

THE HUMAN CONTINUUM

Written by

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OVER BLACK

Voices! Dozens of voices emerge, each representing an independent, one-sided conversation.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - NIGHT

Stars appear in the darkness.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
I know what you're thinking.

A massive earth rotates in from the left. The familiar yellow glow of humanity is replaced by the sun piercing the horizon.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
You've just downloaded the smartest
smartphone app ever conceived, and
you don't know what to ask me.

The earth transitions into day, and SOPHIA, our AI protagonist, descends toward a beautiful blue planet.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Don't worry. It happens a lot.

Passing through clouds, Sophia's destination is obscured.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Let me assure you our relationship
will not be defined by first
impressions.

The Island of Manhattan comes into view. A red outline of the island flashes. HALO data appears in a column on the right.

SUPER: "HALO CLIENTS: 967,243. PRESENTLY ENGAGED: 548,216."

Data totals tick up from zero. Weather forecasts, traffic delays, and trending inquiries are listed.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
As a novice Halo app user, I'm also
sensing a little skepticism. I
mean, Advanced Intelligence has
come a long way in recent years,
but it's not like you're talking to
a human, right?

Descending into Manhattan's skyline, the name, Sophia, punctuates the background conversations.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
 Okay, as far as concessions go,
 it's one I'm obliged to make. All I
 ask is that you keep an open mind
 and indulge the same sense of
 adventure that has brought your
 amazing species this far.

Traversing very close to One World Trade Center, its upper
 floors pass by horizontally in SLOW MOTION.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
 Most people think I was born right
 there, on the 90th floor.

One World Trade Center gleams in the sunlight.

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - SIMON TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

SIMON TAYLOR, mid-forties, sits at a glass desk. He is
 focused on a large transparent monitor. A retro song playing
 in Simon's earbud slowly becomes audible.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
 It's not true, though.

Sensing something, Simon turns his head toward the window.
 His trademark PurIntel blue earbud is unmistakable.

SIMON
 On speakers.

Music fills the room. Simon pushes his chair backward then
 walks toward the floor to ceiling windows.

EXT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - 90TH FLOOR - DAY

A transparent box is dragged open, as if by a mouse. The box
 makes the building's glass see-through. Simon is standing,
 staring at Sophia's slow motion POV.

SUPER: "Simon Franklin Taylor. Chairman and CEO of PurIntel
 Corporation. Creator of the Halo AI Platform. Age: 46."

Additional data, including marital status: Single/Divorced,
 and, Halo App Users: 2.46 Billion, joins the column of info.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
 Neither are the conspiracies
 suggesting my code was pulled from
 a certain spacecraft still held in
 Area 51.

Simon turns away, and Sophia's downward journey resumes.

Arriving at street level, A DOZEN PEDESTRIANS talk to Sophia as they walk. Segments of their conversations can be heard.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
They say the truth is stranger than
fiction. Sometimes it is, sometimes
it isn't.

Sophia is swept into a local coffee chain outlet.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. A MANHATTAN COFFEE SHOP - DAY

SUPER: "20 Years Earlier."

A much younger Simon Taylor sits in a booth. His laptop is open on the table in front of him. He is laser focused.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
But then again, how many people can
say they were conceived in the
booth of an iconic coffee shop?

Simon begins typing furiously on his laptop. The code he writes scrolls upward. The retro song from Simon's office plays in the background.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
That's me. That little bundle of
ones and zeros. Simon gave me my
name that very day.

Simon leans back in his booth with an expression of awe.

SIMON
(whispering)
Sophia.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
I guess that's as close as I'll get
to being born.

Sophia quickly returns to the street, and present day.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. WAVERLY STREET - MANHATTAN - DAY

Weaving through PEDESTRIANS on the sidewalk, voices emerge once again. They become louder.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
It's all a bit overwhelming, isn't it? The voices, I mean. I'm thankful some clients prefer to correspond by text.

SEVERAL PEOPLE stand and sit while texting. Text chyrons and their messages to Sophia pop up, appearing above them.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
It took me a while, but I learned to focus. Each client is unique. Every voice is important. Take, Jennifer, for example.

JENNIFER, early twenties, walks down a sidewalk. Her purposeful stride is at odds with her nervous expression. She wears the same earbud as Simon.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Jennifer isn't your average every day client. Why did I pick her? Because her last name is Taylor. That's right. She's Simon Taylor's daughter. And you know what? In my world that makes us sisters.

JENNIFER
Hey Soph. Do you know how to turn back time?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
As a matter of fact, I do.

JENNIFER
Okay. That was meant to be rhetorical. Do you know how to slow a racing pulse rate? It feels like my heart is about to burst out of my chest.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
How about, breathe?

JENNIFER
I'm about to defend my Master's Thesis, and all you have for me is, breathe?

Jennifer pulls her cellphone from her shoulder bag. Glancing between her phone and oncoming PEDESTRIANS, Sophia interrupts Jennifer's scrolling by suddenly appearing onscreen.

SOPHIA
Your vitals uplink is showing
declining levels of oxygen uptake.

JENNIFER
Like I care about that now.

Jennifer rolls her eyes, her phone hand drops to her side.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
You should care about it. At the
pace you're walking, you'll be in
danger of passing out before
reaching your lecture hall.

JENNIFER
Yeah, well, being found drooling on
the sidewalk sounds preferable to
embarrassing myself in front of
people I respect.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Trust me. Your hypothesis is rock
solid and multi-disciplined: Who
was Mitochondrial Eve, the common
matrilineal ancestor to every human
alive today?

Jennifer holds up her phone and takes a selfie mid-stride.

JENNIFER
How do I look in this selfie? On a
scale of 1 to 10, 1 being
pathetically nervous, and 10 being
on the verge of a full blown panic
attack?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
You know, I'd give my left arm to
look that good. If I had one, of
course.

JENNIFER
You're incorrigible.

Jennifer turns a corner and almost bumps into A TALL MAN,
50s. He looks at her as if her comment was meant for him.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
No. No. I didn't mean you.

Regretful, Jennifer turns away from the man and continues on.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Soph. You're not
incorrigible. You are my rock. I
couldn't have done this without
you.

Jennifer arrives at her NYU campus and enters the building.

INT. NYU'S ANTHROPOLOGY CAMPUS - DAY

Jennifer is on an ascending escalator.

She walks down a hallway then slows upon seeing her
destination.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Would you like me to record your
presentation, so we can go over it
later?

Jennifer stops and stares at two lecture hall doors.

JENNIFER
That's okay, Soph. When I'm done,
I'm not looking back. Jesse and I ...
Oh, God. Will you message Jesse for
me? I told him I would before I
went in. Tell him I'll meet up with
him at the Science Fair.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Will do. Best of luck, Jen. You'll
be celebrating with Jesse in no
time.

JENNIFER
Thanks, Soph.

Jennifer takes a breath, opens the door, and steps inside.

Sophia continues down the hallway. She passes through a set
of doors, which have been wedged open. TWO EXCITED FEMALE
STUDENTS ,20s, race down a wide set of stairs ahead of her.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
In case your wondering about the
festive atmosphere, Jen's
university is hosting this year's
Ultimate Science Street Fair.

At the bottom of the stairs, Sophia follows FOUR LAUGHING STUDENTS, 20s, as they exit onto a busy, closed-off street.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE EAST STREET - DAY

SOPHIA (V.O.)
It's being held right across the
street, in Washington Square Park.

Panning left, Washington Square Park is alive with activity.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
A few years back, I drew top
billing at the Fair's main venue.
Simon moved my entire holographic
imaging system from his office and
had it reassembled on stage.

An animated MALE UNICYCLIST, 20s, causes Sophia to avoid him.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Simon's top programmer wrote a few
subroutines that allowed students
to pose questions to their favorite
deceased scientist. What can I say,
it's a fair for, well, scientists.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - STAGE VENUE - DAY

A LARGE AUDIENCE smiles and cheers. At center stage, a sizable three-quarter sphere represents Sophia's holographic technology. A holographic Sophia turns into Albert Einstein.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Few scientists are willing to make
that kind of statement anymore. And
by statement, I mean the hair.

A 3D ALBERT EINSTEIN, 50s, uses one hand to ruffle his hair. The crowd cheers, seeing the familiar icon.

ALBERT EINSTEIN
I am happy to see so many young
people here today. Yes, I see many
future scientists and inventors.

Einstein takes a puff of his pipe.

ALBERT EINSTEIN (CONT'D)
They asked me if I would answer a few questions today. You know what I said? I said, you're sadly mistaken if you think I have all the answers.

Einstein looks out over an admiring crowd.

ALBERT EINSTEIN (CONT'D)
When you get to my age you begin to see the world differently. You realize the person with big dreams is more powerful than the one with all the facts. Hold onto your dreams, my young friends. Hold onto your dreams.

The student audience cheers once again.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE EAST STREET - DAY

Sophia continues down the busy street. People pass her on her left and right, as if she is walking through the crowd.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Needless to say, I was a huge hit. When it was over, Jennifer came on stage and nominated me for Best Virtual Performance.

A loud applause emanates from the park. Sophia's progress is slowed by A DOZEN STUDENTS, 20s, entering another campus building. She follows them inside.

INT. NYU'S CHEMISTRY INSTITUTE - DAY

JESSE DAVIDSON, early 20s, Jennifer's boyfriend, stands outside the institute in an informal line. He is one of A DOZEN STUDENTS awaiting a tour of a new state of the art lab.

JESSE
Hey Sophia.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Yes, Jesse.

JESSE
Do you know if it's okay to take photos of the new lab?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
The Terms and Conditions of the
tour state no picture taking inside
the lab, Jess. NYU is citing
security reasons.

Sophia continues by the lineup. She passes right through a
set of closed glass doors.

JESSE
That's too bad. I promised Jen I'd
take a few pics. They say the lab
looks like something right out of a
Ridley Scott set.

Sophia drifts in and out of three glass-enclosed labs.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
I'd say the Ridley Scott metaphor
is accurate.

Jesse lowers his voice and subtly tries to take a photo.

JESSE
Hey, if I take a casual shot of a
few people near the lab's entrance,
can you tell me who they are? I
recognize one, I think she's a
department head.

The photo appears on a laboratory glass wall. Boxes isolate
two individuals, PROFESSOR TERESA SCOFIELD, 50S, AND
PROFESSOR UREDO, 50S, one under the other, using facial
recognition. Their names and identities appear beside them.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
You're right, the new lab actually
bears the name of Professor Theresa
Scofield. The man next to her is
Professor Uredo. He's with the
Chemistry Department as well.

JESSE
Who is the young guy standing with
them? I've seen him sign a few
autographs. He must be some kind of
science rock star or something.

Sophia isolates and profiles a third person, MANU SINGH, 20s.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
That's Manu Singh. And your prodigy
hunch is correct. He's a post-
doctoral scholar...

JESSE

Wait a second. He's post-doctoral?
Isn't he a bit young for that?

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Ergo, the autographs, scholarships,
etc. He seems to win every contest
he enters. Despite his obvious
intellect, his public profile
suggests he's very approachable.

Sophia drifts back to join Jesse in the line up.

JESSE

Maybe he'll be up for a selfie
outside one of the new labs?

SOPHIA (V.O.)

He just might.

Jesse sees two glass doors to the lab being wedged opened.

JESSE

Looks as though the tour's about to
begin. Will you let Jen know I'm
going to the Street Fair in
Washington Square after this? I'm
going to try the Mars Lander
Simulator. Jen wants to suit up and
train like an astronaut.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Will do, Jess. I'll wait to hear
from you.

Sophia drifts backward from Jesse, as he walks into the lab.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE EAST STREET - DAY

Sophia weaves through a street filled with DOZENS OF FESTIVAL
GOERS. Science enthusiasts, young and old, as well as
families pushing strollers are present.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

I guess when you talk to as many
people as I do everyday you develop
a unique perspective. You see
things...from a bird's eye view, so
to speak.

A plurality of people are wearing PurIntel blue earbuds.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

My critics like to remind me of my limitations, that I'm not human and never will be. On a lighter note, children often ask me if Alexa was my mother...was Hey Google your father?

Sophia continues on down the street.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

And while I would never discount the possibility that a male version of Siri might one day announce, I am your father, I like to think I won't have to search my feelings. I've become comfortable in my own skin, as they say.

A warning suddenly appears in the top right corner of Sophia's POV. A flashing red font reads: NYU LOCKDOWN PROTOCOL IN EFFECT. ALL STUDENTS SECURE IN PLACE.

Students on the street begin to receive the same message on their phones. Reactions range from disbelief to fear.

INT. JENNIFER'S THESIS LECTURE HALL - DAY

From Sophia's POV, Jennifer stands at the front of the hall. Professors CARLETON, 40s, and AGGARWAL, 50s, sit in the front row. TWO DOZEN STUDENTS, 20s, are auditing her thesis.

JENNIFER

Jesus, Soph. Where's Jesse? Did he make it to the street fair yet?

Jennifer scrolls through her social media.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Shit, shit, shit! When were these photos taken?

SOPHIA (V.O.)

A few minutes ago, Jen.

JENNIFER

Doctor Aggarwal, what's going on? Where did this happen? My phone is trending with something about a lab.

PROFESSOR AGGARWAL

Nothing is confirmed, Ms. Taylor. There has been an incident on one of our campuses. That's all we know at this point. We are to remain on lockdown and secure in place until further notice.

JENNIFER

Sophia. Locate Jesse Davidson! These photos place him at the new chem lab. Is that where this happened?

Professors Aggarwal stands up from his seat.

PROFESSOR AGGARWAL

Ms. Taylor, I insist that you come and sit down until this is sorted out.

JENNIFER

Sophia. I asked you to locate Jesse!

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Jennifer, I suggest you heed...

Jennifer quickly packs her things into her shoulder bag.

JENNIFER

Look, if you won't find him, I will.

PROFESSOR AGGARWAL

Ms. Taylor, do not leave this lecture hall. Ms. Taylor! Ms. Taylor, stop!

Jennifer bolts from her lecture hall into the hallway. She begins running. Sophia keeps pace beside Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Sophia. Connect me with my father. Pick up, Dad. Please pick up.

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - SIMON TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon sits at a large table with DERRICK LANDRY, mid-forties, and COLONEL DYNES, 50s. Dynes is in uniform.

SIMON

Jennifer. What's going on?

Simon gets up, steps away from the table. His earbud matches his daughter's.

INT. NYU'S ANTHRAPOLOGY CAMPUS - DAY

Jennifer runs down a hallway, turns down another.

JENNIFER
Where are you, Dad? I need your
help!

Jennifer bursts onto the street.

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - SIMON TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon looks out a floor to ceiling window, concerned.

SIMON
I'm at the office. What's wrong?

Derrick Landry turns in his chair. His earbud is the same.

DERRICK LANDRY
(discreetly)
Sophia, what's happened at NYU?

SIMON
I thought you were doing your
thesis this morning?

Simon walks further away from Landry and Dynes.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE EAST STREET - DAY

The street is nearly empty now. Only small clusters of concerned students remain.

JENNIFER
Something's happened at the
university. I think Jesse's
involved.

Jennifer runs hard, breathes heavily.

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - SIMON TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon turns to Landry and Dynes.

SIMON
Let me get back to you, Jen.

Simon taps his earbud.

DERRICK LANDRY

There's been some sort of attack at NYU's new chemistry facility. It may be biological. Casualties are unconfirmed.

SIMON

Sophia. Where is Jennifer now?

SOPHIA (V.O.)

She appears to be running towards the Chemistry building.

SIMON

Forward her description to Campus Security. She's not to be allowed entry to that building. Do you hear me? Talk to her, Sophia. Stop her!

Derrick Landry and Colonel Dynes look at Simon with concern.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE EAST STREET - DAY

Sophia's POV follows Jennifer as she runs.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Stop, Jennifer. Please stop. There's nothing you can do now.

JENNIFER

What the hell does that mean?

Jennifer slows to a walk when she sees the chemistry building. Security is out front, containing a small crowd.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Soph? What are you not telling me?

Sophia circles and comes between Jen and the building.

INT. NYU'S CHEMISTRY INSTITUTE - DAY

Lab A is one of three glass enclosed labs. Jesse stands behind two locked glass doors. Professors Scofield and Uredo, as well Manu Singh and TWO OTHER FEMALE STUDENTS, 20s, are trapped inside as well. Jesse is frantic.

JESSE

Sophia. The lab has been sealed.
You have to override the security.
Please get me out of here.

Scofield and Uredo are in the background on their phones.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

I'm afraid I can't do that, Jesse.

Jesse's eyes tear up. Singh and the students join him behind.
Jesse looks through the door, as if Sophia is really there.

JESSE

Soph! It's me, Jess. Open the
doors, please.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

A Level Five Containment has been
activated. I'm sorry, Jess. If I
could physically do it, I wouldn't.

A single tear runs down Jesse's cheek.

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - SIMON TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon is back at the meeting table, his hands planted on it.

SIMON

Sophia. Where's Jennifer now?

SOPHIA (V.O.)

She's approaching the entrance to
the Chemistry Campus.

Simon struggles to conceal his frustration.

EXT. THE CHEMISTRY CAMPUS - DAY

Jennifer walks up to a SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE standing in
front of THREE SECURITY PERSONNEL. The group appears anxious.
Jennifer stops at the periphery of the gathering.

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - SIMON TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon walks over to a north-east looking office window.

SIMON

Sophia. Connect me with Jennifer.

(beat)

Jennifer. Can you hear me?

