

R.H.E.T.

(Robotic Human Evolutionary Tender)

by

Clark Ransom

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

"The world is very different now.
For man holds in his mortal hands
the power to abolish all forms of
human poverty and all forms of
human life.

-John F. Kennedy
Inaugural Address, Jan. 20, 1961"

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. COLORADO, HWY. 50, TOWNCAR - DAY

Rolling foothills, green trees, a lush landscape. A black TOWNCAR speeds westward along the asphalt.

In the driver's seat, a uniformed CHAUFFEUR. In the back seat, Dr. JERROL BISHOP (50), meticulously groomed, not a dark hair out of place, the perfect model for a soap-opera Doctor, a cellphone held to his ear.

DR. BISHOP

(to phone)

That's not why I created it ,
General. I won't allow you to
turn my research into another W-M-
D.

INT. UNDERGROUND, WEAPONS CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Young MILITARY OFFICERS at workstations, each displays a live holographic satellite image of the KOREAN PENINSULA. In the center of the room, phone to his ear, a GENERAL (60s), grey flat-top, craggy face, he's an old school "shoot first and ask questions later" kinda guy.

GENERAL

(to phone)

Allow? What'd you think would
happen? We were gonna sit by and
not put your nasty little critters
to use? You've been around long
enough to know the rules of the
game, Doctor. Play or get outta
the way.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Frustrated, Bishop holds the phone out, silently "yells," then brings it back to his ear.

DR. BISHOP

This isn't a predator drone, General... it's a living organism. Unpredictable, untested. We don't know what it's capable of doing yet.

GENERAL

Unpredictable? Perhaps.
Untested? Not hardly.

Bishop sits up in his seat, an angry look.

DR. BISHOP

It's meant to cure diseases, not destroy countries.

INT. UNDERGROUND, WEAPONS CONTROL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The General shakes his head, his attention focused on a

GIGANTIC WALL DISPLAY

which shows the Korean land mass. A small DOT near the middle of the image blooms, flashes then flickers out. The General places his hand over the phone's mouthpiece.

GENERAL

(to Officer)

What was that?

At a workstation, an OFFICER flicks his fingers across his holographic display. Numbers and images scroll upwards.

OFFICER

Seoul, sir. It's... it's gone.

The General stares in awe at the display.

GENERAL

(to phone)

I hope to God it can do both, Doctor.

He slams down the phone.

END INTERCUT

INT./EXT. HWY 50, TOWN CAR - DAY

The phone CLICKS. Bishop flings the phone across the seat, fumes, then glances up. The Chauffeur peers back in the REAR VIEW MIRROR.

Bishop scowls.

DR. BISHOP

What the hell's taking so long?

The Chauffeur's eyes dart forward, the car engine REVS.

The Town Car accelerates toward the mountains.

INT. UNDERGROUND, WEAPONS CONTROL CENTER - DAY

The General stares at the wall display.

OFFICER

Sir?

GENERAL

Where's Erebus?

The Officer studies his display.

OFFICER

Just passing the Indian Ocean, sir.

GENERAL

Close enough. Initiate a short burst, fifty mile perimeter.

OFFICER

Coordinates, sir?

He hesitates. The General's eyes dart to the phone then back to the wall display.

GENERAL

The North Korean capital.

EXT. EARTH ORBIT - DAY

Tiny propulsion jets FIRE on a large SATELLITE, the words, "EREBUS" stenciled on it's side. It's cannon-like arm pivots, LOCKS, then a BLUE LASER BEAM shoots down toward the Earth.

Around the end of the arm, eight spider-like legs pop out, their pointed tips all glow in unison.

A GREEN GEL spews from each tip and forms an undulating blob that encases the laser beam. The gel streaks down the blue beam toward North Korea.

EXT. NORTH KOREAN CAPITAL, CITY STREET - DAY

Bright sunlight illuminates throngs of PEOPLE, CARS and MOTORBIKES, all oblivious to the danger above. The sunlight fades. Curious, people shield their eyes and peer up at

THE SKY

Like an invisible dome, the green gel spreads outward, filtering the sunlight into a green hue. Inside the gel, millions of microscopic GOLD SPECKS swarm like angry bees.

ON THE STREET

Warning sirens ERUPT.

People panic then run. Utter chaos.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

The Towncar races up toward a cavernous OPENING in the rock, a heavy METAL GATE raised open. MILITARY TRUCKS and UNIFORMED PERSONNEL scurry in and out of the tunnel.

INT. MOUNTAINSIDE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The Towncar SCREECHES up to a circular drive. Before it even stops, the rear passenger doors flies open, Bishop jumps out, then heads for a guarded entry door.

The GUARD, unsure what to do, steps up to block his passage...

DR. BISHOP

Move.

...Bishop brushes past with a dismissive shove.

INT. UNDERGROUND, WEAPONS CONTROL CENTER - DAY

The General stares at the live image feed from the satellite's onboard cameras, the green dome of gel over Korea visible and growing in size.

OFFICER

Maximum diameter in six point two seconds, sir.

GENERAL

Disengage the laser guidance, bring him back on normal trajectory.

At his workstation, the Officer flicks a floating button, turns toward

THE WALL DISPLAY

The live image of the laser beam blinks out. The green dome continues to expand.

The Male officer frowns, flicks the button again. The General turns toward him.

GENERAL

I said disengage, Lieutenant.

MALE OFFICER

Affirmative, sir. Erebus has shut down the stream. Something else is feeding them.

The General rushes over, punches in a series of numbers, flicks the floating button, then turns back toward the live image feed. The green dome expands, unabated.

GENERAL

Emergency shutdown! Now!

The Officers scramble to comply, each workstation display blinks out.

The General stares at the image feed on the monitor, incredulous.

The green dome now covers most of Korea; it's growing.

GENERAL

(horrified)

Good, God. What have we done?

EXT. ABOVE THE KOREAN CAPITAL - DAY

Near the center of the gelatinous dome, the swarming gold specks go still, then break free and fall like snow.

EXT. KOREAN CAPITAL, CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

People stop, stare in wonder. Hundreds of gold specks fill the air, settle like dust. A MAN raises his hand to cover his face, several specks land on his hand, arm and head.

He lowers his hand, stares at it. The tiny specks glow then sink into his flesh. The back of his hand begins to dissolve, bits of flesh, bone and muscle drip like wax to the pavement.

He SCREAMS.

His entire body DISSOLVES into an empty pile of clothes, a watch and wedding ring.

Every human on the street is destroyed in a matter of seconds.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 LAB - LATER

Stark white, antiseptic; the walls, the furniture, even the two male TECHNICIANS are vanilla. The only color in the room comes from the glow given off by three, ten-foot upright CYLINDERS, each filled with that same GREEN, GLOWING GOO filled with gold specks.

A young woman, SARAH (28), leans over a workstation, her gaze locked on a Technician's computer screen. Plain, no makeup, tiny beads of sweat dapple her forehead. She fans herself, smiles, stands erect, her LAB COAT falls back to reveal her pregnancy.

The Technician, TIM (28), a naive looking, never been outside a small town look, peers through his eyeglasses at her, concern on his face.

TIM

You shouldn't be here. Tell him --

SARAH

Not now... we're so close. A few more tests and we may have it.

TIM

That could be weeks. Any day now you could --

A hermetic HISSING sound.

DR. BISHOP (O.S.)

Sarah!

Sarah turns toward the GLASS ENTRY DOORS etched with the words, "LEVEL 3". Bishop barrels through them, struts toward

THE GLOWING CYLINDERS

DR. BISHOP

That G.I. Joe General has gone insane!

He throws his coat and gloves into a chair then picks up an iPad from a desk. Eyes glued to it, head down, he scans the iPad, then frowns.

SARAH

Jerrold, what's --

Bishop waves his hand for silence.

DR. BISHOP

The hybridization of the micro-arrays appears to be off. Recheck the nanopore in the membrane.

He looks up, angry. Her smile vanishes.

SARAH

Of course.

Sarah turns back to Tim. He rolls his eyes.

TIM

We've run it eight times already. It's showing ninety-nine to the sixth.

SARAH

You know he's a hundred percent kinda guy. Besides, this could be the answer to every disease we know. Would you wanna be the guy in the point-oh-one group?

Tim shakes his head. Sarah grins.

SARAH

Run it again, Tim.

Tim walks toward the other Technician, BILLY (24), who looks like he should still be in high school, his baby face accentuated by his pale skin.

TIM

How's our boy?

Billy glances at a

COMPUTER MONITOR

that displays an image of a round room where a barrel-shaped cylinder with protruding tubes occupies a central table. Inside, floating within the green liquid, a SHAPE, indiscernible but alive.

Various VITAL STATISTICS update in the top right corner of the monitor: Pulse, BP & heart rate. The top statistic reads: "266 days. 9 hrs. 32 mins."

BILLY

Any day now.

Nearby, Sarah stares at the computer screen. From behind her...

DR. BISHOP (O.S.)

Sarah.

Startled, she spins. Inches away, Bishop stares back, his face taut, controlled.

DR. BISHOP

Make sure this one's perfect... no mistakes. Understood?

SARAH

Of course. No one wants to start over.

DR. BISHOP

That's not an option... it's too late for that.

Sarah frowns, confused.

DR. BISHOP

I'm going to the lab.

He raises his arm, points to a

FLESH-COLORED BAND

wrapped around his wrist. Lighter than his own skin tone, the device has a tiny camera, a speaker and a red LED that blinks.

The words "CommuniSkin" trail along the edge.

DR. BISHOP

Call me at a hundred percent.

He gives Tim a glare, turns, then struts toward the sliding glass doors. A hermetic HISS, he steps through, they close.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 6 CORRIDOR - DAY

Bishop turns a corner, walks a few more feet and stops. The wall in front of him labeled with the words, "LEVEL 6-A".

A dead end.

He glances back over his shoulder then removes a small half-dollar shaped DISC from his coat pocket. He places it into one of three circular indentations on the wall to his right.

The disc glows blue, BLOCK LETTERS on the disc's surface read, "RHET". Bishop steps back.

The wall in front of him SHIMMERS then vanishes. Bishop takes a step forward.

SARAH (V.O.)

Dr. Bishop?

Bishop whirls around. No one.

SARAH (V.O.)

Dr. Bishop, we need you back at the lab.

He raises his arm, taps a button on his CommuniSkin.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 LAB - CONTINUOUS

Sarah stands behind Tim, peers at his

COMPUTER SCREEN

a small window blooms, Bishop's unhappy face glares back.

DR. BISHOP

I told you not to call me until you had it at one --

SARAH

Something's happened.

Bishop opens his mouth, Sarah raises her hand.

SARAH

(to Tim)

Turn that up.

ON A LARGE WALL MONITOR

where a 24-hour news anchor babbles, a banner that reads, "BREAKING NEWS" scrolls across the bottom of the screen.

NEWS ANCHOR

...tens of thousands dead in North Korea, and the atmospheric disturbance is spreading, now covering parts of Asia, Australia and Europe.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 6 CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Bishop stares at his CommuniSkin, listens.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

(on CommuniSkin
speaker)

What was first reported as a nuclear blast over Seoul, now appears to have grown into some sort of deadly cloud. The President has called an emergency press briefing in just a few short minutes. We take you now to...

SARAH (V.O.)

(on CommuniSkin)

Did you know about this?

Bishop's face is ashen, his eyes glass over.

DR. BISHOP

I have to make sure he is --

SARAH (V.O.)

Dr. Bishop... we need you here, now!

Bishop removes the small DISC, the air shimmers and the wall resolidifies. At a fast walk down the corridor, he taps a button on his CommuniSkin.

DR. BISHOP

Seal off everything above level three.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 LAB - CONTINUOUS

Sarah, her gaze locked on a WALL MONITOR that shows the live footage of the growing green cloud, glances over at Billy's workstation. His fingers fly across his keyboard.

Billy stares at his monitor which displays a

MAP OF THE UNDERGROUND COMPLEX

Layered like a tall cake, six levels with a vertical elevator shaft intersecting each, four RED DOTS glow on level 3, while two GREEN DOTS glow on the lowest level, level six.

SARAH

Is it done?

BILLY

Almost. The ventilation shafts above Level 1 won't respond.

Sarah turns back to the Wall Monitor.

SARAH

It'll have to hold.

The sliding glass doors HISS open, Bishop barges through. He glances up at the

WALL MONITOR

The circular green cloud has engulfed all of Europe, Asia, most of Africa and is halfway across the Pacific. He stops mid stride, amazed by the image.

DR. BISHOP

The formation... a perfect circle.

A loud THUMP.

TIM (O.S.)

Sarah!

Bishop turns towards Tim who is kneeled down beside an unconscious Sarah.

DR. BISHOP

What's wrong with her?

Tim cradles Sarah's head, glares at Bishop.

TIM
The stress... why didn't you let
her leave?

Sarah utters a groan.

TIM
It's coming... we have to get her
up to level two medical.

Bishop glances back at the wall monitor, somber.

DR. BISHOP
Brave new world...

Tim struggles to lift Sarah off the floor. Billy moves
toward Tim to help.

DR. BISHOP
Leave her.

TIM
What?

Bishop moves toward Tim, his face inches away. Tim
stares back, fearful defiance.

DR. BISHOP
Within the hour, there won't be a
level two... there won't be
anyone, or anything.

Tim's eyes dart to the wall monitor, back to Bishop, he
wavers.

DR. BISHOP
Do your job. Seal us off.

A final glare, Tim gently lowers Sarah back to the floor,
then sits at his workstation, his fingers CLACK on the
keys.

Bishop glances at Billy.

DR. BISHOP
Do what you can.

Billy supports/walks Sarah into

A GLASS-WALLED ROOM

And lays her on a couch.

Bishop steps in front of a workstation. He TAPS in a long series of keystrokes, adjusts the small vid-cam attached to the side of the monitor. It's red light GLOWS.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, MAIN ROOM - DAY

A circular room stark white interior, two entries, assorted lab equipment, a large center table. A holographic display along one wall PIXILATES into

DR. BISHOP'S IMAGE

The image stares into the room, its eyes lock on something.

