking him from Alan.

GABRIELA

Come here, Leo...

(trying to mollify him)

Yes... yes... it's too bad daddy had to build us a prison to live in...

ALAN

It's not a prison. It's a castle.

GABRIELA

I hope it's worth it.

Alan puts Sally down on the counter, looks at Gabriela.

ALAN

Tell me it's not worth it. I'll give it
all away. Right now.

Gabriela reaches for the interface, puts her palm on it.

THE SHUTTERS RISE

Gabriela turns to Theodora, Alan puts Sally's capsule
down on the counter.

GABRIELA

So what happens the next time the
government decides to beat down our door?

Leo wiggles, reaching for Sally - even as Gabriela keeps
him in hand.

LEO

(under the scene)

Sally... Sally...

ALAN

You do the same thing you'd
do for the Jihadists.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)

What if they have a warrant?

THEODORA

Lock the place down, close the
shutters... then tell them the security
is malfunctioning and call me.

Gabriela turns away to look at the grounds outside,
shaking her head:

GABRIELA

Jesus... Alan, wouldn't it be easier to
just make something that doesn't make
everyone in the world hate you?

LEO

I WANT SALLY!

Alan looks at Leo and hands him the capsule...

ALAN

I gave them a rat that eats oil sludge
and they hate me... I'm working on a slug
that drinks acid rain from leaves and
tree trunks and they hate me... I refuse
to work on weapons and...

Alan's voice trails off as he takes in the delighted
expression on his son's face...

The glow of rapid-firing synapses plays on Alan's face.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You know something? You're smarter than
I am... the two of you.

INT. WINCHMASTER G.A. - ALAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Or rather, what will one day be Alan's office, currently
scaffolding, rebar and plywood opening up into a view a
massive construction site sprawling in every direction.

CREWS work diligently. The occasional FLASH of a welding
torch lights up the distance.

Alan - wearing a hard hat - stands over a work table,
showing off blueprints to his brother, who leans against
a beam, mind elsewhere:

ALAN

So this is my office, and your office?
Next door. Same size. Better view. I
thought we'd share a space, have a big
partner's desk, but this way... I
dunno... you probably want to make some
calls in private every once in a while...
Trying here. Throw me a bone.

BEN

It's not the size of the office.

ALAN

Oh. Oh - I know, you want to know what
we're gonna be making? The new widget?
For that you gotta come closer... Closer.

Ben takes tentative steps toward Alan, who scavenges for
a piece of presentation board, and holds it up for Ben.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Ta-daa!

BEN

What's that?

ALAN

What's going to foot the bill for all of this once we've paid off the oil companies. What do you think?

BEN

Alan...

ALAN

You don't like it? I think this is going to be the breakthrough product that... Christ, man... this is awesome... what's your problem?

BEN

You have to make a deal.

ALAN

Excuse me?

BEN

Do you think that it's all just over and they're gonna let you build this place and make a ton of these... things... and sell them to the world and everything's gonna be hunky-dory?

ALAN

I told you -

BEN

You weren't in that prison -

ALAN

Right, where they Stockholmed your ass and made you think they can't be beat... but listen: they're not going to lay a hand on you, or our family again.

BEN

And you don't think they are going to figure out what we do? How we do it?

ALAN

What I do. How I do it.

BEN

They're dissecting pipe rats as we speak, reverse engineering everything: we don't give it to them - and demand they stick to our principles, they're going to have things roaming the Earth you and I wouldn't wish on our worst enemy's dog.

ALAN

You're overestimating them.

BEN

Want to be a visionary? Don't let them copy you. Make them depend on you for it, and then you can control it.

ALAN

I already do. Know why no one's doing this? Why there aren't a half million other labs out there taking my business?
 (points to his temple)
 Black box, Ben. Black motherfucking box. They're never getting in here. No one is.

BEN

Long as you believe that, no one's safe.
 (turns to go)
 Tell Gabriela and Leo I'm sorry for them.

ALAN

Come on, little man - we're gonna do this dance again? Like we do every time I'm right?

BEN

Good-bye, Alan.

ALAN

I'm not coming after you!

Ben offers a cursory wave as he continues his exit.

Off Alan, watching as Ben disappears in the scrum of workmen and equipment...

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE OVER BLACK: ONE YEAR LATER

INT. A STAGE AT A CORPORATE EVENT - DAY

Alan stands alone under a spotlight.

ALAN

It's not enough to make life. To truly fulfill the principles of Genetic Architecture, we must make life better - we must improve people's experience of their own life through the lives we create... as we speak, my company is creating living organisms that will do magnificent things for the environment and health care fields...

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

but what we've found is that these are abstract consolations, what we want that technology has never been able to provide...

(playing the suspense)

Happiness.

CUT TO

INT. LOS ANGELES SUSHI BAR - NIGHT

Rain PUMMELS the all-glass, neon-lit front window.

PUSH IN THROUGH THE BLEARY WINDOW TO FIND

Ben - eyes red from lack of sleep, three day growth on his face - sits cross-legged on a mat across a table from Gabriela, eating and half-listening.

GABRIELA

The lab is huge - he must have a hundred and fifty genetic architects working on about forty different projects.

(off Ben, eating)

He misses you.

BEN

Bullshit.

GABRIELA

You know he does. He hates working without you.

BEN

What am I, his fucking mascot?

(off her look)

Has he said it?

GABRIELA

There's an empty office next to his with your name on it. He refuses to let anybody have it.

BEN

(one-tracking his mind)

Has he said it?

GABRIELA

Come on, Ben.

BEN

Seriously - have the words "Golly, I miss Ben and wish he was here working with me" crossed the man's lips?

GABRIELA

When did you develop a faith in miracles?

BEN

I thought so.

As Ben jams a piece of fish into his mouth:

INTERCUT WITH ALAN'S PRESENTATION

The twinkle in his eye growing with each new word, his expression milking every moment: a born showman.

ALAN

The warm words of a loving friend, the comforting touch of a family member, the perfect trust in the eyes of a son or daughter. I can say with complete conviction that no one in history has ever gone to technology for any of those things... until now...

RESUME ON BEN AND GABRIELA

Picking up where it left off - the angle now REVEALING the presence of two BLACK-CLAD GUARDS: out of earshot, but close enough to intervene in any rising situation.

GABRIELA

What does it matter what Alan says? You know how he is.

BEN

I know he won't listen to reason... and I think he set me up to be captured so he could escape - and you too - that's how he is.

GABRIELA

You really believe he's that big a sociopath? He sold his first company -

BEN

To pay the Koreans your ransom. I was there. It was my idea.
(changing course)
He send you to talk to me?

GABRIELA

No, he didn't. I just... know him.

BEN

You even see him?

GABRIELA

Morning and night - and lunch everyday at the lab, me and Leo - no exceptions.

BEN

How convenient for him.

Gabriela puts down her chopsticks and looks at Ben:

GABRIELA

I have about forty more seconds of
patience for your butt-hurt-and-spurned
routine: how do you want to spend it?

BEN

I'm sorry - I'm just - tired.

GABRIELA

From what? What are you doing?

BEN

The settlement money from the feds keeps
me on ramen noodles.

GABRIELA

You're not collecting your pay from the
company?

BEN

Alan's new company? I don't work there.

(a moment, then)

How's Leo?

Gabriela holds his eye, goes along with the topic change:

GABRIELA

We built him a gym at the house and I got
certified in Physical Therapy - we're
coming along really well.

(a smile)

I tell Alan, Leo's really my therapist.

BEN

Maybe I should start seeing him for an
hour a week.

GABRIELA

It's not him you need.

BEN

I miss him.

GABRIELA

He misses you - and he's not alone.

BEN

Let's talk about how much patience I have
left for a topic.

Gabriela leans back and crosses her arms:

GABRIELA

You're not the only one who found stress positions and sleep deprivation kind of a bummer.

BEN

You bounced back and you didn't even file divorce papers, what are you, Mother fucking Theresa?

GABRIELA

I make my own choices, Ben. The world's gonna move no matter what we do.

BEN

You mean Alan.

GABRIELA

What's the difference?

Ben nods, puts down his chopsticks, and stands to walk out on the meal. Gabriela bows her head. Ben stops and leans into her, his voice low, trembling:

BEN

Your husband is a monster. He makes other people pay for his sins. That's the difference.

Gabriela looks up, taking the insult in stride:

GABRIELA

He needs you. You need him more.

RESUME ON ALAN'S PRESENTATION

As he lifts a remote control.

ALAN

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to introduce you to my new best friend - to your new best friend...

Alan hits a button. The screens light up with the words:

HI! I'M MOGLOW

In a lovable, blobby font.

The words are read out loud by an irresistibly childlike COOING VOICE...

COOING VOICE

Hi! I'm Moglow!

And then...

AN AUDIBLE GASP FROM THE AUDIENCE

As a 24 INCH HIGH, WHITE-AND-BLUE BEAR-LIKE CREATURE enters the stage from the wings: ambling on two chubby legs and holding out a stubby little paw as Alan kneels down to take it by the hand!

It really is impossible to overstate how cute this fuzzy little guy is.

Imagine the end result of a centuries-long panda eugenics program run by Disney Imagineers, or the final product of a Manhattan Project of adorableness culling the best creators from the Japanese *Anime* and *kawai* industries and you get a fraction of the effect.

ALAN

Come here, little man!

The Moglow JUMPS onto Alan's arms, CUDDLING on him, and, as Alan reciprocates, the Moglow GLOWS a pleasing, delicate shade of amber.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Friends, meet the Moglow!

MOGLOW

Hi! I'm Moglow!

ALAN

(over the applause)

It's not just a pet who requires minimal care and barely makes a mess, who sings along with you, learns and plays your games, makes pleasant sounds and loves nothing more than to be held...

The Moglow PURRS in the most delightful way imaginable.

ALAN (CONT'D)

It's also hardwired with Winchmaster Genetic Architecture's proprietary Emotimator Empathy technology - the Moglow is not only bred for optimal emotional bonding with its owners, it is neurologically, aesthetically and pheromonally engineered to provoke profound feelings of attachment - in much the same way that a new mother bonds with her baby!

(as the applause grows)

The more love he gets, the more he glows!

THE AUDIENCE GIVES A STANDING, CHEERING OVATION

The Moglow SMILES EAR-TO-EAR, its furry body glowing brighter and brighter - seen in close up on the video screens behind Alan.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(gently, to the Moglow)

OK, stop glowing now.

MOGLOW

Okie-dokie!

ALAN

(as the Moglow DIMS)

He really is an accommodating little guy!

(off the applause)

Friends, when you consider the needs not just of families - of children and adults in need of a hassle-free companion animal - but also of the elderly, the traumatized, the lonely, the sick, the market potential for our little friend here becomes absolutely limitless!

IN THE AUDIENCE

Gabriela APPLAUDS along with the gathering of reporters, investors, and bigwigs.

Before the applause has abated, the reporters all lift their voice- and video- recorders - showering Alan with questions - including a NEWSMAN near Gabriela!

NEWSMAN

Doctor Winchmaster! Over here, please!

ALAN LOCKS EYES WITH GABRIELA AND SMILES

Then notices the newsman standing next to her - vying for his attention.

ALAN

I guess the first question should come from the person smart enough to stand next to my wife.

NEWSMAN

It has the most amazing eyes - I mean, they're - just so -

ALAN

Hypnotic, compelling, infinitely look-at-able? Am I right?

MOGLOW

Oooo... thank you!

ALAN

(off the LAUGHS)

When we started developing the Moglow, we realized that the eyes were going to be crucial... but also that to truly provoke empathy, they didn't just have to be huge and reminiscent of a human being's -

(the Moglow COOS in approval)

That's right, my friend -

(to Newsman)

They also had to be a little sad and lost. Full of unfulfilled longing.

The Moglow nuzzles Alan's shoulder, then looks up for maximum effect.

Alan pauses as the audience "AWWS" the most unironic "AWW" ever to accompany a piece of corporate theater.

NEWSMAN

Are they anyone's eyes in particular?

ALAN

Friend, that right there is what we in the technology business call "proprietary information."

The audience LAUGHS and APPLAUDS - and as Alan's stature grows by feet and yards...

CLOSE ON THE MOGLOW'S EYES

MATCH DISSOLVE TO

BEN'S EYES

Identical to the Moglow - perpetually stained by sadness and longing - now staring dead ahead at:

A HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY SHOWING ALAN'S PRESENTATION

Ben, still unshaven and weary, SHAKES HIS HEAD and SWIPES his arm at the holographic display, causing it to BLUR and DISTORT before it returns to full rez...

...now holding a still image of the Moglow.

Ben looks at the image, seething, then, as he walks away from the flickering hologram... REVEAL:

INT. BEN'S LAB - DAY

Large, cold, and orderly in glass and steel - set up in a warehouse with large, translucent overhead skylights, not a scientific institution... but nevertheless immaculate. The personal space of a fussy man.

Various HOLO-DISPLAYS operate themselves in several places around - all playing simulations of the double-helix: proteins assembling and disassembling the strands.

As Ben walks to a glass-fronted refrigerator, REVEAL multiple robotic arms - all built into the lab's benches - manipulating vials, pushing buttons, combining formulas.

A symphony of scientific and mechanical perfection.

Ben makes his way to a large refrigerator fronted with thick strips of plastic.

He reaches in and pulls out a vial:

POLYDICHLORIC EUTHIMAL**NOOTROPIC ENHANCEMENT DEA#16309-1864.**

Ben takes the vial to a stainless steel bench where a heavy, chromed hypospray sits under an ultraviolet disinfectant light.

Ben loads the vial into the hypo and INJECTS HIMSELF.

SMASH CUT TO

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

Ben sits in the back seat of a SELF-DRIVING TOWN CAR, looking out to see:

A FAMILY

Mother, father and a young boy: the boy cradles a Moglow in his arms.

BEN TURNS AWAY

Only to find a sightline to a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN carrying a Moglow in a Baby Bjorn.

Ben turns away again... focusing dead ahead...