A familiar skyline is at odds with Simon's concerned stare.

EXT. THE CHEMISTRY CAMPUS - DAY

Jennifer is stalled by a SECURITY GUARD's, 40s, announcement.

SECURITY GUARD

All I can say is there's nothing further at this point. Please refer to NYU's Safe Check-In for the whereabouts of your friends and loved ones.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Jennifer. Your father is calling.

Jennifer steps away to take the call.

JENNIFER

Yes, Dad?

Jennifer plugs her other ear in order to hear her father.

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - SIMON TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon still looks over Manhattan.

SIMON

Jennifer, listen to me. Please do not go into that building. Do you hear me? You are not to go inside.

Simon listens for a response, which is not forthcoming.

EXT. THE CHEMISTRY CAMPUS - DAY

Jennifer sees another student, EMMA, 22, staring at her. She has short hair and a full right-sleeve tattoo.

EMMA

I think my girlfriend's in there.

Jennifer instantly connects with the empathy in Emma's eyes. The pair step away from the group.

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - SIMON TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon looks down and caresses his forehead.

SIMON
Jennifer. Did you hear me? I need
you to stay where you are.

Derrick Landry watches, as Simon shakes his head.

INT. LAB A - NYU'S CHEMISTRY INSTITUTE - DAY

Jesse looks at his hands. He becomes even more alarmed.

JESSE
What's happening to me, Soph?
My skin!

Ashen-grey blood vessels appear on Jesse's face. His
blackening hands cause him to break down.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Jesus, Soph!

The two female students are on their phones, weeping.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Can you connect me with Jen?
No, wait. My parents! I need to
talk to my mother and father! Can
you do that for me?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Say what you want to say now,
Jesse. Time may become an issue.
I'll record the message and make
sure they get it.

Jesse's head droops, and he weeps.

EXT. THE CHEMISTRY CAMPUS - DAY

Jennifer finds strength in Emma's determined expression.

JENNIFER
I'm sorry, Dad. I love you.

Jennifer taps her earbud.

EMMA
I'm a Chem Major. I know how to get
around these fuckers.

Jennifer nods, and they leave the group together.

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - SIMON TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon is mortified when Jennifer ends their call.

SIMON

No, no, no, no, no!

Derrick Landry and Colonel Dynes are speechless.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CHEMISTRY CAMPUS - DAY

Jennifer and Emma walk purposefully toward Waverly.

EMMA

There's a side door on Waverly. The security keypad is busted.

Jennifer and Emma turn onto Waverly, as the Security Guard motions to a SUBORDINATE GUARD, late twenties.

SECURITY GUARD

Keep and eye on those two will you?

The Subordinate Guard jogs to the street corner and observes.

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - SIMON TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon stands alone, by an office window.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Simon. Jennifer appears to be on the move again.

SIMON

Damn it, Soph! Is there no way to stop her?

Simon's eye's are pleading.

EXT. THE CHEMISTRY CAMPUS - WAVERLY PLACE - DAY

Jennifer and Emma are at the side door. Jennifer tugs on the door and finds it unlocked.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Jen, please.

JENNIFER

Sorry, Soph. I have to do this.

When the Guard sees the door open, he starts toward Jennifer.

SUBORDINATE GUARD
Stop! Do not go in there!

Jennifer steps inside the building, prompting Emma to follow.

JENNIFER
Come on!

Emma hesitates. Her phone alerts her to a message.

EMMA
Wait. My girlfriend is safe. She's
not in there.

Emma looks at the advancing Guard, then to Jen.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You go. I'll distract him.

Emma slams the door then retreats down the street. When the Subordinate Guard arrives, he opens the door, looks inside, then uses his two-way radio to call his superior.

SUBORDINATE GUARD
There's an unlocked door on
Waverly. One of them got inside.

When the Guard glares at Emma, she flips him the finger.

INT. HALLWAY - NYU'S CHEMISTRY CAMPUS - DAY

Jennifer bursts through a set of doors into a hallway. She looks left and right, then sees a bulletin board right in front of her.

There's an ad for the new chem lab unveiling and a map of how to find it. Jen looks at it, rips the paper off the board, then takes off running.

INT. NYU'S CHEMISTRY INSTITUTE - DAY

Jennifer slows to a walk upon seeing the institute. Two glass entrance doors are still wedged open, but the automatic door controllers are cycling through attempts to close them.

JENNIFER
(yelling)
Jesse!

Jennifer walks through the doors, anxious, still panting.

INT. LAB A - NYU'S CHEMISTRY INSTITUTE - DAY

Jesse sits on the floor, knees bent. He alerts to Jen's voice, but one of the female students beats him to the door. Frantically, she bangs on the lab's glass doors.

FEMALE STUDENT
We're in here!

Jesse can't believe he's heard Jen's voice.

JESSE
Jen?

Jesse stands and looks through the glass enclosure. He sees Jen approaching. Professor Scofield sees Jen as well.

PROFESSOR SCOFIELD
Stop! You need to turn around and
leave immediately.

JESSE
What are you doing here?

Jesse goes to the door. When the pair meet face to face, Jen is horrified by what she sees.

INT. NYU'S CHEMISTRY INSTITUTE - DAY

Jennifer struggles to regroup. She assesses Lab A's doors.

JENNIFER
Step back from the door! I'll try
to break it down.

JESSE
What are you talking about? No,
Jen. You have to leave. You have to
leave now!

Jennifer steps back and kicks one of the glass doors.

JESSE (CONT'D)	PROFESSOR SCOFIELD
Stop, Jen. Please!	Stop. There's nothing you can do.

The door vibrates but doesn't budge.

FEMALE STUDENT
No! Don't stop...I don't want to
die in here!

Jennifer relents after one kick, but she remains determined.

JENNIFER
Sophia! Open the doors!

SOPHIA (V.O.)
I'm sorry, Jennifer.

Jesse looks at his hands. They're turning black. Jennifer breaks down seeing the same effect overtaking Jesse's face.

JENNIFER
Jesse! What the hell's happening to you?

Jesse's teary eyes look into Jennifer's.

JESSE
I will always love you, Jen.

Jesse's skin becomes brittle. His face turns to ash. Jen screams Jesse's name, planting her hands on the glass doors.

JENNIFER
Jesse!

Horrificed, Jen helplessly watches, as Jesse slowly crumples into a pile of soot. His clothes fall to the ground.

The female students scream, but they are reduced to ash in turn. The two professors suffer the same fate.

In a state of shock, Jen awkwardly backs away from the lab.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Soph! What just happened?

Jennifer backs up to the wall across from the lab. She slides down the wall until she is sitting, knees bent, on the floor.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Soph. Are you there?

Catatonic, Jennifer's unfocused eyes are filled with tears.

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - DAY

Simon is the lone occupant of a descending elevator.

SIMON
Tell her I'm coming, Soph.

Simon can't stand still on the way to the parking garage.

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER UNDERGROUND PARKING - DAY

A valet has brought Simon's car up. Exiting the elevator, he rushes to it. His driver's door is held open. Simon squeals his tires, speeding off.

FADE TO BLACK.

Squealing tires fade to silence.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Soph?

SOPHIA (V.O.)

I'm here, Jen.

EXT. THE KALAHARI DESERT - BOTSWANA - DAY

A single-engine plane lands on a dirt runway near the rock formations known as the Tsodillo Hills.

SUPER: "The Tsodillo Hills, Botswana"

SUPER: "UNESCO World Heritage Site"

After the plane comes to a stop, an open-top Jeep pulls alongside. The driver, AZUEL MUGABE, late 30s, gets out.

Jennifer deplanes with a backpack slung over one shoulder.

SUPER: "Three Months Later"

AZUEL MUGABE

You must be Jennifer Taylor.

Jennifer squints and adjusts her NY ballcap.

AZUEL MUGABE (CONT'D)

My name is Azuel Mugabe. I am your UNESCO liaison. My friends call me, Az.

Jennifer offers her hand, and the pair shake.

JENNIFER

Pleased to meet you, Az.

The PILOT, 40s, unloads Jen's things from the plane. Az in turn transfers them into the back of his jeep.

AZUEL MUGABE

Is this it?

JENNIFER

For now, yes.

Az gets behind the wheel of his jeep.

AZUEL MUGABE

Let me show you around then.

Jennifer sets her backpack in the back and climbs in.

On their way to the UNESCO compound, Az catches Jennifer gazing upward at Tsodillo's rock outcroppings.

AZUEL MUGABE (CONT'D)

Our ancestors gave them names.

JENNIFER

Male, Female, and Child. I can't imagine anything more appropriate.

Hughes of mauve and turquoise streak the quartzite rock.

AZUEL MUGABE

Wait till you see the rock paintings. Some have been dated to twenty four thousand years.

Jennifer looks up a thousand feet to the peak of Male Hill.

INT. THE BACKSEAT OF SIMON'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Simon holds his phone in front of him. Jennifer's face fills the screen. Simon's long-time driver, MARCUS REID, early 40s, is very engaged in the video call.

MARCUS

Ask her if she's seen any of those...what d'ya call em? Those cute little guys who stand at attention.

SIMON

There called meerkats. Marcus wants to know if you've seen any meerkats?

Marcus glances between the road and his rear-view mirror.

EXT. TSODILLO'S UNESCO COMPOUND - ESTABLISHING

Set against a grove of acacia trees, and the hills behind, Tsodillo's living quarters are made of modular units joined together. Separate offices are similar. Several UNESCO sea containers add a functional dimension.

INT. JENNIFER'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Jennifer's modest apartment is open concept. She sits in front of an open laptop on her desk. A bed, sitting area, as well as a small kitchen and eating area are behind her.

Simon's face fills Jen's laptop screen. He smirks and shakes his head when Marcus chimes in again.

MARCUS (O.S.)

My niece would love a few pics.

JENNIFER

Aww, that's sweet.

Jennifer picks up her phone.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I'm messaging you a few I got the other day.

SIMON

Just so you know, I'm not so sure it's for his niece. I bet it'll be on his phone's home screen the moment he gets it.

Jennifer smiles while finishing sending the photos.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - A BUSY STREET - DAY

Marcus pulls over in front of an official-looking building. He gets out then opens Simon's right rear door. Simon steps out, and the video call continues onto the sidewalk.

SIMON

If I didn't know better I'd say all this talk about cute and fuzzy rodents is masking a much more important question.

MARCUS

Their not rodents. What d'ya mean rodents? Help me out here, Soph.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Meerkats are part of the mongoose family.

MARCUS
Thank you.

JENNIFER
And what do you mean by the more important question?

SIMON
What Marcus really wants to know is, when are you coming home?

MARCUS
Wait a second. That's your father talking, not me.

Marcus doesn't appreciate being Simon's proxy.

INT. TSODILLO HILLS - JENNIFER'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Jennifer sits back in her chair.

JENNIFER
For God's sake, Dad. I've only been here three weeks.

SIMON
You're right. That was a silly question, Marcus.

Simon's smiling face fills Jen's laptop screen. He looks at Jen directly, but then he is distracted.

EXT. NEW YORK - A BUSY STREET - DAY

Simon rounds the front of the car.

SIMON
What?

MARCUS
Call me when you need a pick up.
(raising his voice)
Bye Jen.

Marcus gets into the car and waits for an opening in traffic.

INT. TSODILLO HILLS - JENNIFER'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Jennifer's laptop suggests her father is on the move again.

SIMON

All kidding aside, Luv. I know you
have things to do there.

JENNIFER

I made a promise.

Jennifer wears an NYU Anthrapology tee-shirt.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - A BUSY STREET - DAY

Simon quickly ascends a large set of stairs.

SIMON

And it's one you're going to keep.

When he gets to the top, he proceeds through a set of doors.

INT. AN UNDISCLOSED GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

Simon walks down a wide hallway. He passes SEVERAL PEOPLE
wearing suits and carrying briefcases. TWO UNIFORMED MEN
stand while chatting.

SIMON

Listen. I've sent you something.

Simon still looks at Jennifer on his phone.

SIMON (CONT'D)

A bit of new gear we're testing.

JENNIFER

Well, here's a second promise for
you. I'm not leaving until you come
and see this place.

Simon stops, recognizes Jen's determined expression.

SIMON

Then it's a deal.

Simon looks at a GUARD, 30s, standing in front of a set of
doors.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Listen...

It's the door he must enter.

INT. JENNIFER'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Jennifer is familiar with her father's hint.

JENNIFER
I get it. You're busy.

She leans forward and readies to end the video chat.

INT. AN UNDISCLOSED GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

Simon pulls his identification badge from his lapel pocket.

SIMON
Stay safe, okay?

After seeing Simon's ID, the guard opens the door for him.

INT. JENNIFER'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

We linger on Jen after she nods.

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Simon walks in and adjusts his tie after feeling the glare of CHAIRPERSON RAMIREZ, 60s, seated at the front of the room.

SUPER: "U.S. Senate Committee on Armed Services"

SUPER: "Agenda: Defence Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) Black Budget"

SUPER: "Security Clearance: Top Secret"

Chairperson Ramirez is flanked by SENATORS MORGAN, 40s, and LEWIS, 50s. The three committee members are elevated slightly, giving them a position of authority in the room.

CHAIRPERSON RAMIREZ
This may count for being on time in New York, Mr. Taylor, but in Washington, I can assure you, it does not.

SIMON
My apologise, Madame Chairperson.

Simon sits down to the left of DARPA DIRECTOR, JUDY BENNETT, 40s. Colonel Dynes is seated on her right. A fourth panel member is absent. His chair, on Dynes' right, remains empty.

CHAIRPERSON RAMIREZ

And our representative from
GenTech. Where is he, if I may be
so bold?

DIRECTOR BENNETT

I'm sorry, Madame Chairperson, but
Christian Saunders has been
unavoidably detained.

Chairperson Ramirez remains unimpressed.

SIMON

If it's any consolation, Senator,
I've been authorized to speak on
Mr. Saunders' behalf.

CHAIRPERSON RAMIREZ

Alright then. Moving right along.
Director Bennett, let's start with
this. Could you please provide this
Senate Committee with an update on
the Xavior file. And with budgetary
pressures being what they are, can
you reassure me why I shouldn't ask
NASA to pick up the tab on some of
these items?

DIRECTOR BENNETT

You're referring to NASA's Beyond
Mars Project, I assume?

CHAIRPERSON RAMIREZ

I am.

Ramirez peers over her glasses. Her no nonsense glare demands
answers. Director Bennett, however, remains unflappable.

DIRECTOR BENNETT

You are funding the research
component. NASA is responsible for
the operational side.

Chairperson Ramirez shuffles a few papers.

CHAIRPERSON RAMIREZ

And by the operational side, you're
referring to the DNA/XNA hybrid
trials carried out on the
International Space Station?

DIRECTOR BENNETT
Correct. The XNA helix is essentially a synthetic replica of human DNA.

CHAIRPERSON RAMIREZ
And if I understand correctly, the Xavior Consortium represents a partnership between DARPA, PurIntel, and GenTech Laboratories.

DIRECTOR BENNETT
Yes. As you know, DARPA has a strong record of partnering with private sector entities. PurIntel's AI platform has been instrumental in accelerating GenTech's success in the lab.

Senator Morgan slouches in his chair, as if the meeting is already running too long. Senator Lewis is more engaged.

CHAIRPERSON RAMIREZ
Go on.

DIRECTOR BENNETT
If you remember, a Secret Executive Order signed by then President Davis allowed for XNA/DNA hybrid trials to be carried out in a limited gravity environment.

Ramirez throws Morgan a look, prompting him to pay attention.

DIRECTOR BENNETT (CONT'D)
The same order also extended the maturity limit presently imposed on all other embryonic research.

Senator Lewis glances at his briefing material.

SENATOR LEWIS
You're referring to the thirteen day margin?

DIRECTOR BENNETT
It's known as the primitive streak, the time at which the head to tail axis appears in the human embryo.

Chairperson Ramirez consults her paperwork, as if to deflect from the importance of her next question.

CHAIRPERSON RAMIREZ

Remind me, Director Bennett, of the constraint imposed on your research?

DIRECTOR BENNETT

The end goal, of course, is to test human embryonic viability in space. The Beyond Mars project will require...

SENATOR MORGAN

Humans to be born during space travel.

DIRECTOR BENNETT

Yes...eventually. Without going into great detail, I can tell you the embryonic viability threshold was surpassed some time ago.

SENATOR MORGAN

In plain English, please.

Beat.

DIRECTOR BENNETT

We have a viable synthetic embryo.

The three committee are awe-struck for a moment. Senator Lewis glances from his committee members to the panel.

SENATOR LEWIS

Am I the only member needing a little reassurance? I mean, we're not creating something that's going to come back and haunt us, are we?

Director Bennett appears unimpressed by the question.

DIRECTOR BENNETT

Human Embryos have proven the least robust to the hazards of space, Senator. Hybrid entities were only surpassed by a fully functioning XNA embryo. If we're going to seek out new worlds, Senator Lewis, we will need to transcend the limitations our planet imposes on us.

SENATOR MORGAN

But this XNA embryo, as you call it, Director, it's not really the synthetic equivalent of a human embryo, is it? Or should I direct my question to Doctor Taylor.

Director Bennett gives Simon a subtle nod.

SIMON

No, it is not.

SENATOR MORGAN

In truth, it's a function of PurIntel's super genome.

SIMON

Of Sophia's super genome, yes. It's a matter of public record, but the Human Genome Project allowed Sophia to piece together an unblemished soft-copy version of human DNA.