RHET (O.S.)

Good afternoon, Doctor. You are thirty-two point seven minutes overdue. I am detecting a growing atmospheric anomaly along the eastern seaboard. Is everything all right?

DR. BISHOP

No, it's not. I need you to initiate the Darwin protocols.

RHET (O.S.)

Of course, Doctor. And the duration?

Bishop looks away, then turns back.

DR. BISHOP

Until you're sure he can survive on his own.

RHET (O.S.)

I understand, Doctor. As soon as you arrive, I will --

DR. BISHOP'S IMAGE

Now.

RHET (O.S.)

Protocols require you to be present, Doctor. Once level six is contained you cannot --

TIM (O.S.)

(on speaker)

The outer seal's not responding!

Bishop turns away, then back, his face desperate.

DR. BISHOP
Yes... yes, I know that! Just
follow the program!

RHET (O.S.)
As you wish, Doctor. I will need
an audible password to proceed.

DR. BISHOP
H-M-S Beagle.

RHET (O.S.)
Password accepted.

The ambient light in the room takes on a blue hue.

RHET (O.S.)
Darwin protocols initiated for six
thousand, five hundred and seventy
hours. Level six is now sealed
and secure. Will there be
anything else?

Bishop looks deeper into the room.

DR. BISHOP
He's more important now than ever.
He may be our only hope left,
Rhet.

RHET (O.S.)
Yes, Doctor. I am aware.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 LAB - CONTINUOUS

Bishop, a defeated look, stares at the computer monitor.

DR. BISHOP
Do whatever you have to do... no
matter what happens out here.

RHET (V.O.)
(on monitor)
I always do, Doctor. Goodbye.

ON THE MONITOR

A robotic arm, almost human, pale grey in color, swings
into view, TAPS something, the monitor WINKS out.
STATIC.

Warning sirens BUZZ. Bishop jerks up, turns toward the

WALL DISPLAY

The green cloud sweeps across the West Coast at alarming speed. North to South along the Mississippi, a similar cloud races to close the gap.

TIM (O.S.)

This is your fault.

Bishop turns, Tim's angry gaze locked on him, threatening.

TIM

They were supposed to save us, not wipe us out. You should've known this could happen... had a way out... some sort of reset button.

DR. BISHOP

I do.

From the glass room, a woman's scream, a SLAP, the SCREECHING CRY of a newborn child fills the air.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, MAIN ROOM - SAME MOMENT

A silver-grey, half-human, half-robotic arm grips the tiny feet of a newborn BABY BOY, suspends him in the air, upside down.

A second hand approaches, the index finger pointed at the Baby's backside, mere inches away. A tiny ELECTRICAL CHARGE jumps from the grey fingertip to bare skin.

ZAP!

Nothing.

The grey finger cocks once... ZAP! A second charge flashes.

Tiny arms thrash, a SCREECHING CRY, the grey hands lower the Baby and cradles him against a shiny, grey chest. On that chest, just above the baby's head, etched in black lettering is the word "R.H.E.T."

RHET

Welcome back to the new world,
young Hunter.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop and Tim focus on the Wall Display.

Behind them, a SLAP, then a baby WAILS.

BILLY (O.S.)

It's a girl!

Tim's gaze remains fixed on the Wall Display of the growing cloud, tears streak his defeated face.

DR. BISHOP

I'm sorry, Tim.

TIM

God help them both.

SHOT SERIES - LIFE IS SNUFFED OUT

- San Francisco Bay: a Naval ship, no sign of life on board, only scattered piles of white, seaman uniforms across the deck, it rams into the Golden Gate Bridge and slices it in half.

- City Zoo: Eerie silence. No animals, no squawking birds, the asphalt walkways littered with piles of clothes, some adult, some from children.

- A Childcare Center: outside, a Civil Alert warning siren BLARES. Inside, a small classroom, a table with jars of finger paint overturned, dripping to the floor. A half-eaten Happy Meal spread across one table. Tiny chairs filled with tiny clothes.

- An International Airport runway: Jets idling in line for takeoff, engines whining, the emergency exit doors hang open, the inflatable yellow slides covered with passenger clothing. A luggage tractor careens wildly across the tarmac, suitcases spew from the trailers in tow. A giant 747 on final approach, touches ground and roars past at full throttle, its nose wheel colliding with the luggage tractor.

END SERIES

EXT. EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The Earth, now encased in a green sphere, appears lifeless, almost alien. The Sun peeks from behind the planet.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB - DAY

The room is covered in electronics, monitors and artificial light. A metal track sunk in the floor wraps around a center circular table. On that track, a strange robotic form stares at a VIDEO MONITOR on an outer ring wall.

SUPER: "SIX MONTHS LATER"

This is RHET. From the articulated torso up, RHET appears quasi-human, his silver-grey outer skin like rubber neoprene. Each arm ends in a hand-like appendage, his lower half a solid pillar anchored to a metal track on the lab floor.

Around his lower half, at waist level, a holster of assorted tools and devices ready to be drawn.

A baby CRIES for attention. Rhet tracks around to a GLASS DOME CONTAINER on the opposite wall. He touches a button, the dome rises, he reaches inside and lifts out

A HUMAN BABY BOY

The baby stares at Rhet, HOWLS and kicks. A green-stained diaper struggles to stay on.

RHET

You are punctual.

Rhet tracks to his right then lowers the baby halfway into an open hole in the counter. From within the hole, a BUZZING sound, a blue light flashes, then a SUCTIONING sound.

The light blinks out and the baby stops crying. Rhet lifts him from the hole, a fresh diaper around his waist, then cradles him in his arms.

RHET

Time to refill you.

Rhet reaches for his tool holster, his hand pops up with a nipple-topped container, then places it in the baby's mouth.

RHET

And for your dining pleasure...

Rhet croons out a familiar lullaby, his voice the perfect mimic of an old, scratchy LP.

MONTAGE - THE NEXT 6 YEARS

- Hunt at 2 years: Hunt sits on the floor near Rhet, his fingers covered in glowing yellow and blue gel. In front of him, a holographic canvas covered in the same yellow and blue. It's baby art.

-At 4 years: Rhet attempts to bathe him and Hunt takes great glee in spitting water into Rhet's humanistic face. Rhet smiles, plunges his face into the bath water, raises up, then spews a huge stream into Hunt's face. Hunt is startled, about to cry, then giggles. Rhet mimics his giggle back as Hunt splashes the water for more. They laugh together.

- At 6 years: Rhet teaches Hunt the alphabet. Letters float across the room, each one glowing as Hunt correctly utters its name. The letters line up in order as Hunt continues down the alphabet. Rhet shows him pictures, and Hunt uses the letters to name what's in the photo. Rhet flashes a picture of a woman, Hunt considers, then spells out the word "GIRL".

END MONTAGE

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, HALLWAY - TWO YEARS LATER

- At 8 years: Rhet whisks alongside a bicycle while Hunt pedals, his young face a mixture of fear and glee. Rhet lets go of the bike and Hunt weaves down the long corridor. Rhet smiles.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Sticking out of a sand-covered slope, a SCREECHING wind whips sand against a STEEL DOOR on a CONCRETE BUNKER.

The steel door FLINGS open. Her entire body wrapped in tattered clothes, Sarah steps out, a large DUFFLE BAG in one hand, she scans the area. Now 35, she looks unusually aged, her movements more like a seventy-year old woman.

She grabs a piece of her head wrap, brings it over her wrinkled face, her gaze fixed and guarded. Her other hand reaches back, the fingers FLICK, beckoning.

From the darkness of the open doorway, a CHILD'S HAND reaches out, grasps the moving fingers.

A YOUNG GIRL (8) steps out into the light. This is EVELYN. Dressed in similar fashion, she is small, emaciated, her eyes full of fear. She clings to Sarah's clothes, stares out across...

THE DESERT PLAIN BELOW

Nothing but sand. Harsh, dry, unforgiving.

Sarah kneels beside Evelyn, looks her straight in the eye.

SARAH

Honey, listen to me. Mommy's gonna find us a new place to live, okay? Someplace safe.

EVELYN

No more Doctors or needles?

SARAH

No, Honey, I promise.

Sarah hugs her, stands, then takes her hand.

SARAH

Let's go home.

Sarah leads Evelyn down the slope. Wind and sand whip up the mountainside to greet them.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

The low MURMUR of talking voices fills the dark room.

Hunt (at 8 yrs.), tosses and turns in his bed. He cannot sleep, gets up and walks through the glass doors into the

DARK HALLWAY

The same MURMUR draws his gaze down the hall.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small circular room, one door, the curved wall covered with thirty small monitors. On each, a different view of the entire complex, some recognizable, others appear outside the complex.

Next to a small METAL STOOL, Rhet stares at a VIDEO MONITOR.

TIM (V.O.)
 (from monitor)
 I don't know why, Rhet... they
 just left.

RHET
 This is a new variable.

TIM (V.O.)
 She's a little girl, Rhet... and
 very important to us. Not some
 test subject.

RHET
 Nevertheless, without her I am
 unable to continue --

On the monitor speaker, a man's scream.

TIM (V.O.)
 Look, I need access to the main
 medical supply. He's getting
 worse.

RHET
 Protocols do not allow me to open -
 -

TIM (V.O.)
 Screw the protocols! If we can't
 keep him stable, then this whole
 thing will --

HUNT (O.S.)
 Who're you talkin' too?

Rhet turns. In the doorway, Hunt rubs his eye, stares
 back.

Rhet reaches up toward the monitor, punches a button, the
 screen goes dark.

RHET
 It is nothing. Return to bed.

HUNT
 What can't you open?

RHET
 Hunt... eight year old boys need
 their rest. Go to bed.

Hunt pouts.

HUNT
I'm not sleepy.

Hunt turns then looks back.

HUNT
What're girls?

Rhet hesitates.

RHET
Girls are not appropriate subjects
for bedtime discussion. At least
not yet.

Rhet waves his arm for Hunt to leave. Hunt grumbles then disappears beyond the closing doors.

For a moment, Rhet stares, lost in thought, not himself.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Rhet?

Rhet snaps out of it. The voice is Sarah's, but with a metallic clip.

RHET
Yes, Sarah.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Their departure presents an
unknown. You must reassess the
causal effect.

RHET
Not yet.

INT. EARTH SURFACE, BURIED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Long since abandoned, heavy cables dangle from the CATWALK MAZE above, almost touching the football-sized floor.

SUPER: "FOUR YEARS LATER"

ON THE WAREHOUSE FLOOR

Sarah, her face even more wrinkled, a slight hunch, shuffles among PILES OF DEBRIS, HEAVY MACHINERY and remnants of some manufacturing process long since abandoned.

She stops near a large STACK of broken wood, tires and sheet metal, her gaze scans the area.

SARAH

All right. I give up.

Not three feet away, a debris pile shifts, then becomes a human form, stands upright.

EVELYN (now 12), still scrawny, hands and face covered in black soot, her clothing made up of bits and pieces of metal and wood: debris camouflage.

SARAH

Very good. And your weapon?

From behind her back, Evelyn pulls out a knife.

SARAH

Good. Remember, trust no one.

Evelyn nods.

SARAH

Come, sit with me.

Sarah walks toward a shallow hole filled with old tires and pieces of wood. A FIREPIT. She picks up a BUTANE TORCH, lights it, the wood catches fire.

Evelyn sits on an overturned crate, stares into the flames.

EVELYN

Mother?

SARAH

Yes?

EVELYN

What the Doctor did to you... the others... that was wrong. Why didn't he stop him?

SARAH

It is harder for men... to choose between love and purpose. Most do not understand that an abundance of one allows the other to exist.

A moment passes. Sarah watches Evelyn stir the fire with a stick, the young girl's face filled with confusion.

EVELYN

All of them?

SARAH

Perhaps not all.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, HISTORY CENTER - NIGHT

Like a classroom, a SEMI-CIRCULAR DESK faces a wall of four monitors. The room darkened, Hunt (12) stares at a video monitor, its light flickers from the images that play across it. From the monitor...

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)

No, Mama!

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

There's no hope for him now. He's hurtin' bad. Ya know we gotta do it.

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)

I know, Mama... but he was my dog.

A moment.

A tear falls down Hunt's cheek. His eyes grow wide.

A GUNSHOT, he jumps.

RHET (O.S.)

Hunter?

Hunt turns toward Rhet, tears stream down his face. Rhet glances from the monitor then back.

Hunt jumps up, runs to Rhet, his tiny arms wrap around his rubbery upper torso.

Hunt SOBS, sputters.

HUNT

Why did he hurt the yellow dog?

Rhet looks down, unsure, then places one hand on Hunt's head, the other around his small shaking frame.

RHET

The dog was very sick... his mind was playing tricks on him. It would have eventually attacked him and his mother. The boy had to make a choice... and he chose to protect those around him, even if it meant the death of something he loved.

Hunt turns his head toward the flickering images on screen, wipes the tears from his face.

HUNT

I don't think I could be that brave.

Rhet peers down at Hunt.

RHET

You will be.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, CORRIDOR B - DAY

Hunt sits at the dead end corridor and bounces a BALL non-stop from floor to opposite wall then back into his hands. Each time the ball strikes the wall, it leaves a smudge mark across painted letters that read: "LEVEL 6-B".

He glances up at the end wall where three small circular indentations line up in a row.

Curious, he reaches up, runs his fingers across them. He stands, steps back, he sees something.

He runs his fingers around the edges where the side wall meets the dead end. He stops, feels something near the lower left corner.

RHET (V.O.)

Hunter?

Startled, Hunt spins. No one.

RHET (V.O.)

Hunt... please identify your location.

Hunt lifts his arm, the red LED on his CommuniSkin blinks on, off, on, off. He taps the device, the light changes to a steady glow, then clamps his hand to cover the tiny camera.