THROUGH THE CAR'S WINDSHIELD

His eyes zero in on:

A MOGLOW WALKER

That's right. A professional Moglow caretaker in short pants and boots - with multiple Moglows walking ahead, behind and beside, attached to his belt by leashes.

Everywhere Ben Winchmaster looks, he sees his brother's interpretation of his own sad eyes...

He bows his head.

BEN
(to the car)
Darken the windows, please.

As the car does his bidding...

A WASH OF DIGITAL VIDEO NOISE TRANSITIONS TO**INT. A TED INTERVIEW ON A STAGE - DAY**

Alan sits across from a YOUNG INTERVIEWER in a sweater and a Google-glass-like implant on his temple.

An AUDIENCE watches, enraptured.

Behind the interview, a graphic reads "**TED 3000 - AN INTERVIEW WITH GOD**" - and shows images of a smiling Alan alongside a gaggle of Moglows.

INTERVIEWER
Now, I don't want to get graphic, but you know what they say, the moment anything new appears in the world, someone has already figured out how to eat it or...

The audience LAUGHS nervously. Alan smiles.

ALAN

I take your meaning... these issues came up very early in our psych profiling for the Moglow.

(a smile, then)

First of all, the Moglow's muscle tissue has been engineered to taste very - very - bad. Trust me, you do not want to what's under all that glowing fuzz on your tongue... but - in apropos of that - right now my labs are working on a new species of bovine that painlessly, and voluntarily - sheds excess muscle tissue -

INTERVIEWER

A self-butchering cow?

ALAN

No butchering - or pain required. And it's delicious.

INTERVIEWER

(a smile)

Will the wonders ever cease?

ALAN

No. They won't.

(then)

In apropos of which, Moglows are completely asexual... but it goes further than that - we all know that there are people who like to hurt. Our challenge was to trump that.

INTERVIEWER

So Moglows don't feel pain.

As Alan gives the following speech:

INTERCUT WITH BEN

WALKING DOWN A DARK HALLWAY

And scanned by lasers every step of the way.

ALAN (V.O.)

They absolutely do... but they don't respond to pain in a way that encourages the needs of deviant people.

(MORE)

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

At the first sign of sustained discomfort, Moglows simply shut off - they go into a kind of hibernation - they don't cry out, they don't weep or beg for mercy: they don't do any of the things that give cruel people the sense that they are exercising power over a defenseless being.

RESUME ON ALAN

ALAN

Moglows just go inert. We've created living, sentient beings, but they aren't people. They were made to encourage the better angels of our nature and to frustrate the worst.

Alan looks into the audience and sees Gabriela, holding Leo - they lock eyes. He smiles.

ALAN (CONT'D)

So what we have created is a best friend you can never disappoint: a true, inexhaustible source of unconditional love.

The audience breaks into APPLAUSE...

FADE THE APPLAUSE INTO

BEN

Reaching a STEEL DOOR at the end of the corridor at:

INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - DAY

The door SHHHS! up to REVEAL Krazny, flanked by General Sutherland, Attorney General Willis and several more MEN AND WOMEN IN SUITS.

KRAZNY

I'm glad you reached out to us, Ben, hopefully we can put our differences behind us.

(indicating the group)

You've met General Sutherland...

As Krazny continues the introductions...

RESUME ON ALAN - ON STAGE

The air around him SHAKING with THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE... but he keeps his eyes on Gabriela - and that's when he notices...

AN ASIAN WOMAN

PUSHING THROUGH THE SEATS behind Leo and Gabriela - dressed entirely in black, her hair a severe bob...

LIFTING HER HANDS IN THE AIR

The woman lifts what appears to be a black box - a remote control of some kind...

ALAN'S EYELINE

Turns from his wife to lock on the woman.

The activist seen speaking before the Capitol building in a previous video.

The Activist returns Alan's gaze with a look that would freeze glycol, and in doing so, reveals what's in her hands - flashing with growing rapidity.

WOMAN	ALAN
(in Japanese)	
<i>Hell is not the fire! Hell is your belief in yourself as the higher!</i>	She's got a device... over there... Over there... Uh, GUN! GUN!

Before the words are out... and before Gabriela can realize what's going on:

ALAN'S BODYGUARDS SWARM THE STAGE

A half dozen men - sleek weapons already out!

TWELVE LASER BEAMS PAINT THE WOMAN

PFPT! PFPT! PFPT!

The weapons DISCHARGE a half dozen FLECHETTE ROUNDS which SHRED the woman's face and DESTROY her brain at just under the speed of sound.

A GOUT of blood STRIPES Gabriela and Leo just as they turn their attention to the gathering turmoil.

The woman's hand opens. The remote falls. Her body follows.

The inner lining of the woman's jacket peels away to reveal a maze of copper wire and foil packets!

And that's when crowd awareness catches up to the lightning speed of events...

THE AUDIENCE PANICS

Chaos. Leo SHRIEKS as Gabriela tightens her grip on him and tries to move him away from the carnage while protecting him from the mounting scrum of FLEEING, SCREAMING audience members.

A BODYGUARD

Tries to BEND ALAN DOWN and RUSH him from the stage...

ALAN
Gabriela! Leo!

Alan peels free and LEAPS over the proscenium toward his wife and son.

ALAN CLOSSES THE DISTANCE

CUTTING through the panicking crowd - man on a mission - and SCOOPS his wife and son in his arms.

For a moment, Alan and Gabriela look down at the faceless martyr dead on the floor before them.

The BODYGUARDS catch up: forming a cordon around the blood-stained family.

BODYGUARD
We gotta go, God! We're not safe here.
Come on, come on, come on!

ALAN LOCKS EYES WITH GABRIELA

Winking away the thick red blood over her eyes as the bodyguards surround and move them out:

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)
(into his earbud)
I have God - we are on the move, repeat,
we are on the move!

SMASH CUT TO BEN IN CLOSE UP AT

INT. SECURE CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ben stands alone at one end of the conference table, his eyes intense, his palms planted on the surface:

BEN

I know you have teams racing to do what Alan Winchmaster can do... and I know that all of your attempts at successfully replicating his methods of genetic architecture have failed. The hard truth is you don't need more scientists. You need one scientist. With the last name Winchmaster.

As Ben speaks, PULL BACK TO REVEAL something in between him and his audience of dignitaries:

A HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE

Of a HULKING CREATURE... vaguely humanoid, but with an impressive musculature covered by scaly white plates of bone: no soft targets.

BEN

I am that scientist. I've been working independently for the past twelve months and am now ready to present to you the ultimate military adaptation of my brother's work.

(off the looks)

I can give you what Alan Winchmaster never will. A completely new design for the ultimate combat soldier. This is the Orthopedic Kamikaze Commando...

THE HOLOGRAM SHIFTS TO A SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS

To show that the creature's shoulders are twice the width of an average person's.

Its small head perches atop a vestigial neck on either side of which are breathing slits.

The creature's minuscule, glowing red eyes are set just below a massive jaw with razor sharp teeth. Its arms are massive slabs of plated muscle topped by three-opposable-fingered claws the size of a small ship's anchor.

Most strikingly, the creature's massively muscled legs are reverse-hinged for speed.

BEN (CONT'D)

Maximizing all of the efficiencies of the human form with a suite of animal kingdom adaptations for maximum strength, speed, stamina, self-sufficiency, predatory instinct and - most importantly - obedience.

In short: this is the unholy union of the world's meanest linebacker with a rabid feral boar, GI JOE, and a velociraptor.

THE DIGNITARIES

Take in Ben's determined expression - and the display before them - exchanging approving looks...

SMASH CUT TO

The POPPING OF CORKS at:

INT. WINCHMASTER GENETIC ARCHITECTURE - BULLPEN - DAY

A beautiful SCIENTIFIC and MANAGERIAL FACILITY paid for by Pipe Rats and Moglows - decked out in warm woods and frosted glass in varying shades of green.

Someone's dream of a scientific heaven.

Theodora stands on a dais in front of a VIDEO WALL DISPLAY showing a number of creatures, great and small:

The GUZZLER (the slug that drinks acid rain) - the GARFOSA (the next generation of a chicken) - the SLABSTER (the self-butchering cow) the LUMBURGER FROG (a large, blue amphibian)... and, of course, Pipe Rats and Moglows.

A CROWD OF EMPLOYEES

EXECUTIVES, MANAGERS, SCIENTISTS AND SUPPORT STAFF all crowd around Theodora, POPPING open bottles of Champagne and using rulers and other office supplies to pry open wooden cases of champagne scattered about the place.

The mood is festive. Theodora's speech makes clear why...

THEODORA

Twelve months ago, Winchmaster Genetic Architecture... or "Godland" as our august founder likes to call it... released the Moglow. Today, thanks to the game-changing success of our little feathered friends, we will pay off our debts to the oil companies within six months - ladies and gentlemen - here's to complete independence!

Flutes and bottles rise from the crowd, along with a massive CHEER... but Alan is nowhere to be seen.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. WINCHMASTER G.A. - CORRIDOR - DAY

As a plaque engraved with the words **Dr. BENJAMIN WINCHMASTER M.D. Ph.D.** fill the screen...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL ALAN

Standing at the door of the empty office to which the nameplate sticks. A large, corner den with expansive bare walls in wood and glass, an empty desk, and a chair.

As Alan turns and exits the blank space...

DISSOLVE TO

INT. TOP SECRET UNDERGROUND GOVERNMENT LAB - DAY

Vast. An UNDERGROUND CAVE lit by massive steel fluorescents.

Every last bit of cash that could have been crammed into a black defense bag has been spent in this construction: massive steel girders keep the rock ceiling from collapsing - hundreds of workstations, buzzing, manned by an equal number of TECHS.

The place BLOOMS with clouds of holographic data and miles of cable, pipes, vats and other life-making gear.

AT THE FAR END OF THE LAB: BIRTHING STATION

Much like the one seen in the original Winchmaster facility, but made to give life to something much larger.

A team of TECHS scurries around the birthing apparatus as the holographic stations in the perimeter GLOW ORANGE and BEEP with escalating urgency.

Ben - in shirtsleeves - stands with his back to the birthing machine, watching one of the holo-clouds - this one showing a real-time MRI of the creature inside...

A FETALLY-POSITIONED ORTHOPEDIC KAMIKAZE COMMANDO (OKC)

Ben quietly regards the MRI image... tuning out the chaos swirling around him.

TILT UP TO A MEZZANINE

To FIND Krazny - shrouded in darkness in the high-ceilinged space, above the hanging fluorescents - surrounded by her fellow government dignitaries.

Krazny looks down at Ben.

RESUME ON BEN

Matching her eyeline.

His hologram then goes red with a circle/countdown and a shrill, BEEPING ALARM.

COMPUTER VOICE

Delivery system engaged - delivery system engaged -

Ben turns to his team as he SWITCHES OFF THE ALARM.

BEN

All right, let's knuckle up - we have a baby to deliver.

Ben reaches for a labcoat and makes his way up to the birthing machine as he throws it on... then, as he reaches for a pair of thick rubber gloves:

BEN (CONT'D)

Retract the iris - give me ten centimeters, please.

The techs follow Ben's orders - touching controls and switches on all sides of the birthing machine.

An IRIS at the end of a telescoping birth canal PROTRUDES from the main sphere on the machine.

The entire apparatus then TILTS on a gimbal to push the creature inside through the canal.

The iris opens slightly - a smooth black CARAPACE slowly crowns against it from inside.

BEN (CONT'D)

Steady... steady...

Ben reaches for the iris, throwing authoritative glances at the techs - all of them sweating this moment of expectation - all of them aware of:

KRAZNY

WATCHING from above.

BEN

Slowly WORKS his hand into the iris, trying to grab a complete hold of the being inside:

BEN (CONT'D)

Let's go to forty percent, and move the delivery basin into place - let's stay loose, this one's going to be easy -

But as a pair of techs wheel up a large basin on a wheeled stand:

KRA-PLUNG!

The side of the birth canal RUPTURES with an explosive GUSH of translucent fluid!

A series of gaskets and hoses attached to the side of the birth canal ERUPT in steam and sparks, setting fire to the side of the structure.

BEN FLIES INTO THE BASIN

CRASHING to the floor and coming to just in time to see:

A GNARLED THREE-FINGERED CLAW

POKING OUT from the first hole in the birth canal, then - as it RETRACTS:

KRA-PLUNG!

A second claw PUNCHES ANOTHER HOLE beneath the first!

COMPUTER VOICE

Birth canal rupture - contamination alert
- contamination alert - contamination -

The techs all BACK AWAY.

MORE ALARMS BLARE

Translucent fluid gushes, the birthing machine leaking as more hoses and gaskets break and leak into the lab!

BEN

Sedate the patient! Move it - sedate the -

But before Ben can finish shouting orders:

THE IRIS TEARS OPEN

A hideous parody of childbirth as the OKC inside RIPS its way out of the womb, claws first, then the awful, snarling head.

The GROTESQUE, WET SOUND OF THE BIRTH CANAL TEARING APART echoes as the last of the slimy fluid inside pours out onto Ben, and then:

THE CREATURE SHOVES ITSELF OUT OF THE MACHINE

Landing in a crumpled, shiny-wet heap before Ben - who looks up to see his techs RUNNING AWAY until:

A REPUGNANT GROAN ECHOES FROM THE STANDING MONSTER

Sliding in the afterbirth, Ben struggles to get to his feet to escape from the wild beast towering over him.

THE OKC

LEAPS over ben and BARRELS down from the birthing dais, SLASHING a LAB ASSISTANT with its sharp claws...

Tearing out his throat while letting out a shrill, shrieking WAR CRY!

The creature reaches the far wall of the lab - CRIES OUT - in what appears to be excruciating pain...

And then BANGS! its head against a large metal fermentation vat...

Once - BANG! Twice - BANG! Thrice - BANG!

The bone plating on the creature's forehead SPLITS with a blood-splattering CRACK!

And it just keeps going, one excruciating impact after another as:

BEN

RUSHES through the mass of lab personnel - some of them FLEEING in the opposite direction from the creature, a pitifully small number aiding their throat-slashed co-worker with the meager contents of a first-aid kit.