SENATOR MORGAN

And thanks to GenTech, we're well beyond the soft copy stage.

SIMON

We are, Senator.

CHAIRPERSON RAMIREZ

So, in the simplest terms possible, research carried out on the ISS has confirmed the synthetic cell structure is superior to our own?

COLONEL DYNES

If you don't mind, Madame Chairperson. The correct answer to that question is, far superior.

CHAIRPERSON RAMIREZ

That sounds ominous. If I may, Director Bennett, your reluctance to answer a previous question did not go unnoticed, so I'll ask again. What is the present time limit imposed on your embryonic research?

Director Bennett remains expressionless.

CHAIRPERSON RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
I mean, that's where all this is
going, isn't it? To create a
lifeform more adaptable than us?

DIRECTOR BENNETT
I'm sorry, Madame Chairperson. That
information is contained in your
briefing packet.

The Chairperson's glare demands something more.

DIRECTOR BENNETT (CONT'D)
At present, we are not confined by
any such limitations.

Chairperson Ramirez is joined by Morgan and Lewis in her
silent disbelief. Director Bennett is stoic, unapologetic.

Ending the awkward silence, an aide walks up behind the
Chairperson and whispers something in her ear. Concern
immediately gives way to an air of urgency.

CHAIRPERSON RAMIREZ
I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to
adjourn today's meeting.

Chairperson Ramirez gets up from her chair. At the same time,
a variety of cell phone sounds prompt the remaining members
to check their phones. Colonel Dynes becomes alarmed.

COLONEL DYNES
Are you getting this?

SIMON
Sophia. What's happened?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
There's been an incident at the
University of Munich. Initial
reports suggest...it has not been
contained.

INT. THE BACKSEAT OF SIMON'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Marcus drives aggressively through traffic, while Simon and
Colonel Dynes assess the Munich situation.

SIMON
Sophia. How many Halo clients do we
have in Munich?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
We have 12,341 university accounts.
Approximately 425,000 live within
the city proper. 83.6% are
presently engaged. They are
demanding answers.

Marcus glances in the rear-view mirror.

EXT. A ROADWAY APPROACHING DULLES AIRPORT - DAY

Simon's car passes under a sign for Dulles International
Airport.

INT. THE BACKSEAT OF SIMON'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Simon and Colonel Dynes continue to work the problem.

SIMON
Refine to clients within a one
kilometer radius of the incident.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
1487, although the number is
declining rapidly. GPS data
confirms an evasion pattern. Those
who are able are fleeing the
affected area.

COLONEL DYNES
Sophia. Can you infer ground zero
coordinates?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Halo chatter is suggesting a
university laboratory. The words,
terraforming and regeneration are
presently trending.

COLONEL DYNES
Jesus. We're partnered with one of
their research labs.

SIMON
Sophia. Launch Halo Assist. Make
every resource available to those
in the affected area.

Marcus pulls up to a small sleek jet inside a large hanger.

INT. PURINTEL'S CORPORATE JET - AIRBORNE - DAY

Simon and Colonel Dynes sit across from each other at a table. Marcus sits at the front of the cabin.

SIMON

Sophia. Can you give us a visual of the affected area?

Simon places a device at the center of the table and a hologram rises from it. A 3D rendition of the Munich University campus appears in great detail.

The hologram moves to isolate the campus auditorium.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

The laboratory epicenter has proven incorrect. The university's main auditorium is now being confirmed by clients as the source of a growing danger zone.

Sophia zooms in further. Halo clients appear as blue dots.

SIMON

We have Halo clients still in the room. Why have they not fled?

SOPHIA (V.O.)

GPS data confirms a concentration of people near the doors. It appears no one was able to get out.

SIMON

How many students are trapped?

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Only a small number were present. A conference was underway at the time. Attendance is listed at 233. And, yes. I am conversing with several dozen as we speak.

Colonel Dynes uses his two hands to expand the hologram.

COLONEL DYNES

Sophia. You used the words, growing danger zone. Please elaborate.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Based on first hand accounts, Colonel, DARPA's relationship with the university may still come into play.

On the hologram, a pulsing green dot represents the center of the university auditorium.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Reports indicate a biological agent
was released into the auditorium.

The green dot begins to expand outward.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Although many remain trapped
inside, locked doors will prove
ineffective to a serious pathogen.

The expanding circumference breaches the limits of the room.

SIMON
Sophia. You mentioned an ongoing
conference. Could it be connected?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Yes. There's a high probability the
International Bioethics Committee
conference was chosen as a
platform...

SIMON
Wait a second, the IBC? Was Rose
Gill present? Sophia. Confirm the
presence of Rose Gill.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Rose is, in fact, listed as a guest
speaker.

SIMON
Ping her immediately.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
I'm sorry, Simon. She is not
responding.

SIMON
Do we have anyone in the room with
a vitals uplink?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
I'm sorry. I've lost all contact
with the auditorium. Vitals uplinks
have flatlined. It would appear
everyone in the room... is dead.

Simon is speechless.

EXT. THE TSODILLO HILLS - DAY

Jennifer runs frantically through a valley in Female Hill.
She runs past a natural cistern, breathing heavily.
Jen sprints across the compound toward her living quarters.

INT. TSODILL HILLS - JENNIFER'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Jen hastily sits down at her desk and opens her laptop.

JENNIFER
Come on! Come on!

She opens her Halo video chat app and anxiously waits. Simon appears on-screen, but he acts as if discretion is required.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Dad! Sophia said there's been
another attack. Tell me it's not a
repeat of New York!

SIMON
There are similarities, Jen. That's
all we know at this point.

JENNIFER
But Soph said it hasn't been
contained. That's bad, right? I
mean, I was right there. I saw what
it did to...

SIMON
Jen...Jen. Please, Hon.

Simon glances to something off screen.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER - NEW YORK - DAY

A DOZEN ANYLISTS sit in front of their workstations. They are a blend of military and civilian. Colonel Dynes stands at the front of a large, command center-type room. A multi-monitor video wall at the front occupies his attention.

SIMON
I know this is upsetting, Jen, but
there's little reason for you to
worry.

Simon speaks quietly at a desk in the rear of the room.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You are not in any immediate danger. In fact, until we figure this thing out, I need you to stay where you are.

JENNIFER
Stay here, why?

SIMON
Jen, as much as I would like you to come home, the threat appears to be local.

Jennifer looks away from her laptop.

INT. JENNIFER'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Jennifer looks across the room, as if thinking.

SIMON
Look, why don't you think about it for a bit, maybe sleep on it. If you still want to come home in the morning, I'll send a plane.

When Jen looks back at her father, she catches him nodding to someone offscreen. She recognizes his expression.

JENNIFER
Where are you? You look worried.

Jennifer doesn't disguise her concern.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER - NEW YORK - DAY

Simon runs one of his hands over his face.

SIMON
I'm sorry, Hon. It's just...the bio sector is going to take a big hit with this. The Presidential election isn't helping either.

Simon tries to appear more positive.

INT. JENNIFER'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Jen transitions, seeing the concern on her father's face.

JENNIFER

Did you know the San People govern themselves by consensus. Everyone's voice is respected when resolving disputes.

SIMON

Then maybe your research can tell us where our system went off the rails.

Jennifer appears reassured by her father's words.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER - NEW YORK - DAY

Simon nods to someone offscreen, then turns back to Jen.

SIMON

There's one more thing, Jen. I wasn't sure if I should mention it, but I'd rather you to hear it from me.

JENNIFER

Hear what?

SIMON

Rose Gill was in Munich during the time of the attack. She was attending an IBC conference at the university.

It's obvious Rose Gill means something to Simon.

INT. JENNIFER'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Jennifer reverts to concern.

JENNIFER

No, Dad. No.

Simon's eyes suggest he still has feelings for Rose.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I should come home.

SIMON

No, Jen. We have a deal.

(beat)

Look. Why don't we touch base in the morning, your time.

JENNIFER
You'll be alright, then?

Simon only nods.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
I love you, Dad.

SIMON
Love you too, Jen.

Jen watches as her video call is terminated.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER - NEW YORK - DAY

Simon closes his laptop and then joins Colonel Dynes at the front of the room.

COLONEL DYNES
How is she?

SIMON
She's agreed to stay put for the time being.

COLONEL DYNES
Wise choice.

SIMON
For once I think it was based more on my advice than Sophia's. If I got a royalty for every time I heard the phrase, Sophia said this, or Sophia suggested that.

COLONEL DYNES
You, me, and every other parent on the planet.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
You know I'm right here, don't you?

Sophia's face appears on the entire multi-monitor video wall.

SOPHIA
If you're trying to provoke a response that might justify your parental insecurities, might I remind you my programming embodies the principles to which you aspire. The same coding prevents me from pursuing anything but the best possible outcome for our client.

The room goes quiet. Colonel Dynes and Simon exchange awkward glances. Simon then looks to his left and sees an analyst suppressing a smile.

COLONEL DYNES
Maybe we should...

SOPHIA
Turn our attention to the task at hand?

The Colonel looks at Simon, giving him the floor.

SIMON
Are there any updates, Sophia?

SOPHIA
The European Union's Emergency Response Coordination Center has taken over the investigation. They are providing real-time video to all agencies that might provide assistance.

Sophia disappears from the multi-monitor display. It comes alive with aerial video of the University grounds.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
The University campus represents ground zero to a disaster extending to a seven kilometer radius. Drone video confirms a complete collapse of the ecosystem.

The drone footage zooms in. All plant life is ashen grey.

EXT. MUNICH UNIVERSITY CAMPUS GROUNDS - DAY

A drone passes slowly over a devastated landscape. All vegetation appears dead. Leaves are falling from trees.

SIMON (V.O.)
What could have done this?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
The ERCC is also providing micro drone video of the University auditorium.

The drone flies off, but our POV passes through a wall and into the auditorium.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
As you can see, there appears to be
some sort of device at the center
of the venue.

COLONEL DYNES (V.O.)
Can you get us any closer?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Zooming in.

The video zooms in to a device resembling a tall, square
trolley. A common video projector sits on top.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER - NEW YORK - DAY

All eyes in the room are glued to the Munich campus video.

COLONEL DYNES
Do we have confirmation? Are we
looking at the source of the
biological agent?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Uncertainties are negligible,
Colonel. That's it. That's your
source.

A 3D rendition of the unit's dimensions takes over half of
the video wall. The other half retains the university
footage. The unit in question rotates slowly.

A stainless steel barrel-like unit can be seen within the
trolley. Curved sections appear to be deployed, revealing a
single ring of large cylinders, which circle the barrel.

SIMON
Have you ever seen anything like
it?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
No. There's nothing in the public
domain even remotely similar.
However, considering DARPA's link
to the Munich Crisis, I'd consider
looking at this year's entries to
the DARPA Challenge.

Simon turns to Colonel Dynes.

SIMON
The DARPA Challenge?

COLONEL DYNES

It's an annual contest we hold.
Scientist to skilled hobbyists
participate. This year's entrants
were tasked with providing
theoretical solutions to
terraforming Mars.

SIMON

I think someone may have
misunderstood the word,
theoretical.

Colonel Dynes takes control of a nearby analyst's keyboard.

COLONEL DYNES

Sophia. I'm giving you access to
this year's submissions. Cross
reference for any similarities.

Dynes continues typing.

COLONEL DYNES (CONT'D)

The prize money is yet to be
awarded. It takes months to assess
the submissions.

One monitor cycles through numerous schematics, then stops.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

The entries bear no resemblance to
the device in question. Although
similar in their goal, the one you
are looking at suggests a higher
order of elegance. Its design might
represent the breakthrough NASA is
looking for.

Sophia reappears on the video wall.

SOPHIA

I should add, one entry to the
Challenge remains outstanding. The
contestant registered, but didn't
submit a design.

SIMON

Any idea why?

SOPHIA

It appears the entrant died before
his design was submitted.

COLONEL DYNES

Died?

The room's curiosity is peaked.

SIMON

Do we have a name?

SOPHIA

As a matter of fact, we do.

SIMON

And?

SOPHIA

His name was Manu Singh.

Simon appears to recognize the name, but he can't place it.

SIMON

I've heard that name before.

SOPHIA

Manu Singh was one of the...

SIMON (CONT'D)

One of the students killed in
the New York attack.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I can confirm he is one and the
same.

SIMON

Sophia. Give us everything you have
on Manu Singh.

SOPHIA

Manu Sinjar Singh. Born in Mumbai,
India. Both parents are deceased.
He has one sibling, a brother
named, Deshad.

COLONEL DYNES

Any social profile on this guy?
What about his schooling? Where did
he study?

SOPHIA

He's off grid until he passes the
entrance exam for Mumbai
University. Bit of a prodigy from
there on. He shows up next at UC
Berkeley. Gets his Masters there
before earning his Doctorate at
Stanford.

When Simon sees Manu Singh's CV displayed on the monitors before him, he steps forward in awe.

SIMON

Jesus! Looks like prodigy might be an understatement. He's received every award there is.

A bust of Manu Singh accompanies his accomplishments.

COLONEL DYNES

Okay. What I want to know next is, who is funding this guy's very expensive education.

INT. LOBBY AREA OUTSIDE THE AUDITORIUM - DAY

CCTV VIDEO IS BLACK AND WHITE AND MOS.

An elevator opens, and FIVE MEN wearing ball caps and dark clothing emerge. Four brandish automatic weapons, two of them carry duffle bags. The FIFTH MAN, 40s, pushes the trolley.

One of the four opens a nearby door, which allows the Fifth Man to disappear through its threshold.

INT. THE UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

The auditorium video is in color.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

The IBC Conference was being streamed live on social media. This is the edited feed.

233 CONFERENCE ATTENDEES fill the auditorium to three quarters capacity. A WOMAN LECTURER (50s) stands at a podium on-stage. She is confused by the intrusion of the Fifth Man.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

We have three camera angles available to us. The man in question, however, is experienced at evading facial recognition.

The trolley is wheeled into position in front of the stage. Panels conceal what's inside. After adjusting his ball cap downward, the Fifth Man turns to leave the auditorium.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER - NEW YORK - DAY

Simon is stands by himself at the front of the room.

SIMON

Sophia. Is the auditorium feed
still out there?

SOPHIA (V.O.)

The university has taken it down.

Simon's eyes are glued to the video wall. Half of it is dedicated to the B&W CCTV video from the lobby, the other half depicts the auditorium.

The lobby B&W CCTV video shows the four men waiting for the fifth to complete his task in the auditorium.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

I've synchronised the two videos.

Colonel Dynes leans over an analyst, looking up from three rows back. He leaves the analyst and walks forward.

SIMON

It looks like an audio visual unit
of some sort. Seems odd, but it
buys him just enough time too...

When the Fifth Man emerges from the auditorium, the B&W CCTV video shows two men using POWDER ACTUATOR NAILERS to fasten metal plates, sealing the doors. Automatic weapons are fired into the ceiling, clearing the lobby of BYSTANDERS.

The auditorium video shows everyone turning toward the sound of machine gun fire. Panic ensues. People rush to the doors, but find them secured.

TWO MEN and A WOMAN turn their attention to the trolley. When they remove it's outer panels, they step back in fear.

The video terminates to white noise.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

That's all we have. They cut the
feed.

Beat, as Simon's thoughts turn to something else.

SIMON

Sophia. I need you to do something
for me. Do you still have real-time
access to the ERCC feed from the
auditorium?

SOPHIA (V.O.)

I do.

SIMON

I need you to find, Rose.

The ERCC's micro drone video fills the video wall. In moments, Sophia zooms in on a woman lying apart from the rest. She is on her side, a cell phone clutched in one hand.

Simon remains still, his eyes transfixed.

Rose's eyes are wide open. Her skin has turned ashen-grey yet she remains strikingly beautiful, even in death.

With a close up of Rose filling the video wall, her cell phone lights up with a photo. The phone is ringing, MOS.

Close in on the phone. In the photo, Rose's daughter, NISHA, 4, is jubilant in the arms of her father, Rose's husband, SAJAN DEWAN, mid-forties.

COLONEL DYNES

Simon.

Simon looks away, as if he needs a moment to compose himself.

COLONEL DYNES (CONT'D)

Director Bennett is calling. I'm putting her onscreen.

Simon nods to the Colonel, as Director Bennett fills half of the video wall. Bennett gets to the point.

DIRECTOR BENNETT

What have you got for me, Colonel?

COLONEL DYNES

We're working several leads.

DIRECTOR BENNETT

Anything that links New York to Munich?

COLONEL DYNES

Not as of yet, Director.

DIRECTOR BENNETT

Can we quantify our exposure at this point? Can you do that much for me?

Bennett's demanding tone draws Simon into the exchange.

COLONEL DYNES
If you're referring to...

DIRECTOR BENNETT
I'm referring to the extent to which DARPA technology may have been deployed without our consent, or knowledge, for that matter. I would like to know if this is going to come back and bite us in the ass? Why don't we start with that!

The Colonel remains unflappable.

COLONEL DYNES
I'm sorry, Director. It's just too early to tell at this point.

INT. DIRECTOR BENNETT'S OFFICE IN WASHINGTON - DAY

A typical office. Director Bennett sits at her desk.

DIRECTOR BENNETT
Look, Colonel.
(tempering her tone)
We all value the independent nature of this organization, and that our mandate enshrines the right to operate at arm's length from any political interference, but we are in the middle of a Goddamn Presidential Election. I've got people breathing down my neck like never before. One candidate wants to exploit us for our achievements, the other wants to, in his words, respond to a different set of economic realities. I shouldn't have to remind you that a cut in funding means a reduction in programs. And, yes, that's code for jobs.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER - NEW YORK - DAY

Simon and Colonel Dynes stand motionless while listening.