RHET (V.O.)

Hunter? Please respond. I am concerned for your safety. Are you able to speak?

Hunt mouths the word, "Shit".

RHET (V.O.)
 That is strange. I am not
 receiving a video signal and it is
 difficult to hear you. Is your
 CommuniSkin functioning?

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rhet stares at a monitor labeled "Corridor B".

ON THE MONITOR

A live picture of Hunt, unaware he is being observed, his
 CommuniSkin device covered by his other hand. He rolls
 his eyes.

HUNT
 (on the monitor)
 Uh... I think I banged it against
 the wall... broke it.

RHET
 That is unfortunate. Please bring
 it to me and I will make repairs.

HUNT
 (on the monitor)
 Okay.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, CORRIDOR B - CONTINUOUS

Hunt peeks

UNDER HIS HAND

The LED no longer glows. Relieved, he lifts his hand,
 then peels the device from his wrist.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rhet watches Hunt on

THE MONITOR

Hunt SLAMS the CommuniSkin device against the corridor
 wall, then throws it on the floor and GRINDS it with the
 heel of his boot.

RHET
Unexpected... but clever.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, MAIN ROOM - DAY

A set of doors HISS open, Hunt, smashed CommuniSkin device in hand, steps halfway through then stops.

HUNT
Rhet?

Empty. His eyes lock on a GLASS DOOR along the far wall. He steals a look behind him, then steps all the way into the room. The doors HISS closed.

He lays his broken CommuniSkin on the center table then peers through the glass doors into an AIRLOCK.

A moment.

A loud HISS.

Startled, Hunt turns. Rhet stares back from the open doors.

HUNT
You're always sneaking up on me...
watching me.

RHET
As I am programmed to do. I
apologize if it disturbs you.

Hunt settles.

HUNT
Just make a noise or something
next time.

Rhet TRACKS over beside him then TAPS out a code sequence on a NUMBERED ENTRY PAD next to the door. An LED readout changes from "LOCKED" to "OPEN".

A loud POP, air rushes out around the glass door, it JIGS, then slides downward into the floor. A RED glow fills the Airlock.

RHET
It is time you knew the beginning.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS

They enter the Airlock, the doors close. The Airlock pressurizes then a second set of glass doors that lead to a CHAMBER slide into the floor. The RED glow changes to GREEN.

INSIDE THE CHAMBER

Hunt and Rhet enter a large white cube with a small center table. On the table, a raised pedestal with two side-by-side U-shaped clamps.

Directly above the table, a conical device points downward.

Hunt glances

HALFWAY UP THE FAR WALL

A green glow emanates from behind a SMALL PANE OF THICK GLASS. Inside, a VIAL of the green gel sits suspended in mid air. Within the gel swarm hundreds of TINY SPECKS.

Beside the glass pane, a SMALL two inch square GRID with two LEDs. Hunt looks back at Rhet.

RHET

It is programmed to analyze your breath molecules. Only you or your father have access.

Hunt breathes on the grid, one of the LEDs glows green. The glass pane slides up.

He reaches up, removes the glass vial, hands it to Rhet. Rhet places the vial within the U-shaped clamps, they close.

From the ceiling device, a BEAM OF LIGHT shoots into the vial.

A HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE

Blooms to life above the vial, swirls, then forms a cylindrical cloud. Tiny microbes float within, peaceful.

Hunt recoils.

RHET

Do not be alarmed. It is a simple magnification and cannot harm you.

HUNT

But it's what killed everyone!

RHET

That outcome is dependent upon the user and his purpose. The organism only follows its programming. It does not make a conscious choice.

Hunt walks around the image, stares in wonder.

HUNT

I'd hate to see what they're like when they grow up.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, HISTORY CENTER - FIVE YEARS LATER

Hunt (now 17), puberty and hormones have transformed him into a handsome young man. Sinewy arms, lanky at just under six feet, his hair neatly cut, his movements are calculated, purposeful, robotic.

At the semi-circular desk, he stares at one particular

MONITOR

Snippets of black and white footage of historical events flick across the screen. Hunt absorbs it all, his young eyes dart back and forth.

A small SQUEAK.

His eyes stop, roll to his right, a small grin crosses his lips.

HUNT

Don't worry... I'm not looking at naked girls.

Next to him, Rhet rolls up, the monitor footage freezes.

RHET

What century?

HUNT

Late fifth... fall of the Roman Empire.

RHET

The Dark Ages. This period seems of particular interest to you.

HUNT

You said history repeats itself.

RHET

At times. But events have not,
and will not shape your world.

HUNT

Then what does?

Rhet touches a control on the desk.

ON THE MONITOR

Hunt watches a series of images flash by, each depicts a famous leader from centuries past.

RHET

All humans who were firsts. Those
who led, those who made the
future... or perished in the
attempt.

Rhet looks from the screen down to Hunt, reaches out,
places his hand on Hunt's shoulder.

RHET

You too will be a first.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, BURIED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Near the firepit, Evelyn (now 17) kneels beside a prone Sarah, covered in a filthy blanket, her breathing RASPY, labored.

Evelyn tilts a small cup to Sarah's lips, she sips.

SARAH

Thank you, dear.

Distraught, Evelyn stands, grabs a backpack and stuffs assorted items inside.

SARAH

What are you doing?

EVELYN

I have to get help.

Sarah leans up, the effort difficult.

SARAH

No, it's too dangerous... if they catch you --

Evelyn turns, a determined look.

EVELYN

I'm through hiding, mother.

Evelyn leans down, kisses Sarah on her forehead, smiles.

EVELYN

There's enough food and water for at least a week. If I'm not back by then...

SARAH

You have your father's passion... his blind dedication. Do not let it rule you.

Sarah watches Evelyn stand then walk into the darkness. Tears on her face, her voice a whisper.

SARAH

Follow your heart.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, DESERT PLAIN - DUSK

Atop a GIANT DUNE, a sand-covered STEEL DOOR flies open. Evelyn climbs out, her head and face wrapped in cloth, goggles shield her eyes.

She lowers the steel door then shoves sand back across it, hiding it from view. She peers out

ACROSS THE DESERT PLAIN

In the distance, a barely visible mountain range on the horizon. She sets out toward it. The wind HOWLS, sand obliterates her tracks.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, REC ROOM - DAY

A beautiful, park-like setting. Hunt, shirtless, dressed in shorts and running shoes, jogs down an asphalt lane, the physical changes to his body reflected in strong musculature.

All around him, KIDS play, a DOG chases a ball, BIKERS WHIZ past.

He watches the dog run back to a small BOY then drop the ball at his feet. The Boy LAUGHS, pets the dog.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Steven... time for lunch!

Behind the Boy, a MAN and WOMAN recline on a blanket, a picnic basket of food between them. The Woman waves her hand toward the Boy. He smiles, waves back, then he and the dog run toward the couple.

The Man leans over, kisses the Woman.

A few feet ahead, a beautiful WOMAN jogs toward him, her body art in motion. Hunt stares. She smiles, passes by. He glances back at her bouncing behind.

Hunt faces forward, wipes the sweat from his brow, a determined look.

HUNT

End run.

Only a holographic projection, the park vanishes to reveal

THE REC ROOM

The size of a basketball court, with exercise equipment, a trampoline, lap pool, and a climbing wall.

Hunt slows his pace, his feet still pound against a conveyor belt device that simulates moving ground. He stops, grabs a towel, wipes his face.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, SLEEPING QUARTERS - DAY

The sound of running water. Hunt's shorts, T-shirt and running shoes lay in a pile near a small door. Where the door is cracked open, steam seeps out.

Rhet's arm reaches up, pushes open the door to reveal

A NAKED HUNT

his back toward Rhet, in an open shower area. He's busy pleasuring himself. He MOANS, unaware of Rhet's presence.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 HALLWAY - DAY

Evelyn sneaks along, stops, her eyes lock on a door labeled, "MED SUPPLIES." She flings open the door. Inside, assorted medical supplies line the shelves.

BILLY (O.S.)

Find what you need?

Startled, Evelyn slams the door to reveal Billy only inches away. He sneers, his gaze scans her up and down.

BILLY

Well, well. If it ain't the missing daughter.

Evelyn bolts down the hallway. Billy catches her, PINS her up against the wall.

BILLY

Hey, hey, hey... after all these years. Is that anyway to greet your old buddy? You remember me, right? All those little bedtime stories I used to tell you?

EVELYN

Is that what you're gonna do now? Tell me another short story?

Billy inches up tight against her.

BILLY

You'd like that wouldn't you? All those happy endings?

EVELYN

Just one problem.

BILLY

Oh, what's that?

EVELYN

Change of character.

Evelyn thrusts forward, Billy's eyes go wide, he staggers back, then slumps to the ground, Evelyn's knife buried in his chest.

BILLY

Son-of-a --

TIM (O.S.)

Evelyn!

Evelyn spins then freezes. Tim, pistol in hand, stares back, his eyes never leave her.

TIM
(to Billy)
You okay?

BILLY
The little bitch stabbed me.

TIM
I can't imagine why. Now get up.

Tim glances to the Med closet door then back to Evelyn.

EVELYN
She needs medicine.

Tim reaches out, grips Evelyn by the shoulder and marches her down the hallway.

TIM
She knew the risks when she left.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 LAB - DAY

Billy, shirtless, lies back on a METAL TABLE, his right hand holds a wad of gauze over a bloody wound near his heart. In the b.g., the THREE TEN-FOOT CYLINDERS once full of green liquid are now empty.

Tim, who looks the same age, yet worn, ragged hair, dark circles beneath his eyes, watches Bishop insert a SYRINGE filled with GREEN LIQUID into Billy's arm.

Bishop pushes the plunger, the green liquid flows into the vein. Billy's eyes roll back, a TREMOR washes over his body, then passes.

DR. BISHOP
The anti-aging effects are becoming less potent... more volatile. We need the boy.

TIM
Now that we have her, it should be easy.

DR. BISHOP
And she was stealing what?

TIM
Med supplies.

Bishop lifts Billy's hand and stares at

THE WOUND

It begins to close up on its own at an accelerated rate as tiny green microbes repair the damaged tissue.

DR. BISHOP

Quite deep. Lucky she didn't go a few inches higher.

He lays the gauze back over the wound. Billy's eyes flutter, he moans.

DR. BISHOP

What makes you think she'll go along with it?

TIM

We have something she wants.

Tim smirks, waves a vial of liquid, the label reads: "Morphine".

DR. BISHOP

Impressive. I would've never believed someone could last that long on the outside. Must be a side effect.

TIM

Sarah always was a survivor, Doctor. Despite your best efforts.

Bishop glares at Tim... a stare-down.

DR. BISHOP

Just make sure she understands the consequences.

Tim nods, turns and walks out the sliding glass doors.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, HISTORY CENTER - DAY

Sliding doors HISS open, Hunt steps inside, his hair still damp from the shower. Rhet stands near the semi-circular desk, one arm held behind his back.

RHET

Please take your seat.

Hunt sits.

HUNT

Now what?

RHET

I wish to test your knowledge of ancient Earth history.

HUNT

Again?

Rhet turns toward the four monitors on the wall, each displays an image of some historical figure.

RHET

Name them.

Hunt glances at the wall. On the first monitor, a drawing of a young Greek boy on horseback.

HUNT

Alexander the Great. In 300 B.C. he conquered most of the known world at the time... Syria, parts of India, Egypt and more.

RHET

Correct. Next.

On the second monitor, a young boy, surrounded by papal priests.

HUNT

Pope John the twelfth, descendant of Charlemagne, made Pope in 955 mostly remembered for bringing about the moral decay that helped destroy Rome.

RHET

The others?

Hunt stares at the two remaining images. He points at the third monitor.

HUNT

Mary Shelley. The true author of Frankenstein in 1818. And the last is the tomb of the boy king, Tutankhamun. Boring stuff.

Hunt stares at Rhet.

RHET

All influential leaders of their time, for better or worse.

Against great odds, each one
 forged a new world. But what
 commonality binds them?

Hunt considers, glances back at the images.

HUNT
 They were all very young.

RHET
 Eighteen to be exact.

Rhet swings out his arm from behind his back, a small
 gift box held in his outstretched hand, he offers it to
 Hunt.

RHET
 Happy birthday.

Caught off guard, Hunt takes the small box. Rhet
 gestures for him to open it. Hunt removes the top lid,
 looks

INSIDE THE BOX

Satin cloth cradles a small, half-dollar shaped plastic
 disc. Hunt removes it, holds it to the light, the
 transparency makes it look plain, not special.

RHET
 I was asked to give it to you on
 this particular day.

HUNT
 By who?

RHET
 Our creator. Your father.

Hunt hesitates.

HUNT
 I wish I'd known him.

Rhet smiles, a warm look.

RHET
 He would have been very proud...
 as am I.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, CORRIDOR B - LATER

Hunt stands in front of the dead end wall, his hands again trace the outer edges, searching. He stops, places his ear against it, listens.

MUFFLED SHOUTS penetrate the wall. Startled, he jerks back.

Something THUDS against the other side of the wall.

His fingers search the edges, then trail across the three circular indentations.

He plunges his hand into his pants pocket, removes the half-dollar shaped DISC then reaches out and pops it into one of the indentations. The disc GLOWS BLUE, the words "MAIN" appear on its surface.

The OUTLINE OF A DOOR appears in the wall, shimmers translucent, then evaporates into an opening.

A BODY flies through, COLLIDES with Hunt, they both CRASH backward

ON THE FLOOR

Hunt lies on his back, his arms pinned down above his head. He stares into the crazed eyes of Evelyn, her face flushed, her breath short and heavy. He struggles.

EVELYN

Don't!

Evelyn rolls off of him, jumps up, a small knife appears in her grip. She waves the knife, threatening.

EVELYN

Who're you? How'd you do that?

Hunt raises himself on his elbows.

HUNT

Are you real?