Ben SKIDS TO A HALT a mere meter from the self-annihilating spectacle.

The frantic pace of the creature's BANGS slows down as the fermentation vat is reduced to a heap of jagged, twisted pipes and metal...

And the creature's head degrades to a bloody pulp of shattered bone and exposed brain.

With one final SLAM! the creature falls back from the wreckage: oozing blood and biomass, and wheezing a SAD, KEENING DEATH RATTLE through wrecked sinuses and torn vocal chords.

The creature's head - what's left of it - falls back - its cries replaced by the sound of panic and weeping from Ben's traumatized employees.

LAB TECH VOICE
Oh god! Oh god!

LAB TECH VOICE #2
Somebody get an ambulance!
We need a medic! Jesus!

Ben just stands there... watching his creation expire as the cries of his team grow louder and louder...

And then, as he turns back to the lab...

HE SEES KRAZNY

Stepping off a stair from the mezzanine - her compatriots shocked and disgusted by his failure.

CUT TO

A HOLOGRAPHIC BILLBOARD

The words "HI! I'M MOGLOW" float on a patch of sky over:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - STREET - DAY

As a STEADY RAIN falls, the holographic billboard resolves to a moving vignette of a BOY and his PET MOGLOW, cuddling, the Moglow's big eyes looking straight ahead:

TILT DOWN TO FIND BEN

Standing alone under the video billboard - his clothes getting wet as he looks across the street to:

THE PREVIOUSLY SEEN SUSHI RESTAURANT

Where a Black Suburban, followed by another, comes to a halt, disgorging a few of ALAN'S BODYGUARDS - the bodyguards open the door on the lead vehicle, letting Alan - alone - step out.

Ben turns up his collar to hold back the rain... and as the Moglow LOOMS above him...

INT. SUSHI BAR - DAY

Alan sits cross-legged at a table at the end of the restaurant as Ben enters through the front door.

Alan's bodyguards come closer to him - not recognizing the man before them. Alan waves them away then stands, walking toward his brother.

The two men meet halfway and regard one another for an awkward moment. Alan then reaches forward and turns down Ben's collar.

Ben smiles, then, as the men EMBRACE...

DISSOLVE TO

INT. SUSHI BAR - LATER

Alan and Ben use crayons to play dots-and-boxes on a sprawl of paper place-mats occupying the entire table top - and spilling out onto the floor - as a WAITER takes their empty glasses away...

BEN
 (looking up at the
 waiter)
 Banana daiquiri.

ALAN
 (focused on the game)
 Soda water.

BEN
 You're letting me win.

Alan waves him off, adding lines to the game in time with his brother.

ALAN
 I'm not letting you win.

BEN
 This isn't going to work out if you let
 me win.

ALAN
 I told you. I am not letting you win.

BEN
 Yes you are.

ALAN
 How would you know that?

Ben lifts his crayon, places it down on the mat.

BEN
Because I'm letting you win.

ALAN
Oh shit...
(looks up)
You finally got me.

Alan puts his crayon down, and as he takes his drink from the arriving waiter...

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE OVER BLACK: SIX MONTHS LATER

FADE IN

INT. WINCHMASTER G.A. - CORRIDOR - DAY

Alan and Ben, both in labcoats, stride down the corridor alongside Theodora, reading a file:

THEODORA
The Garfosas went on a rampage
apparently, using their oversized beaks
to attack human limbs and -

ALAN
Ugh, enough I got it. I never should have
let them talk me into those damned
monster chickens -

BEN
Don't look at me. I wasn't here for that.

ALAN
They were engineered to never reproduce -
how the hell did those unholy monsters
begin laying eggs anyway?

BEN
Try as they did to scrub the genome
clean, there might have been some rogue
recessive trait that expressed after
maturity - or maybe it's junk DNA -

ALAN
We need to go through every thing we've
created again and make sure.

THEODORA
Damn right we do. The lawsuits are going
to be substantial.

ALAN

We'll have start making those mini Moglow then to offset the loss.

THEODORA

The nanos -

BEN

There's gotta be a better name.

ALAN (CONT'D)

And recall all the Garfosas: I don't want anyone in defense thinking they can reverse-engineer them into anything.

(looks at his watch)

I'm going dark for the next hour - computers and phones off, OK?

THEODORA

Not my first barbecue.

ALAN

(to Ben)

You coming?

BEN

Give me fifteen.

Ben peels off as Alan turns the corner to see:

A CONFERENCE ROOM

INSIDE: Leo and Gabriela - sitting around the table and picking at the lunch for four set up before them.

As Alan smiles...

INT. WINCHMASTER G.A. - DATA CORE - LATER

Ben SWIPES his way into the facility's central computer hub - a MASSIVE, white-on-white room featuring row after row of slab-like processors and servers.

Ben stops as the door closes behind him, then reaches into a pocket and pulls out a disposable hypo which he pushes into his neck.

WHOOSH. He sucks in air, then puts the hypo back into his pocket as he expertly navigates the labyrinth, heading with purpose toward a single machine.

Stopping, he pulls out a wrench-like tool and cranks the front panel open.

With a kind of practiced ease, he removes a MODULE from a pocket and places it inside the cabinet... then as he replaces the front panel...

SMASH CUT TO

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Low ceilinged, dark, lit by task lights and holographic display glow at a series of tiered workstations.

One of the holographic displays BLOOMS with a series of ALERTS - the OPERATOR keys at the display then turns around to signal her supervisor.

OPERATOR

Director? We have a live link to Winchmaster Genetic Architecture.

Standing over another operator a few stations over, Helena Krazny steps over and bends down over the workstation.

KRAZNY

Is our asset on the line?

OPERATOR

Yes.

Krazny slides on a headset.

KRAZNY

Ben, can you hear me?

RESUME ON BEN

Continuing his work, pressing an earbud into his ear.

BEN

I can.

INTERCUT

KRAZNY

Our telemetry's barely nominal and we're running into the system's passive security.

OPERATOR

(to Krazny)

Even with a full connection it's going to take days to assimilate all this data. The amount of information here's galactic in magnitude.

KRAZNY

(to the operator)

I want everything - even the specs for the building - gas mains, service corridors, HVAC, plumbing, gas mains...

OPERATOR

48 hours minimum.

KRAZNY

(tapping her head set)

Did you hear that? I need for you to place at least four more modules for us to get remote access.

Ben moves to another tower, starts the process anew.

BEN

Alan's own terminal is off-line for at least an hour and I have his DNA coded into the chips. I know what I'm doing.

KRAZNY

You've said that to me before.

BEN

This isn't exactly easy.

Ben shakes his head, and as he goes to work, KRAZNY'S VOICE TURNS INTO A V.O.:

DISSOLVE TO

INT. WINCHMASTER G.A. - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ben, gathering himself together, strides to the glass-walled conference room where Alan lunches with his family - Leo on his lap, playing the airplane game with his son's fork.

KRAZNY (V.O.)

You owe a debt. In the billions of dollars - and you are going to deliver what God has refused to.

As Krazny's speech ends, Ben enters the conference room.

SEEN THROUGH THE GLASS DOORS

Gabriela stands and hugs him excitedly. Leo shouts with joy... as Ben sits next to his brother, breaking bread...

DISSOLVE TO

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Krazny - dressed in a different outfit to reflect the passage of time - leans over the operator's console.

A TASKBAR on the operator's holo-console shows a barely-halfway-there circle.

OPERATOR

Director Krazny.

KRAZNY

Status?

OPERATOR

We have a ways to go here... if they don't find our devices... but with multiples, we'll be able to fight off their active security without arousing any suspicion...

And off Krazny...

DISSOLVE TO

INT. WINCHMASTER G.A. - HALLWAY TO CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The next day... Alan meets Gabriela and Leo at the hallway - kisses his wife and picks up his son - and as they enter to meet Ben for lunch in the conference room:

DISSOLVE TO

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Krazny - again, in a different outfit - looks at the task bar: now nearing completion.

KRAZNY

(to the operator)

Time?

OPERATOR

Backing up - we have everything we need.

Krazny nods, turns to a SECOND OPERATOR: a skinny, wiry guy with stubble and aviator-rimmed glasses.

ON THE SECOND OPERATOR'S SCREEN

Is a 3-D HOLOGRAPHIC WIREFRAME MAP of Winchmaster Genetic Architecture's entire facility.

KRAZNY

Got the building?

SECOND OPERATOR

Between the mainframes and the surveillance we've been running for the last twelve months? I could tell you the temperature of God's ass on his chair... we're ready to move to the next phase if you give the order.

KRAZNY

Make the phone calls. Let's move the brothers into position.

Second Operator puts on his headphone, taps his keyboard:

SECOND OPERATOR

This is DXO-9, we are moving to phase two. Initiate direct communications, please... go to forward display.

Krazny turns to look at the front of the room, where a LARGE HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY showing a combination satellite image and interpolated data field map of Winchmaster Genetic Architecture.

As Krazny's face lights up before the display...

INT. WINCHMASTER G.A. - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Theodora rushes in:

THEODORA

Alan - they need you in the Lumberger lab.

Alan shoots her a disbelieving look:

ALAN

Hello? Lunch.

THEODORA

The genetic matrix collapsed - all the fetuses are dying.

Alan stands, puts an arm around Gabriela.

ALAN

Oh shit. I'm sorry - this -

GABRIELA

You're here every day with us, it's OK - go.

Alan nods and bounds out, with Theodora following as Ben's phone CHIMES.

BEN LOOKS AT HIS PHONE

The label on the call reads MOM.

BEN

Yes?

INTERCUT WITH

INT. SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Krazny speaks through her headset as:

THE HOLOGRAPHIC MODEL OF WINCHMASTER G.A. BUILDING

Grows more and more detailed before her - layer upon layer of detail building as the data assimilates.

A person-shaped avatar on the model lights up with a window labeled ALAN WINCHMASTER: moving away from the wire-frame of the conference room. A second tag appears over a second avatar, labeled BENJAMIN WINCHMASTER.

KRAZNY

We have a problem at the computer core.
We're losing signal integrity. I need you there right now.

BEN

I'm busy, can I call you - ?

KRAZNY

No, you can't.
(her tone hardening)
Go there right now - if you don't in the next thirty seconds, everything you did for us goes public - to the media, to your brother.

BEN

(trying to hold it together)
Yes. Yes.

Ben looks at Gabriela - putting on his most apologetic expression, he mouths the words "I'M SORRY" and strides out the door.

As Gabriela settles to lunch alone...

IN A MONTAGE

BEN makes his way down the GLASS AND WOOD HALLWAYS OF WINCHMASTER G.A. - the hallways becoming more and more stark and industrial as he reaches the DATA CORE.

ALAN AND THEODORA rush through a series of scientific corridors toward a door labeled LUMBURGER LAB - where they quickly don scrubs and gloves before entering.

KRAZNY WATCHES THE HOLOGRAM

As Alan and Ben's avatars MOVE DOWN THEIR RESPECTIVE PATHS THROUGH THE BUILDING.

She turns to the Second Operator.

KRAZNY

Can you give me an ETA on phase two?

SECOND OPERATOR

Just a click away.

KRAZNY

Wait for Ben to reach the core. Is Alan in the safe zone?

SECOND OPERATOR

As far as we can tell, yes.

As Krazny shakes her head, pondering that...

CONTINUE INTERCUT

As Alan and Theodora enter:

INT. LUMBURGER FROG LAB - CONTINUOUS

The urgency of their stride and tone completely in contrast to the three LABTECHS working quietly at their stations...

The place seems completely orderly and without crisis.

ALAN

I need a status report! What the hell's wrong with the genetic matrix?

The MAIN LABTECH swivels in his chair to see Alan as the other two do the same...

Their faces registering the usual dread that comes when the boss shows up unannounced.

MAIN LABTECH

There's... there's something wrong?

THEODORA

You people called us on the private intra-office line.

Before any further words can be exchanged:

BEN

Enters the DATA CORE. The door THUNKS SHUT behind him as:

KRAZNY

Turns from the hologram to the Second Operator:

KRAZNY

Phase two. Go.

As Second Operator taps his keys... Krazny's phone CHIMES... she looks down to see who's calling.

BEN

BEN

Come on, come on...

AND THEN AN ALARM

The lights in the core turn RED - as Ben looks away from his phone...

SMASH CUT TO ALAN AND THEODORA

Looking up as the lights in the LUMBURGER LAB go red.

ALAN

What is that?

THEODORA

Building evac alert -
 (looks at her phone)
 - central computer says it's some kind of gas leak in the executive wing.

SMASH CUT TO

INT. WINCHMASTER G.A. - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Red lights and ALARMS fill the space and Gabriela takes Leo - afraid and CRYING - into her arms...

But before she can complete the motion...

THE ROOM ERUPTS IN BLACK AND ORANGE FLAMES

THE EXPLOSION CARRIES OVER INTO

INT. LUMBURGER FROG LAB - CONTINUOUS

As Alan registers the BOOM! from above...

THE ENTRANCE WALL TO THE LAB

ERUPTS in flames and smoke - the ceiling COLLAPSES - as the place FILLS with SMOKE, FLAME and debris:

CUT TO

INT. WINCHMASTER GENETIC G.A. - DATA CORE - CONTINUOUS

Ben realizes what's going on and runs to the door - but before he can get there:

COMPUTER VOICE
HALON SYSTEM ENGAGED.

HALON GAS SHOOTS from NOZZLES descending from the ceiling.

Ben GASPS for breath and turns toward a GAS MASK LOCKER... he SHATTERS the glass with his elbow and throws on the mask... and as he looks up...

SMASH CUT TO

A CGI IMAGE OF THE WINCHMASTER BUILDING

In GREEN AND GREY - a side of the building ENGULFED in flames, collapsing.

WIDER TO REVEAL KRAZNY

Watching the unfolding apocalypse - the satellite image part of her holographic display.

KRAZNY
Is Alan Winchmaster intact?