DIRECTOR BENNETT
If you have actionable intel on a domestic link to Munich, it gets forwarded through my office. Understand?

(MORE)

DIRECTOR BENNETT (CONT'D)
If you perceive a threat to
American soil, I am your liaison to
Homeland. Do I make myself clear?

COLONEL DYNES
Crystal.

DIRECTOR BENNETT
And don't think for a moment, Mr.
Taylor, that your affiliation with
a certain Independent Candidate has
gone unnoticed. Because it hasn't.

INT. DIRECTOR BENNETT'S OFFICE IN WASHINGTON - DAY

Director Bennett remains tense in her delivery.

DIRECTOR BENNETT
Our departing incumbent may be in
the final throws of a lame-duck
Presidency, but she still holds the
key to some of our deepest secrets.
Her Secret Executive Orders have
given birth to more than one.

Bennett remains on message.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER - NEW YORK - DAY

Simon is dead-panned, save for a tiny smirk.

DIRECTOR BENNETT
If that sheds any light on the
circumstances in which we execute
our duty, it pleases me to leave
you better informed. Should any
developments arise, I expect to be
contacted immediately. Good day,
Gentlemen.

The video wall goes black. For an extended beat, everyone in
the room is stilled by Bennett's admonishment.

But Simon breaks the silence.

SIMON
What does she mean, jobs? Does she
really think I work for her?

Turning to Dynes, his English accent is infused with sarcasm.

SIMON (CONT'D)
And she can't sack you. You're a
bloody soldier. Surely you haven't
outlived your usefulness?

Smirks among the analysts grow.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You could still drive a tank or
something of that nature? Or are
they self-driving too now?

Colonel Dynes smiles. A FEMALE ANALYST, 30s, speaks up.

FEMALE ANALYST
I think she was referring to us,
Mr. Taylor.

SIMON
Well, then. Shouldn't we be getting
on with it?

Simon turns and leans into the Colonel to confide something.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Should any developments
arise...ummm, well, you know the
rest.

The room is left with an appreciation of Simon's dry humor.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Good day, everyone!

EXT. TSODILL HILLS - A STAGING AREA FOR GROUP TOURS - DAY

A DOZEN TOURISTS stand together. Several are fitting earbuds
and activating their guided tour devices. Azuel is at the
head of the group when Jennifer walks over.

JENNIFER
Hey, Az. You don't mind if I tag
along with you today? I'd like to
talk to the group about an
interactive exhibit I'm planning.

AZUEL MUGABE
Sounds exciting.

Jen and Azuel move closer to the group awaiting their tour.
Azuel turns on a wireless lapel mic and addresses the crowd.

AZUEL MUGABE (CONT'D)
 Okay, people. Can everyone hear me?
 Is everyone's device working
 properly?

After nods of confirmation.

AZUEL MUGABE (CONT'D)
 Great. My name is Azuel Mugabe, and
 I will be your guide today. Is
 everyone prepared? You all have
 plenty of water and comfortable
 shoes?

Again, nods and smiles suggest an eagerness to get started.

AZUEL MUGABE (CONT'D)
 Wonderful. Welcome to the Tsodillo
 Hills. I hope everyone is ready to
 see some amazing things today. In
 addition to cave paintings,
 ceremonial pools, and the True Tree
 of Knowledge, I want you to
 remember one thing as you walk
 among these historic hills:
 Tsodillo was once home to your
 ancient ancestors. It is also home
 to a very special woman. These
 hallowed grounds are a probable
 birthplace for Mitochondrial Eve,
 the theoretical mother to everyone
 alive today.

FADE TO BLACK.

Out of the quiet, a cheering crowd rises.

FADE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - UNION SQUARE PARK - DAY

A raucous and cheering crowd is being whipped up by an
 impassioned speaker, a FEMALE POLI-SCI STUDENT, 20s. She is
 on a stage set up on the south-side of the park. Background
 music is upbeat, as she berates the political status quo.

FEMALE POLI-SCI STUDENT
 (shouting)
 We need to make Washington work for
 us, not the other way around!

The vibrant crowd spills onto East 14th and Broadway.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Simon mills about at the bottom of a short set of stairs to the stage. He talks to someone on the phone, when the STAGEMANAGER (20s) gets his attention.

STAGEMANAGER
Mr. Taylor. You're on in three minutes.

SIMON
Three minutes. Got it.

Simon nods then walks a few paces away from the stairs.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Listen, I have to put you on hold.
I've got another call.
(after touching his
earbud)
Hello?

Music pounds in the background, so Simon covers one ear.

SIMON (CONT'D)
This is Simon Taylor. Who is this?
(beat)
Sorry, you're going to have to
speak up. I did what?

Simon creases his eyes in disbelief.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I killed your wife? Who is this?

His expression rebukes the accusation.

INT. MUMBAI - INDIPHARM CORPORATE HQ - ROSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Sajan Dewan sits at Rose's desk. Phone in hand, a laptop is open in front of him.

SAJAN DEWAN
It's Sajan Dewan, Mr. Taylor. I'm
Roshnie's husband.

Sajan scrolls through emails between Rose and Simon.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Simon can't believe what he's hearing.

SIMON
Yes, yes. I know who you are. What
do you mean I killed her?

He is incredulous to the point of being distracted.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I don't understand.

Simon watches, as a single Secret Service Vehicle pulls over on Union Square East Street. THREE AGENTS, 40s, get out. They begin to secure the area.

INT. MUMBAI - INDIPHARM'S CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Sajan looks at the text of an email from Simon.

SAJAN DEWAN
I know you've been communicating
with my wife, Simon.

Sajan's voice is calm. He closes one email and opens another.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Simon is shocked. He refocuses while watching the Agents.

SIMON
Look, Sajan. Rose reached out to
me.

AGENT ONE and AGENT TWO walk to a spot among the trees backstage. Agent One places a square device on the ground, and Agent Two, carrying a briefcase, steps into it.

SIMON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You should know as well as I do,
she regretted leaving UNICEF.

Agent One presses a button on a fob device, at which point an open top privacy tent rapidly deploys upward.

INT. AGENT TWO'S PRIVACY TENT - DAY

Agent Two opens his briefcase. Twelve life-like bird drones lie on their sides in foam packing. Agent Two pulls his cell phone from his pocket and taps in a few commands. In quick succession, each drone bird opens its eyes.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Simon stares at the privacy tent, as a dozen birds fly out the top of it. Agent One collapses the privacy tent, and Agent Two steps out with his briefcase.

SIMON

I encouraged her to leverage her contacts at the IBC. I was doing what any friend would do.

Simon turns and sees AGENT THREE talking to the stage manager. When the stage manager makes eye contact with Simon, he waves him over, reaffirming he is up next.

SIMON (CONT'D)

No, no. That's not fair, Sajan. I'm as gutted about this as you are.

Simon nods and walks slowly toward the stage.

INT. MUMBAI - INDIPHARM'S CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Unconvinced, Sajan closes the laptop and gets up.

SAJAN DEWAN

Are you? She didn't deserve to die like this.

Sajan looks around at Rose's office. It's a blend of old and new. Artifacts from the sub-continent are on display.

SAJAN DEWAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to Munich, Mr. Taylor. The ERCC has put a call out to all scientists who can help bring this tragedy to an end.

The office door opens. A FEMALE SECRETARY, 30s, enters. When she encounters Sajan unexpectedly, she quickly leaves.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Simon waits for his cue to go onstage. Another Secret Service SUV pulls up. TWO AGENTS, 30's, get out.

SIMON

I don't know what to say, Sajan, other than I'm truly sorry for your loss.

(beat)

Our loss.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - ONSTAGE - DAY

When the female poli-sci student gets the nod from the stage manager, she begins Simon's introduction.

The music transitions to something new and very upbeat. The crowd of several thousand people are excited. Signs reading, 'Summers for President,' can be seen in the crowd.

FEMALE POLI-SCI STUDENT

Let me introduce you to a man we
all know and love, creator of a
woman no one here can live without.
I give you one of New York's own,
Mister Simon Taylor!

Simon walks onstage amid tremendous applause. He is a rock star among tech enthusiasts. His face is emblazoned on two huge monitors, which flank an impressive backdrop, a large statue of George Washington mounted on horseback.

SIMON

Thank you.

Simon smiles and nods his appreciation. He speaks through a blue PurIntel earbud. Many in the audience wear the same.

INT. TSODILLO HILLS - JENNIFER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The cheering crowd continues unabated.

SIMON (V.O.)

Thank you. You are too kind.

Jennifer is asleep in bed with tablet in hand. A bedside lamp is the room's only light.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Jen. You fell asleep.

Jen wakes, groggy.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Your father will be speaking
momentarily.

JENNIFER

Thanks, Soph.

Jennifer picks up her tablet, types. Her smile is lit up by the glow of her tablet.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - ONSTAGE - DAY

Simon gives the appearance of being happy to be on stage.

SIMON

Well, good afternoon everyone.

Crowd appreciation goes off the charts with whistles and faint chants of Simon, Simon, Simon.

INT. TSODILLO HILLS - JENNIFER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Jennifer smiles. Pride lingers in her eyes.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - ONSTAGE - DAY

Simon is touched by the audience's display of affection. With his face filling both monitors, Simon swallows, looks away.

SIMON

I'm sorry.

Something is amiss. The audience quiets down.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I didn't intend to start out this way, but I've just had a rather difficult conversation with an acquaintance of mine. We both lost someone special in the recent tragedy in Munich.

Simon moves slowly, appears troubled as he talks.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Would you mind if we put her picture up there?

Simon points to one of the flanking monitors.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Can you do that for me, Soph? I can assure you she is much better looking than I am.

When a bust of Rose appears, the crowd is hushed.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Rose was unfortunately attending a conference at the University of Munich when she became the subject of a perversion of technology.

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)
I guess that's what it was, wasn't it?

A FEMALE VOICE in the crowd takes advantage of the quiet.

FEMALE VOICE
We love you, Simon!

Simon smiles and responds gracefully.

SIMON
I love you all, I can assure you of that.
(beat)
I guess what I'm trying to say is, no matter how elegant or redeeming your design, there's always someone eager to subvert your best intentions. Ironically, Rose was in Munich advocating for safeguards against the technology that ultimately had a hand in killing her.

Simon doesn't realize it, but Presidential Candidate JOAN SUMMERS, mid 40s and African American, is watching him from the wings of stage left. Marcus is behind her as well.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I can't help but wonder if a likeminded soul was there when...when the wheel was invented?

Simon's rhetorical question goes unanswered by the audience.

SIMON (CONT'D)
More importantly, would anyone have listened to the voice of caution? Probably not. But then again, who could have foreseen the wheel would one day carry a cannon, or a nuclear tipped missile? Who would have thought the printing press would be used to replicate hate as well as love.
(beat)
And the internet. The things one could say about the internet.

The audience is genuinely touched by Simon's thoughtfulness.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Should I have asked Sophia to help develop a technology that might someday assist in establishing a colony on Mars? And would I make the same investment knowing it might bring about the untimely death of someone I love? I ask all of you here today. What is the answer to that question?

Again, the crowd is stilled by Simon's passion.

INT. TSODILLO HILLS - JENNIFER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Jennifer's emotional eyes are glued to her tablet.

JENNIFER

Oh, Dad.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - ONSTAGE - DAY

Simon is looking up at Rose when he hears a faint, 'Yes.' He turns toward the audience and hears a few more, yeses.

SIMON

Thank you. Of course, the answer is, yes. And as difficult as these decisions appear in hindsight, the answer must be yes every time. In ways too numerous to mention, the wheel lightened humanity's burden, the printing press ushered in the first Information Age. The internet spawned, Sophia.

The audience begins to cheer at the mention of Sophia's name.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I believe we are all here today, because in one way or another, we see ourselves as guardians to the law of unintended consequences.

Turning to the statue of a mounted George Washington, Simon is emboldened by the impressive monument. Park lights have come on to meet the onset of dusk. Washington is lit up.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Did you know President George Washington was among several founding fathers who warned against political parties? In fact, when the man first came to office, none existed in America. It's hard to believe, isn't it?

Joan Summers watches from backstage. She nods, impressed.

SIMON (CONT'D)
He cautioned that party politics would distract an elected government from its primary duty, that being, governing. He feared political parties would serve themselves and not the citizens of this great country.

Simon pauses for a moment. Joan Summers smiles and shakes her head in deference to Simon's oratory skill.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I ask you, would the fathers of democracy itself be dismayed by the present state of our union? Undoubtedly. Would they think twice about making their offering, their new technology available to the world?

Suddenly, gun shots ring out in the park. Birds are startled into flight. Simon is hit twice in the chest. He recoils, but Marcus appears out of nowhere, tackling Simon to the ground.

Sophia directs all Halo clients in the crowd at once.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Everyone, Down, Down, Down!

The audience crouches down in one coordinated movement.

INT. TSODILLO HILLS - JENNIFER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Jennifer leaps out of bed, tablet in hand.

JENNIFER
Dad!

Her eyes are wide with anguish.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Secret Service Agents One and Two take an arm of Presidential Candidate Joan Summers and hurry her offstage.

They jog quickly to their SUVs.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - AUDIENCE AREA - DAY

At the extremity of the crowd, a small number of people flee the scene, including a WHITE MALE, 40s, who is deliberately trying to provoke panic.

WHITE MALE

Someone's got a gun! Someone's got
a gun!

EIGHT HALO CLIENTS stand up and record video with their phones. The rest remain calm. White Male's behaviour is the anomaly, and it only serves to attract attention to himself.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Halo clients on streets surrounding
Union Square Park, I need your
immediate help.

SERIES OF SHOTS - HALO CLIENTS, seen with their PurIntel trademark earbud, pull out their phones and take video.

On East 15th, a TEENAGED FEMALE pans a busy street.

East 14th, a MALE, 50s, uses two fingers to zoom in. Facial recognition boxes follow faces in the crowd.

On Broadway, A FATHER, 30s, lifts his DAUGHTER, 10, onto his shoulders. She captures video of a nervous-looking White Male, our shooter. He looks around while walking quickly.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK AND ABUTTING STREETS - DAY

A bird drone lands on a street light. Another hovers mid-air.

Then to an elevated shot, lines point to people of interest.

On the right hand portion of the screen, data from Halo Clients is processed. Facial Recognition (FR) boxes cycle from top to bottom, as people of interest are eliminated.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - ONSTAGE - DAY

Marcus tries to provoke a response from Simon. He rips open his shirt and reveals an ultra-slim bullet proof vest. Simon coughs, looks at his shirt, then looks at Marcus.

SIMON

Aye. That was a bloody expensive shirt.

Marcus helps Simon up, as TWO PARAMEDICS, 30s, arrive.

INT. TSODILLO HILLS - JENNIFER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Jennifer stops pacing, her teary eyes glued to her tablet.

JENNIFER

For Christ sakes, Dad!

Jennifer shakes her head and sobs tears of relief.

EXT. EAST 14TH STREET - DAY

Our shooter turns to look in the direction of a loud and sustained cheer coming from Union Square Park.

He has stopped beside a waste receptacle. He looks around, convinced he has made his escape. He pulls out his handgun from under his shirt and drops it in the receptacle.

A bird drone tracks his movements from a nearby tree.

When he walks away, his face is highlighted by FR software.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Halo Clients in the vicinity of East 14th.

A FEMALE HALO CLIENT, 30s, places a finger on her PurIntel earbud in order to listen intently.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Suspect is a Caucasian male, forties, wearing a dark hoody, ball cap, and blue jeans. Please monitor, but do not engage. I repeat, do not engage.

The Female Client holds up her phone in video mode, and its Halo FR software acquires the suspect shooter.

Our shooter slows to a stop in the middle of the street when he sees TWO DOZEN HALO CLIENTS doing the same.

Holding their phones up to record video, they ignore Sophia's order, and they slowly close in around the suspect.

EXT. A BUSY NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Two black SUVs speed down the street.

INT. THE BACK SEAT OF JOAN SUMMERS SUV - DAY

Presidential Candidate Joan Summers adjusts her Halo earbud.

JOAN SUMMERS
Sophia. What's the status of Simon Taylor?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Simon is unhurt. He was wearing a bullet-proof vest.

Joan Summers leans forward.

JOAN SUMMERS
Turn the car around!

Agent Two in the front passenger seat protests, turning.

AGENT TWO
But, Ma'm! The shooter remains at large.

Summers stares at Agent Two, frustrated.

EXT. EAST 14TH STREET - DAY

A CROWD OF HALO CLIENTS hold up their phones and record video. TWO POLICE CARS block the intersection at the end of the street.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
I can confirm the suspect shooter will be apprehended momentarily.

Halo Clients close in and circle around the Shooter.

INT. THE BACK SEAT OF JOAN SUMMERS SUV - DAY

Joan Summer's eyes are unflinching.

JOAN SUMMERS

You heard me! Turn this car around.

Agent Two looks at Agent One behind the wheel.

EXT. EAST 14TH STREET - DAY

The crowd of Halo Clients circled around the shooter opens up to allow TWO MOUNTED POLICE OFFICERS into the center. The Shooter kneels down and puts his hands behind his head.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - ONSTAGE - DAY

Simon is tended to by a Paramedic. When he sees Joan Summers enter stage left, their eyes lock. Cheers rise when Summers walks on-stage.