A SHOUT echoes from beyond the open doorway. Evelyn's eyes dart toward the sound then back to Hunt. Pure fear.

EVELYN

Close it!

(waves the knife)

Now!

Hunt glances at the glowing disc then stands. Evelyn backs away. Hunt looks from the knife to Evelyn.

She hesitates, lowers the knife.

Another SHOUT, running FOOTSTEPS grow closer. Evelyn takes a few steps back.

EVELYN

Hurry!

He reaches over, removes the small disc. The doorway shimmers then solidifies. She raises the knife.

EVELYN

Back away.

Hunt steps back, she glances past him.

EVELYN

Where does that lead?

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rhet stares at a monitor with four split screens. On one screen, Hunt stares at Evelyn.

HUNT (V.O.)

(on monitor)

Home.

Hunt and Evelyn walk out of camera view on one screen, then step into view on the adjacent screen.

TIM (O.S.)

Did she make it?

Rhet turns toward the image of Tim's face on a

LARGER MONITOR

One of the lenses missing from his eyeglasses.

TIM

(on monitor)

Is she safe?

From the monitor speaker, a loud, shrill SCREAM. Tim jerks his head around then disappears from the monitor.

In the monitor b.g., Bishop runs around, a crazed look, bumps into a table, then disappears off the monitor. Sounds of a STRUGGLE from the monitor speaker

RHET

Tim?

On the monitor, Tim returns, out of breath, a frightened look. His glasses are missing.

TIM

I have to go. He's having an episode. Just do what you promised.

RHET

Tim, I must speak to --

Tim's image blinks out. Only STATIC.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Rhet?

RHET

Not now, Sarah.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Protocols require that you --

RHET

I am fully aware of the requirements.

Rhet rolls out of the room.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, CORRIDOR B - MOMENTS LATER

Hunt leads Evelyn down the corridor, knife still in her hand. She's spooked, cautious.

EVELYN

Don't try anything.

HUNT

James Cagney. Nineteen thirty-four.

EVELYN

What's that supposed to mean?

HUNT

Famous movie gangster. He said things like that.

EVELYN

Who?

Hunt stops, turns. A surprised look.

HUNT

You don't know who Cagney is?

EVELYN

I'm still trying to figure out who you are.

HUNT

Oh, that's easy. My name's Hunt.

He turns, walks away. Evelyn stares, confused, then falls in behind him, the knife no longer pointed at his back.

EVELYN

You're by yourself?

HUNT

Uh... it's just the two of us.

EVELYN

Mother? Father?

HUNT

In a way, yes.

EVELYN

How long have you been down here?

HUNT

Eighteen years.

Evelyn halts.

EVELYN

And you survived not being caught?

Hunt stops, turns toward Evelyn, a quizzical look.

HUNT

By who?

Evelyn points back toward the dead end.

EVELYN

Them.

HUNT

Until today, we didn't know anyone else was alive. You're my first.

EVELYN

First what?

HUNT

Human.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, MAIN ROOM - DAY

Hunt and Evelyn enter through the sliding doors. Rhet, his back toward them, is focused on some experiment and does not turn around.

HUNT

Look what I found.

Rhet turns, crosses his arms, stares. Evelyn is stunned.

HUNT

It's a girl. A live one.

RHET

Where?

HUNT

Uh... well, she sorta ran into me.

Rhet stares at Evelyn.

RHET

Take her back.

HUNT

What're you talkin' about?

RHET

She could be carrying a deadly disease. One that your immune system is incapable of defending.

HUNT

Don't you see? All this time we thought no one else was alive... that... that we were alone. There are other people out there... on the surface... people like her. We have to --

RHET

I never said we were alone. You made an assumption.

Dumbfounded, Hunt stares at Rhet.

RHET

My function was, and remains, the same. To raise, educate and protect you.

She presents a danger, a change in plan. She cannot stay.

HUNT

You said the world was destroyed, everyone else gone. Why would you do that?

RHET

My programming does not --

Hunt advances towards Rhet.

HUNT

Screw your programming! Tell me why!

Silence. Rhet's gaze moves from Hunt to Evelyn.

RHET

You must take her back and place her outside corridor B.

HUNT

I never said where I found her, Rhet.

Rhet hesitates.

Hunt's eyes look toward the ceiling, he scans the walls, his gaze falls back on Rhet.

HUNT

You knew she was here.

RHET

Irrelevant. She --

HUNT

Stays.

Rhet freezes, his head tilts to the right. The sliding doors HISS closed. Hunt spins, Evelyn is gone.

HUNT

Wait!

Hunt races through the doors. Rhet reaches up, PUNCHES a button near a speaker.

RHET

It is done.

TIM (V.O.)
 (from speaker)
 She'll do her part.

RHET
 She is an unknown. Her presence
 will affect the outcome.

TIM (V.O.)
 Two days. Follow the protocols,
 Rhet. We'll take care of the
 rest.

An audible CLICK from the speaker.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB, LEVEL 3 LAB - SECONDS LATER

Tim stares at his CommuniSkin, lost in thought.

BILLY (O.S.)
 This is getting way outta hand.
 Using the girl is one thing, but --

Tim spins, stares at Billy, his bandaged chest healed.

TIM
 We need the boy's DNA. Without
 it, we won't last two more months.
 We have to trust that Doc know's
 what he's doing, Billy.

BILLY
 Christ, Tim. He's friggin'
 talkin' to make believe people!
 That sound like a guy whose got
 his shit together?

Tim spins, grabs Billy's shirt, SLAMS him against the
 wall, gets in his face.

TIM
 The man was going to save the
 world. We'll be lucky if he can
 save us. If he has a few quirks,
 so be it. We owe him, Billy...
 remember that.

BILLY
 When're you gonna stop choosing
 him over us?

TIM
 Don't --

BILLY
 You're the one who didn't stop
 him. When Sarah --

Tim BANGS him against the wall again.

TIM
 Listen, you little shit. We focus
 on what we've always done since
 the event... staying alive. That
 clear?

BILLY
 Yeah... I get it.

Tim releases him, walks away. Billy gathers himself then
 mutters...

BILLY
 Eighteen years of this bullshit's
 gettin' on my nerves.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, CORRIDOR - DAY

Evelyn half-walks, half-runs down the hall.

HUNT (O.S.)
 Wait!

She keeps going, ignores him.

FIFTY FEET BEHIND HER

Hunt trots, then halts.

HUNT
 Unless you're taking out the
 garbage, this is the wrong way
 back.

Evelyn stops, glances at the wall. On it, big block
 letters read: "CORRIDOR C, REFUSE/RECYCLING".

EVELYN
 Crap.

HUNT
 That too.

She turns toward Hunt. He points back down the corridor.

HUNT
 It's this way.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Hunt and Evelyn walk side-by-side.

EVELYN
How much further?

HUNT
Not far.

A moment.

HUNT
Who were they? The ones after
you?

EVELYN
I don't know.

HUNT
But how'd you survive outside?
The bugs ate everyone that was
exposed... not protected like Rhet
and --

Hunt halts, stares at Evelyn. Realization hits him.

HUNT
You're eighteen.

EVELYN
So?

HUNT
Just a weird coincidence, that's
all.

EVELYN
Just get me back to the surface,
okay? I'm not real fond of your
heavy-metal nanny-bot. How do you
stand it?

HUNT
Until now... I didn't have a
choice.

Their eyes lock. Embarrassed, Hunt looks away then gestures toward the glass wall enclosing the giant Rec Room. Evelyn peers through the glass.

EVELYN
Wow...

HUNT

It's where I exercise, work out,
jog in the park --

She gives him a look. Hunt smiles, reaches for her hand,
she pulls back.

HUNT

C'mon... let me show you.

She relents, Hunt takes her hand.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, REC ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hunt and Evelyn stand near the center of the room.

EVELYN

I still don't see any --

Hunt smiles, turns his head.

HUNT

Sarah?

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Yes, Hunter.

Evelyn steps back, shock on her face.

EVEYLN

That voice... where did --

HUNT

It belonged to one of the original
members of my father's team. She
was responsible for much of the
programming that keeps all this
running. Ready?

Still unsure, Evelyn nods.

HUNT

Central Park. Day. Sunshine.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

My pleasure. Reality simulation
initiated. Enjoy the day.

All around them, the bare white walls shimmer, transform.
The room becomes a perfect replica of Central Park with
PEOPLE, SQUIRRELS, TREES and bubbling FOUNTAINS.

Evelyn stares in wonder, her gaze does a 360, takes it
all in. Her eyes stop on Hunt, a huge grin on his face.

HUNT
Pretty cool, huh?

EVELYN
It's so real.
(she sniffs)
What's that smell?

HUNT
Life... like it was before.

EVELYN
So many colors... so bright.
Everyone looks happy... safe. Why
would we ever destroy this?

HUNT
Some day, we'll find a way to get
it all back.

He turns toward Evelyn.

HUNT
Stay. One day. Tomorrow, I'll
show you things you wouldn't
believe.

Still entranced, her eyes glued skyward, Evelyn gives in.

EVELYN
But the walking trash can said --

HUNT
Don't worry about him.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, SLEEPING QUARTERS - LATER

Evelyn stands in the doorway, takes it all in. Perfectly made bed, neat, antiseptic, nothing out of place. She hesitates, afraid to step into the room.

Hunt faces a wall, removes some clothes from a dresser, glances back.

HUNT
You don't like it?

EVELYN
No... it's just so... clean.

HUNT
Isn't yours?

EVELYN
You're kidding, right?

Clothes in hand, Hunt turns.

HUNT
Where do you normally sleep?

EVELYN
The safest place I can find.

Evelyn steps over, touches the bed, then sits, enjoying the softness. Hunt sits beside her, their shoulders touch. She scoots away, her defenses up.

HUNT
Why are you afraid?

EVELYN
I'm not. I can take care of myself.

A loud HUM, the lights and power dim for a moment. Evelyn reaches out, grabs Hunt's leg, squeezes, her eyes wide.

EVELYN
What was that?

HUNT
Don't know. Never happened before. Uh... could you...?

Hunt glances down at her leg death-grip. Embarrassed, she jerks her hand away, stands.

HUNT
What?

EVELYN
I shouldn't be here. It's... not right.

Hunt jumps up, grabs her hand.

HUNT
Fine, then we'll go to another planet.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, TERRARIUM/PLANETARIUM - NIGHT

Surrounded by real TREES, real GRASS, and a FLOWING STREAM, Hunt and Evelyn lie on the grass, stare upward. He points at the

SIMULATED NIGHT SKY

filled with twinkling constellations.

HUNT

Next to Aquarius is Capricorn, then Sagittarius. The Chinese believe they make up a spiritual creature known as the black tortoise, a symbol of longevity. One legend says that the son of a king, not interested in the throne, left his parents at sixteen in search of enlightenment.

EVELYN

Did he find it?

HUNT

He became a god of the northern sky... the black tortoise.

EVELYN

I never knew it could be so beautiful... so peaceful.

Hunt turns toward Evelyn.

HUNT

What's your sign?

She frowns, looks at him.

HUNT

Your zodiac? You know, the month you were born in. Aquarius, Pisces... that's a fish... Leo --

Evelyn turns back to the stars.

EVELYN

I don't have a sign.

HUNT

That's silly... everyone has a sign. Just tell me. What month?

EVELYN

I told you --

HUNT

Let me guess. Cool exterior, demanding, but on the inside you are very passionate, almost like --

Evelyn jumps up, glares at Hunt.

EVELYN

Will you just stop with your stupid star stuff! It doesn't matter when or where you were born! It's no big deal.

She marches off and disappears behind a bush hedge. Hunt stares after her, confused.

HUNT

Definitely Scorpio.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, KITCHEN GALLEY - MORNING

Hunt bounces around the kitchen, bacon sizzles, eggs fry, he stacks two pieces of toast on an already six-high stack.

EVELYN (O.S.)

Thanks for the bed.

Evelyn stands in doorway, backpack slung over her shoulder. With his back to her, Hunt focuses on an open COOKBOOK.

HUNT

You're gonna miss it.

EVELYN

I really need to get go --
(she sniffs)
What's that smell?

HUNT

Julia Child's famous caramelized onion quiche.

Hunt turns, stares at Evelyn, then points to the counter. On it, a small vase of fresh flowers and a carefully arranged place-setting for two. Evelyn gives in, sits.

Hunt dishes up two plates, drops one in front of Evelyn, then sits beside her with the other.

Evelyn pokes at her food.

EVELYN

It was late October... my birthday.

Hunt glances at her, pretends to be shocked.

HUNT

Scorpio? Really, I had no idea.

Evelyn smirks back. Hunt leans over toward her, whispers...

HUNT

Don't tell anyone, but I also read fortunes. Sort of a side business I got going.

Evelyn grins, takes a bite of the quiche.

EVELYN

Where'd you get all this?

HUNT

Six chickens, two pigs, and a really mean goat.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, THE FARM ROOM - LATER

The size of a tennis court, half grass, half dirt, a small chicken coop on one wall... all real. Giant ventilation fans in the ceiling WHIR.

HENS CLUCK, PIGS GRUNT, a GOAT MUNCHES grass. Bright sunshine fills the space. Evelyn glances up, shields her eyes from the glare.

EVELYN

That can't be real.

HUNT

Artificial sunlight. Everything's powered by hydrogen fuel cells. Solar panels on the surface keep them recharged.

A loud HUM, the light dims, almost to darkness, then slowly returns.

EVELYN

Never happens?

HUNT

It shouldn't... unless --

RHET (O.S.)

...the fuel cells are not sufficiently charged.

Hunt and Evelyn turn toward the open door. Rhet stares back.

RHET

I did not find you in the history center, Hunt. You must not be distracted from your studies.

HUNT

I'll do it later, Rhet.

RHET

Yes, perhaps when... you are alone. That would be satisfactory.

Hunt watches Rhet move down the hallway.

HUNT

Strange.