SECOND OPERATOR
Looks like the Lumburger Lab took it harder than our simulations predicted.

KRAZNY
Is he alive?

SECOND OPERATOR
 (tapping furiously)
 Hard to say...

KRAZNY
 You said he'd be safe there -

SECOND OPERATOR	KRAZNY
I said that the simulations	
-	Fuck! He'd better have
	survived or this whole
	thing -

SECOND OPERATOR
 Hey - you were there at the briefing! It
 wasn't exactly a controlled detonation!

KRAZNY
 (knows he's right)
 Fuck. Fuck-fuck-fuck.
 (turning to Second Operator)
 OK. Contact emergency medical services
 and give them Alan Winchmaster's exact
 location. I want him rescued first - call
 me the moment we have confirmation that
 he's alive.

FADE TO BLACK

THE SCREEN ERUPTS IN DIGITAL NOISE

Resolving into the image of:

CNN SPECIAL REPORT

THE MAIN BUILDING OF WINCHMASTER GENETIC ARCHITECTURE -
 on fire, a large portion of the façade CRATERED -
 surrounded by EMS - appearing behind a CNN NEWSREADER:

CNN REPORTER
 We do not know the death toll - or
 whether Alan Winchmaster himself was in
 the building at the time of the -

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. WINCHMASTER G.A. - DAY

Acrid smoke and flames fill the frame as EMERGENCY
 WORKERS dig through RUBBLE - pulling out a BURNED BODY -
 but whose?

MSNBC - EMERGENCY BROADCAST

A graphic shows images of Gabriela and Leo.

MSNBC REPORTER

Preliminary reports indicate a death toll of twenty - including Dr. Winchmaster's wife and son. Dr. Winchmaster was not near the epicenter of the explosion but was gravely wounded -

SMASH CUT TO

INT. MEDEVAC CHOPPER - DAY

FROM THE POV OF A PATIENT ON A STRETCHER...

Fire and smoke - a PAIR OF EMTs shove a smoke-stained but otherwise merely bruised-and-battered Theodora into the cabin.

THEODORA

He caught the brunt of it - the wall, it just collapsed -

EMT

We're going to take care of him, please, just strap in, OK?

(to the other EMT)

We have an avulsion of the left leg - wound appears to be cauterized -

EMT #2

Applying a prosthetic shunt to the wound -

EMT

Starting a Ringers IV, wide open, preparing a broad spectrum antibiotic, antiviral and antitoxin...

One of the EMTs lower a mask onto the POV. A hatch on the side of the chopper THUNKS! CLOSED.

The CHOPPER rises - evidenced by the landscape seen through the windows... the smoke and fire clearing... the burning building becoming smaller and smaller underneath.

A BURNED HAND reaches up into the frame:

ALAN'S MUFFLED VOICE

GABRIELA! LEO!

EMT

Shit - he broke his strap -

A second EMT enters frame to restrain Alan.

THEODORA
Alan, please, let them -

EMT #2
Give me 20MLs of Zetazepam
- come on! Come on!

Alan's hand winds around an IV cord - the EMTs HOLD HIM DOWN. As one of them reaches down for his neck with a HYPOSPRAY...

CUT TO

FOX NEWS - PROGRAMMING INTERRUPTION

FOX REPORTER
Twenty-four hours have passed since what has, up until now, been presumed to be the largest terrorist attack on American soil in decades. The loss, not only in human lives, but also in intellectual property is catastrophic, and today, the nightmare scenario has been confirmed in the most horrifying way possible -

SMASH CUT TO

ALAN'S FACE UNDER THE BREATHING MASK

DISSOLVE TO

INT. ALAN AND GABRIELA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Modern and spare. Gabriela lies in her street clothes - a loose frock and sandals. Alan lies next to her, picking out the bridge from "Brown Eyed Girl" on his violin.

Badly.

GABRIELA
How can you do that...?

ALAN
At a time like this?

GABRIELA
You saw the test.

ALAN
I'm picking strings because... there's nothing we can do about it...

GABRIELA

Are you sure about that? We could still
end it -

ALAN

No.

GABRIELA

Or - do the prenatal gene therapy -

ALAN

No. It's experimental and
dangerous.

GABRIELA

Are you sure?

ALAN

Yes.

(turning to her)

He is going to be our son no matter what
and I am not going to mess with -

GABRIELA

God?

(off his look)

You were going to say "god" weren't you!
You secretly believe in god!

She brightens - coming to life to TICKLE him. Alan tries
to shield himself.

ALAN

Mother nature! I was going to say "mother
nature"!

GABRIELA

Liar!

Now she's on top of him, TICKLING HIM FIERCELY - she puts
her knees on his shoulders as he struggles to put aside
the violin.

She stops. Staring at him. Needing reassurance. He takes
a breath and puts the violin on the bedside table, then.

ALAN

Listen. There's nothing wrong with our
son. Nothing that has to be fixed.

(a smile)

Leo is going to be perfect.

GABRIELA

Leo?

ALAN

After Da Vinci.

She laughs, and then, as she kisses Alan again...

DISSOLVE TO

ALAN'S FACE BELOW THE OXYGEN MASK

Weeping.

SMASH CUT TO

A CHAOTIC ANIMATED SEQUENCE OF ARABIC SCRIPT

INTERCUT with images of men in kameez and kaffiyeh: praying, demonstrating on streets and firing AK-47s in the desert.

The image COALESCES into a logo of a double helix entangled in multiple scimitars. Against the logo background, a PICTURE-IN-PICTURE - the montage of demonstrators and wargames continues on one window.

On the other window, BULUS - several years older and more assured than in his previous appearance:

BULUS

(in Arabic)

*The atheist Alan Winchmaster - the man
who named himself "God" - has today
reaped the bitter harvest he sowed when
he dared to steal life from -*

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

PULL OUT FROM BLACK

To REVEAL:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Alan lies in a bed - television remote in hand... switching off the channel. As his hand releases the control...

REVEAL that his body attached to a high-tech IV via a series of tubes, shunts and catheters.

Alan's head is bandaged, his face is lined with chemical sutures. His left leg is gone.

Theodora - now dressed in SCRUBS, her own wounds patched up - stands at the far side of the room.

Ben - still in the clothes he wore in the data core, and completely intact - lies across Alan's body - weeping.

Alan PAINFULLY lifts his hand to meet Ben's - as he does, REVEAL that his eyes are dry...

But the whites are completely red.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - ATRIUM - DAY

Ben - dishevelled and stubbled - still in his clothes from the day of the assault - passes a CHECKPOINT, depositing the contents of his pockets into a bin.

As he walks past the scanners and x-rays...

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Escorted by two ARMED GUARDS, Ben strides with purpose down the hallway.

The guards usher him into a SUITE - at the end of which, is the open-doored office of Helena Krazny.

Krazny spots Ben from behind her desk. She stands and walks around to meet him:

KRAZNY

Ben.

Ben says nothing - he simply comes closer and PUNCHES her on the mouth!

The Guards GRAB Ben - he struggles. One of the guards touches a STUN GUN to his neck.

Ben crumples and FALLS.

Krazny RECOVERS quickly, standing as blood oozes from her already-swelling, broken lip.

She steps around her desk, swipes an interactive hologram, and the doors to the office CLOSE.

Krazny waves the guards away from Ben - lying in a heap - and angrily pulls one tissue after another from a silver dispenser on her desk.

KRAZNY (CONT'D)

(wiping off the blood)

Asshole.

BEN
 (tears streaming)
 You said... all you wanted was his data.

KRAZNY
 It's worthless without him. You know that
 better than anybody.

Ben looks up at her, slowly getting his faculties back,
 but his emotions CHOKING his words.

BEN
 (sputtering)
 You killed my family.
 (off her silence)
 My brother's dying -

KRAZNY
 No he's not. He'll pull through - thank
 god.
 (a deep breath, then)
 They're probably growing him a new leg as
 we speak.

BEN
 How can you live with this?

KRAZNY
 Me? What exactly do you think I have to
 live with?
 (off his look)
 The Jihad Alkassum has taken credit.

BEN
 You think I buy that? You think anyone -

Ben tries to stand, but one of the guards KICKS HIS LEG
 OUT FROM UNDER HIM.

As Krazny speaks, the guard places his boot on Ben's
 neck, keeping him down.

KRAZNY
 It's in the books already, Ben. It's
history.

BEN
 How?

KRAZNY
 Oh, please. Whenever something like this
 happens the crazies line up for the
 credit... that's just who they are.

BEN

Someone will know. Alan will find out.

KRAZNY

Who's going to blow the whistle?

(as Ben shakes his head)

The Jihad Alkassum blew up your brother's lab and killed his family; and they are going to get away with it because the liberal democrat at 1600's too chickenshit to waste the lives of American soldiers going after them.

(coming closer)

Human soldiers, anyway.

The dread revelation of what Krazny has been after all along lands on Ben, who then tilts his head up as much as he can:

BEN

I won't help you... I swear I won't...

Krazny balls up her blood-stained tissue, throws it in the garbage.

KRAZNY

You won't have to.

A WASH OF DIGITAL NOISE TRANSITIONS TO

SUNDAY MORNING PRESS SHOW

An INTELLIGENCE OFFICER answers questions from an ELDER NEWSMAN (a Daniel Schorr/Ted Koppel type).

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

We are not at liberty to reveal the details, but our initial investigation not only uncovered the remains of an explosive device in the rubble, but also that Winchmaster Genetic Architecture had, in fact, hired undercover members of a Jihad Alkassum cell in various menial positions - clearly, the Jihad worked for years to get someone on the inside.

ELDER NEWSMAN

What about reports that the senior leadership of the Jihad Alkassum has sought refuge in the caves north of the Shah-I-Kot valley -

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Unconfirmed reports.

ELDER NEWSMAN

Are we considering a military intervention?

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

The situation is fluid.

ELDER NEWSMAN

The United States lost many teams in that area during our campaigns in Afghanistan at the turn of the century. Even the SEALS reported an inability to truly operate at peak efficiency in that part of the world. There's already talk that the expenditure of human life might be too much for the government to consider sending a mission -

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

I'm not at liberty to discuss what the Army can - or won't do -

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Ben enters to find Alan asleep.

The bandages on his head are gone, the swelling on his face almost completely subsided.

Ben tiptoes further in, picking up a chair to place by Alan's bedside.

As he sits, he notices something on the table...

A BOOK - ON THE FRONT PAGE:

BLOOD ON CRESCENT MOON

A SOLDIER'S CHRONICLE OF THE GULF WAR

BENJAMIN WINCHMASTER II

Ben turns the book over to REVEAL an author photo: a BROAD-SHOULDERED MAN IN HIS MID-40s - his desert camo, full pack and Army helmet only make him look like superhuman: a killing machine with a man's face.

This is their father.

Ben regards the book for a moment, letting out a deep breath as he looks at his brother.

The family resemblance is undeniable.

As Ben's line of sight returns to the image of his father...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO

THE SAME IMAGE OF ALAN AND BEN'S FATHER

On a gravestone at:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Alan and Ben's father's grave sits beside their mother's - YOLANDA WINCHMASTER, her date of death a year after the father's.

Alan - his hand clutching a cane, a mechanical prosthetic barely visible beneath his pant-leg - sits next to Ben.

A MEAGER CROWD OF CO-WORKERS behind them slowly files to place roses on the two coffins... waiting to be lowered into two open graves next to Ben and Alan's parents.

Theodora makes her way up a green slope to meet Alan.

THEODORA

Alan...

(a whisper as he looks up)

Gabriela's family refuses to come out of their limousine while you're here. They want to see her and Leo alone.

ALAN

They say anything else?

Theodora shakes her head. Alan knows immediately that she is holding something back.

ALAN (CONT'D)

What else did they say?

THEODORA

That they're considering serving you with papers for burying Gabriela in your family plot.

Alan shakes his head. Ben leans over.

BEN

OK. Maybe we should let them say good-bye.

Alan looks at his father and mother's grave, then turns to Ben, his voice quiet and determined.

ALAN

Melorheostosis.

(off Ben's look)

Bone disease. Causes ultra-dense bone growth over the existing skeleton - sometimes breaking out through the skin - mutation of the LEMD3 gene.

(nodding to himself)

The runaway growth is extremely hard, very difficult to cut.

(a pause, then)

The bullet that killed our father fragmented on his collarbone - it was a shard of his own bone that pierced his carotid artery... the bullet that killed our mother shattered her skull...

BEN

Alan, please.

ALAN

If we could graft onto a genetically designed combat soldier a mutation of LEMD3, one with a directed, global component to the growth, we could create a lightweight, bulletproof asset - maybe the bone growth could be designed to refract light for stealth - maybe we can splice in a bioelectric component like an eel so that it can control the opacity of the outer enamel, turn invisible at will... a creature like that could go anywhere... do anything... and be bulletproof... we'll have to design a failsafe...

(turning back to Ben)

What do you think?

Ben looks away, the irony that Alan has just developed the exact same idea that led him to failure not lost on him... then:

BEN

You made me swear. Never work on weapons.

ALAN

Yes.

BEN

You want me to break that oath?

As Alan turns to look at the image of his father...

ALAN

We'll break it together.
 (turning to look at Ben)
 I can't do this alone, little man.

Finally receiving the words for which he has wished his entire life, Ben looks from his brother to their father...

BEN

I may have an idea about that fail-safe.

And off the steely visage of their patriarch, commanding his children from beyond the grave...

DISSOLVE TO

A FIGURE DRAPED IN A BLACK SHEET

A hand REACHES into frame to PULL THE SHEET off...

REVEALING a new form of ORTHOPEDIC KAMIKAZE COMMANDO.

Its general outline is not unlike that of Alan and Ben's father in the picture.

Everything else is fearsome biomilitary badassery: a genius's rewrite of Ben's original failure.

From the obsidian bone plating covering every inch of its body to the streamlined head - breathing vents still part of a short neck, the jaw slightly more subtle, but still protruding, with razor teeth and eyes set below the hinge - diamond-shaped torso, massive arms, four-fingered claws, and the reverse-hinged legs...