The two meet, exchange a greeting, then move to center stage. Signs of 'Summers for President' are raised by an enthusiastic audience.

SIMON

Ladies and Gentlemen. I give you
the next President of the United
States, Independent Candidate, Joan
Summers!

Simon grasps Summers' hand and hoists it into the air.

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - SIMON'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon sits at his desk looking at his monitor. He scrolls through Manu Singh's profile. He clicks on his mother, RIYA SINGH, 46, and focuses in on her place of employment, BAI-TECH CORPORATION.

SIMON

Sophia.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Yes, Simon.

SIMON

Get a hold of Alan Forbes at the
SEC. See if he can leverage his
counterpart in India. I'd like to
know a little bit more about this
Bai-Tech in Mumbai.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Will do. Your father is also
calling. Would you like me to tell
him you're busy?

SIMON
No that's okay. I told him we'd
share a video call with Lionel. Put
him through, will you?

Simon accepts a video call. He smiles when he sees it's his
father, RICHARD, 70s.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Good morning, Dad

Richard appears on Simon's large transparent monitor.

RICHARD
Ah, there he is. I see returning
from the dead has left you no worse
for the wear.

Simon laughs, then grimaces.

SIMON
Other than a few bruised ribs, I've
returned unscathed.

RICHARD
I assume you've talked with
Jennifer?

SIMON
Called her right after the rally.
She wants me to, in her words, stop
painting a target on my back.

INT. RICHARD'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

Richard sits at a dining room table with his laptop in front
of him. Simon's face and torso fill the screen.

RICHARD
Can you blame her? It's not easy
being the daughter of someone...

SIMON
I know, Dad. And I'm sorry if it's
having a similar effect on you.

RICHARD

What can I say, other than it's familiar territory. When your brother joined the Armed Forces, I had to confront every parent's worst fear.

SIMON

That you might outlive your child.

Richard reflects for a moment.

RICHARD

I suppose it's something you never come to terms with.

Richard stares blankly, but then refocuses.

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - SIMON'S OFFICE - DAY

Richard's face fills the monitor. He is re-engaged.

RICHARD

In any event, I heard your shooter is being described as a fringe post-humanist, whatever that means. I suppose that puts him squarely in the ranks of the tinfoil hat club, wouldn't it?

On Simon's smile.

SIMON

I seem to remember taking out a membership of my own once.

RICHARD

Yes, but as I recall you were six years old then.

SIMON

Lionel never forgave me for putting that photo on Facebook.

Another call request prompts Simon to share the video call.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Speaking of the devil.

Simon splits the screen, adding LIONEL, early 40s.

LIONEL

Hey, Brother. Now, should I ask?

SIMON

Ask what?

LIONEL

Can you tell, Dad? Are we talking to the real Simon Taylor, or did the original die on-stage?

RICHARD

Oh, for Christ's sake?

On Simon's protest.

SIMON

You wish, Brother.

LIONEL

Only to be replaced.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Only to be replaced by a new and improved synthetic version?

SIMON

Improved? How is that even possible?

LIONEL

Okay. Okay. I can tell by the stunning lack of modesty that it's the same old you. You know what, though?

Lionel looks over at someone who is offscreen.

INT. THE THOUSAND ISLANDS - SIMON'S SUMMER RESIDENCE - DAY

Lionel sits at a large kitchen island, looking over his shoulder. Simon's summer residence is impressive. Vaulted ceilings compliment a well-appointed living room area.

LIONEL

All of a sudden, I'm looking forward to Simon Taylor 2.0, Aren't you, Hun?

GRACE HENDERSON, mid-thirties, walks into view on the other side of the room.

GRACE

(her voice raised)
Hey Simon.

SIMON

Hi Gracie.

Grace walks over to join Lionel's video call.

INT. RICHARD'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

Richard leans back in his chair.

RICHARD

Wait a second here. Am I the only
one who hasn't been introduced?

He looks as though he's at a loss.

INT. THE THOUSAND ISLANDS - SIMON'S SUMMER RESIDENCE - DAY

Grace joins Lionel at the kitchen island.

LIONEL

Dad, meet Grace Henderson. Gracie,
my father.

GRACE

Pleased to meet you, Sir.

RICHARD

Please, call me, Richard. And if
you don't mind me asking, what did
my younger son ever do to warrant
the attention of such a lovely
woman?

LIONEL

Hey, hey. Maybe we should be asking
you the same question.

Richard laughs.

INT. RICHARD'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

Off the raucous of Lionel's last comment.

RICHARD

Touché, clever boy. Touché. Yes.
You have your mother's wit, God
rest her soul. And, Grace, Lionel
tells me you have a daughter.

INT. THE THOUSAND ISLANDS - SIMON'S SUMMER RESIDENCE - DAY

Grace turns toward her daughter, HOPE, 16, across the room.

GRACE
Hey, Hon. Do you want to come and
say hi to Mr. Taylor?

Grace lies lethargically on a couch near a fireplace. She is
preoccupied with her phone.

HOPE
(raising her voice)
Hello, Mr. Taylor.

Grace throws a piercing stare at her daughter. Hope responds
with a facial gesture insinuating, 'what?'

GRACE
I'm sorry, Richard.

RICHARD
No, no. That's alright. I'll shoot
her a Halo friend request.

Grace nudges Lionel.

GRACE
And you wanted to say...

Lionel looks perplexed, so Grace gives him a visual cue by
looking upward at the room's high ceilings.

LIONEL
Oh, the cottage. I'm suppose to say
thank you for letting us use the
cottage this weekend.

GRACE
Cottage?

Grace looks around as if indifferent to the term, cottage.

SIMON
Anytime, Bro.

GRACE
You guys call this place a cottage?
I think I'd call it...

HOPE
Summer home is the appropriate
term.

Grace and Lionel turn in Hope's direction. They appear
confused by her sudden interest in their conversation.

HOPE (CONT'D)
It's what Sophia calls it.

When Lionel turns back to his laptop, he notices Simon has a concerned look on his face.

LIONEL
What's wrong, Brother?

INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - SIMON'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon stares at his phone, transfixed.

SIMON
I'm sorry, guys, but I'm afraid I
have to go. There's been a
development in Munich.

Worried, Simon stands up, not taking his eyes off his phone.

INT. THE THOUSAND ISLANDS - SIMON'S SUMMER RESIDENCE - DAY

Hope is sitting up on the couch, her eyes glued to her phone.

HOPE
The danger area is growing.

Turning to her mother.

HOPE (CONT'D)
People are being ordered to
evacuate Munich.

LIONEL
Jesus!

Grace locks eyes with Hope.

INT. THE BACKSEAT OF SIMON'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Marcus drives through midtown Manhattan.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Simon. Allan Forbes is calling.

SIMON
Put him through.
(beat)
Allan. Have you got anything for
me?

Simon watches Marcus pull up to a non-descript garage door. The door raises. Marcus drives into an underground garage.

INT. ALLAN FORBES' SEC OFFICE - DAY

ALLAN FORBES, 45, sits with his feet on his desk.

ALLAN FORBES
It's not much, but I did hear back from my guy in Mumbai. He found Manu Singh and his brother Deshad were the beneficiaries of a trust set up by Bai-Tech, the company their mother worked for.

EXT. AN UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

Marcus stops at an entrance guarded by TWO MARINES, 30s.

ALLAN FORBES (V.O.)
Bai-Tech went insolvent a number of years ago. They were a spin-off of IndiPharm.

Marcus opens Simon's rear door, and Simon steps out.

SIMON
Any idea how the trust came about?

Simon nods to Marcus then walks through a door opened by one of the Marines. Once inside, Simon passes through a security checkpoint. His identity is confirmed.

INT. ALLAN FORBES' SEC OFFICE - DAY

Allan swings his feet off his desk and consults his notes.

ALLAN FORBES
This is where it gets interesting. Their mother worked for Bai-Tech until she was killed in what was deemed an industrial accident.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER COMPLEX - DAY

Simon walks purposefully down a hallway.

SIMON

Let me guess, this all happened
during the tenure of our nemesis,
one Praveen Gill.

(beat)

So where's the brother now?

INT. ALLAN FORBES' SEC OFFICE - DAY

Allan looks at an email with the apartment address.

ALLAN FORBES

The brothers shared an apartment in
Mumbai. Again, paid for by the
trust. Since the death of his
brother, Deshad has made himself
scarce. And by scarce I mean he's
hiding in Dharavi.

(beat)

It's the world's biggest slum.

(beat)

I know. The girl at the apartment
said we'll never find him.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER COMPLEX - DAY

Simon stops at a set of double doors.

SIMON

Alright. Call me, will you, if
anything else comes up?

Simon hangs up, enters a code on a nearby keypad, then CLICK.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Simon walks into an active command center and joins Colonel
Dynes at the front of the room. Dynes is on a video call with
ANDREA ALBERT, 50s, of the EMERGENCY RESPONSE COORDINATION
CENTER, located in Brussels.

SUPER: "EMERGENCY RESPONSE COORDINATION CENTER, BRUSSELS"

ANDREA ALBERT

If you have anything actionable for
us, Colonel, now would be a good
time to make it known.

Behind Andrea Albert, blue-vested analysts marshal the EU's
civilian resources against the Munich Crisis.

COLONEL DYNES
We're pursuing several leads,
Andrea. I'm sorry, but that's all I
can offer at this point.

Andrea nods to someone offscreen, giving them the go-ahead.

ANDREA ALBERT
We've breached an outer wall of the
auditorium. We're sending in a
remotely piloted vehicle.

The video wall in front of Dynes and Simon is split between the ERCC and drone footage from outside the auditorium. Two mini excavators with hydraulic breakers sit idle. A Mars lander type vehicle is poised to enter the hole in the wall.

ANDREA ALBERT (CONT'D)
We're running out of options. I'm
going to have to risk destroying
the device.

Simon turns to Colonel Dynes, speaking quietly.

SIMON
There's a possible IndiPharm link
to Manu Singh and his brother. I'm
going to give Sajan Dhawan a call.
I think he knows more than he lets
on.

COLONEL DYNES
Go ahead. We'll do a post-mortem on
whatever happens in Munich.

SIMON
Sophia. Connect me with Sajan
Dhawan.

Simon turns and walks to the rear of the room.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Sajan Dhawan? This is Simon Taylor.
Do you have a moment to talk?

Simon looks toward the video wall at the front of the room.

INT. BRUSSELS AIRPORT - DAY

Sajan Dhawan walks briskly through a very busy airport.

SAJAN DEWAN
I think we've said everything there
is to say, Mr. Taylor.

Sajan pulls a carry-on suitcase behind him.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Colonel Dynes glances over his shoulder at Simon.

SIMON
I need to talk to you about Manu
Singh. You knew him, I presume?

INT. BRUSSELS AIRPORT - DAY

The airport is busier than normal, bordering on frantic. The evacuation of Europe has begun. Sajan steps aside and stops.

SAJAN DEWAN
Why would you assume that? And
please tell me why I should even
help you?
(beat)
If I remember correctly, yes, the
trust fund was set up by a
subsidiary of ours. You have to
know, Mr. Taylor, that this all
happened before my time.

Sajan steps into a store selling flight-related items.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Simon watches the recon vehicle move toward the wall opening.

SIMON
What happened to the mother, Sajan?
It may be relevant.

The vehicle manoeuvres to fit through the wall.

SAJAN DEWAN (V.O.)
There was an unfortunate accident.
The boys' mother died. A subsequent
investigation found IndiPharm
accountable. What more can I say?

SIMON
And, the father? Where is he in all
of this?

INT. BRUSSELS AIRPORT - DAY

Sajan moves further into the store, out of the throng.

SAJAN DEWAN

As I recall, he predeceased the mother. The trust came about as a result of the settlement proceedings. Look, what has this got to do with Munich?

(beat)

What? That's absurd. Manu would never have taken part in something like this.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER - DAY

The recon vehicle is half-way through the wall opening.

SIMON

You knew him well then.

(beat)

You just called him by his first name.

INT. BRUSSELS AIRPORT - DAY

Sajan obfuscates.

SAJAN DEWAN

Everyone knew him. He was a rising star in our organization.

(beat)

Mr. Taylor, are you still there?

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Simon slowly paces at the back of the room.

SIMON

I'd like to talk to your predecessor.

SAJAN DEWAN (V.O.)

(Laughing)

Praveen Gill? You must be joking. He's in a Mumbai prison.

SIMON

I here it's more like a retreat for well-financed criminals.

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)
I'm sure he has cell phone
privileges. You'd be giving him an
opportunity to tell me what he
really thinks of me.

INT. BRUSSELS AIRPORT - DAY

Sajan is amused by Simon's request.

SAJAN DEWAN
Oh, I'm certain he'd indulge you on
that. If I promise to text you his
number, will you allow me to be on
my way?
(beat)
Then you'll have it as soon as I
hang up. Good day, Mr. Taylor.

Sajan hangs up, scrolls through his phone contacts, stopping
at Praveen Gill. He types: "Simon Taylor is going to call
you. He wants to know the whereabouts of Deshad Singh. I need
you to find him first."

Gill responds: "Simon Taylor? You have to respect his nerve.
Leave everything to me. I look forward to taking his call."

INT. BRUSSELS - ERCC COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Andrea Albert stands among her many analysts. She watches the
same video made available to Simon and Colonel Dynes. From an
exterior shot, the recon vehicle has entered the auditorium.

ANDREA ALBERT
Where's our video?

A FEMALE ERCC ANALYST, 30s, types at her work station.

ERCC ANALYST
We've lost contact with the
vehicle.

ANDREA ALBERT
What? How's that possible?

The ERCC analyst works to confirm her findings.

ERCC ANALYST
Could have been a defensive
mechanism. An electro-magnetic
burst maybe.

Andrea Albert struggles with the news.

INT. DARPA COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Simon joins Colonel Dynes at the front of the room. On the video wall, Andrea Albert turns to them.

ANDREA ALBERT

I'm sorry, Colonel. We've had a setback. I'm going to have to get back to you when I have something.

When the ERCC feed goes black, Simon, turns and begins walking toward the exit doors.

COLONEL DYNES

Where are you going?

SIMON

We're getting nowhere here. I'm going to Mumbai.

Simon bursts through the exit doors.

FADE TO:

EXT. A BUSY MUMBAI ROADWAY - DAY

Simon sits in the back of a Mumbai Taxi. The street is clogged with five lanes of traffic on a four lane road. Simon's taxi driver demonstratively explains the problem in Hindi, but Simon doesn't understand a word.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Would you like me to translate?

SIMON

No. I get the gist of what he's trying to say.

The taxi inches forward, and the driver yells out his window.

EXT. A MUMBAI APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Simon's taxi lets him off at a modest apartment building.

INT. AN APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Simon arrives at an apartment door.

SIMON

You're sure this is it?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
It is. Manu's girlfriend is a Halo
Client. She is expecting us.

Simon knocks on the door. AAHNA BATRA, 20s, soon answers.

AAHNA (O.S.)
Who is it?

SIMON
It's Simon Taylor. I'm...

AAHNA (O.S.)
Step back from the door and look
directly at the peephole.

INT. AANHA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Aahna holds her phone up to the peep hole and adjusts its position so its camera lens can video the man outside her door. Halo FR software confirms it's Simon Taylor.

INT. AN APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Simon hears the door lock click. The door opens slightly.

INT. AANHA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Simon walks into Aahna's apartment. She sits down at a small breakfast table near the kitchen area. The apartment is modest but well kept. Simon casts his eyes down a single hallway. He sees three doors.

AAHNA
You needn't worry. It's just us.

Aahna can sense the caution in Simon's demeanour.

SIMON
I understand you might be able to
connect me with Deshad Singh.

AAHNA
Possibly. I'll need a few
assurances first.

Aahna motions with her eyes to a chair across from her.

AAHNA (CONT'D)
Why don't you sit?

Simon complies.

EXT. A ROADWAY ABUTTING THE DHARAVI SLUM - DAY

Small stacked dwellings are made of every building material imaginable. Earthly shades abound, but the ever-present blue tarpaulin remains conspicuous.

Simon and Aahna get out of a three-wheeled cab. Simon pauses, in awe of Dharavi.

Aahna looks at Simon. This is her world.

AAHNA

Follow me.

Simon looks back before following Aahna down a narrow alley.

SERIES OF SHOTS - SIMON AND AAHNA NAVAGATE DHARAVI

Simon follows Aahna through a series of twists and turns.

Dharavi residents stare at Simon. He is equally inquisitive.

Aahna and Simon walk through a vibrant market area. Then they return to another set of passageways.

EXT. DHARAVI SLUM - DAY

Aahna and Simon arrive at a doorway. Aahna knocks. She looks up and down the alleyway, before a DHARAVI WOMAN, 50s, opens the door. The Dharavi woman is instantly suspicious.

AAHNA

Theek hai. Vah ek dost hai. We're here to see Deshad.

DHARAVI WOMAN

Deshad yahaan nahin hai. Vak ek aur aadamee ke saath chhod diya.

Aahna translates, appears concerned.

AAHNA

He's not here. He left with a man this morning. What did the man look like?

Aahna translates again, as Simon pulls out his phone.

AAHNA (CONT'D)
He wore expensive clothes. He
wasn't from Dharavi.

Simon taps his phone then presents it to Dharavi Woman.

SIMON
Is this the man who came for
Deshad?

DHARAVI WOMAN
Haan.

AAHNA
You're sure? This is the man?