EVELYN

Pretty obvious if you ask me.

HUNT

No... not that. The power surges. He doesn't seem worried.

EVELYN

He's a machine, Hunt.

HUNT

Still... something's not right. I wonder if --

Chickens SQUAWK, the Pigs GRUNT. A loud RUMBLE, the lights flicker, dim to darkness. The animals go silent.

Low level EMERGENCY LIGHTS illuminate.

EVELYN

This can't be good.

Hunt glances around the room, searching.

EVELYN

What?

HUNT

The system's not resetting.

EVELYN

What controls that?

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The room awash in bright light, unaffected by the power surge, Rhet stares at

A COMPUTER MONITOR

that displays a power consumption graph where two lines spike upward. To his left, a wall monitor BLOOMS to life, Tim's face appears.

TIM
(on monitor)
Has it worked?

Rhet remains focused on the computer display.

RHET
One last burst should complete the illusion.

Rhet TAPS a keyboard. On the

COMPUTER MONITOR

the graph line spikes upward. Another RUMBLE, Tim's image flickers, STATIC, then returns.

ON THE WALL MONITOR

A SHOUT. Behind Tim, Bishop darts across the room, his hands tearing at his hair. Angry, Tim glares at Rhet.

TIM
You're only making it worse.

Another SHOUT from behind Tim.

DR. BISHOP (O.S.)
Is that him? Let me see him!

Bishop's un-aged face crowds into the monitor image, his eyes wild and darting.

DR. BISHOP
Where is he? Why can't I --

Bishop freezes, his gaze locks on Rhet.

DR. BISHOP
Who are you? What have you done with him? Where's my boy?

Frantic, Bishop's eyes flick around, desperate to see past Rhet and into the Observation Room. He turns his head, as if he hears something.

DR. BISHOP

What? What's that?

Bishop's face moves off the video image. A METALLIC CRASH in the background. Tim glances over, then turns back to Rhet.

TIM

I don't know how long I can control him.

RHET

Twenty-four hours. As programmed.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Rhet tracks out of the Observation room, the doors HISS shut behind him. He raises one arm, TAPS a button on his CommuniSkin.

RHET

Emergency location. Forty-five seconds. Please confirm.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hunt and Evelyn step from the Farm Room into the hallway. Hunt lifts his CommuniSkin device to his face.

HUNT

On our way.

They race down the dim corridor.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rhet point to an

OVERSIZED VIDEO MONITOR

Hunt and Evelyn stare at an electrical schematic of the complex

An area marked, "Hydro-cells" glows yellow. Two thin lines, also yellow, lead from the Hydro-cells up to the top of the schematic.

RHET

It would appear that the rate of current being supplied is no longer sufficient to recharge the batteries.

HUNT

So how do we fix it?

RHET

The solar panels must be repaired or replaced.

Hunt looks at Rhet.

HUNT

On the surface? You said nothing could live out there.

EVELYN

Define live.

RHET

It appears I was incorrect.

Hunt considers.

HUNT

But how would we --

Rhet TAPS the video Monitor. The IMAGE changes to a

MAP OF THE LAB COMPLEX

where alternating colors depict various levels, two glowing GREEN DOTS in the center of Level 6 pulse. On the far right, a vertical elevator shaft leads straight up through each Level, ending at the surface.

Rhet points to a horizontal corridor that extends from Level 3 to the right and off the map.

RHET

There is a storage center located down this corridor. Assess the damage, then retrieve the parts required and repair the panels.

HUNT

How am I gonna --

EVELYN

I'm coming with you.

Hunt glances at Evelyn.

EVELYN

I know the way.

RHET

Without the repairs, I estimate thirty-seven point eight hours.

EVELYN

Until what?

RHET

Oxygen levels reach a point unable to support human life.

HUNT

We die?

RHET

You do.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, SLEEPING QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

The doors HISS open, Rhet rolls into the center of the room. He slowly completes a 360 degree turn, his gaze taking in every aspect of a teenager's room...

- a dresser with a PHOTO of Hunt and Rhet feeding the farm animals. Hunt is happy, smiling and Rhet is smiling back.

- a desk with an iPad device, the screensaver displays Rhet's face.

- changing holographic wall photos depicting events in Earth history, celebrities, and specifically Alexander the Great, Mary Shelley and King Tutankhamun.

Rhet stares at the photo on the dresser, silent.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

You've done a good job of raising him, Rhet.

RHET

The term "good" does not achieve the outcome. We know that fact.

Rhet heads for the door.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 You cannot allow this to continue.
 There is too much at risk.

The doors HISS open, Rhet stops, stares straight ahead, does not look back.

RHET
 Perhaps it is time to allow chance
 to take its natural... human
 course.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, CORRIDOR B - LATER

Rhet, Hunt and Evelyn stand in front of the sealed door.

RHET
 I can go no further. Use the
 PulseNav to find your way to the
 surface. Once there, you must
 determine the damage.

Hunt reaches in his backpack and removes an

IPAD-LIKE DEVICE

It displays a scrolling map of the underground complex. Two GREEN DOTS glow to indicate their current location.

Evelyn glances at the device on her wrist.

RHET
 Do not remove your CommuniSkins
 under any circumstance. Without
 them, I cannot assist you.

Rhet gestures at Hunt.

RHET
 (to Hunt)
 The disc?

Hunt removes the DISC from his pocket.

RHET
 Good. Please proceed.

Hunt presses the disc into the small indentation on the door. The disc GLOWS BLUE, the words "MAIN" appear on its surface.

The DOOR OUTLINE appears, shimmers translucent, then evaporates. Evelyn steps through, Hunt turns to Rhet.

HUNT
Just like Alexander the Great.
Off to save the kingdom.

Hunt reaches out, hugs Rhet, then steps through the opening.

RHET
Hunt?

He turns back. Rhet reaches up, removes the small disc from the wall, and flips it through the opening. Hunt catches it.

The opening shimmers.

RHET
Remember the history of those
before you. It will serve you
well.

Rhet watches the door solidify. Alone, he bows his head, lost in thought.

A moment.

He spins then rolls down the corridor.

INT. UNDERGROUND, CORRIDOR 6-A - LATER

Hunt moves down the corridor, stares at the PulseNav. Evelyn follows.

EVELYN
What did he mean by that history
stuff?

HUNT
Just his way of saying be careful.

EVELYN
And he can't do this?

Hunt stops, turns back toward Evelyn.

HUNT
Look down.

Evelyn glances at the floor.

EVELYN
So?

HUNT

No track rail. He has to have it
to move about.

Evelyn frowns.

EVELYN

Why?

HUNT

I don't know. Maybe because --

EVELYN

He was never meant to leave.

Evelyn stares at Hunt.

EVELYN

Ever.

A loud HUM, the lights flicker. Hunt spins, keeps
walking.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Rhet stares at the

LARGE WALL MONITOR

On it, Hunt walks away, Evelyn trails behind.

HUNT

(on monitor speaker)

We need to find the elevator
shaft.

Rhet's hand reaches up, FLICKS a switch, Tim's face
appears on the monitor.

TIM

(on monitor)

How soon?

RHET

They will be on the surface in
twenty-three point nine minutes.

TIM

We'll be ready.

RHET

And Tim? Do not harm him.

INT. UNDERGROUND, ELEVATOR ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Hunt and Evelyn stare at the wall. Similar to the sealed lab door, no buttons, no apparent opening.

EVELYN

You're sure this is it?

Hunt runs his hands across the wall.

HUNT

It's on the map.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3, HALLWAY - DAY

PISTOL in hand, Tim runs down the corridor. Billy follows, an ASSAULT RIFLE gripped in his hands.

Tim halts in front of a wall then places a DISC inside a matching indentation. It GLOWS, an UP/DOWN SET OF ARROWS appear.

TIM

Focus on the boy.

BILLY

What about her?

The wall shimmers, an opening appears.

TIM

She'll do her part.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, ELEVATOR ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Hunt traces his fingers across the wall, they stop on a small indentation.

HUNT

Hold on.

He removes the DISC from his pocket, presses it into the circular opening. An UP/DOWN SET OF ARROWS glow on the disc.

Evelyn steps back.

A RUSHING sound of air from behind the wall. A MELODIC DING-DONG, the wall shimmers, melts away to reveal...

AN EMPTY ELEVATOR CAR

Hunt turns, notices Evelyn has moved back.

HUNT
Something wrong?

EVEYLN
No... just not what I expected.

They step in, Hunt retrieves the disc, the opening shimmers closed. To the right of the door, SEVEN CIRCULAR INDENTATIONS in a vertical line. Hunt pops the disc into the top one.

The words "EARTH" glow on the disc, a slight HUM.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(from speakers)
Earth surface. Current
temperature is eighty-seven
degrees Fahrenheit. Ninety-eight
percent chance of rain.

HUNT
Is that normal?

EVELYN
For eighteen years.

Evelyn reaches in her back pack, pulls out a BALL CAP, PLASTIC GOGGLES and a RATTY SCARF. She hands the scarf to Hunt.

HUNT
This the going fashion?

DING-DONG!

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(from speakers)
EARTH SURFACE.

The door evaporates, the darkness beyond illuminated only by the elevator car light. Hunt takes a step forward.

Evelyn grabs his arm.

EVELYN
Wait.

She tilts her head, listens.

Evelyn pushes past him, vanishes into the darkness.

Seconds pass.

A hand shoots in, grabs Hunt by the arm, he jumps. From the darkness...

EVELYN

C'mon.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, CONCRETE BUNKER - DAY

Along one wall, a STEEL DOOR the only visible opening in the foot-thick walls, swings open, a RUSTY SQUEAK. Evelyn steps out of the bunker, her goggled face scans the dark, overcast sky. Hunt, the scarf wrapped around his mouth and nose, follows.

He shields his eyes, stares outward. Below him, horizon to horizon sand. No life.

HUNT

Where are we?

EVELYN

They used to call them the Rocky Mountains.

Hunt turns. Behind him, a wall of sand rises several thousand feet, laps up against snow-covered peaks.

EVELYN

Not what you expected?

HUNT

It smells strange... heavy.

He passes his tongue over his lips.

HUNT

And that taste...

EVELYN

Sulphur. From the lightening.

Thunder RUMBLES. A LIGHTENING BOLT CRACKLES downward, STRIKES a METAL PYLON a hundred feet away.

A loud HUM.

EVELYN

What's that?

HUNT

Lightening rod. That's what makes the PulseNav work underground.

Another BOLT ZAPS the pylon.

HUNT
Is it always like this?

EVELYN
No. This is a good day.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, THE MOUNTAINSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Evelyn and Hunt round the edge of a GIGANTIC BOULDER.
Evelyn points ahead at

TWELVE MACK TRUCK-SIZED SOLAR PANELS

staggered up the mountainside in three rows of four,
their bases secured into the bedrock.

HUNT
I think we're gonna need a bigger
wrench.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, BENEATH THE SOLAR PANEL ARRAY - LATER

PulseNav in hand, Hunt stands next to the last Solar
Panel in the top row, a SMALL CORD stretches between the
PulseNav and the panels base.

Twenty feet away, Evelyn's gaze scans the area,
searching. Hunt stares at the

PULSENAV DISPLAY

A complex electrical diagram of the Solar Panel. He TAPS
a button labeled "DIAGNOSTICS". A flurry of SCREEN SHOTS
scroll across the display.

Green lettering flashes that reads: "SOLAR ARRAY 12:
NORMAL".

Hunt frowns, brings up his CommuniSkin device, TAPS a
button. STATIC. He turns, waves at Evelyn.

HUNT
Same thing.

Evelyn walks closer.

HUNT
I don't understand. I can't reach
Rhet.

A lightening bolt strikes a PYLON nearby, CRACKLES.

HUNT

Must be the electrostatic charge
from the field.

EVEYLN

Don't go back.

HUNT

What? I have to go back. Rhet --

Evelyn reaches out, lightly grips Hunt's arm, a fearful look.

EVELYN

He's not who you think. You can't
trust him! The others, they --

HUNT

What others?

Evelyn stops, steps back.

EVELYN

I've made a terrible mistake. We
need to get back inside... now!

Evelyn turns, runs down the mountainside.

HUNT

Hold on!

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 1 - LATER

DING-DONG! A wall section shimmers, Tim and Billy step out, fast-walk down a corridor.

BILLY

Why not go all the way up?

Tim slows down, turns.

TIM

Noise.

BILLY

Then how do we --

Tim pushes on a section of the corridor wall, a hidden door swings open. Within it, stairs lead up. Billy steps into the stairwell

PEERS UPWARD

The stairway zigzags, seems to go on forever. Tim brushes past him, bounds up the first flight of stairs.

BILLY

Shit.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, THE MOUNTAINSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Evelyn leads Hunt around the gigantic BOULDER and up toward the Concrete Bunker. They SLOG up the slope, stop in front of the STEEL DOOR.

Evelyn reaches out, places her hand on the door.

INT. UNDERGROUND, STAIRWELL - SAME TIME

Tim and Billy bound up the stairs, their feet POUND each step, the sound ECHOES up the stairwell. Tim glances upward.

TIM

I can see the surface door.

They race up the final flight, Tim reaches out, his hand shoves against the door's break-away bar.

INT. EARTH SURFACE, CONCRETE BUNKER - SAME MOMENT

The stairwell doors FLINGS open and BANGS against the wall, light pours into the dark bunker. Tim and Billy step out, sweep the room with their guns. To their left, a small blue circle glows about halfway up the wall: the Elevator entry.

Tim glances toward the Steel Door, one-quarter of the way open, blowing sand swirls through.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, CONCRETE BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

The steel door swings open, Tim and Billy step out, guns ready. Nothing but desert. Tim glances down at the sand, four sets of footprints.

Behind them, from within the Bunker, a sound: DING-DONG!

TIM

Shit!

Tim and Billy whip around, race back inside.