This is the best version of a humanoid killing machine imaginable.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL ALAN

On a dais - the OKC on a platform beside him - holding the black blanket on one hand and still clutching the cane with the other... flanked by Ben and a less-than-pleased Theodora at:

INT. A VAST HANGAR - DAY

Behind them, a massive VIDEO SCRIM showing a MONTAGE of American flags - pure military/industrial kitsch.

After a moment of dread silence... APPLAUSE...

THE APPLAUSE BUILDS AS**TITLE OVER BLACK: TWO YEARS LATER****RESUME FROM BLACK TO THE APPLAUDING AUDIENCE**

A large number of MEN AND WOMEN IN UNIFORM - military dignitaries of every stripe.

BEN

Wanna say a word to our guests?

ALAN

I'm done giving speeches.

A moment between the two men, then, as Ben steps up to calm down the applause and address the gathering...

Alan turns around and - his movements painful, his mastery of the cane tenuous - steps off a stair behind the creature.

Without missing a beat, Ben addresses the crowd - something in his demeanor making it clear that he is by now used to his brother's current taciturn demeanor.

BEN

Friends. When my brother and I founded this company, we swore never to use the principles of Genetic Architecture to further the cause of war. Having lost our father to the battlefield and our mother to the emotional fallout of that tragedy, neither of us has ever worked on a defense project and as many of you know, our refusal once led to some... disagreement between us and... well, the government.

As the crowd CHUCKLES uncomfortably, FOLLOW Alan's exit trajectory, behind the video screen, transparent with IMAGES, illustrating Ben's speech... including a portrait of Alan and Ben's father in dress blues...

As Ben speaks, Alan continues the cross toward an exit - his brother's face now displayed on and inverted by the video scrim.

BEN (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Since then, we've learned the bitter lesson that comes with disengagement from the cause of peace...

(a pause)

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D) (O.S.)

What we bring you is not a weapon of war, but a harbinger of peace - a savior of innocent American lives. An instrument that will protect our soldiers from dangerous duties which, while brave enough to take, they should never be asked to endure... this is Alan Winchmaster's most advanced creation - and we hope that with this tool in your armamentarium, you will wage today the battles that will end all battles in the future.

The stage grows smaller as Alan and Theodora walk away.

THEODORA

Has them eating out of his hand.

ALAN

Always knew he had it in him. More of a natural than me.

ON STAGE

Ben continues his briefing:

BEN

In these warriors we have strength, courage and blind obedience to this government and only this government... they are cloned to order and fully grown and trained in six months. We have even provided a foolproof fail-safe a lethal addiction to the nootropic compound polydichloric euthimal - forty eight hours without their fix, and their entire nervous system self-destructs.

And off the APPLAUSE...

RESUME ON ALAN

WINCING, his every step a cause of pain.

THEODORA

You have to let us graft you a biological leg, Alan.

(off his shrug)

I can feel your pain.

ALAN

I'm not really the "replacing things" type.

THEODORA

So you're going to spend the rest of your life wearing a robot pegleg?

(off Alan)

You know, some of the younger guys in systems assimilation stopped calling you "God"... it's "The Dread Pirate Winchmaster" now.

Before Alan can reply, the two of them reach an exit, beside which stands Krazny - in a black suit, furtively listening to the presentation.

They make eye contact. She holds out her hand.

KRAZNY

Doctor Winchmaster. I'm Helena Krazny.

ALAN

(ignoring her handshake)

I know who you are.

THEODORA

Who are you with these days? Homeland? Defense Intelligence? TCD? NSA?

A tense moment. Krazny keeps her hand out, then:

KRAZNY

I know we have had our differences in the past, I just want to say...

(taking back her hand)

That you're doing what's right and I'm grateful.

ALAN

I bet you are.

THEODORA

(pushing past Krazny)

Will you excuse us?

Theodora reaches to usher Alan out to the exit.

Krazny maneuvers herself in front of them - her performance good enough to conceal her cold, calculating intent: to suss out what Alan knows and doesn't.

KRAZNY

It must have taken a lot to convince your brother to help you in this... after what I put him through.

(off his look)

In that jail.

Alan indicates the video scrim: now showing images of the OKC and its many features as Ben continues his keynote.

ALAN

It took a lot of work. He swore he'd never do something like this.

KRAZNY

You don't say.

ALAN

(looking to the video scrim)
Most of that design is his.

KRAZNY

Really?

ALAN

I have a feeling if he could turn it on you, he'd be glad to.

KRAZNY

Good thing we have a common enemy.

Krazny steps out of Alan's way, and as Theodora opens the door for him, and a SHAFT OF BRIGHT SUNLIGHT from outside engulfs them both...

FADE TO WHITE

SMASH INTO

INT. A TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

Small, but clean and high-tech - with a sound-proof ceiling and walls. Could be anywhere in the world.

A room-sized green screen coves down from the far wall. A few MEN IN KHAKIS work on a pair of video cameras on robotic arms.

A door opens - letting in the clatter of SEVERAL ARABIC VOICES IN MID ARGUMENT - to REVEAL Bulus - the young leader of the Jihad Alkassum - and his entourage.

BULUS

I am not making exceptions for any member of the movement - you carry the standard of Alkassum, you make the necessary sacrifices, this isn't just an ideological movement -

Never stopping, Bulus moves in front of the cameras as his entourage takes positions among a pair of workstations behind the cameras.

The cameras COME TO LIFE - zooming in on Bulus.

On one of the workstations: a PLAYBACK, where Bulus now appears in a TRAINING CAMP, with photorealistic CGI soldiers behind him - occasionally crossing the frame.

A HOLOGRAPHIC TELEPROMPTER appears at eye level before Bulus but behind the cameras.

One of the men behind the terminals - now acting as DIRECTOR - stands, putting on headphones.

DIRECTOR
*Commencing image capture in five...
four... three... two...*

The soundstage goes pin-drop silent, Bulus stares at the camera, but as the director says "one"...

A loud BOOM! shakes the walls. The lights FLICKER.

Confused glances - then another BOOM!

BULUS
Let's go - we will make this video later -

The entourage stands quickly - their radios AWAKEN with ALARM SOUNDS and desperate, static-filled chatter.

Two of the men get beside Bulus and RUSH him out of the room.

Once the sound-proofed door OPENS, the place FILLS with AURAL CHAOS - a tidal wave of ECHOING live ammo, screaming, explosions, and collapsing ceilings.

The men RUNWALK their leader into:

INT. CAVE SYSTEM - AFGHANISTAN - CONTINUOUS

The hallway is the first sign that the Jihad Alkassum's studio is inside a cave - though outfitted with aluminum floors and overhead lights, the walls are pure rock.

The hallway SHAKES with another BOOM.

A door on the far end opens to let in a PLUME OF SMOKE - and from it emerges a HEAVILY WOUNDED JIHADI SOLDIER.

JIHADI SOLDIER
They've blocked this way!

BULUS
Who is it? The Americans?

JIHADI SOLDIER
We don't know!

The cave COLLAPSES on top of the soldier.

Then silence... and a bizarre TRILLING NOISE from above - like a loud mechanical CLICKING mixed with a BESTIAL WAR CRY - that fills the place.

Bulus's handlers turn him around - tracking the sound - then RUSH him out in the opposite direction - taking a stair up to:

INT. CAVE SYSTEM SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A LARGE CAVE, buttressed by a steel infrastructure, and featuring many work stations and arms lockers.

The place SHAKES with activity - multiple holographic stations flickering between RED ALERT MESSAGES and complete oblivion.

JIHADI SOLDIERS rush about, taking weapons from the lockers, shredding papers and destroying all but the most essential equipment.

BULUS
Report?

JIHADI SOLDIER #2 steps up:

JIHADI SOLDIER #2
We have a perimeter breach, the entire western cave system is compromised.

BULUS
How did it happen so quickly?

DIRECTOR
 (looks up from his radio)
It's an overwhelming force - in the hundreds.

And then the TRILLING/BEAST-CRY again - everyone stops... then:

A sizzle of electric noise fills the air...

Then, after a single TRILL/BEAST-CRY...

THE OKCS APPEAR, THEIR INVISIBILITY GOING OFF LINE

Fifty of them: their gleaming obsidian bodies augmented by backpacks, electronic communications gear, multiple weapons and military insignia enameled on their plating.

Standing still in front of Bulus, small machine assault rifles at the ready: an inscrutable column of humanoid soldiers in strategic positions around the motor pool.

BANG!

A bullet hits Bulus on the chest.

A look of utter disbelief on his face, Bulus STUMBLES BACK, then drops his weapon.

THE LEAD OKC

Pulls from behind its back a massive cannon on a strap, SLINGING IT onto its hands in one seamless motion - and:

BOOM!

Bulus's arm and shoulder BLOW away from his body!

WRACKED by the shock, Bulus's body FLIES BACK, landing a few feet from his macerated appendage.

THE LEAD OKC

Flings the weapon against its back, then lets out a TRILL/BEAST-CRY - this one measured a form of communication - as he motions for the other OKCs to move ahead.

THE OKCS SWARM

Their motions smooth and insectlike as they SPREAD across the motor pool... some of them grab on to the walls, climb onto them and move to the ceiling.

The motion of the squadron is a slick of black oil - tarring every corner of the place.

Off the look of disbelief still spread across Bulus's dead face as his body lies on the ground...

CUT TO

EXT. MOUNTAIN CLEARING - AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

A large, variable-geometry QUADCOPTER with US ARMY insignias, camoed in military desert drab, ADAPTS to descend down the small clearing, its rotors moving into a close-quarters formation.

Over the landing, assorted EXPOSITORY RADIO CHATTER:

EXPOSITORY RADIO CHATTER
Control this is Falcon 5, the advance team has confirmed their sweep of the facility... we have clearance for landing...

The quad deploys landing gear and TOUCHES DOWN in a vortex of sand and dust.

A ramp EXTENDS from the belly of the aircraft and a group of ARMED SOLDIERS in full gear emerge, weapons at the ready.

Behind them, a small group of OFFICERS and Alan and Ben - dressed in tactical civilian gear - all black, a helmet and goggles, no militaria.

Alan still walks with his cane. His left pantleg ends at the beginning of his mechanical prosthetic, giving him a strangely cyborgian demeanor.

The soldiers motion for Alan and Ben to follow - and as they step away from the quad...

INT. CAVE SYSTEM - AFGHANISTAN - MOMENTS LATER

The American Soldiers lead the way through the gate... Alan and Ben follow. The Soldiers then part to REVEAL...

THE OKCS

Standing at attention before them - dozens of them, inscrutable in their obsidian shine.

THE LEAD OKC

Creepy in its silence and stealth, moves with little else than the occasional CLICK of its bone plates. He steps up to Alan and indicates something just past the formation.

THE BODY OF BULUS

Macerated in a pool of blood. Ben looks away in disgust. Alan MOVES IN CLOSER.

ALAN
 (to the lead OKC)
 Do you have DNA confirmation?

Lead OKC nods, lets out a soft TRILL, and then holds out a small device from which emerges a HOLOGRAM showing a matching pair of double helices.

Alan stands, nods at Ben, who turns to the American Soldiers.

BEN
 Gentlemen, we have a confirmed kill, with no American casualties!

The American Soldiers BREAK INTO APPLAUSE... and as Ben accepts their shoulder pumps and handshakes... two things happen...

THE LEAD OKC

Looks over to his formed-up comrades...

And sees that several other OKCs have BROKEN RANKS to bring in the bodies of a few DEAD OKCs, their forms broken and bloodied from gunfire...

And as they neatly stack them one next to the other...

ALAN KEEPS HIS EYES ON BULUS'S LIFELESS BODY

Then lifts his cane and SMASHES it down on Bulus's face... once... twice... then in fast progression -

BANG - SPLAT! BANG - SPLAT! BANG - SPLAT! BANG - SPLAT!

Alan's rage and frustration takes fearsome shape in this outburst of POUNDING violence.

As Alan - face spattered with blood - finally STOPS, gasping to catch his ragged breath.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE OVER BLACK: FIVE YEARS LATER

FADE IN

On the face of an AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A beautiful young man - his tough, chiseled and determined face STREAKED with soot and blood, looking off screen as he gives the following declaration:

BEAUTIFUL SOLDIER

We don't make it to that hill... we never
make it home...

WIDER TO REVEAL

SIX OTHER EQUALLY BEAUTIFUL AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS behind
him - squatting in:

EXT. A RAVINE IN A RAIN FOREST - DUSK

You know the types: the QUIET SNIPER, the REFORMED STREET
TOUGH, the ETHNIC GUY WITH THE CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER, the
DOUGHY FAMILY MAN whose love for an ugly wife will make
us regret his inevitable death most, the KID...

And of course, the ONE THEY ALL CALL "DOC."

ONE THEY ALL CALL "DOC"

Let's go HOME!

An appropriately inspiring piece of MINOR-KEY MUSIC comes
on full blast - think of Clint Mansell's "Lux Aeterna,"
John Murphy's "Adagio in D" or Hans Zimmer's "Journey to
the Line" - as:

THE SEVEN MEN CHARGE OUT OF THE RAVINE

No sooner do they that ENEMY FIRE comes at them from
everywhere - turning the rain forest into an APOCALYPSE
OF CORDITE, SMOKE AND DISINTEGRATING FOLIAGE.

As the men die in SLO-MO in ascending order of
photogeneity:

A SERIES OF TITLES

Fade in and out over an ESCALATING MONTAGE of the six men
at war, INTERCUT with scenes of them in happier times:

The fat guy showing the others pictures of his ugly wife,
causing much laughter... men in various states of combat
filth and fatigue HUGGING, SHAKING HANDS, WEEPING, etc.

FROM JOE WEINSTOCK

DIRECTOR OF MIDNIGHT BLUES

AND THE ZENOMORPH QUADRILGY

Then, over montage of war-weary young faces:

CHRIS LAIRD

BOBBY GRAINGER

DAMON "MURDA-DK" WALLACE

AND

MARK WAHLBERG

THAT'S RIGHT - MARK FUCKIN' WAHLBERG

Still buff and awesome in his mid-sixties: a silver fox in officer's field fatigues. His character BARKS ORDERS into a comlink from a mobile situation room rocked by EXPLOSIONS:

MARK WAHLBERG

I don't care what the General says, I'm getting my men back!