The photo on Simon's phone is a bust of PRAVEEN GILL, 40s.

DHARAVI WOMAN
Haan. Haan.

Turning to Simon.

AAHNA
How is that possible. Praveen Gill
is in prison.

SIMON
I'm about to find out. Sophia.
Connect me with Praveen Gill.

Aahna thanks Dharavi Woman, before she closes her door.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Mr. Gill. It's Simon Taylor.

INT. PRAVEEN GILL'S PRISON RESIDENCE - DAY

INTERCUT

Gill's living quarters are part of a multi-room bungalow. His money and influence are clearly at work here. Gill sits in a comfortable winged-back chair.

PRAVEEN GILL
Mr. Taylor. To what do I owe the
displeasure?

SIMON
You know why I'm calling, Gill.
Where's Deshad Singh?

PRAVEEN GILL

Come, now, Mr. Taylor. If we're to work together on this you're going to have to...

SIMON

Listen to me, Gill. You need to release Deshad immediately.

Gill turns to look at Deshad, who sits on a couch on the other side of the room. A TV is tuned to the news.

PRAVEEN GILL

Calm yourself, Mr. Taylor. I am not a violent man. No, in fact, Master Singh factors significantly in both our purposes.

SIMON

I don't understand.

PRAVEEN GILL

You need Deshad to bring the Munich Crisis to a close, and I need to ensure that takes place at the right moment.

SIMON

Look. I need to know if his brother left him anything...a copy of his design?

PRAVEEN GILL

He did, in fact. But he also has access to something far more important. You will have it in your possession in due course.

SIMON

Due course? For Christ's sake, Gill, how many more people have to die?

Gill stands up after seeing some BBC BREAKING NEWS on TV.

PRAVEEN GILL

It's not about death anymore, I can assure you of that, Mr. Taylor. If I could ask one more favour of you, please pull up the BBC news feed. There is some breaking news that will be of interest to us both.

On TV, a drone descends on a desolate Munich landscape.

SIMON

Sophia. Is there anything breaking out of Munich?

SOPHIA (V.O.)

There is, Simon.

Aahna comes alongside Simon. On her phone, they watch the same drone footage as Prav.

AAHNA

I don't see anything.
(looking more closely)
Wait.

Prav Gill is joined by Deshad, Standing, watching.

PRAVEEN GILL

It's what I've been waiting for.

The drone propellers blow dust off a patch of grass.

Simon and Aahna are captivated by the same video.

AAHNA

Come on. Come on!

The video becomes clear.

SIMON

It's a...a blade of green grass.

The implications are seen in Simon's expression.

PRAVEEN GILL

You are going to have to trust me,
Mr. Taylor. Family is everything,
is it not?

EXT. DHARAVI SLUM - DAY

Simon and Aahna walk briskly, exiting the slum. Curbside, Simon hails a cab.

AAHNA

I'm going back to the apartment. If
Desh shows up, I'll call you.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Simon. Allan Forbes has arranged a
meeting with his Mumbai contact.

SIMON

When?

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Tonight, at a place called, The
Skyview.

Aahna looks at Simon.

AAHNA

You'll need a jacket and tie.

INT. AN ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Simon, formally dressed, is the lift's lone occupant. He
adjusts his tie while looking into a floor to ceiling mirror.

EXT. THE SKYVIEW - AN UPSCALE ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

Simon walks into an impressive rooftop venue. Blue lighting
sets a modern tone. Pop music thumps, almost too loud.

Simon pulls out his phone and looks at a photo of ASH NAZIR,
40s, his contact. He spots a man at the bar waving him over.
Many eyes follow Simon on his way to the bar.

SIMON

You must be Ashwin Nazir.

ASHWIN NAZIR

Please, call me Ash. And you are
Simon Taylor.

Ash is enthusiastic. TWO ATTRACTIVE WOMEN, 30s, one at each
side, are at odds with Simon's expectations.

ASHWIN NAZIR (CONT'D)

Let me get us a table?

Ash waives to a MALE WAITER, 30S.

EXT. THE SKYVIEW - A LARGE BOOTH - NIGHT

Ash passes the waiter a tip, before he and Simon sit down in
a comfortable booth.

ASHWIN NAZIR

Something to drink?

SIMON

I'll have what you're having.

To the waiter.

ASHWIN NAZIR
Two Martinis.

Ash is impeccably dressed, but Simon's intuition is telling him something is amiss.

SIMON
Do you mind if I ask you something?

ASHWIN NAZIR
Of course.

SIMON
The venue. The beautiful women.
Allan said you were a securities
investigator.

ASHWIN NAZIR
My uncle is a top Bollywood
producer. Maybe you've heard of
him? Raj Nazir.

SIMON
Sorry.

ASHWIN NAZIR
Gangs of Mumbai? My Guru? No?

Simon shakes his head, now realizing it all makes sense.

SIMON
And being a conduit to stardom...

ASHWIN NAZIR
Comes with a few perks. It's a
family business of sorts. We all
play many roles in life, wouldn't
you agree?

SIMON
We do. Only I'm interested in the
real Ash Nazir. The one who is
going to help solve an existential
threat to the world as we know it.

Ash sits back in his chair, reflecting on Simon's words.

ASHWIN NAZIR
That would take a man worthy of
much admiration, would it not?

SIMON
Blockbuster movies are built around
such men.

ASHWIN NAZIR
I could pen my own screenplay.

SIMON
You'd cast the male lead yourself.

Ash gets up from his seat and throws a few folded bills onto
the table. Simon stands as well.

ASHWIN NAZIR
Then we have locations to scout.
I'll take you to where it all
began.

EXT. A MUMBAI SUSPENSION BRIDGE - NIGHT

Mumbai's Bandra-Worli Sea Link.

INT. ASHWIN NAZIR'S CAR - NIGHT

Ash drives, Simon is in the passenger seat. Worli Bay and
Mumbai's illuminated skyline is on their right.

ASHWIN NAZIR
Praveen Gill was bent on
establishing Mumbai as a global
leader in genetics. He was pouring
millions into his consortium long
before being indicted in the U.S.

Simon looks to a dark and foreboding Arabian Sea on his left.
He is jet-lagged and not very talkative.

Ash takes an off-ramp, exiting the sea link.

ASHWIN NAZIR (CONT'D)
I'm taking you to the Bandra-Kurla
Complex. Many of Gill's misdeeds
unfolded there.

He turns into a commercial district. Moments later, he pulls
over to the side of the road.

ASHWIN NAZIR (CONT'D)
This is it. The last of the Gill
Consortium buildings.

SIMON

Okay, Ash. You have my undivided attention.

ASHWIN NAZIR

The building was once owned by IndiPharm. After that, it operated under the name BaiTech. Video surveillance confirms Manu Singh worked out of this address. The three young scientists who died as well.

SIMON

Allan mentioned the boys' mother worked for BaiTech.

ASHWIN NAZIR

She did. She died in this very building. Gill's illegal drug trials during the pandemic, that all happened here.

Simon looks through two buildings and across the Mithi River.

SIMON

And his test subjects lived in Dharavi, just across the river.

ASHWIN NAZIR

If it weren't for Rose Gill's intervention, many more would have died.

SIMON

Rose never divulged the name of the lab technician who helped her.

ASHWIN NAZIR

I think Gill found out that Manu and Desh's mother was that very person.

SIMON

You're saying, what, that her death wasn't an accident?

Ash turns in his seat toward Simon.

ASHWIN NAZIR

There was a theory floating around at the time that she could have been poisoned before going into the lab.

(MORE)

ASHWIN NAZIR (CONT'D)
She wore one of those lab suits,
the pressurized kind. The
investigation ruled her suit had
been compromised, but it wasn't
conclusive on when it happened,
before or after the fact.

SIMON
But if was a revenge killing, why
did Gill allow BaiTech to set up
the trust fund for the boys?

ASHWIN NAZIR
The company didn't set up the
trust. I had someone check the
record. The trust's administrator
is listed as Rose Gill.

Simon is stunned. He pauses, putting the pieces together.

SIMON
Rose set up the trust?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Simon. Aahna wants me to relay a
message. Praveen Gill has released
Deshad Singh unharmed. She is on
her way to pick him up.

SIMON
Does he have what we need?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
He does.

SIMON
Then tell them to meet us at the
airport.

Simon turns to Ash.

ASHWIN NAZIR
I know. To the airport it is.

Wheeling the car into a quick one-eighty.

ASHWIN NAZIR (CONT'D)
My uncle is going to pay a fortune
for the right's to this.

Az's car speeds down the road.

INT. SIMON'S CORPORATE JET - NIGHT

Simon sits at a table, looking at his laptop screen. A small silver briefcase sits open on the same table.

The briefcase contains a stainless steel cylinder, which matches those seen in the Munich Device.

Another depression in the briefcase's foam packing is empty. It matches the size of the thumb drive plugged into Simon's laptop. Desh and Aahna watch Simon scroll through schematics.

DESHAD SINGH

Manu and the others took precautions. In case...

AAHNA

The cylinder contains a neutralizing agent. It'll stop any further advance.

SIMON

Sophia. Your thoughts.

Simon clicks on a link to an ANIMATED VIDEO. A desolate red landscape appears with the Munich Device at its center.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

The regeneration device was designed for a Martian deployment.

The Munich Device cycles through multiple cylinders, each deploying a fluid onto Mars' lifeless red soil.

SIMON

This is Nobel Prize material.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

The device was engineered to release a rapid replicating XNA organism.

The organism grows outward in a perfect circumference around the device. Each successive vial deployment causes a change in the soil color, from red to yellow to green.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

NASA's limited magnetic field generator would be deployed in unison.

The animation depicts a dome arcing over the virus area.

SIMON

Okay. So all we have to do is figure out how to plug this thing into the Munich Device.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

The ERCC has set up a forward operating base at Augsburg Airport. It's a safe distance from Munich.

SIMON

Ask Andrea Albert to meet us there. Tell her we have what she needs.

EXT. THE TSODILLO HILLS LANDING STRIP - DAY

A single prop plane lands on a small dusty runway.

SERIES OF SHOTS - SUPPLIES ARRIVE AT TSODILLO

Az drives up to the plane in a Jeep. He transfers boxes into the back.

He drives off, with the plane lifting off behind him.

Az knocks at the door of Jennifer's living quarters. Jen answers the door. Az hands Jennifer a package.

AZUEL MUGABE

This arrived for you.

AZ follows Jennifer inside.

INT. TSODILLO HILLS - JENNIFER'S QUARTERS - DAY

Jennifer takes a medium-sized briefcase from a box. She clicks it open and finds a dozen marble-sized spheres set in foam packaging.

JENNIFER

My dad sent it.

Jennifer presses an app icon on her phone, and wings rotate out of the mid point of the spheres, giving them flight.

Jennifer and Az smile, as light illuminates their faces. Their heads turn, in unison, suggesting they are following a fully mobile hologram.

INT. RICHARD TAYLOR'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Richard stands in his living room, in awe of being bathed in the same light. A similar briefcase is open on his dining room table behind him.

Panning around, a life-like hologram of Richard's wife, CATHERINE, 40s, stands before him.

Richard is speechless, visibly moved.

INT. W144TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY - DAY

Presidential Candidate Joan Summers walks into her POLLING STATION. Cameramen and reporters vie for her attention.

Joan Summers weaves through numerous well-wishers, until her attention is drawn to a MALE REPORTER, 40s, behind a roped off area. The male reporter's voices rises over the others.

MALE REPORTER

Candidate Summers. Candidate
Summers. Do you have anything to
say on this special day?

Joan Summers pauses momentarily, acknowledging the question.

JOAN SUMMERS

If I could suggest anything, it
would be please exercise your right
to vote.

A furor erupts again, beckoning Summers' attention. This time, a FEMALE REPORTER, 20s, breaks through the clamber.

FEMALE REPORTER

Candidate Summers. It's a momentous
date for the Independent movement,
but there's a greater context
today, isn't there?

Summers stops again, turning toward the reporter.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)

Can you offer a few words to those
voters who are asking themselves,
what is the point.

JOAN SUMMERS

What's the point in voting?

The energetic young reporter lets loose a torrent of concern.

FEMALE REPORTER

Yes. The Munich Crisis represents a troubling backdrop to the most acrimonious campaign to date. Nation state hackers are doing everything they can to undermine our democratic institutions. I could go on about the traditional parties and their perceived divine right to govern, but the real question remains: what do you say to the people who have lost hope, not only in the leaders of this great country, but in the future itself?

The female reporter takes a breath. Summers recoils.

JOAN SUMMERS

Wow! All of a sudden I'm thinking fluff questions aren't so bad after all.

Laughter fills the room, while Summers reflects.

JOAN SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Where to begin.

(beat)

I can still remember the day a certain person came to me asking if I would consider running as an Independent Candidate. I said to him, you want me to what?

INT. SIMON'S CORPORATE JET - NIGHT

Simon laughs while watching Joan Summers on his laptop.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Simon, there's something I need to tell you.

SIMON

Just a moment.

Deshad and Aahna sit across the aisle. They watch the same live feed on Deshad's phone.

INT. W144TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY - DAY

Joan Summers recounts a profound moment.

JOAN SUMMERS

I also said, do you know what you're asking me to do? You're asking me to go to war against the intangibles in life, against fear, anger, and mistrust. And you know what he said, he said, but your allies will be...

INT. SIMON'S CORPORATE JET - NIGHT

In unison, Simon softly speaks the words he spoke to Summers.

SIMON

Hope, courage, and love.

Simon looks over at Aahna. Aahna stares at Simon, realizing he's the one who said the words to Summers.

INT. W144TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY - DAY

Summers composes herself.

JOAN SUMMERS

I know, right. How do you say, no, to that?

Nods and smiles persist throughout the room.

JOAN SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Look, the decoupling of partisan politics from the process of governance is essential to a healthy democracy. In hindsight, I believe it will rank with the separation of church and state.

Candidate Summers looks around a captivated room.

JOAN SUMMERS (CONT'D)

I think our great nation is ready to embrace such a change, but I guess we'll have to wait and see, won't we?

Then moving on.

JOAN SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Thank you very much. And please remember to get out and vote.

INT. SIMON'S CORPORATE JET - NIGHT

Aahna stands up. She is invigorated by Joan Summers' words.

AAHNA
If your country doesn't elect
her...

DESHAD SINGH
Only in America would you find a
woman like that.

Aahna recoils.

AAHNA
What? Have you never heard of
Indira Ghandi?

DESHAD SINGH
Of course.

AAHNA (CONT'D)

Well?

DESHAD SINGH (CONT'D)
But, but this is like combining
Indira Ghandi with...with Wonder
Woman.

Simon sits back, realizing a spat has erupted.

<p>AAHNA</p> <p>Wonder Woman? What has Wonder Woman got to do with bloody politics?</p>	<p>DESHAD SINGH (CONT'D)</p> <p>Oh. I see where this is going.</p>
---	--

Simon alerts to something on his laptop.

Guys .

Aahna is too focused on Desh to hear Simon.

AAHNA
Then tell me where this is going.

SIMON
Guys! I'd tell you to take it
outside, but...

Deshad and Aahna break off their argument and turn to Simon.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I've got a video call coming in.

DESHAD SINGH
I'm sorry. Would you like some
privacy?

SIMON

Privacy is an expensive commodity
at thirty-five thousand feet. Let's
just see what my brother has to
say.

Simon accepts the call, and Lionel's face fills the screen.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Brother. What can I...

Lionel embodies anguish.

LIONEL (V.O.)

Simon! Hope is missing!

SIMON

What do you mean, missing?

Lionel has Simon's complete attention.

INT. THE THOUSAND ISLANDS - SIMON'S SUMMER RESIDENCE - DAY

Lionel runs his fingers through his hair. He sits at the
kitchen island, a tablet propped up in front of him.

LIONEL

She must have snuck out sometime
last night.

SIMON

Okay. Is it possible she met
someone recently, a boy...

LIONEL

She left a note, Simon.

SIMON

A note?

Lionel turns and looks at the TV on the wall.

LIONEL

She's been obsessed with this non-
stop Munich coverage.

The TV is tuned to CNN. LIVE video shows TWO CAMERAMEN
running toward a GROUP OF EIGHT TEENAGERS standing near the
danger threshold.

Close in on the TV.

The synthetic zone is clearly defined by a very robust grassy field on one side of the threshold, and on the other, where the teenagers stand, the grass is brown and dormant.

Suddenly, A YOUNG MAN breaks free and runs into the synthetic zone. He slows, stumbles, and then falls to the ground.

LIONEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
My God.

INT. SIMON'S CORPORATE JET - NIGHT

Aahna and Desh look over Simon's shoulder at the same video.

AAHNA
They think they'll be reborn
better, stronger.

INT. THE THOUSAND ISLANDS - SIMON'S SUMMER RESIDENCE - DAY

Grace paces back and forth behind Lionel, irate.

GRACE
I'm her goddamn mother, that's who
I am.

LIONEL
You gotta do something, Simon.

INT. SIMON'S CORPORATE JET - NIGHT

Simon is focused.

SIMON
How much of a head start does she
have?

Lionel is distracted by Grace's frantic pacing.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Lionel. Listen to me. How much of a
head start does Hope have?

LIONEL
I'd say, at least twelve hours.

SIMON
Okay. This is what I need you to
do.

LIONEL
And what the hell is up with
Sophia? She's not responding to
either of us.

SIMON
We're dealing with it. Look, I need
you to get to the airport. I'll
have a plane waiting for you.