INT. EARTH SURFACE, CONCRETE BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Tim stares over at the ELEVATOR, his eyes lock on the middle of the elevator car. Frozen in place, Hunt stares back.

From inside the ELEVATOR, an ARM reaches out, removes the small disc, the doors shimmers.

Tim raises his gun, FIRES. A bullet RICOCHETS off the wall near the elevator doorway. It shimmers to a solid wall.

TIM

Damn.

Tim raises his CommuniSkin.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 LAB - DAY

Incredulous, Bishop stares at his CommuniSkin.

DR. BISHOP

You did what?

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

Breathless, Tim turns away from Billy, stares out across the desert plain.

TIM

(to CommuniSkin)

We lost them. They got back inside.

DR. BISHOP

Then track them down and bring me the boy.

TIM

What about Evelyn?

DR. BISHOP

She's as useless as her mother. Kill her.

Tim hesitates, conflicted.

TIM

But we promised we'd --

DR. BISHOP

Once we have the boy, no one else matters. Is that clear?

Tim gives a hard stare at Billy. Billy mouths the word, "shit".

TIM

Very.

Tim TAPS his CommuniSkin, ends the call.

END INTERCUT

BILLY

I told you it wouldn't last. Now what?

TIM

Change of plans.

INT. UNDERGROUND, ELEVATOR CAR - DAY

Fear on their faces, Hunt stares at Evelyn.

HUNT

Why were they shooting?

EVELYN

He wants you.

HUNT

Who?

Evelyn hesitates, plunges on.

EVELYN

Your father.

Stunned, Hunt leans back against the wall.

EVELYN

I wouldn't have done this... I didn't have a choice. She's so sick, in so much pain.

(pause)

I had to help her.

HUNT

And get us killed!?

EVELYN

I'm so sorry.

Evelyn breaks down... her eyes water. Hunt's glare softens.

HUNT

It's all right... we can figure it out. Right now, we need to get back to Rhet.

Hunt raises his CommuniSkin. Evelyn grabs his wrist.

EVELYN

Wait.

She glances up at a tiny camera device in the corner. Hunt follows her gaze then turns back to meet her eyes. He makes his decision.

HUNT

What do we do?

EVELYN

Let me see that map thingy.

He hands her the PulseNav, she points at

THE SCREEN

TWO GREEN DOTS glow to show their current location. Near the top edge, two BLUE DOTS appear. They move slowly toward the green dots.

Evelyn glances up at the ELEVATOR DISPLAY: "LEVEL 4".

INT. UNDERGROUND, STAIRWELL - DAY

PulseNav device held in his hands, Tim and Billy POUND down the stairwell. Out of breath, they pass a doorway marked, "LEVEL 3", then continue downward.

INT. UNDERGROUND, ELEVATOR CAR - DAY

Evelyn grabs the DISC, moves it up one indentation. It glows, reads, "Level 3".

Hunt stares at her, she TAPS the screen. He glances down at the

PULSENAV

Her finger rests over the LONG CORRIDOR that stretches from Level 3 and off the screen to the right.

EXT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 ELEVATOR ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

The wall shimmers, Evelyn and Hunt step out.

EVEYLN

I've got an idea.

Evelyn rips the CommuniSkin from her wrist. Hunt stares at her, unsure. Evelyn leans in, gives him a light kiss.

EVELYN

Trust me.

INT. UNDERGROUND, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Near a door marked, "Level 4", Tim stares at his PulseNav.

TIM

Stop!

He looks back at Billy.

TIM

Go down to five, wait for the elevator. We have 'em cornered.

Billy races down the stairs, Tim opens the Level 4 door.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 4 - SECONDS LATER

Pistol held ready, Tim stands to the side of the ELEVATOR ENTRY.

DING-DONG!

The wall shimmers open.

Tim WHIRLS, his gun pointed inside the CAR.

Empty. He glances at

THE FLOOR

Two CommuniSkin devices lay discarded in the corner.

TIM

Shit!

He raises his CommuniSkin.

TIM
(to CommuniSkin)
They're off the NAV.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 HALLWAY - LATER

From inside the MED CLOSET, Evelyn grabs what she needs and shoves it into her bag. Behind her, a nervous Hunt glances up and down the corridor.

HUNT
Those for her?

EVELYN
Just keep watchin'.

Evelyn shoves a few more supplies into her bag then steps past Hunt into the hallway.

EVELYN
Look. You don't have to come with me.

HUNT
The hell I don't.

Evelyn grins.

EVELYN
Hunter. You just said your first cuss word. I'm impressed.

HUNT
Sorry, I --

Evelyn smiles. He grins back, a hopeful look.

EVELYN
All right. But you gotta keep up.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3, LONG CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn and Hunt run down the corridor. Ahead of them, a SOLID WALL. They stop at the wall, out of breath.

EVELYN
Lemme see your disc.

Hunt reaches in his pocket, hands her the DISC. She presses it into a small indentation. Nothing.

She removes it, tries again. Nothing.

HUNT
Maybe it's not a door.

EVEYLN
No, I always leave it open.

HUNT
You know what's on the other side?

EVELYN
Of course. We lived there.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME

On a VIDEO MONITOR, Rhet watches Hunt and Evelyn attempt to open the solid wall in the long corridor.

On the monitor...

HUNT (V.O.)
(on monitor)
Here, let me try.

Evelyn hands Hunt the small disc.

HUNT
Saw this in an old movie once.

He holds it in his hands, blows on it, then presses it into the door's indentation.

Rhet reaches up near the MONITOR, FLICKS a switch.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3, LONG CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

A loud CLICK, the solid door swings open a few feet. Surprised, Hunt beams at Evelyn.

HUNT
It's called luck.

She glances up at a tiny camera in the ceiling corner.

EVELYN
Somehow I doubt that. Let's go.

Hunt follows Evelyn through the open door. Evelyn peers back down the corridor, listens, then closes the door.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 LAB - LATER

Low light, only one working computer screen lit up, the lab looks dingy grey.

Bishop glares at Tim and Billy.

DR. BISHOP

Well?

TIM

We'll have to do a level-by-level search. She knows the surface isn't an option, so they'll dig in.

Bishop turns his head, listens, then speaks to an imaginary person.

DR. BISHOP

(re: imaginary
person)

I'm well aware of the plan, and I don't need you to remind me. Without the boy --

TIM

Dr. Bishop?

Bishop's head snaps around.

DR. BISHOP

She's quite right, you know. You may have just ruined our last chance at survival.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, OBSERVATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

On the VIDEO MONITOR, Rhet stares at the closed door at the end of the long corridor. To his left, Tim's face appears on a SMALL MONITOR.

TIM

(on monitor)

Can you see where they went?

A moment.

TIM

Rhet?

RHET

No... not at this time.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LONG CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Evelyn leads Hunt down the corridor, a makeshift string of light bulbs along the right, a dim glow every thirty feet.

Quiet. The sound of their cautious FOOTSTEPS echoes off the steel walls. At the end, a small VIEWING ROOM, overturned chairs, the far wall composed of floor-to-ceiling glass.

Hunt peers through the GLASS WALL, looks down at...

THE WEAPONS CONTROL CENTER

Illuminated by the viewing room's light, the CENTER below is abandoned, the GIGANTIC WALL SCREEN lifeless, the military long gone.

Evelyn steps up beside Hunt.

HUNT

What is this place?

EVELYN

Where the end began.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 1 - DAY

Guns held ready, Tim and Billy sweep down a corridor, searching.

DR. BISHOP (O.S.)

Have you found them?

Tim raises his CommuniSkin.

TIM

We've searched the main complex.
I don't know where else they
might've gone.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rhet stares at the image of Tim and Billy on the VIDEO MONITOR.

RHET

When frightened, where does any
animal flee for safety?

TIM
(on monitor speaker)
Home.

RHET
Precisely.

INT. UNDERGROUND, WEAPONS CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Seated behind one of the workstations, Hunt watches Evelyn scrounge through a stack of HEAVY BINDERS along one wall.

HUNT
There's no one else?

EVELYN
Sometimes, on the surface, I'd sit and stare out across the desert plain. Twice I thought I saw a small group of people making their way toward the mountains.

HUNT
What'd you do?

She looks back at Hunt.

EVELYN
I locked the door.

She returns to her search.

EVELYN
Here it is.

She pulls a BINDER from the stack, blows off the dust. She sits beside Hunt, opens the binder. A faded cover page reads: "Bio-luminescence DNA and Virotherapy in Human Integration".

The second line reads: "By Dr. Jerrol Bishop"

Hunt slides the Binder closer, flips a few more pages, engrossed in the contents. Evelyn gives him a minute.

EVELYN
You understand this stuff?

HUNT
Some... mostly from what Rhet told me about my father.

Evelyn grabs the binder, flips to the cover page, her finger STABS atop Bishop's name on the page. She gives Hunt a look.

HUNT

Biologically, yes.

Evelyn stands, walks a few feet.

EVELYN

I never should've brought you here. It was a mistake.

HUNT

We didn't have a choice. We had to get away from --

Evelyn spins, stares at Hunt, her concern evident. She marches toward him and again STABS her finger on top of Bishop's name.

Shocked, his gaze shifts from Evelyn to the book then back to her. She nods.

HUNT

But why?

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3, LONG CORRIDOR - DAY

Tim and Billy race down the corridor, stopping at the sealed door. Tim glances up at the ceiling camera, waves.

The lock CLICKS, the door swings open.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Rhet stares at a monitor, the image of Tim and Billy walking through the corridor door.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Rhet, why do you continue?

Rhet glances down at a

PHOTO

It's the same one from Hunt's bedroom.

RHET

I cannot explain.

INT. UNDERGROUND, WEAPONS CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Hunt steps toward a stairwell that leads up to the VIEWING ROOM overhead.

HUNT

None of this makes sense. There has to be a reason why he's doing this. I need to go back.

EVELYN

Hunt, you can't --

HUNT

Evelyn, all these years... I thought he was dead. What would you do?

A TAPPING NOISE from above. Hunt steps backwards, he and Evelyn stare up at

THE VIEWING ROOM

Tim and Billy peer back through the glass wall.

EVELYN

Run!

INT. UNDERGROUND, TUNNEL ENTRY CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

The corridor is as wide as three cars. Evelyn and Hunt race down it, ahead, an oversized FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

Evelyn SKIDS to a stop, throws open the freight elevator's WIRE MESH DOORS, steps inside, STABS a button, then turns back toward

HUNT

who runs up, halts outside the elevator door. Evelyn glances past Hunt and

DOWN THE CORRIDOR

One hundreds yards back, weapons in hand, Tim and Billy run toward them.

AT THE ELEVATOR

Evelyn holds out her hand.

EVELYN

Hurry! We can hide on the surface.

Hunt hesitates then steps back.

HUNT

I can't.

Running FOOTSTEPS grow louder. Hunt reaches up, pulls down the WIRE MESH DOORS, his eyes locked on Evelyn. A loud BUZZ, a RED LIGHT inside the freight elevator FLASHES on and off.

A CLANK, gears engage, the freight elevator rises. Evelyn grabs the doors, her fingers laced in the mesh.

EVELYN

You can't trust him! How do you think they found us!?

Her eyes mist, she stares down at

HUNT

He waves. From behind, Tim grabs Hunt his pistol GRINDS into his back. Billy races onward, raises his rifle up toward the rising

FREIGHT ELEVATOR

Evelyn stares back, her eyes locked on Hunt.

Three SHOTS ring out. Evelyn's face goes wide in surprise, BLOOD SPRAYS the back wall.

She falls backward, CRASHES against the floor.

A trickle of blood flows from her mouth.

ON THE GROUND BELOW

Hunt wrenches free from Tim...

HUNT

No!

TIM

Wait!

...then BODY SLAMS Billy to the ground, looks up, his eyes locked on the freight elevator car.

HUNT

Evelyn!

The car slips out of view.

INT. UNDERGROUND, SURFACE LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER

BUZZ. The FREIGHT ELEVATOR jerks to a halt. Evelyn pulls herself up. Her left shoulder covered in blood, she manages to slide open the mesh doors and steps into...

THE MAIN ENTRY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Almost fifty feet wide and half as tall, it stretches into the distance, paved with abandoned military vehicles, others crashed off to the side.

Her face contorted with obvious pain, she stumbles down the tunnel, her right hand mashed against her left shoulder.

INT. UNDERGROUND, ENTRY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn stops near a PILE OF DEBRIS and spare tires. She pushes off some tires, peels back the debris to reveal a

FOUR-WHEEL ATV

From under another pile she pulls out a METAL GAS CAN, lifts it, gives it a shake. Liquid SLOSHES inside.

She fills the tank on the ATV, struggles onto the seat, STARTS it up and with one hand on the handlebar, GUNS it down the tunnel.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, TUNNEL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A heavy metal gate sits jammed half-way open by a TRANSPORT TRUCK crushed beneath its weight.

From the opening beside the truck, Evelyn BURSTS through on the ATV, SKIDS, and races down the mountainside.

INT. UNDERGROUND, ELEVATOR CAR - LATER

Tim, his hand gripped on Hunt's shoulder, stares straight ahead. Hunt is pale, dried tears on his face.

TIM
You shouldn't have run.

HUNT
What choice did we have?

TIM
There are always choices,
especially when you least expect
it.

DING-DONG!

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Level six.

The doors HISS open, Hunt stares out in disbelief.

RHET

stares back.

RHET
(to Hunt)
Good, you are unharmed.
(to Tim)
The girl?

Tim stares at Rhet.

TIM
She... got away.

RHET
That... is unfortunate.

Tim guides Hunt out of the elevator car, hands the two
confiscated CommuniSkin devices to Rhet.

RHET
(to Tim)
I am sorry. I know how important -
-

TIM
I did what you asked. You'd
better be right about him.

Tim steps back inside, the car doors HISS closed.

Rhet stares at Hunt then pivots, WHISKS down the
corridor, waves an arm.

RHET
Come along. We have little time.