The now-familiar TRILL and BEAST-CRY of the OKCs leads into a:

SMASH CUT TO

A MONTAGE OF OKCS

FIRING THEIR WEAPONS in the jungle - making way for Mark Wahlberg to march forward, also FIRING his weapon.

The OKCs TAKE BULLETS and SHRAPNEL for the young men.

Led by Mark Wahlberg, the OKCs CARRY THE VICTORIOUS SOLDIERS out of the jungle.

INTERCUT WITH THE MONTAGE - MORE TITLES

THEY WERE FRIENDS

THEY WERE SOLDIERS

THEY WERE BROTHERS

TRAPPED BY A RELENTLESS ENEMY

SAVED BY THE MIGHT OF A NATION

Over a freeze frame of three survivors - CARRIED OUT of the jungle by Alan's OKCs:

TO THE LAST MAN

SUGGESTED BY ACTUAL ACTS OF TRUE COURAGE

COMING SOON

As the movie trailer ends:

PAN AROUND TO REVEAL THEODORA

Sitting in a seat at:

INT. HOLOTHEATER - NIGHT

A plush, high end venue: save for the wraparound, 3-D screen FLOATING before the audience, no different from any big-city moviehouse.

Theodora shuffles uncomfortably in her seat as the trailer draws to a close with a wash of GUNFIRE AND COMBAT SOUND EFFECTS, and rousing, triumphalist MUSIC.

The subject matter unfolding before her is clearly a source of discomfort.

Theodora shakes her head, then stands and EXITS.

CUT TO

EXT. LOS ANGELES DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Theodora EXITS the theater, stepping toward a town car flanked by BODYGUARDS.

THEODORA

I'm gonna skip the movie.

A liveried CHAUFFEUR opens the door for her but she waves him away.

THEODORA (CONT'D)

No... I need some air.

Theodora turns to walk down the holo-billboard-lit street.

THE CHAUFFEUR

Looks at the bodyguards and waves them to a blacked-out SUV behind the Town Car.

As Theodora walks down the street, the duo of Town Car and SUV is never far behind...

FOLLOW THEODORA AS SHE WALKS DOWN

EXT. LOS ANGELES DOWNTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Theodora keeps moving. Behind her, a HOLOGRAPHIC BILLBOARD plays a CNN-STYLE BROADCAST...

a reporter speaking in front of VIDEO of an urban center under fire...

CNN STYLE REPORTER

On day three-hundred and twenty-three of the siege of Rio De Janeiro, President Thompson reiterated his allegiance to the government troops fighting the Anarchist Guerillas. Pledging that no more countries in the Western Hemisphere would fall to the growing movement, the President pledged an additional hundred thousand non-human American soldiers.

THE VIDEO SHIFTS TO SHOW OKCS

Entire PLATOONS - boarding the rear bays of MASSIVE CARGO PLANES in neat marching rows.

CNN STYLE REPORTER

(CONT'D)

With combined Civilian and Military casualties numbering over half a million, the President's resolve in protecting our allies from the growing unrest had come under question from more hawkish elements in both the national and international community...

Theodora keeps walking. As the newscaster grows FAINTER and FAINTER, overtaken by the sound of SIRENS... Theodora turns to see:

A PAIR OF POLICE LIVERIED VEHICLES

One of them a sedan, the other a strangely-shaped van, ROARING PAST HER to come to a SCREECHING HALT in front of

EXT. SKYSCRAPING BANK - CONTINUOUS

A business monolith with a large PLAZA opening out onto the street.

Theodora comes closer from the sidewalk as two POLICE OFFICERS pile out to open the back door of the larger, more van-like of the two vehicles.

POLICE OFFICER

Stay back, lady! Police business!

Six OKCs in police colors - their bones bright white and bright blue - BARREL out, weapons at the ready.

Then the sound of GUNFIRE.

THEODORA'S BODYGUARDS STEP OUT OF HER CAR

Standing in front of her - protecting and keeping her from moving further in as the scene unfolds.

THE POLICE OKCS

Pull THREE YOUNG ARMED BLACK MEN out of the bank building - taking their weapons and throwing them to the sidewalk.

As the Police OKCs BEAT THE YOUNG BLACK MEN while their human overseers keep the perimeter...

THEODORA WATCHES

Then turns away, heading for her Town Car.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. THEODORA'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Theodora ENTERS through a pair of white-on-white doors, waving good night to her bodyguards, who CLOSE THE DOOR behind her.

The apartment LIGHTS UP TO GREET HER - including her holographic home entertainment center, tuned to a news channel, not yet visible but audible.

NEWSREADER'S VOICE (O.S.)

The Indonesian crisis escalated today as a multi-national force of non-human Commandos under UN control attacked multiple positions controlled by the Muslim government...

THEODORA

Mute please.

Theodora doffs her overcoat and places it on an antique hanger by the door, then steps into her LIVING ROOM - where a large expanse of white marble reflects the panoramic view of the Los Angeles skyline seen through floor to ceiling windows.

The news continues to churn away with more images of WAR AND BLOODSHED playing silently on a hologram before her windows.

Lifting an old-fashioned two-tooth key from a porcelain dish on a console table, Theodora approaches a *Chinoiserie* cabinet which she opens with the key.

From inside, Theodora removes a HIGH-CALIBER, SILVER HANDGUN.

She RETRACTS the slide, opens her mouth and pushes the barrel of the gun against her soft palate.

Theodora SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER.

Off the ECHOING BANG:

CUT TO BLACK

A SHAFT OF LIGHT BREAKS THE BLACK

As a pair of double doors opens into:

INT. WINCHMASTER G.A. - OKC BREEDING AND TRAINING - DAY

Ben, dressed in a black suit with a black armband, enters the facility, looking around, casually greeting the many employees working at:

THE BREEDING AREA

In which HUNDREDS OF SPHERICAL ARTIFICIAL WOMBS rigged to a low-hanging sub-ceiling spit out one OKC after another - all of them about half the size of the fully grown model - with the help of lab-coated, rubber-gloved MIDWIVES (male and female).

The midwives help the fetuses out of the iris-like birth canals, rinse the afterbirth from them with hoses, and stretch them out before placing them onto

A CONVEYOR BELT

Equipped with stainless steel bassinets.

BEN KEEPS WALKING

Past the bustling birthing area, through a DISINFECTANT CORDON bathed in UV lights and past:

TRAINING AND RAPID GROWTH BAY

Where OKCs - in varying sizes - train with rifles and knives: shooting targets and sparring with one another under the tutelage of UNIFORMED US ARMY ADVISORS.

Ben stops by one of the ADVISORS:

BEN

Where's God?

UNIFORMED ADVISOR
 (motioning ahead)
 Over in purgatory...

Ben finally sees Alan - in the distance, over by a:

NUTRITION BAY

Where special FEEDING PODS stretch out in the hundreds as far as the eye can see.

The pods are all rigged via pumps and tubing to an array of translucent chemical barrels labeled "polydichloric euthimal."

OKCs FILE IN AND OUT, taking their places as hoses dispense a sludge-like liquid into their mouths.

Alan - also dressed in austere black - stands next to a UNIFORMED DOCTOR, staring at a holographic display as the OKCs silently go about their business.

Ben reaches Alan and taps him on the shoulder.

ALAN
 Ben. Good. We have an issue with inventory control in some of the law enforcement models...

BEN
 (not listening)
 We have to go Alan.

ALAN
 Oh crap... yeah... OK.

BEN
 Don't pretend you didn't know about it.
 (looks at his suit)
 You dressed in black.

ALAN
 Your point?

BEN
 You can only hide down here for so long.

Alan nods ruefully - the wind out of his sails - then indicates Ben's armband.

ALAN
 Bring one of those for me?

Ben reaches into his pocket and takes out a second band, which he pins around his brother's arm.

Alan stands still for him, then reaches for his cane:

ALAN (CONT'D)

Let's get this over with.

Ben nods, and as the two men turn to go - the vast facility stretching out before them...

EXT. BLACKED OUT SUV/WINCHMASTER G.A. - DAY

A trio of SUVs exit the latest iteration of Winchmaster G.A - a large cluster of military-drab geodesic buildings jutting out of a flat desert landscape.

INT. BLACKED OUT SUV - CONTINUOUS

Alan and Ben sit side by side in the rear seat as the vehicle drives itself. Alan tries in vain to read a flex tablet, but quickly grows frustrated.

ALAN

How long is this service going to last?

Ben looks at his brother in disbelief, then:

BEN

It's a funeral, Alan. It's gonna last as long as it's gonna last.

(off Alan's sour look)

She was with us for eleven years.

Alan puts the tablet aside, looks out the window.

ALAN

That's a long time...

(off Ben's nod)

And she does this without saying anything - without leaving a note?

Ben keeps his eyes ahead - knowing better than to engage, but not knowing better than to censor himself.

BEN

Maybe she thought we'd understand.

Alan shoots him a dubious look:

ALAN

Do you?

BEN

No, I don't fucking understand.

ALAN

Yeah. My point.

(off Ben's look)

You think something like this just happens to someone like her? Everything we've been through?

BEN

I saw the security videos. Read the police reports, and the private investigators.

ALAN

Christ, you're blind. Those can be forged. People can be bought.

BEN

And I'm the one who's blind.

ALAN

(snapping)

She loved us, she loved the company, and she loved our work. How does that translate to a bullet in the head, no reason - no warning?

Ben bows his head and rubs the bridge of his nose - he has an answer to Alan's question, but as he ponders whether to express it...

The car's self-driving interface FRITZES, then turns RED.

CAR VOICE

Alert. Alert. External input detected.
External input DE-FLXX-@#%^&-nrrr....

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Alan and Ben's SUV VEERS - cutting a dusty wake away from the main road.

The lead and chase vehicles SPIN TO A HALT before reorienting themselves to pursue.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. BLACKED OUT SUV - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle VEERS and BOUNCES as it goes off-road.

Ben LUNGES for the front seat of the vehicle, where the self-driving hologram FRITZES uncontrollably.

Maneuvering himself to the driver's position, Ben opens a panel on the center console as Alan takes out his phone while looking back to see:

THE CHASE VEHICLES

Struggling to catch up as Alan and Ben's bodyguards emerge from the sunroofs, brandishing machine guns.

ALAN

Fumbles with his phone - the display is a mess of digital noise.

ALAN

Can't call for help - they're jamming everything!

Ben turns back from the front seat - struggling to keep himself steady in all the ROCKING and VEERING.

BEN

Who?

(before Alan can answer)

Complete override - I can't -

RATATATATATAT-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA CRASH!

The rear window disintegrates in a FUSILLADE from the chase vehicles!

Alan throws himself to the floor as Ben ducks.

ALAN

Jesus Christ! They're gonna -

RATATATATATATATATATATATAT!

Machine-gun fire slices away at the SUV - and as Alan and Ben cover in a nimbus of shrapnel:

A STREAM OF BULLETS HITS THE SUV'S WHEEL

Disintegrating it!

THE SUV SPINS OUT IN A WHIRLWIND OF SAND

The sound of a DESERT WIND fills everyone's ears as the chase cars come to a halt.

The Bodyguards pile out in cover formation, guns at the ready.

Ben kicks out the driver's side door.

BEN
We're OK - we're -

As Ben steps out, his hands up -

THE DESERT SAND SURROUNDING THE SUVS ERUPTS

As a half dozen OKCs EMERGE - buried in wait.

The bodyguards OPEN FIRE - their bullets BOUNCE off the OKCs genetically enhanced body armor!

AS THE OKCS RETURN FIRE

Holding their positions even as the Bodyguards's bullets CHIP AWAY their outer shells:

ALAN LOOKS UP FROM INSIDE HIS SUV

And sees a BLACK HELICOPTER - a futuristic version of an Apache gunship - RISING above a ridge near the end of his field of vision!

The sound of the chopper's single stealth rotor registers as little else than a WHOOM-WHOOM-WHOOM-WHOOM over the sound of gunfire until:

THE BLACK HELICOPTER FIRES TWIN MISSILES

Two contrails and a deafening WHOOSH! eclipse the raging gun battle.

BOOM!

The chase vehicles EVAPORATE in an ugly FIREBALL that consumes the vehicles and the bodyguards as:

THE SHOCKWAVE

Sends Ben flying twenty feet from his position.

SMASH CUT TO BEN'S POV

Fading IN AND OUT OF FOCUS. Smoke. Debris.

A PAIR OF OKCS DRAG ALAN FROM THE SMOKING SUV

And carry him like a rag doll to the black chopper - now landing in the middle distance.

BEN'S FIELD OF VISION FILLS WITH THE FACE OF AN OKC

And as the OKC lets out a LOUD TRILL/BEAST-CRY:

CUT TO BLACK

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - DAY

The sun glows through windows clouded over with thick layers of amber filth.

A broken bed sits in a corner, its tattered Disney Princess duvet barely discernible under sheets of dust. The floor is caked with an inch-thick layer of dirt.

Ben lies dead center in the room, prone, eyes shut. Out.

Ben's eyes open - slowly and painfully - as his body folds over into a fetal position from which he then wrenches himself to sitting up.

Ben lifts his hand to his face - it's shaking... but before Ben can orient himself -

THE DOOR TO THE BEDROOM SLAMS OPEN

An OKC grabs a three-fingered clawful of Ben's Jacket and collar, dragging him out.

BEN

Please - whatever you want, we can do it - just take me to Alan and - please - if you let us go... is he alive? Please - I need to know -

The OKC lifts Ben up with its massive arm, holding him at eye level...

And makes a SHH gesture with its claw.

Ben SHUTS HIS MOUTH and nods his head, scared shitless.

As the OKC puts Ben down, walking him by the collar as if by a leash...