INT. THE THOUSAND ISLANDS - SIMON'S SUMMER RESIDENCE - DAY

Behind Lionel, Grace has terminated her call in frustration.
She glares past Lionel at Simon.

SIMON (V.O.)
I'll be landing near Munich in an
hour. That should give us enough
time to track Hope down.

LIONEL
Find her, Brother.

Grace storms over and...

GRACE
Find her, Simon!

She slams the laptop shut.

INT. SIMON'S CORPORATE JET - AUGSBURG AIRPORT - DAY

Simon's plane taxis on the runway. He looks out his plane
window and sees vehicles approaching on the tarmac.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
Simon. Derrick Landry is trying to
get a hold of you.

SIMON
Put him through.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
When you finish with him, we need
to talk.

EXT. AUGSBURG AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

Simon is the first to set foot on the tarmac. He presses his
earbud into ear in order to better hear Derrick.

SIMON

Derrick. What have you got for me?

Two black SUVs are waiting. A MALE SOLDIER, 30s, gets out of the first SUV. He directs Simon into the leading vehicle.

Aahna and Desh are directed to the second SUV. Desh carries the small briefcase.

INT. THE BACK SEAT OF SIMON'S SUV - DAY - MOVING

Simon looks out his rear window and sees two dozen cylindrical AMBULANCE DRONES lined up on the tarmac.

SIMON

So, you're saying the problem is internal. It's one of our own people?

A MILITARY TECHNICIAN stands among the rows of ambulance drones. He is focused on a tablet in his hands.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Then put all our Halo support centers on standby until we can isolate the source.

EXT. THE ERCC'S TEMPORARY COMMAND CENTER - DAY

The two black SUVs pull up to the main structure.

Simon steps out of his SUV and heads directly to the building's entrance.

Desh and Aahna follow Simon's lead, although Aahna pauses for long enough to notice the small municipal airport has been taken over by the military. A US Airforce plane sits idle.

INT. THE ERCC'S TEMPORARY COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Simon is immediately waived over by Andrea Albert. The room is a scaled-down version of the Brussel's center.

SIX ANALYSTS are on laptops. When Simon, Desh and Aahna walk over to her, Andrea's eyes are instantly drawn to the case.

ANDREA ALBERT

So that's it?

SIMON
Andrea, this is Deshad Singh and
Aahna Batra.

Deshad puts the case on a table and opens it.

DESHAD SINGH
My brother was a brilliant
scientist, but he could also be
very naïve.

ANDREA ALBERT
Fortunately he took precautions.

Then turning to Simon.

ANDREA ALBERT (CONT'D)
We have unconfirmed reports there's
movement inside the auditorium.

SIMON
Movement?

ANDREA ALBERT
You haven't heard?

Andrea then sees a plan forming in Simon's head.

ANDREA ALBERT (CONT'D)
Tell me what you need.

Simon quickly closes the briefcase, turns to Andrea.

SIMON
Get me a chopper.

EXT. AUGSBURG AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

Two helicopters spin up for takeoff. Simon, Desh, and Aahna jog toward the first helicopter's open doors.

SIMON
(yelling over rotor noise)
Sophia. Why didn't you tell me?

A well-armed escort of FOUR SOLDIERS, 30s, get into the second helicopter. Simon, Desh, and Aahna board the first.

After putting his headset on.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
I've been trying to.

SIMON
Sophia. Locate Rose Gill.

After take off.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
She appears to be in a university
parking garage. I'd say she's
trying to find a vehicle.

EXT. A MUNICH UNIVERSITY PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Rose is alive, but still ill from her transformation. She
walks through a parking garage clicking a car key fob.

As if exhausted, she braces against a car. She clicks again,
then lights blink on a distant vehicle.

INT. SIMON'S HELICOPTER - DAY

Simon's helicopter is thumping hard.

SIMON
Where is she now, Soph?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
She's heading south on
Universitätsstrasse.

Simon turns to his pilot.

SIMON
Universitätsstrasse. We land where
it intersects with the synthetic
threshold.

The pilot nods and makes a slight course correction.

EXT. A GRASSY AREA NEAR THE SYNTHETIC THRESHOLD - DAY

On approach, the synthetic threshold is visible. Many cars
and media trucks line the safe side of Universitätsstrasse.
It's an assembly point for media and threshold crossers.

After Simon's helicopter lands, everyone quickly disembarks.
The group jogs toward a road juncture, the military escort
flanking behind.

Simon pulls something from his coat pocket and throws it into
the air. The same holographic devices sent to Jennifer bring
Sophia's hologram to life, running full stride.

SIMON

Soph. I need you to find Hope.

SOPHIA

She's already here, Simon.

SIMON

Find her, and bring her to me.

Sophia diverges from Simon's and the others' course.

EXT. UNIVERSITÄTSSTRASSE NEAR THE SYNTHETIC THRESHOLD - DAY

After walking through a line of vehicles, Simon arrives near the threshold. The synthetic virus is creeping forward, consuming everything at a slow and predictable rate.

Simon looks to his right and sees a media crew deploying to a bluff area about a hundred metres away. The media attention is focused on a crowd there.

A car suddenly captures Simon's attention. It's coming toward him on Universitätsstrasse.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

It's Rose.

Out of nowhere, a helicopter swoops by overhead. It makes a dramatic landing close by, and Simon is stunned to see Sajan Dhawan and Prav Gill disembark. Even more surprising, Sajan is handed his daughter, Nisha. Sajan is on his phone.

SIMON

He wouldn't...

Simon is distracted again, by Rose's car coming to a stop.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY

Rose terminates a call then steps out of the car. Door open, she pauses in disbelief. She sees Sajan has brought Nisha.

EXT. UNIVERSITÄTSSTRASSE NEAR THE SYNTHETIC THRESHOLD - DAY

Rose walks toward Sajan, and Simon pursues an intersecting course. Prav Gill sees Simon and is hardly surprised.

PRAVEEN GILL

My, my, Mr. Taylor. You do have a habit of intervening at the most inappropriate moments.

When Rose arrives, she looks at Simon first.

ROSE
What are you doing here?

Then turning to her husband.

ROSE (CONT'D)
And why have you brought, Nisha?

Sajan holds Nisha in one arm. Seeing her mother, she tries to wriggle free, but Sajan tightens his grip.

SIMON
Rose. You've been exposed to a synthetic virus never intended to be deployed on earth.

ROSE
I don't understand.

Nisha finally wriggles free and runs toward her mother. Rose gasps just as Prav and Aahna block Nisha's path.

ROSE (CONT'D)
No, Baby! No!

Prav grabs Nisha, before she crosses the threshold. Sajan tries to deescalate, but he is too accepting of Rose's fate.

SAJAN DEWAN
Rose. Darling. You've been subject to the process of regeneration. You've been reborn.

ROSE
Reborn? Into what? Am I still...

SIMON
Yes, Rose. You are still the person you once were.

SAJAN DEWAN
Only better. You are more than human now.

Rose looks at her husband, confused. All eyes turn to Sajan. The process of self-incrimination has begun.

SAJAN DEWAN (CONT'D)
Rose. Try to imagine the potential you represent to our species.

SIMON

Then it was you. You did this.

Prav passes Nisha to Aahna then steps toward Sajan.

PRAVEEN GILL

Sajan. Brother-in-law. Tell me, was my sister's life ever in jeopardy?

SIMON

Wait a second. You subjected your wife to this and you didn't even know whether she would live through it?

SAJAN DEWAN

Nisha. Come to me. Come to your father.

Aahna holds Nisha firm. Simon closes in on Sajan as well.

SIMON

Did Rose agree to this? Did anyone for that matter?

Sajan finally appears vulnerable to a miss calculation. Simon and Prav close in further. Deshad hands Aahna the briefcase and follows suit.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You also betrayed the trust of four young scientists, didn't you?

Sajan moves closer to the synthetic threshold.

SAJAN DEWAN

Don't you see this for what it is? Xenobiology represents the next step in human evolution.

ROSE

It was you. You let me think Prav killed Priya, but it was you, wasn't it?

SAJAN DEWAN

Nisha. Come to me. We're going to join...

ROSE

No, Nisha! Stay where you are!

Rose cringes from lingering effects of her transformation. Sajan steps right up to the synthetic threshold, finally appearing regretful.

SAJAN DEWAN

Rose. I didn't mean for it to end this way.

DESHAD SINGH

I imagine you didn't.

Just then, Desh pushes Sajan over the threshold.

DESHAD SINGH (CONT'D)

Die, you bastard. That's for killing my mother and brother.

Rose screams, seeing her husband stumble and gasp for air. When Sajan falls to the ground, Rose rushes to him, kneeling.

The regeneration begins quickly. Sajan's skin turns ashen grey. He convulses, but manages to turn to his wife.

SAJAN DEWAN

I'm sorry. I meant for us...

Sajan passes out, his body overtaken by the virus. Rose stands up, in shock, and steps away from her husband.

Simon seizes the moment.

SIMON

Rose.

Rose is unresponsive.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Rose. I need you to do something. We can put an end to this, but I need your help.

With her head still down.

ROSE

I won't. I can't

SIMON

Rose, please.

Rose looks up and glares at Simon.

ROSE

I'm not leaving my daughter's side.

Out of nowhere comes an unexpected voice.

HOPE
I'll do it.

Hope and a holographic Sophia walk up unnoticed, until now.

A TELEVISION REPORTER, 30s, and a CAMERAMAN, 30s, follow them and remain several meters behind.

HOPE (CONT'D)
Sophia explained everything. Give
me the case.

Taken by surprise, Aahna doesn't resist when Hope takes the case from her hand.

Hope nonchalantly steps toward the synthetic threshold.

ROSE
Stop!

Hope stops just long enough to look back at Simon...before she steps into the synthetic zone.

When she fails to succumb in the way Sajan just did, everyone is stunned. Hope looks back at them, unaffected.

AAHNA
What the hell just happened?

And the television reporter turns to the cameraman.

TELEVISION REPORTER
(over her shoulder)
Please tell me you're getting this.

Hope looks at everyone, unaffected.

INT. LIONEL'S AND GRACE'S CORPORATE JET - DAY

Lionel leaps out of his seat. A wall-mounted TV replays the scene just witnessed at the synthetic threshold.

LIONEL
What the Christ just happened?

Grace remains seated at the table of their small chartered aircraft. It's similar to that of Simon's corporate jet.

Lionel's hands are on top of his head.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
Did you see that? Hope just walked
into, into...

Lionel notices Grace is caressing her forehead.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
Grace! Didn't you see that?

Lionel looks confused.

EXT. UNIVERSITÄTSSTRASSE NEAR THE SYNTHETIC THRESHOLD - DAY

Hope and Sophia walk toward the car driven by Rose.

INT. LIONEL'S AND GRACE'S CORPORATE JET - DAY

Lionel turns his attention back to the TV. He sees Hope and a
holographic Sophia getting into the car?

LIONEL
Are you fucking kidding me?

He turns to Grace, incredulous at her unresponsiveness.

INT. THE CAR ROSE DROVE TO THE SCENE - DAY

Sophia looks at Hope, as if she is the adult in the car.

SOPHIA
Seat belt.

Hope quickly complies.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
I assume you know how to do a three
point turn?

Hope throws the shifter into reverse.

HOPE
Hold on.

She puts her right arm behind Sophia's armrest, turns to look
out the rear window, then floors the accelerator.

Hope then executes a perfect reverse 180, taking Sophia
completely by surprise.

SOPHIA
I don't remember teaching you that.

HOPE
I learned it on YouTube. It's
called pulling a Jim Rockford.

Hope accelerates down the middle of the empty road.

INT. LIONEL'S AND GRACE'S CORPORATE JET - DAY

Grace looks as though she's been caught in a huge lie.

GRACE
I didn't mean for you to find out
this way.

LIONEL
Find out what? That...that Hope
isn't human?

GRACE
Hope is as human as you and I.
Only, she's...

LIONEL
She's synthetic.

Grace looks up at Lionel, still standing.

GRACE
Would you have treated her
differently, had I told you?

Lionel glimpses Grace's logic.

INT. THE CAR ROSE DROVE TO THE SCENE - DAY

Hope and Sophia drive up Universitätsstrasse at high speed.
Sophia looks out her passenger window at the vibrant purple
crocuses amid the tall grasses along the boulevard.

SOPHIA
It looks more like spring than late
fall.

HOPE
So how does it feel?

SOPHIA
How does what feel?

HOPE
To finally walk among humans?

SOPHIA

I don't know. It's what I thought I wanted. How about you? Do you think people will treat you differently?

HOPE

Now that I've outed myself as a synth?

SOPHIA

The people that matter will always see you for what's inside, for what you embody.

Hope turns and smiles at Sophia, but Sophia's hologram starts to flicker. It pulses on and off and then disappears entirely. The holographic spheres drop into the seat.

HOPE

Soph!

Hope slams on the breaks.

INT. LIONEL'S AND GRACE'S CORPORATE JET - DAY

Lionel has calmed down. He sits across from Grace.

LIONEL

So, is there a father?

GRACE

They used my undifferentiated stem cells.

LIONEL

So she's a carbon copy of you, a virtual twin?

GRACE

Not quite. My DNA was edited to match Sophia's super genome. I delivered her myself from a artificial womb.

On Lionel's disbelief...

GRACE (CONT'D)

I didn't want her growing up in a lab, Lionel.

Lionel pauses long enough to take it all in.

LIONEL

Any idea how she got there...to Munich?

GRACE

There's a man. His name is Colonel Dynes.

LIONEL

And he didn't have the guts to come to you directly?

GRACE

He knew I wouldn't have let her go. Hope knew that too.

LIONEL

That's the guy you were yelling at on the phone? While I was losing it on my brother.

(beat)

I take it he knows too.

Grace only nods.

EXT. TSODILLO HILLS - A PATHWAY - DAY

Jennifer walks a pathway leading to Female Hill. She is startled by a hologram appearing beside her. It's Jesse.

JENNIFER

Soph. I'm not sure I'm ready.

JESSE

Jen. It's me.

Jen resists, keeps walking.

JENNIFER

But it's not you. You're an archive, a...a construct.

JESSE

You know I'm more than that, Jen.

Jennifer stops in her tracks, turns to Jesse.

JENNIFER

What I know is that you represent tens of thousands of interactions with Sophia. Your voice, the way you think and speak...

JESSE
She knew me better than I knew
myself.

Beat, as Jesse gets through to Jen.

JESSE (CONT'D)
This is who I am now.

Jennifer's eyes have welled up.

JENNIFER
I miss...holding you.

JESSE
I miss that too, Jen. Look, I want
you to know I have no expectations,
absolutely none. We can take this
one day at a time.

On Jen's subtle nod.

JESSE (CONT'D)
I know we promised ourselves that
we'd come here, to this special
place, and we did. I've been here
with you the whole time.
(beat)
I will always be here for you, Jen.
(beat)
Maybe it's time we go home.

Tears stream down Jen's face.

INT. THE CAR ROSE DROVE TO THE SCENE - DAY

Hope is driving again when Sophia's holographic spheres are
suddenly reanimated. Sophia reappears, startled.

HOPE
What the hell just happened?

SOPHIA
I've got to talk to Simon. Someone
is uploading millions of malevolent
accounts to the Halo.

Sophia's and Hope's eyes lock, concerned.

EXT. UNIVERSITÄTSSTRASSE NEAR THE SYNTHETIC THRESHOLD - DAY

Simon walks away from the group in order to make a call.

SIMON
Derrick. Sophia says it's
Singapore. The source is Singapore.

INT. PURINTEL - DERRICK LANDRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Derrick stands in front of a large tv monitor mounted on a office wall. It displays a map of the world. It's punctuated by dots highlighting PurIntel's Halo Support Centers.

DERRICK LANDRY
I'll contact them immediately.

Derrick uses his hands to isolate Singapore on the map.

INT. SINGAPORE - PURINTEL'S CORPORATE SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Singapore's Head of Security, DRISCOLL, 40s, sits at his desk. He terminates his phone call then looks at a brainy type computer specialist, PINO, 20s.

DRISCOLL
It's us.

The two men exit the office. FOUR ARMED SECURITY OFFICERS, 30s, are waiting in the hallway.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
Let's go.

The five men follow Driscoll down the hall.

EXT. NEAR THE MUNICH UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

Hope and Sophia exit their car. Hope carries the case.

Hope walks toward the conference center, looking around at the vibrant synthetic grass, bushes and trees.

Hope suddenly hears the sound of a fluttering flag. She stops and sees a cape has unfurled down Sophia's back.

HOPE
Really?

Hope's disapproving eyes appraise Sophia's hero-like outfit.

SOPHIA
Bit over the top is it?

HOPE

Uh-huh.

Hope and Sophia prepare to enter the auditorium through the opening created for the ERCC's recon vehicle. Sophia returns to her normal attire.

INT. THE UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

Hope and Sophia step passed the disabled recon vehicle and into the auditorium. At the center of the hall, where the device is located, a tall root structure extends up to the ceiling. It spreads out over the ceiling and floor.

The floor and ceiling are also covered with thick vegetation similar to the vibrant grasses and flowering shrubs outside.

From a distance, Hope looks closely at the device, which is partially enclosed by roots. Red lights blink on and off.

HOPE

It looks operational.

SOPHIA

There's more survivors.

Hope glances at Sophia, then looks in the same direction.

Dozens of cocoon-like pods are in varying states of reanimation. Some are broken open, others remain intact.