Incredulous, Hunt follows.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, DESERT PLAIN - DAY

Evelyn, in scarf and goggles, ROLLS up the crest of a sand dune, switches off the ATV, then walks a few feet. Her gaze sweeps the ground around her. She pulls a rectangular wallet-sized OBJECT from her bag, kneels down on the sand.

She holds the object out, inches above the SANDY SURFACE, moves it slowly left then right. Blood from her shoulder splatters in the sand. Under the object

ON THE BLOODY SAND

thousands of tiny granules shift then form a familiar pattern that radiates around the object. A MAGNETIC PATTERN. Evelyn places the object back in her bag, pulls up her sleeve, and PLUNGES her hand into the center of the pattern.

Her hand searches then stops. She smiles, twists her arm.

A muted CLANK.

EVELYN

Open sesame.

Evelyn pulls upward. A ROUND SHAPE rises from beneath the sand, pivots on one edge. The sand rushes away to reveal

A METAL HATCH

That covers a dark opening. Evelyn lowers herself inside and pulls the hatch closed. CLANK.

INT. EARTH SURFACE, BURIED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Evelyn drops down

ON A CATWALK

draws her knife, and scans the metal maze. Silence. She makes her way to

THE WAREHOUSE FLOOR

She stares out amongst the PILES OF DEBRIS and BROKEN MACHINES, firelight flickers across the shadows. Evelyn rounds one large machine, her gaze locks on

SARAH

huddled near the campfire, her hunched back toward Evelyn. Covered in tattered clothing, Sarah raises a bony hand, her voice crackles...

SARAH

You've returned.

Evelyn walks over, grips Sarah's hand in hers. Sarah looks up.

SARAH

You found him... did you not?

Evelyn nods. Sarah eyes the bloody shoulder.

SARAH

We must take care of that.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, PLANETARIUM/TERRARIUM - DAY

Rhet SLIDES along a hidden track, and stops near a large BOULDER and places both CommuniSkin devices on it.

Hunt charges up beside him.

HUNT

You said he was dead.

Rhet stares across the green field, his face mimics mechanical sadness.

RHET

The man he was, yes.

HUNT

And all this time... you've lied. I thought logic made lying impossible. Or is that just another lie?

RHET

It was... required... programmed.

HUNT

Look at me.

Rhet pivots.

HUNT

I'm real, Rhet... not some digital projection. You can't program human life.

RHET

But we can, and we have.

HUNT

Not anymore.

Hunt turns, heads for the door.

RHET

Hunt, you cannot leave this level. Your father, he is...

The doors HISS closed. Rhet's gaze falls upon the boulder. The two CommuniSkin devices are gone.

RHET

...dangerous.

INT. EARTH SURFACE, BURIED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Seated around the fire, Evelyn, her shoulder now bandaged, sips a cup of steaming liquid, looks over at Sarah.

EVELYN

Better?

SARAH

Yes, the morphine helps.

Both women stare into the fire. A moment passes.

EVELYN

I didn't want to leave him.

Sarah shakes her head.

SARAH

It was too dangerous. I fear Jerrol is beyond help.

EVELYN

What'll he do?

SARAH

If he's still obsessed with the formula, he will seek a new source of DNA.

EVELYN

It doesn't seem possible... to re-create a perfect human.

Sarah holds her gaze on Evelyn.

SARAH

He no longer comprehends the possible, only the insane. And as you can see...

(points to her face)

...he will destroy whatever, and whoever he wants.

Sarah kicks the fire, SPARKS float, the flame intensifies.

EVELYN

Hunt?

SARAH

Perfect health, no disease, not even a cold. All these years, protected, pure, untouched... and in great danger.

Evelyn considers. A decision made.

EVELYN

I have to go back.

SARAH

Even if you can find him in time, it will be dangerous. But to go alone...

EVELYN

I don't intend too.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, DESERT PLAIN - DAY

With Sarah on the back seat, Evelyn races across the dunes on the ATV. A huge grin on her face, Sarah lets out a war-like YELL.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, SLEEPING QUARTERS - DAY

Hunt grabs his backpack, shoves in some clothes, his bag of tools, stops and stares at the dresser. The photo of he and Rhet missing.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, DESERT PLAIN - DAY

On the ATV, Evelyn and Sarah ROAR across the dunes. Ahead of them, the tunnel entrance appears. Evelyn GUNS the ATV.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, HALLWAY - DAY

Hunt walks down the hallway, passes the doors to the Observation Room, then stops. To the right of the door, a small indentation. Hunt grabs the DISC from his pocket, presses it into the circular hole.

The disc glows, the doors HISS open.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hunt stares at all the monitors and electronics, takes it all in. He fumes, picks up the METAL STOOL, swings and SMASHES it against the monitors and control panel, again and again.

SPARKS, glass SHATTERS, smoke seeps from the controls.

He turns his fury toward the last monitor, hesitates.

ON THE DISPLAY

Tim and Billy walk across the long corridor that leads to the Weapons Control Center.

Hunt drops the stool and rushes out the door.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, ENTRY TUNNEL - DAY

Evelyn SKIDS the ATV to a halt. Both women get off, Evelyn covers the ATV with debris to hide it.

EVELYN

We'll have to get back in without
being seen.

Sarah reaches within the folds of her ratty clothing, hands Evelyn a tiny TIN BOX, tarnished and dented.

SARAH
Then you'll need this.

Evelyn opens it, peers inside, smiles.

EVELYN
We need to go.

SARAH
I would only slow you down.

EVELYN
But you're not safe here. How
will you protect --

Sarah raises her hand. In it, a PISTOL-LIKE DEVICE with
no barrel or chamber.

SARAH
Little left-over trinket from the
military. EMP gun. Fires high
frequency electromagnetic
radiation.

Sarah stashes the gun, grips Evelyn's good shoulder,
peers into her eyes.

SARAH
Promise me you will find a way to
stop Bishop. And this boy...

EVELYN
Hunter?

SARAH
He doesn't understand how twisted
people can become. He needs your
strength... stand beside him.

Evelyn nods. Sarah hugs her.

SARAH
Good. You have made an old lady
very proud.

Sarah pulls back.

SARAH
There is one last thing.

Sarah removes a CommuniSkin device from her wrist, holds
it out to Evelyn.

SARAH

I kept it all these years, hoping things would change... but now it may help you find him.

Tears in her eyes, Evelyn takes the CommuniSkin, a passionate hug, spins and walks down the tunnel.

Sarah watches her retreat into the darkness, her eyes mist.

INT. UNDERGROUND, WEAPONS CONTROL CENTER - LATER

Tim and Billy, weapons held ready, stalk through the abandoned desks, their eyes scan the dim light, searching.

Tim halts, raises his hand. Billy freezes.

A moment. Tim motions to move on, Billy follows him out the doors.

Silence.

Not ten feet from the doors, Evelyn's head rises from behind a desk. She runs towards the opposite wall, a set of doors HISS open.

INT. UNDERGROUND, ELEVATOR CAR - DAY

Hunt leans against the wall.

DING-DONG!

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Level three.

The doors HISS open. Hunt looks out the car doors. Bishop stares back from the hallway.

DR. BISHOP

Hello, son.

Bishop raises his hand, a strange double-grip rifle levels on Hunt. From the barrel, a GREEN BUBBLE shoots out, expands, then envelopes Hunt's head.

Like shrink wrap, it tightens against his skin. He GASPS, claws at the green material -- struggles, then slumps unconscious.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amid the destruction, broken glass and shattered components, Rhet leans down, picks up the PHOTO of him and Hunt, his finger rests on Hunt's smiling figure.

A MUFFLED GRUNT distracts him, he glance over at one of the still working Monitors.

ON THE MONITOR

Bishop peels the green material from Hunt's head then pulls him out of the elevator.

Rhet drops the photo, his hands ball up into fists. He turns, whisks out the doors.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Bishop heaves Hunt up on a GURNEY then wheels him down the hallway.

INT. UNDERGROUND, CORRIDOR DOOR - DAY

Evelyn stands in front of the sealed door that leads to the Level 3 corridor. She reaches in her pocket, removes the SMALL TIN BOX, opens it and lifts out the DISC.

She places it into the indentation on the door, it glows, the words "MAIN" appear. A CLANK, the door POPS ajar.

INT. UNDERGROUND, ENTRY TUNNEL - DAY

Tim creeps down the tunnel -- Billy a few yards behind. Assault weapons held ready, they move from spot-to-spot, searching...

BILLY

Nothing..

TIM

She's here.

Billy disappears behind an overturned TRUCK -- Tim walks on.

A high-pitched Vrrrrrrreeeeeeee!

Tim spins, his eyes lock on

THE TRUCK

A man's SCREAM -- a THUD. Silence.

Tim rushes forward, rounds the Truck.

ON THE GROUND

Billy lies in a fetal position, dead. His facial skin like melted wax -- his weapon gone. Tim reacts, raises his gun...

Vrrrrrrreeeee!

Tim arches forward --

Falls --

Struggles to raise on all fours --

WISPS OF SMOKE cover the clothing on his back. He CRIES out, looks back to see...

SARAH

The EMP gun aimed at him, tears stream down her face.

TIM

Stop... please!

Sarah falters, the high-pitched sound cuts off, she lowers the gun. Tim collapses, his eyes closed, lifeless. Sarah rushes over, kneels beside him, reaches out...

A split-second.

Tim grabs her arm, flings her over and into the side of the truck -- WHAM!

He rolls --

A KNIFE appears --

His free hand covers Sarah's mouth --

The knife presses against her wrinkled throat.

His face inches away, his eyes widen in surprise.

TIM

Sarah?

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 LAB - DAY

Hunt opens his eyes.

HUNT'S POV

Bright light, blinding almost. He blinks once, twice, turns his head left.

Across the room, Bishop arranges items on a ROLLING TRAY STAND. Hunt opens his mouth... a guttural CROAK is all he can manage.

Bishop turns, his gaze locks on someone behind Hunt.

DR. BISHOP
(re: imaginary
person)
I told you he was strong enough.

Bishop furrows his brow, his gaze still focused on someone else.

DR. BISHOP
We're wasting time. I need to
harvest the cells now. It won't
be long before that siliconized
brain of his puts two and two
together.

Hunt turns his head to the right, no one is there. He turns back toward Bishop. His voice scratchy, weak.

HUNT
Who're you talkin' too?

Bishop glances from Hunt to the imaginary person. A sudden confusion washes across his face. He recovers, stares at

HUNT

Shirtless and barefoot, he lies strapped to the METAL TABLE, only his head free to move about. Above him, a cluster of four bright lights illuminate his prone body.

Bishop steps beside the table, leans over him.

DR. BISHOP
Eighteen years. I've been
patient. And finally we can start
over... build anew.

HUNT

You are mad.

Bishop CHUCKLES.

DR. BISHOP

That does help.

Bishop walks toward the tray stand, picks up a scalpel.

HUNT

How'd you --

DR. BISHOP

Survive? We were sealed off.
After a few weeks, the microbes
died off, ran out of people to
eat.

Bishop admires the scalpel.

DR. BISHOP

Pity, really. We were so close to
a solution. Just a few more
months, and...

He runs the razor sharp blade across his arm. A THIN
LINE OF BLOOD oozes out of the cut.

Frantic, Hunt's mind races. Bishop moves toward him,
scalpel in hand.

DR. BISHOP

I'm afraid we ran out of
anaesthesia years ago. This may
hurt a bit.

He leans in, the scalpel slices down Hunt's upper arm.
Hunt YELLS, his body fights against the bonds.

Bishop focuses on his work, ignores Hunt's struggles.

DR. BISHOP

It's vital that we extract cells
directly from the bone marrow.
They provide the best possibility
of a successful culture with the
gel. Unfortunate for you, but
necessary.

Bishop digs the scalpel into Hunt's forearm bone.

Hunt's face ashen, he grimaces, his mouth open in a
silent scream.

Through clenched teeth, he strains to speak.

HUNT

I know... you didn't mean to... do it... what happened.

Bishop continues to dig, not missing a beat.

DR. BISHOP

You couldn't possibly know --

HUNT

I read... journal.

Bishop freezes, another look of confusion. He removes the scalpel, stares at Hunt.

Hunt lets out a relieved GASP.

DR. BISHOP

I don't know what you're --

HUNT

In the weapons center. We found your notes... how you meant for the gel to... to help people, not wipe them out.

DR. BISHOP

They promised that wouldn't happen. I warned them it wasn't ready, it was too unstable. But then --

HUNT

They lied. You didn't know. No one blames you.

Bishop snaps back to reality.

DR. BISHOP

The only blame is their own. I never hurt anyone.

Bishop brings the scalpel back up. Hunt SCREAMS.

INT. UNDERGROUND, ENTRY TUNNEL - SAME MOMENT

Tim, the knife still pressed against Sarah's throat, glares.

SARAH

She was your daughter as much as mine. You let that bastard have her!

TIM

I didn't have a choice!

A relaxed look passed over Sarah's face.

SARAH

Neither do I.

For a split second, Tim's eyes dart down then up.

TIM

Don't --

Vrrrrrrreeeee!

Tim arches backwards, Sarah rolls with him, the EMP gun held against his chest, still firing, she pins him to the ground.

Tim squirms, convulses, then goes still. Dead.

Her breathing heavy and fast, Sarah hesitates then rolls off of Tim, the EMP gun slips from her grip. Her gaze vacant, she glances down...

Tim's knife protrudes from her chest just below the heart. Blood gurgles from her lips, she coughs once, then slumps forward, dead.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 HALLWAY - DAY

Evelyn, EMP GUN in hand, steps down the hallway, cautious.

A muffled SCREAM.

She zeroes in on a door, hesitates, then slips the gun inside her jacket.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LEVEL 3 LAB - CONTINUOUS

Sliding doors HISS open, Evelyn steps inside, the doors HISS closed behind her.

She takes it all in: a bloody, unconscious Hunt strapped to the table, Bishop stands over Hunt, his hands covered in the same blood.