CUT TO

EXT. ABANDONED RUST BELT CITY - DAY

A decayed urban wasteland under a sky the color of vomit: what Detroit or Gary Indiana will look like after even the hipsters stop trying to save them.

The OKC drags Ben out of a rowhouse in the shadow of a cluster of industrial buildings from the 1920s - once brick and mortar, now they are all the same uniform color of waste and sickly overgrowth.

The two reach one of the many tire-less, rusting vehicles parked on the street - cars so far beyond repair that it is impossible to tell where one heap ends and the other begins.

Above them looms a massive concrete wall ringed with barbed wire, and a pock-marked, tagged-over billboard that reads: FUTURE HOME OF THE URBAN RENAISSANCE.

The OKC opens a car's trunk, LIFTS Ben and drops him inside!

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Ben lands with a SPLASH!

He stands, dead center in a narrow stream of water running down the length of the tunnel - before he can move, a pair of OKCs pick him up and continue the drag toward their final destination...

A light shining down a shaft with a ladder.

As they reach it, Ben looks up to REVEAL:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The OKCs push Ben up the stairs into a MASSIVE ROUND ROOM at the center of which is a MAKESHIFT PARTITION constructed from plastic sheets and PVC tubing... surrounded by OKCs - a silent guard.

The partition appears to glow - lit from within.

Behind Ben, a WEIRD SLURPING SOUND.

AS BEN TURNS - REVEAL

A group of crates labeled "Baby Food" neatly stacked against the wall by the shaft - right next to a stash of carefully arranged weapons.

And beside the weapons?

A translucent PLASTIC BARREL with a keg like tap fashioned from surgical tubing. A label on the barrel reads US ARMY - POLYDICHLORIC EUTHIMAL.

An OKC stands by an open crate, clumsily eating the dregs of a small jar of beef flavored paste.

AN OKC CLAW REACHES FOR BEN

Pushes him toward the makeshift partition.

As Ben complies, making his way over...

ALAN STEPS OUT FROM THE PARTITION

Walking with a cane roughly fashioned from rebar and wood scraps, his clothes torn up, his sleeves rolled up.

Ben rushes toward his brother - who appears calm and collected in spite of the strange circumstances.

BEN

Alan! Are you hurt - did you catch any -

Ben throws his arms around Alan, checking him for wounds:

ALAN

Yeah, yeah, I'm OK.

(shaking him off)

I'm fine, little man, they didn't hurt me. You can - just -

Ben takes his hands off Alan, awkwardly. Alan shakes himself off, scanning the room - keeping his eyes on the OKCs. Ben taps him on the shoulder:

BEN

I'm fine, by the way.

ALAN

You look awful. Your hands are shaking.

BEN

That's 'cause I'm scared shitless.

(off Alan's look)

What is this place?

Alan shrugs - his mind clearly ticking away at some other problem - then:

ALAN

I'm guessing somewhere... Central California rust belt... before the crash this might have been Stockton, or Merced... Fresno.

(a shrug, then)

They cut out your tracker too?

Ben looks at him - what?

By way of reply, Alan pulls up his shirt to show Ben a bandage on his side.

Ben looks down at himself, lifting his shirt to see a blood-stained bandage in the exact same place. He nods.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Good.

BEN

Excuse me? Good?

ALAN

(piping him down)

I think it's best for us if what's here stays secret. You see the markings on these units?

(off Ben's head shake)

Urban pacification battalion. Deployed out to Juarez two years ago. Three units went missing - chopper crash - presumed dead before they nuked the city.

BEN

Jesus.

An OKC steps up to the two of them - lets out a TRILL.

ALAN

Yes, yes, let's go.

Alan turns back toward the partition. The OKC TRILLS for Ben to follow, then PUSHES him over toward Alan.

BEN

Alan this is...

(nothing else to say)

We breed them to be obedient.

ALAN

We failed.

Ben looks back at the OKC marching closely behind them - face inscrutable - herding them toward the partition.

BEN

What do they want?

ALAN

Help.

INT. PARTITION - CONTINUOUS

Ben enters, then stops next to Alan as the OKC behind them takes a place by the entrance, standing guard.

This is a medical facility - as neat and clean as the OKCs have been able to put together with their limited resources.

An OKC lies on a gurney ringed by work lamps and rusting carts covered with tools - only a few of them medical.

The OKC on the gurney has a large outcropping on its abdomen - it TRILLS in excruciating pain, then wheezes for breath. The OKC's ventral section SWELLS with its every LABORED BREATH.

ALAN

Come closer, I need you to see this.

The plates on the OKCs groin appear to separate with every one of the creature's HEAVING BREATHS - with each breath, a cloudy, steaming SLIME oozes out from inside.

BEN

What's the matter with it?

Alan looks back at the OKC guarding them:

ALAN

Hold it down.

(then, to the Patient OKC)

This is going to hurt. I'm sorry.

The Guard OKC does as it is told - putting its massive hands on the shoulders of the Patient.

Alan reaches for one of the plates in the Patient's lower abdomen and SLIDES his hand beneath, taking Ben's hand and guiding it in as the OKC's trills become LOUDER.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Feel that - soft sac-like membrane under the muscle sheath?

BEN

Yes... but... wait a minute - is that - a kick?

(off Alan's nod)

HOLY FUCKING SHIT!

Ben RECOILS - JUMPING BACK several feet. Then, as he gathers himself:

BEN (CONT'D)

It kicked. There's something... inside of it?

ALAN

She's pregnant.

BEN

We bred them to be asexual. Sterile.

ALAN

We failed.

INT. CHILD'S ROOM - LATER

Alan paces, digging holes into the dirt on the floor with his cane.

Ben crouches in a corner, cradling his shaking hands and sucking air.

ALAN

Jesus, Ben, you're a mess.

Ben runs trembling hands through sweaty hair.

BEN

You really don't see it?

(off Alan's look)

I'm in withdrawal.

Alan turns away, keeps making holes. Focused.

ALAN

You?

BEN

Yeah, me.

ALAN

From what?

BEN

Poludichloric euthimal.

ALAN

Aw, hell... Ben... that's... that's going to cause a lot of problems.

BEN

No shit.

Alan turns back to his digging, focusing - compartmentalizing - keeping his emotions checked - then:

ALAN

Is that how you got the idea? To keep our soldiers under our thumb?

BEN

Yes.

ALAN

Clever.

BEN

Thanks.

ALAN

Brain steroids? Why?

BEN

You really don't see it?

(off Alan's look)

Only way I can keep up with you.

Alan looks up, lifting his hands in a frustrated gesture.

ALAN

You fucking imbecile.

(off Ben's glare)

You really don't see it?

(then)

You've always been smarter than me.

Ben shakes his head. Alan shrugs and goes back to his hole-making, then:

BEN

What are you doing?

ALAN

Thinking about that shithole mom moved us into... after dad died.

BEN

You mean after the army held up his death benefits?

(off Alan's nod)

What about it?

ALAN

Mom always said that for every cockroach you saw, there'd be a hundred more behind the drywall.

Alan makes a line between two dots. Ben steps over, squats, and draws his own line. The two men play assiduously as they speak.

BEN

The pregnancies.

(off Alan's nod)

These soldiers are born sterile. They train every day for six months before we let them out into the field - the Army gives them daily MRIs the way helicopters get scheduled maintenance... and you're telling me you think hundreds of them could have spontaneously developed the capacity to reproduce asexually? And we'd just miss it?

ALAN

I didn't say asexually.

(off Ben's eye-roll)

Could be some recessive trait we missed in the genetic matrix - one that only expresses after a certain amount of time - or a mutation -

BEN

We've made about five hundred thousand of them, that's not enough for a mutation to be statistically significant -

ALAN

- or junk DNA rearing its ugly head... either way, these soldiers knew about it long enough to plan an escape. If they know, the government knows - they have to - and they've been keeping it from us.

BEN

Why?

ALAN

To cut us out. Take control. Cheaper to breed them than pay us to clone them.

BEN

Fuck. Brother. If these things start to reproduce on their own... the way we designed them?

ALAN

Ruthless, unyielding, fixated on orders to the exclusion of all other priorities?
(concluding)

They'll be running the planet in a hundred years.

(then)

The question is - do we want to be their friends or enemies?

Ben processes the implications of that... as he realizes that, as a result of their game, both he and Alan are surrounded by the boxes they have drawn.

SMASH CUT TO

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - LATER

The place echoes with SCREAMS of TRILLING OKC AGONY.

A pair of OKCs SHOVE Alan and Ben into the shaft of light - motioning for them to move up the ladder.

Ben catches up to Alan, and as he helps him up:

BEN

Friends. We should be friends.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

More OKCs PULL Alan and Ben up from the shaft, DROPPING them at the feet of the Guard OKC.

The BELLOWING CRIES from the partition only grow louder as Alan gets up on his feet.

Guard OKC motions to the partition, trilling urgently as he hands Alan his cane.

ALAN

(to Ben)

I think we're delivering a baby.

And off Ben...

INT. PARTITION - DAY

Alan rushes to the Patient OKC's side with Ben's help, then, as he regards the assembled tools and picks up an Allen wrench:

ALAN

OK... OK... let's do this... Ben, I need you to put your head against her chest cavity -

The Patient THRASHES - Ben can barely stay in proximity as Alan moves to the creature's lower abdomen:

BEN

I don't think she wants me close.

ALAN

What she wants isn't stopping this - just
- tell me if you can hear a heartbeat.

(then)

Damnit, Ben, I need to know -

BEN

I can't get close!

A THREE-FINGERED CLAW REACHES INTO FRAME

Handing Ben a weathered, dirty stethoscope. Ben TURNS AROUND to see Guard OKC, pushing the stethoscope on him.

BEN (CONT'D)

Uh... thanks.

ALAN

Hold her down!

Guard OKC throws its massive hands around Patient OKC's shoulders, holding it down as Ben puts the stethoscope on - and to - its chest.

Using the wrench as a retractor, Alan pulls back an armored plate with a sickening CRUNCH, the Patient continues to SCREAM.

It's chaos - pain, suffering - everyone in the room experiencing something no human, or non-human has ever known.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I see the head - try to push!

(to the other OKC)

Tell her to push, if she can, tell her to push it out!

SCREAMS, TRILLS, BELLOWING GASPS FOR BREATH - and Alan and Ben's SHOUTS as the world's strangest version of a birthing scene plays out:

ALAN (CONT'D)

It's coming, it's coming -

BEN

I'm getting a heartbeat -
accelerated but stable -

ALAN (CONT'D)

(to other OKC)

Tell her to contract her stomach muscles -
push it out - Jesus, I'm not sure what
I'm looking at just -

(SHOUTING at pregnant OKC)

PUSH FOR GOD'S SAKE! PUSH!

Patient OKC SCREAMS and TRILLS - as does Guard OKC, their distinctive sound drowning Alan's exhortations until...

Silence.

Broken occasionally by the labored BREATHS of Patient OKC.

ALAN STARES DOWN AT HIS OWN HANDS IN DISBELIEF

He's holding a BABY OKC - its plates shiny wet, its head slowly rising from the rest of its carapace - looking up at Alan with strange blue eyes.

Baby OKC TRILLS - a strange, clearly immature variation of the cries of its brethren.

As Alan looks up to lock eyes with Ben...

CUT TO

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Guard OKC steps out of the partition area holding the baby - and letting out a loud, triumphant TRILL.

The DOZEN OR SO OKCs on the floor turn to look...

They then FILE TOWARD THE CHILD - their own TRILLS harmonizing, then synchronizing with their leader's own voice.

BEN AND ALAN STEP OUT OF THE PARTITION

To witness the developing spectacle - the sound of these genetically-designed machines of war coming together like a choir to create a SYMPHONY OF OVERWHELMING UNITY.

It is a transcendent moment - of joy, dread and foreboding: the glory of birth and the harbinger of a potential new order.

BEN

I hope to god we made friends today.

ALAN

I just hope god is here.

As Alan and Ben cast uncertain eyes on the inhuman gathering before them...

BANG! BANG! BOOM! BANG! BANG! BOOM! BANG! BANG! BOOM!

Alan and Ben look up to see:

SHAPE CHARGES - GOING OFF OVERHEAD

Blasting three holes overhead - showering the factory floor with debris.

Then cables - human soldiers REPELLING DOWN ON CARABINERS - their weapons LAUNCHING tracer bullets with explosive loads at the caught-unawares OKCs.

The OKCs RUN toward their weapons stash - but the fusillade from above TEARS THE FIRST WAVE TO PIECES.

ALAN AND BEN DROP TO THE GROUND

As the world GOES UP IN HELLFIRE AROUND THEM.

The brothers SCRAMBLE FOR COVER as the human soldiers LAND, barely stopping their fire to DROP their cables and continue their work...

Until Alan lifts his head and sees

A FIRING LINE ADVANCING ON THE OKC HOLDING THE BABY

ALAN (CONT'D)

Shit. No!

Alan shoots to his feet and breaks toward the OKC and the baby - trying to get

ALAN (CONT'D)

HOLD YOUR FIRE! HOLD YOUR -

But he's too late.

A DOZEN TACTICAL-GLOVED FINGERS SQUEEZE THEIR TRIGGERS

Before the bullets can obliterate Alan J. Winchmaster, his brother FLY TACKLES HIM.

The two men TUCK AND ROLL as the bullets find the OKC and the baby.

THE OKC AND THE BABY DISINTEGRATE

In a maelstrom of orange flame and black smoke.

ALAN

Sees the death he failed to prevent and rolls onto his back, SCREAMING...

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. MILITARY HELICOPTER - DAY

Alan - in the depths of despair - sits against a bulkhead, surrounded by HUMAN SOLDIERS as the helicopter RISES.

Ben lies across Alan's lap, clutching his side.

ALAN LOOKS DOWN

As Ben takes his hand off his side to show the thick RED STAIN rapidly SPREADING across his abdomen.

ALAN

Oh, shit - medic! MEDIC!

A pair of MEDICS descends on Ben. As they triage the wound and cut away his shirt and jacket, Ben SQUEEZES Alan's hand.