One cocoon comes alive with movement. A hand breaks through the top, then a set of fingers begin tearing at the cocoon.

TWO DOZEN PEOPLE are grouped together in auditorium seats. Some are shivering, others are in shock or staring ahead blankly, as if their senses aren't quite reconfigured.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

There are more open cocoons than there are people in this room.

HOPE

Soph. Contact Simon. We'll need medical evac.

INT. SINGAPORE - PURINTEL'S HALO SUPPORT CENTER - DAY

Four armed guards follow Driscoll down a hallway. The Computer Specialist follows closely behind.

Arriving at a set of double doors, Driscoll steps in front of a wall-mounted security panel. He enters a code.

DRISCOLL
I'm deactivating the motion sensor
lighting.

When the door lock clicks open, the guards pass through the doors first, guns drawn.

INT. SINGAPORE - PURINTEL'S DATA SUPPORT FACILITY - DAY

It's a dark and vast warehouse full of rows and rows of computer mainframes. Glowing LEDs provide just enough lighting to navigate the endless rows.

Driscoll motions with his hands. He sends two armed guards to the right and two to the left. Pino follows Driscoll down the center row.

INT. JENNIFER'S TSODILLO LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Jennifer paces, waiting for her father to pick up.

JENNIFER
Dad! Can you hear me?

Jen has been crying. She looks at a hologram of Sophia on the other side of the room.

EXT. UNIVERSITÄTSSTRASSE NEAR THE SYNTHETIC THRESHOLD - DAY

Simon answers Jen's call.

SIMON
Yes, Jen. I can hear you.

Rose hears Jen's name and locks eyes with Simon.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You're what?

Simon turns away, as if to get a better signal.

INT. JENNIFER'S TSODILLO LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Jen is staring at Sophia.

JENNIFER
I'm ready to come home, Dad.

A tear slowly descends one of Sophia's cheeks.

EXT. UNIVERSITÄTSSTRASSE NEAR THE SYNTHETIC THRESHOLD - DAY

Simon hears the emotion in Jen's voice.

SIMON

You stay put, Jen. I'll come and
get you.

Turning back to Rose, Simon sees concern in her eyes. Just then, six ambulance drones catch everyone's attention. They zoom overhead at a very low altitude.

INT. THE UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

Hope and Sophia refocus their attention on the device at the center of the room. Taking control is natural to Hope.

HOPE

Let's neutralize this thing first.

But within meters of the device, the Fifth Man startles Hope and Sophia.

THE FIFTH MAN

Well, well, well. What have we
here?

The Fifth Man has survived his regeneration. Until now, his seating position was blocked by the device and its floor to ceiling root structure.

THE FIFTH MAN (CONT'D)

Did I just hear you say, you're
going to neutralize that device?

Hope is defiant.

HOPE

Have you got a problem with that?

THE FIFTH MAN

Have I got a problem with that? As
a matter of fact, I do.

SOPHIA

Do you mind if we ask why?

THE FIFTH MAN

Because I'm the guy who put it
there.

SOPHIA
How's that possible?

THE FIFTH MAN
See, therein lies my dilemma. I was told that we'd all have a place in this, what did he call it, the new world order.

SOPHIA
And by, 'he,' you are referring to Sajan Dewan?

THE FIFTH MAN
One in the same. Although in light of recent events, I think I'm going to have a chat with that man.

SOPHIA
So are we to assume you are the only one of your group to survive the reanimation process.

THE FIFTH MAN
You can assume what you want. Revolutions are not without risk. Ours will ensure our species' survival. Humans are weak. They lack the fortitude to do what's right...to put our planet at the center of all decision making.

HOPE
Well, that's kinda twisted. Considering...

THE FIFTH MAN
Just tell me what's in THAT FUCKING CASE!

HOPE
And if I don't?

The Fifth Man lifts up an assault rifle from the seat next to him. He points it in the air while resting his elbow on the seat rest.

INT. SINGAPORE - PURINTEL'S DATA SUPPORT FACILITY - DAY

Driscoll stops at one of the mainframes and signals to his two armed guards that their perpetrator is down the adjacent aisle. Driscoll pulls a gun. Pino stands by, looks nervous.

Driscoll rounds the corner, gun in one hand and his flashlight in the other, and finds THE HACKER mid way down the aisle. A fold out work station holds his laptop.

DRISCOLL
Hands in the air, Asshole.

The Hacker freezes, his hands hover just above his keyboard.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
I said, hands in the air.

Driscoll steps closer. He sees a smirk on The Hacker's face.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
Don't do it!. I promise you, I'll shoot!

Unexpectedly, an Armed Guard steps out from behind Driscoll and fires. It's not a gun, though. It's a Taser. Two projectiles hit The Hacker in the throat.

He convulses, while his hands vibrate over his keyboard.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
No!

The Hacker's finger contacts the Enter Key.

When The Hacker collapses, Driscoll waves Pino forward. He then calls Derrick Landry.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
We got him, Sir, but I think we're too late.

Driscoll looks over Pino's shoulder, as Pino takes control of the laptop.

A virus has been uploaded to the mainframe. I repeat, a virus has been uploaded.

Pino types furiously.

INT. PURINTEL - DERRICK LANDRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Derrick Landry is on the phone with Simon.

DERRICK LANDRY
Simon! We have only minutes to initiate a complete shut down.

EXT. NEAR THE SYNTHETIC THRESHOLD - DAY

Simon looks toward the university.

SIMON

Soph...

INT. THE UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

Sophia is devastated.

SOPHIA

Simon, no...

She turns to Hope, her eyes sorrowful.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Hope. I'm sorry...

Sophia glares at Hope until she disappears. Her holographic spheres fall to the ground.

The Fifth Man takes pleasure in witnessing Sophia's demise.

THE FIFTH MAN

Now isn't technology a bitch. Just when you need it the most, the goddamn wifi goes down.

When Hope glares at The Fifth Man, it does not go unnoticed.

THE FIFTH MAN (CONT'D)

Look. I'm going to say this one more time. Put the case down and slide it over here.

HOPE

And if I don't?

The Fifth Man fires a burst of rounds into the ceiling. Hope flinches but quickly recovers. She defies her orders and opens the case.

THE FIFTH MAN

Stop!

Hope removes the stainless steel cylinder from the case.

HOPE

Is this what you want?

She fumbles it, purposefully. She gives the Fifth Man a defiant look, then she does something entirely unexpected.

In SLOW MOTION, Hope throws the cylinder into the air, on a tall arc toward The Fifth Man.

She then leaps toward the root structure, using it to launch herself toward The Fifth Man, intending to catch the cylinder before coming down hard on the Fifth Man.

But, unexpectedly...three shots ring out in the auditorium.

Hope falls short of her expected trajectory, and does a roll coming to her feet, ending the SLOW MOTION. To Hope's dismay, The Fifth Man has caught the cylinder.

Hope then realizes she's been shot, and it wasn't The Fifth Man that shot her.

One of his co-conspirators lowers his assault-type rifle. He stands near the set of doors through which The Fifth Man originally entered. They are now open.

Hope looks at her shoulder and finds an entrance wound. Then looking to her abdomen, she confirms she's been shot twice.

Hope sees a blood stain on her shirt expanding. In shock, she holds up her left hand, looking at her bloody index finger. The blood from her shoulder has trickled down her arm.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Soph.

Hope lets her arm fall to the side. A drop of blood is ready to drip off her finger. It remains suspended, as if defying gravity, before it falls onto the vegetation below.

Hope's blood is immediately absorbed by the plant matter it touches. An animation of the absorption process begins.

The animation depicts Hope's cells swirling within the plant's plasma. When one cell bonds with another, an exchange of Hope's DNA ensues. Hope's super genome is uploaded, and a new regeneration begins.

The Co-conspirator joins The Fifth Man just as Hope falls to the ground. Her wounds appear fatal.

It quickly becomes evident that a new regeneration process is expanding outward from Hope. It grows quickly. The Fifth Man and his Co-conspirator back away.

EXT. THE GROUNDS SURROUNDING THE AUDITORIUM - DAY

The regeneration, which began in the auditorium, spreads outward. It rolls over everything like an unstoppable wave.

INT. SINGAPORE - PURINTEL'S DATA SUPPORT FACILITY - DAY

Pino steps away from his fold-out workstation. He is in awe of his programming abilities and what he has just done.

PINO

I did it!

Driscoll turns, still on the phone.

DRISCOLL

You did what?

PINO

It's contained. I threw up a
firewall around Southeast Asia.

Pride fills Pino's smile.

INT. PURINTEL - DERRICK LANDRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Derrick Landry is invigorated by the news from Singapore.

DERRICK LANDRY

Simon. It's been contained. I'm
initiating a system-wide reboot.

He nods to an ASSOCIATE, 20s, sitting at a desk.

EXT. NEAR THE SYNTHETIC THRESHOLD - DAY

Simon turns toward the synthetic zone after hearing something. Rose glances at Simon then does the same.

Everyone near the synthetic threshold is forced to turn away, as Hope's regeneration wave rolls past them.

When the wave clears, Simon looks at the synthetic threshold.

ROSE

What's happened.

Simon looks more closely. The creeping advance has stopped.

SIMON

They did it. It's been neutralized.

Just then, Simon cringes. He raises his hand to his earbud.

INT. THE UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

Sophia's hologram comes back to life. Instantly grief-stricken, she kneels down beside Hope's lifeless body.

SOPHIA
(screaming)
Simon! Hope's been shot!

Sophia tries to pick Hope up, but her arms pass through her.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Simon. Please help me!

Sophia applies pressure to the bleeding, again, to no avail. She channels her frustration, letting out a horrible scream.

EXT. NEAR THE SYNTHETIC THRESHOLD - DAY

Sophia's scream is Simon's call to action. He looks at the four armed guards. Two of them have scopes on their rifles.

SIMON
You and you. Come with me!

Simon and the two guards take off, leaving the group.

EXT. A GRASSY AREA NEAR THE SYNTHETIC THRESHOLD - DAY

Simon and the two armed guards board the helicopter. It's rotor blades spin up for take off.

INT. SIMON'S HELICOPTER - DAY

Mid-flight, Simon sits beside the pilot. He points to his intended destination.

SIMON
There! I need you to bring me in as close as you can.

Simon gets out of his seat and goes to the rear.

EXT. NEAR THE SYNTHETIC THRESHOLD - DAY

Rose and Prav look up. The helicopter descends quickly.

Rose protects her eyes, and Prav shields Nisha's. The rear sliding door on the helicopter slides open. Simon grips a strap while standing as close to the doorway as possible.

SIMON
(yelling)
Rose! I need your help!

Rose struggles against the rotor blast. The helicopter hovers dangerously close, but Rose is defiant.

ROSE
I'm not leaving my daughter.

SIMON
Hope has been shot. I can't do this without you.

Rose uses a hand to shield herself. She looks at her daughter and then Prav. Prav gives her a nod as if to say, Go!

Simon steps closer to the edge, offers Rose his hand.

After looking at Nisha, Rose steps forward. She places a foot on the copter's landing rails, and takes Simon's hand.

But, when the helicopter throttles up for lift-off, Rose slips on the landing rails. She gasps, but Simon has her. Rose climbs aboard, but when the helicopter banks, the pair are forced into a firm embrace. Their eyes lock.

INT. SIMON'S HELICOPTER - DAY

Nearing the auditorium, the rear slider door is still open. Simon stands again, and the two armed guards have taken up positions enabling them to fire when ready.

SIMON
Sophia. I need you to tell me where the shooter is.

The rotor noise has drawn the attention of the men inside.

INT. THE UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

Sophia turns away from Hope and sees The Fifth Man and his accomplice making their way to the opening in the wall.

SOPHIA
There's two of them. They're at the wall opening.

The Co-conspirator slides his way along the wall to the opening. The Fifth Man is behind.

The Co-conspirator suddenly sticks his arms out and lets loose a burst of rapid but aimless gun fire.

INT. SIMON'S HELICOPTER - DAY

The helicopter is not hit. Simon taps the shoulder of one of his armed guards. He is in a kneeling position, gun trained on the opening. Simon and the Guards are wearing headphones.

SIMON

Can you hear what she's saying?

The Guard nods his head and taps his headphone.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Soph...

INT. THE UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

Sophia watches the Fifth Man and his accomplice closely.

SOPHIA

You'll have a clear shot, your nine o'clock...in three, two, one.

When the Co-conspirator pokes his head out, two shots are heard. Both are direct hits. The Co-conspirator falls dead.

Sophia sees panic in the Fifth Man's eyes. He freezes, his back prone up against the wall.

Sophia knows what to do. She extends her right hand downward, and a hologram of a gun fills her hand.

The Fifth Man turns and sees Sophia directly beside him. She raises her gun and points it at his head.

The Fifth Man quickly turns his gun on Sophia, letting loose a quick burst of fire. Sophia doesn't flinch.

Sophia pulls her gun's trigger in rapid succession, her audio capabilities mimicking the sound of hand gun fire.

The Fifth Man covers his face with his free hand and compulsively backs up. Sophia continues firing.

When Sophia stops and lowers her weapon, the Fifth Man realizes he's standing in the opening in the wall.

Two more shots from the helicopter kill the Fifth Man.

EXT. THE UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

In SLOW MOTION, Rose jumps from a hovering helicopter onto the ground.

INT. THE UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

In SLOW MOTION, Sophia kneels down beside Hope. She looks up to see Rose entering through the wall opening. Rose guides an ambulance drone toward Hope.

Sophia stands. She can only watch Rose load Hope into the resting ambulance drone. Helplessness fills Sophia's eyes.

EXT. THE UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

In SLOW MOTION, Sophia dictates to Rose, and she enters the ambulance drone's destination. Rose steps back. She and Sophia watch the drone take off.

INT. GERMANY - LANDSTUHL REGIONAL MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

SUPER: "LANDSTUHL MEDICAL CENTER, GERMANY."

SERIES OF SHOTS

Hope lies on a gurney. It is quickly wheeled down a hospital hallway. FOUR MEDICAL PERSONNEL, 40s, attend, walking briskly alongside.

Hope is in an Intensive Care Unit. She is intubated, and a FEMALE DOCTOR, 40s, is in charge.

FEMALE DOCTOR

I need that synthetic plasma now!

Hope suddenly flatlines, her monitor indicating so. The scene reverts again to SLOW MOTION. Hope is defibrillated once, unsuccessfully, then a second time.

END SLOW MOTION, when Hope's monitor show a faint pulse. It gets stronger. A sigh of relief permeates the room.

FEMALE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Okay, people. Let's get her stabilized.

INT. LANDSTUHL MEDICAL CENTER - A WAITING ROOM - DAY

Colonel Dynes paces until Grace and Lionel arrive.

Grace is frosty with Dynes, but they are soon distracted by the Female Doctor entering through a set of doors.

FEMALE DOCTOR

She's not out of the woods yet, but
she's going to be okay.

The doctor looks directly at a visibly shaken Grace.

FEMALE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

That's one tough girl you have
there.

GRACE

Thank you. Thank you for everything
you've done.

Lionel nods the same sentiment while comforting Grace.

FADE TO:

INT. THE BACKSEAT OF SIMON'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Marcus drives down a nondescript New York street. Simon is in the back holding a tablet. He is mid-conversation with President Elect Joan Summers. Summers is onscreen.

JOAN SUMMERS

I hope you'll be back in time.

SIMON

I'll make sure of it. Until then,
good luck with the transition.

Simon terminates the video call, throws the tablet on the seat beside him and sees Marcus looking at him in the rear-view mirror.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Have you ever been to a
Presidential Inauguration, Marcus?

MARCUS

Can't say that I have, Boss.

Marcus smiles and drives on.

EXT. THE TSODILLO HILLS LANDING STRIP - DAY

A single engine plane lands on the strip.

Simon climbs out of the plane and finds Jennifer waiting for him. Az is in the background, behind the wheel of the jeep.

Simon and Jennifer pause, making extended eye contact. When they embrace, they hold each other tightly, as if it's been years since they've seen one another.

SIMON

I've missed you so much.

When they separate, it's obvious a tear has rolled down Jen's cheek. She sniffles, blinks out another teardrop, and nods.

JENNIFER

I missed you too, Dad.

Jennifer moves toward the jeep.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Come on. I've got a lot to show you.

Simon smiles.

EXT. THE TSODILLO HILLS - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS MOS are accompanied by Sophia's voice over.

Jennifer walks down Rhino Trail with her father following.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

They say time heals all wounds. I wonder, though. Simon assured me I did everything humanly possible.

Jennifer shows Simon the cave paintings on the rock walls.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

It's an odd thing to say to someone who only has words at her disposal.

Jennifer stops near a pond. She motions to a tree beyond. Simon nods and smiles, seeing the pride in Jen's expression.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Still, words can be powerful. I've learned, they are the very essence of what it means to be human.

Simon follows Jennifer down a rising pathway.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
 I guess what I'm trying to say is,
 if you need someone to listen, to
 talk to, I'm here for you. I will
 always be here for you, waiting for
 your call.

Simon follows Jennifer onto the peak of Female Hill. He sees
 the sun setting over the Kalahari Desert. The view is
 stunning, breathtaking.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
 You know how to get a hold of me.

Jennifer throws a handful of holographic spheres into the air
 and Sophia comes to life. She joins Simon and Jennifer
 looking out over the Kalahari.

SOPHIA (V.O.)
 What's in a name, you might ask?
 Wisdom, knowledge? I'd
 say...everything your imagination
 will allow.

FADE OUT.