DR. BISHOP

Evelyn. After all these years.

He steps toward her, she stiffens, but stands defiant, glares back. He reaches out...

DR. BISHOP

The question is... are you your mother's daughter?

Evelyn SLAPS his hand, Bishop grabs her throat, lifts.

She GASPS, her hands grip his outstretched arm.

Bishop laughs, his face only inches away, he peers into her eyes.

DR. BISHOP

There! There she is! I see you now!

He glances toward his imaginary friend.

DR. BISHOP

I told you we'd find her. What's that?

(beat)

Yes, I'm sure we can find a use for her as well.

Bishop turns back, an evil grin. Then a change. The grin fades, his eyes drop down, then back up to meet Evelyn's.

DR. BISHOP

My, my. You've brought toys.

Vrrrrrrreeeeeeee!

Bishop SCREAMS, staggers backwards, his hands wave in front of him, fielding off some invisible force.

Evelyn steps closer, the EMP GUN aimed at his face. He crumples to the floor, curls up, his movements intensify, his cries soften.

HUNT (O.S.)

Evelyn!

Evelyn pushes forward, the gun only feet away from Bishop.

HUNT (O.S.)

Evelyn! Stop!

Evelyn releases the trigger, the gun still pointed at the now motionless Bishop. She turns toward

HUNT

He stares back. She rushes toward him, RIPS off the bonds, then wraps her arms around him in a passionate hug.

HUNT

Ow! Easy... it's okay. I'm all right.

She pulls back, tears cover her cheeks.

EVELYN

When I saw you... all that blood. I thought --

Hunt grins, brushes a strand of hair from her face, glances over at the unconscious Bishop.

HUNT

Remind me to never piss you off.

Evelyn smiles, relieved. She glances at his bloody arm.

EVELYN

I can't fix that... it's too deep.

HUNT

I know someone who can.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The doors HISS open, Evelyn, one arm wrapped around Hunt, stumbles inside, then stops. Their eyes lock on

RHET

Arms crossed, he stares back. In front of him, laid out on the center table, assorted medical supplies, gauze, two IV bags of blood, surgical needle and thread.

A look passes between Hunt and Rhet.

RHET

I am glad to see that you are safe.

(to Evelyn)

Please place him on the table. It has been sterilized.

Evelyn hesitates then Hunt slips from her grasp, hops up on the table.

Rhet picks up a SYRINGE, carefully slides it into Hunt's arm.

HUNT

Ow! What the hell was that?

RHET

A cerebral opioid receptor blocker.

HUNT

What?

RHET

Morphine. Please remain still, this will not be pleasant.

Evelyn watches how gently Rhet tends to Hunt's wound.

EVEYLN

(to Rhet)

He's important to you, isn't he?

RHET

He is the reason for my existence.

EVELYN

And without him?

Rhet hesitates then continues to work.

EVELYN

That's funny. I didn't think robots could express human emotion.

Rhet stops, raises up, his eyes narrow on Evelyn.

RHET

You are mistaken. I am incapable of --

EVELYN

Love?

A moment.

HUNT

Could you just focus on my arm?

Rhet, his eyes still locked on Evelyn --

RHET

Love too.

Clearly disturbed, Rhet continues to work on Hunt's arm.

HUNT

Sorry about the video monitors.

RHET

It is my purpose to watch over you, in any way possible. That includes, as you say, being sneaky.

Rhet picks up the needle and thread.

RHET

I am also quite familiar with human anatomy and versed in quaternary care.

EVELYN

Meaning?

RHET

There is nothing I cannot make whole.

DR. BISHOP (O.S.)

That's good to know.

Evelyn, Hunt and Rhet all stare at

THE OPEN DOORS

Bishop, his face and neck half-melted and scarred.

DR. BISHOP

I may need a little work myself.

He steps into the room, aims a pistol at Evelyn.

DR. BISHOP

You're a clever little bitch...
just like mommy.

Rhet raises his left hand.

RHET

Dr. Bishop, it is good to see --

DR. BISHOP

Shut up, tin man.

Bishop pivots, fires.

BLAM!

Evelyn SCREAMS then ducks.

The bullet SHATTERS Rhet's outstretched hand, the METALLIC SPRAY TINKLES across the hard floor, BLUE FLUID pumps from his wrist.

Rhet stares at Bishop, his head tilts.

RHET

That was unnecessary, Doctor.

Fuming, Bishop keeps the gun trained on Rhet.

DR. BISHOP

You were supposed to keep them inside... not let them escape to the surface.

A look passes between Evelyn and Hunt.

RHET

The variables changed, Doctor. As a scientist, you understand the need to reassess, replan... even reprogram.

DR. BISHOP

Eighteen years I waited for this moment... then you...

(points at Evelyn)

...contaminated the only pure human left.

Hunt moves off the table. Bishop brandishes the gun toward Hunt.

DR. BISHOP

You could have owned everything... people would've worshiped you, done anything. But now...

Bishop raises his other hand, a TUBE with a RED LIQUID inside.

DR. BISHOP

...you see this? Negative. Nothing. Your cells won't regenerate. It's finished.

He flings the vial of red liquid to the floor. CRACK.

Bishop aims at Hunt, COCKS the gun.

RHET

Doctor?

Rhet wheels over in front of the AIRLOCK GLASS DOOR.

RHET

Would not an untainted portion
from the original gel culture
complete the sequence, and thereby
provide a pure sample?

Bishop hesitates, his wild eyes dart back and forth.

DR. BISHOP

Those all degraded, they're
useless.

RHET

But under the right laboratory
conditions, maintained over time,
could not a sample be preserved?

Bishop jerks his head to the right, his eyes lock on an
imaginary person.

DR. BISHOP

(re: imaginary
person)

But it could be done... he has the
power source, the knowledge...
it's possible.

Bishop turns back toward Rhet.

RHET

It is more than possible.

Rhet gestures towards the Airlock door with his maimed
arm. Bishop glances at the door then back to Rhet,
considers.

His eyes dart to the right.

DR. BISHOP

(re: imaginary
person)

No... he's unable to lie...

A look passes between Evelyn and Hunt.

DR. BISHOP

...yes, we can trust him.

Bishop's gaze re-centers on Hunt and Evelyn, he waves the gun, they move against the wall.

Rhet turns, approaches the Airlock door, PUNCHES in a code on the ENTRY PAD.

The glass door jigs, then slides down into the floor, RED light fills the Airlock.

Bishop, gun trained on Hunt and Evelyn, backs toward Rhet, follows him into the Airlock.

The Airlock door rises, the readout on the Entry Pad shows "LOCKED", the light inside changes from RED to GREEN.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, THE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Rhet enters, Bishop follows, gun still in hand, his eyes lock

ON THE FAR WALL

Halfway up, the small VIAL of green gel glows behind the THICK GLASS PANE. Rhet gestures at the GRID to the right of the glass pane.

RHET

A molecular analyzer lock.

Bishop nods, steps up to the Grid, breathes on it. The RED LED blinks out, the GREEN LED illuminates. The glass pane slides up.

Bishop reaches in, removes the vial, holds it up to the light, his scarred face peers

INSIDE THE VIAL

Thousands of tiny MICROBES swarm.

DR. BISHOP

Hello, my little friends. Are you hungry?

In the b.g., his gaze locked on Bishop, Rhet reaches back, his metallic fingers PUNCH a series of numbers on the NUMERIC WALL PAD next to the glass doors.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hunt and Evelyn peer through the glass doors. To their right, a BEEP. Hunt glances at

THE ENTRY PAD

The digital readout displays, "SECURE". Hunt stares through the glass door, raises his left hand, BANGS on the glass.

HUNT

Rhet! No! Don't do it! Rhet!

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, THE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Bishop turns, places the vial into the U-SHAPED CLAMPS on the CENTER TABLE. A faint NOISE, he looks up toward the Airlock.

THROUGH THE GLASS

Hunt POUNDS on the glass doors, his shouts muffled and unintelligible.

Bishop sneers at them.

DR. BISHOP

How ironic. All my past work gathered to witness this great moment.

RHET

And men, whose reason long was blind, from cells of madness unconfined, oft lose whole years of darker mind.

Bishop turns toward

RHET

who moves forward, the Numeric Entry Pad on the wall behind him revealed. Bishop stares at the digital readout: "SECURE".

RHET

I cannot allow you to continue. I have failed again.

Bishop raises the gun at Rhet's chest.

DR. BISHOP
When you said re-program --

RHET
The variables changed. You are no
longer valid.

DR. BISHOP
He's my creation, he belongs to
me.

Rhet stares, unmoving. He glances toward the glass
doors,

BEYOND THE AIRLOCK.

Hunt stares back, he mouths the word, "No".

Rhet's eyes flick toward Bishop.

RHET
You are incorrect... again.

Rhet raises his right arm --

Bishop aims the gun --

FIRES.

A BULLET IMPACTS Rhet's chest, his right hand swings down
--

SMASHES the gel-filled vial.

The GREEN GEL escapes, reacts with the air, VAPORIZES.

THOUSANDS of MICROBES float upward.

Bishop panics, SLAMS against the Airlock door, his fists
POUND on the glass.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hunt and Evelyn step back, incredulous.

EVEYLN
Oh, my God.

They stare

THROUGH THE AIRLOCK

The GREEN CLOUD grows in size, fills the chamber.
Bishop's muffled SHOUTS barely heard.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, THE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Bishop spins, sheer panic on his face. The microbes move toward the Doctor.

Pressed against the glass doors, Bishop raises his hands in a last attempt to shield himself.

The microbes envelope his hands, eat into his flesh, layers of skin are shredded to muscle and then to bone.

The green cloud overcomes Bishop, he slumps to the floor, the microbes quickly consume his body, layer by layer.

First flesh, then muscle, then tissue, then...

Nothing but bones.

The gun slips from Bishop's grasp and CLACKS against the floor.

Bishop's skeletal remains CRUMBLE into a pile.

Rhet rolls over to the numeric entry pad, PUNCHES in a code. A loud HISSING sound fills the chamber.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hunt stares

THROUGH THE AIRLOCK

Dense, YELLOW SMOKE fills the chamber within, Rhet vanishes within the veil.

Evelyn grabs Hunt's shoulder.

EVELYN

We have to go... now!

HUNT

No.

EVELYN

Hunt, he's gone... those things,
they --

BEEP. The glass door slips down into the floor, yellow smoke pours into the room.

From out of the smoke, Rhet appears. BLUE FLUID seeps from the bullet hole in his chest.

HUNT

What... is that smell?

RHET

Diethyl-meta-toluamide.

Hunt and Evelyn glance at one another.

RHET

Bug spray.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, SLEEPING QUARTERS - DAY

Hunt stuffs clothes into a backpack. The doors HISS open and Rhet rolls in. He never looks up.

HUNT

I have to go.

In the DOORWAY, Rhet stares at Hunt.

RHET

It is not safe.

HUNT

Compared to what, Rhet? This?
I'll take my chances.

Hunt grabs his backpack, moves toward the door.

RHET

Hunt... Hunter.

Hunt stops.

RHET

Please, do not go. You still have
much to learn. You should not...

Hunt shakes his head, walks out the door. Rhet lowers his head.

RHET

...be alone.

INT. UNDERGROUND, ELEVATOR ENTRY - LATER

DING-DONG! The Elevator doors WHISK open. Hunt and Evelyn step inside, turn back.

OUTSIDE THE DOORS

Rhet stares back.

RHET

Where will you go?

EVELYN

I think I know a place... third sand dune on the right.

Hunt reaches outside the door, removes the DISC, the doors close.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, CONCRETE BUNKER - DUSK

The STEEL DOOR swings open, Hunt and Evelyn step out, walk a few feet. Hunt places his arm around Evelyn, she smiles.

They gaze upward, the sky filled with stars.

EVELYN

So tell me again. Which one am I?

Hunt smiles, points toward the sky.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rhet stares at the only working

MONITOR

On it, Hunt and Evelyn walk hand-in-hand down the mountainside.

Rhet reaches up, FLICKS off the monitor, then rolls out into...

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He rolls down the floor track, stops in front of the Elevator Entry. The doors open, he rolls inside.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, ELEVATOR CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rhet reaches up, PUNCHES in a code on a NUMERIC KEY PAD. Below it, a small panel slides open to reveal a circular indentation in the wall.

Rhet presses a DISC into it.

The Disc GLOWS, the words "CRIB" appear on its surface.

INT. UNDERGROUND, RHET LAB, CRIB ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rhet rolls out of the Elevator car, the doors HISS closed. A massive room, one wall comprised of gigantic VATS full of green liquid.

Inside the vats, exact clones of Dr. Bishop, a pregnant Sarah, Tim and Billy float in the liquid, various hoses attached to their bodies.

In a row beneath them, five smaller vats each contain a male fetus in the same green liquid suspension.

RHET

Sarah?

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Yes, Rhet? How may I assist you.

RHET

Initiate a complete shutdown of all Darwin protocols.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Affirmative. Duration?

Rhet hesitates.

RHET

One moment.

Rhet approaches a console, a holographic display that simulates a PAPER JOURNAL blooms to life.

RHET

Final entry, year one hundred and twenty-two, day two hundred thirty-seven.

On the Journal, Rhet's words appear as he speaks.

RHET

Repopulating scenarios continue to yield unsatisfactory results.

The unknown of the human emotional response has proven to be... unpredictable. Yet, this seventh iteration has revealed a certain innate resilience... one which intelligent design simply cannot explain.

EXT. EARTH SURFACE, MOUNTAINSIDE - DUSK

Hunt and Evelyn continue to walk down the mountainside, the sun barely visible on the desert horizon.

RHET (V.O.)

The only logical conclusion is now apparent. I must remove myself from the process. My programming has become... to human.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Duration, please.

RHET (V.O.)

Two hundred years. Perhaps that will be enough time for them to find their way... evolve as it was intended.

FADE OUT.