BEN

I'm sorry.

ALAN

Don't - just don't -

BEN

Alan. I'm sorry.

It's all Alan can do to hold his composure as his grip SQUEEZES around his brother's hand.

ALAN

Why?

BEN

I killed Gabriela. And Leo.

ALAN

(shaking his head)

What are you talking about?

Ben STRUGGLES to spit the words out between the GOUTS OF BLOOD leaking into his mouth as he tries to stay close to his brother as the MEDICS pierce his skin with needles, attach heart monitor leads to his chest and apply a patch of synthetic flesh to his wound.

The irregular BEEPING of the monitor tracking Ben's heart pierces even the loud ambient noise inside the chopper.

BEN

It was Krazny. She had me dead to rights.
I owed them.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

(gasping)

She told me they wanted your data. That was it... I came back... to let them in... she said all they wanted was the data... they blew it up to get you... it's my fault they're dead...

ALAN

No. No.

BEN

I was angry at you.

Tears STREAM from Alan's eyes as the life leeches out of his brother's body.

ALAN

No. Please.

BEN

I love you so much.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEEEEP.

The Medics PUSH ALAN AWAY as they BREAK OUT A COMPACT DEFIBRILLATOR.

Alan LANDS against the bulkhead... and as he weeps - lost, betrayed, alone - watching his brother die...

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE OVER BLACK: EIGHT HOURS LATER

FADE IN

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Helena Krazny - carrying a briefcase and flanked by ARMED GUARDS IN TACTICAL GEAR AND FACE SHIELDS - makes her way down this grey, windowless concrete tube.

Her strong, determined footfalls ECHO until she stops at a door and swipes her hand to enter:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

More grey concrete, lit by yellow shafts of SUNLIGHT coming from skylights sunken between the top of the wall and the start of the ceiling.

The guards stand back at the door as Krazny enters to see Alan, sitting behind a table, wearing black scrubs - his scrapes and scratches sutured.

The door closes behind Krazny. She sits before Alan.

KRAZNY

Let me begin by saying that I am very
sorry for your loss.

ALAN

Now you've said that.
(cutting to the chase)
How did you find us?

KRAZNY

Do you have any idea how easy it is to
hide a tracker in a mechanical leg?

Alan looks down, shaking his head, then.

ALAN

You fucking people.

KRAZNY

Tread lightly, doctor. We have a long
road ahead.

ALAN

How many pregnancies have you been
keeping secret from me?

KRAZNY

At least a hundred.

Alan looks away, then:

ALAN

You're so fucked.
(off her look)
I've made my scientific career on making
sure these all my creations are incapable
of reproduction, unable to escape
captivity and dumber than their masters.
(then)
Today just proved my failure.

KRAZNY

We see it differently.

ALAN

Then you're already dead. You think your
little raid was a success? You just put a
sandbag in front of a tidal wave.
(then)
Ten years you'll be nuking cities to stop
these things. Twenty?

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

Building walls around DC hoping to save whatever you have left. Hundred? Your great-grandchildren are going to be polishing their guns for table scraps.

KRAZNY

That's not gonna happen - you will figure out how to rein them in, make them breed for us, and make this glitch into an advantage.

(bearing down)

I have God on my side.

Alan locks eyes with Krazny - his resolve never clearer, or more bitter in its bite.

ALAN

God is dead.

KRAZNY

He will be if you don't cooperate.

ALAN

Let me guess: No one knows I've been rescued? I don't do the science, I never leave this box?

KRAZNY

That's one possible outcome.

ALAN

Here's another: having just been rescued from an anti-technology jihad, I'm suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder. I'm unable to work. I will never recover.

(off her look)

Tomorrow, I will make a public statement that we're terminating the program for humanitarian reasons, then we cease production and withhold polydichloric euthimal: they'll all be dead in a week.

KRAZNY

That's over a half million soldiers.

ALAN

The kind of blood I have on my hands - what's five hundred thousand more?

(off Krazny's head-shake)

Once that's done, I sign a lifetime gag order and you put me in a plane to a location of my choice.

KRAZNY

There's death threats on you in fifty percent of the world.

ALAN

My chances are better out there than with you.

KRAZNY

Why do you believe we'd allow this?

Alan's entire body trembles with barely-contained rage as he speaks his truth:

ALAN

Because it's better than the truth.
Because even if you're not authorized to believe me, the people you work for should be scared for all our lives.

(leaning in)

But mostly because you murdered my entire fucking family, and even by your cheap and soulless standards you fucking owe me.

Alan keeps his eyes on Krazny, unforgiving, unyielding. Krazny leans back slowly.

KRAZNY

I don't owe you a thing, Alan, and if you think you get to lecture me about -

Krazny's phone RINGS. She looks down. A surprised look plays across her face as she lifts it to her ear.

KRAZNY (CONT'D)

This is Krazny.

(listens, then)

The interrogation is in process, you assured me that I'd have the latitude...

(her expression darkening)

OK. I understand.

Krazny CLICKS OFF. She then glares at Alan, stands, and picks up her papers and briefcase.

KRAZNY (CONT'D)

Good-bye Doctor Winchmaster.

Krazny STRIDES OUT of the room, pissed.

Off Alan - watching - having no victory to savor...

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE OVER BLACK: TEN YEARS LATER

FADE IN ON THE ORANGE AFTERNOON SUN

Over an awesome MOUNTAIN CHAIN. A small SUV negotiates a long, winding road.

INT. SMALL SUV - CONTINUOUS

Alan - looking greyer and more life-worn than ever - drive alone.

At length, Alan stops the SUV and reaches for a pair of forearm crutches.

As Alan helps himself out of the vehicle, REVEAL that he has taken to walking with one leg and crutches: no prosthetics.

Alan takes a deep breath of cold air as his eyeline fills with:

EXT. DHARAMSALA - INDIA - CONTINUOUS

The TEMPLE OF THE DALAI LAMA: punching up into the shimmering, luminescent cloud-streaked, saffron-colored sky.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

The SIXTEENTH DALAI LAMA sits on a cushion across from Alan - listening intently as Alan makes an impassioned plea.

Several MONKS stand behind them. The Dalai Lama looks back at them, then at Alan... and finally NODS in agreement - but to what?

Alan hands over a high-tech metal tube.

The Dalai Lama presses the tube to his forearm.

A GLASS VIAL ON THE DEVICE FILLS WITH BLOOD

The Dalai Lama hands the device over to Alan, then turns to nod to his fellow monks, and back to BLESS Alan with an with a hands-clasped together farewell.

ALAN PLACES THE VIAL IN A LARGER, STEEL CANISTER

It seals with a series of mechanical CLANKS and a hissing WHOOSH.

After tucking the canister into a travel-worn, shoulder-slung leather bag, Alan returns the holy man's blessing, then reaches for a his forearm crutches.

Alan hobbles down the long nave of this temple, the large double doors before him opening into the setting sun... a MONK hands him his coat...

As the Dalai Lama watches Alan go...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO THE DALAI LAMA'S FACE

One of many in a holographic display at:

INT. ALAN'S LAB - NIGHT

The GREAT ROOM in what is clearly an old house - every piece of extant architecture says eighteenth century, England - all of the equipment says mid-twenty-first century science.

ALAN'S HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY

Shows a NUMBER OF FACES arranged in a large grid:

The before-seen Dalai Lama...

A woman who looks a lot like a young MOTHER TERESA - clearly identifiable as a sister of the order of Loreto by the blue and white shawl over her head...

A white-haired BLACK MAN with a welcoming, courageous smile and a colorful Dashiki...

A kindly CAUCASIAN WOMAN - wearing a suit and wire-rimmed glasses, speaking at a podium...

A CHINESE MAN, his clasped hands entering just below the frame of his image...

A MIDDLE-EASTERN WOMAN in a hijab, holding a peace prize trophy...

A LATINO BOY clutching a crucifix...

The grid goes on and on... face, after face, after face... all with one thing in common:

Every one of these faces has deep, soulful eyes.

A computer voice speaks softly into the darkened room.

COMPUTER VOICE
 DNA synthesis complete... DNA synthesis
 complete... DNA synthesis, complete...

SEEN THROUGH THE HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY

The MOTION of an OPENING DOOR at the far end of the room.

REVEAL Alan - HOBBLING in...

Walking by a LARGE, GLASS-FRONTED REFRIGERATOR.

THROUGH THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR? HUNDREDS OF VIALS

Filled with blood.

All of them identical to the one he filled from the Dalai
 Lama.

Alan steps up to his lab bench, petting a MOGLOW, who
 sits patiently on a stack of books.

MOGLOW

Hi, Alan!

The Moglow lights up in a warm amber glow.

ALAN

Hello, little man. You ready to create
 something new?

MOGLOW

Yes!

ALAN

OK. Here we go.
 (a deep breath, then)
 Computer. Begin artificial fertilization
 protocol.

COMPUTER VOICE

Initiating artificial fertilization
 protocol...

The lab COMES TO LIFE, and as multiple consoles light up:

REVEAL A SMALL BIRTHING MACHINE

And as Alan steps up to the now- functioning machine...

THE HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY SHOWING THE IMAGES

Breaks into a grid showing hundreds of kind faces... the grid slowly combines one face after the other... hundreds of people... morphing together...

Their features combining into one face...

A seamless union of hundreds of people of many faiths and nations into a single visage.

TIME CUT TO

THE GLASS-FRONTED REFRIGERATOR

No longer crowded with blood samples... but with small glass orbs.

Inside each and every one of the orbs...

A FETUS

Suspended in clear fluid.

Sleeping peacefully, eyes closed.

Beacons of pure, peaceful serenity.

FIND ALAN AT HIS BENCH

Petting his Moglow as he places one of the globes into a steel canister: slightly larger than-, but otherwise much like the one that preserved the blood samples.

Alan places the canister in a highly-padded case, then closes the case to REVEAL an address slip... on it is printed the following address:

**ICON FERTILITY CLINIC
1028 Julie Avenue, New York, NY**

IN A MONTAGE

Alan places all of the fetuses in the refrigerator in different cases... addressed to fertility clinics in...

England...

France...

Ecuador...

The People's Republic of China...

South Africa...

Japan...

Brazil...

Ukraine...

Indonesia...

The list goes on and on.

As Alan works diligently...

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. ALAN'S HOME - DAY

The sun rises over the WIDE AND FAR-REACHING HIGHLANDS surrounding Alan's lonely home, very much dwarfed by the big sky.

Alan carries one last case into a waiting truck, placing it on a series of purpose-built racks in the cargo bay: all of them occupied by mailing cases.

Alan closes the rear doors... then... as he enters the truck and drives into the rising sun...

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE OVER BLACK: THIRTY-THREE YEARS LATER

FADE IN

On a framed picture of Alan Winchmaster in his seventies.

A single wreath stands under the image - REVEALED to be at an ALTAR in:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR stands by an open casket.

Inside is Alan's body. His hands cannot be seen over the coffin's ledge.

A younger FUNERAL HOME EMPLOYEE enters.

EMPLOYEE

I think that's the end of the viewing period.

FUNREAL HOME DIRECTOR
Not a single mourner. Poor guy.

EMPLOYEE
Really? I heard he was famous.

FUNREAL HOME DIRECTOR
The fire don't care about that.

The Funeral Home Director reaches for the casket lid but stops short of closing it when he sees:

THE DOOR TO THE VIEWING ROOM

Opening. Letting in a shaft of light.

A THIRTY-THREE YEAR-OLD WOMAN in a homespun linen dress and sandals, enters.

The woman wears a Taoist Yin-Yang symbol on her neckline.

Her face is identical to the one seen in the synthesis of all the portraits in Alan's holographic console.

FUNREAL HOME DIRECTOR
(CONT'D)
Are you family?

WOMAN
No. Just a visitor.

EMPLOYEE
A friend?
(off her shrug)
Come to see the body?

WOMAN
I suppose.
(then)
I read his obituary. I read about who he was and what he did and... I felt the need to visit.
(beat)
There was something in the way it was written that made me want to be here. It was like I was compelled. Called.

The Funeral Home Director motions for her to step toward the coffin, but before she can follow...

THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN

The three turn to look as another THIRTY-THREE YEAR-OLD WOMAN enters...

This one dressed in a business suit, but otherwise identical to the first.

Everyone exchanges confused looks.

EMPLOYEE

Do you know each other?

WOMAN

(confused)

No.

The two women step toward one another, tentatively at first, then meet - taking each other by the hands: complete acceptance in their expression... like this was fated to happen...

SECOND WOMAN

I was compelled to be here.

WOMAN

I know.

SECOND WOMAN

Who are you?

WOMAN

I'm Abby... a doctor... I run a clinic...

SECOND WOMAN

Tabitha... social worker...

The door opens again... the two turn to see...

A THIRD WOMAN - ALSO IDENTICAL to them, entering.

The three women meet - and strangely - take each other by the hands as if this was the most natural gesture of greeting possible...

As they introduce themselves...

IN A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

The group becomes larger...

A FOURTH TWIN, dressed in a minister's collar now stands with the first three.

The crowd MULTIPLIES...

All of the women look the same, but wear very different clothes... indicating many cultures and nationalities...

Until the place is CROWDED with identical women, all of them standing peacefully in front of Alan Winchmaster's coffin.

THE DISSOLVE MONTAGE CONTINUES

As the women all EMBRACE AND SAY GOOD-BYE - touching each other's shoulders, naturally treating each other like sisters.

This is God's Obituary: an army of kind souls, sent out into the world to do good.

The room slowly EMPTIES.

The first of the woman - Abby - walks toward the exit.

She looks back one more time at the open casket... then keeps moving forward...

And her eyes - large, empathic, filled with longing and purpose - FILL the frame.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO

A PICTURE OF BEN

Held in Alan's lifeless hands. His eyes identical to those of the women.

DISSOLVE TO

The Funeral Home Director, CLOSING the lid on the casket.

As the falling shadow obscures Alan J. Winchmaster's face...

FADE TO BLACK

THE END