

Dark Matter (I)
In the beginning

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1. INT. KID'S ROOM - DAY

FADE IN: A smiling stuffed toy fills up the screen.

KID (V.O.)
Do you believe in destiny?

We pull back slowly to notice more, cuddly stuffed toy animals next to it.

KID (V.O.)
I do.

The one to the right seems disturbed out of its place almost falling. The one next to that is almost floating in mid air and half of it blown to bits frozen in time.

KID (V.O.)
... and I believe we are all destined
to die.

As we drift more towards the right, we notice bits and pieces of stuffed toys, pillows and other fragments also frozen in time.

KID (V.O.)
Aren't you too?

There seems to be some sort of frozen shockwave or event horizon that makes even thin air appear chaotic and swirled refracting the background with changing density. We float pass this frozen boarder to see utter destruction - bright flames glowing but frozen around soft pieces of fabric in mid air.

KID (V.O.)
Do you understand why people do the
things they do?

The more we move to the right, the more destruction there is. Dense ashes, charcoal and dust fills the air.

KID (V.O.)
I do.

Suddenly the frozen elements start to move in lightning speed - even the camera seems to be blown away to the left. As it flies, the unharmed toys we saw earlier also incinerate in an instant as the shockwave sweep pass them burning them in a blinding glow and all turns to black.

2. BLACKNESS

OUT OF THE SILENCE, we hear a faint sound like that of a child crying. However, as it gets louder, we realize it is an industrial siren echoing from a distance. The eerie atmosphere builds up to an uneasy sense of urgency with multiple voices of communication radios crackling - like packet loss in streaming media files - clear voices

with digital interference, at first words with no meaning, sounding like a cross between Russian and Chinese.

The communications are mostly male and some female, structured and cold at first, with signs of anxiety, loss of stature and professionalism as a few agonizing seconds pass by. Something must have TERRIBLY GONE WRONG! The tension builds to breaking point and...

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - DAWN

BANG! The BLINDING LENS FLAIR of the sun bursts on to the screen with a THUD of a restless, fast and HEART THUMPING HEAVY drumbeat (Chinese battle music type). For an instant, it seems like an explosion, but we realize it is the sun as we steer clear with a slight bank to the right. We are flying through thin clouds in high altitude.

More layers of thicker but scattered clouds lie lower letting through peeps of the rich blue ocean waters far bellow as we continue to fly in almost super natural speed with bumpy urgency. The clouds are a heavenly sight, but the red-orange backdrop of the dawn sky smolder like the gates of hell. The communication voices keep building up fighting to keep up with the super fast thumping of the drums and subtle airflow / jet engine noises.

EXT. UMCA (UNMANNED COMBAT AIRCRAFT)

FFFFHHHHOOO! THE ROAR OF AFTERBURNERS as we get a closer look at an engine nozzle easing up to reduce speed. We can almost feel the heat of the hot gases coming off from the rage blurring our vision. It must be some sort of military aircraft.

The GLOBAL HAWK UAV (unmanned aircraft) zooms past us as we realize we have been watching its point of view. It is an odd-looking machine with a humping nose with no windows at all.

Two thin wide wings spread out (like those of the legendary U2 spy plane). Spike shaped angled horizontal stabilizers nest a large but sleek looking jet engine between them at the back. It is state of the art, well maintained yet old and weather battered - with metal seams almost peeling off its light gray stealthy body.

Though sinister and ALIEN looking, we get a glimpse of the small word "NAVY" written on its Herculean fuselage confirming its human and military.

Shortly we see a majestic TIME-WARPED front view of its full body in slow motion. The thin clouds swirl and whirlpool behind the edges of its tail and the tips of its divine wings as it sails like a silhouette of a dark angel banished from paradise falling down to the depths of hell with a mirage trail of lung exasperating jet exhaust.

We take a closer look at the equipment mounted at the front under belly of the beast. It is a bulging blob of oozing optics - infra-

red lenses, thermal imaging, night vision and many others - turning from side to side... It is searching for something in the sea down below.

By now, we hear communications that make sense such as "...DO YOU COPY?" and "...NEGATIVE, ENGAGING RESCAN..."

MISSION COMMANDER (O.S.)
 .. Err I think we should hmm, ok,
 ENGAGE SUB-SEARCH LOWCAS 1, 2 and 3.
 Expand target area to...

Voices mumble together as a bomb-bay type door opens somewhere in the middle of the under side of the long fuselage.

WEAPON-SYSTEMS COMMANDER (O.S.)
 Roger, LOWCAS 1 AWAY!

EXT. UMCA

What seems like three stubby bombs falls off one after the other from the openings. They look like shiny gray loafs of bread with a large glass nose at the front. A trail of vapor blasts out of the rare end from each in order giving a sense of power and control to them.

Two stubby wings open up like the flippers of an obese penguin followed by three small tail wings at the back. They seem to have a life of their own as they take charge - turning the helpless fall into an agile and acrobatic nosedive to the side in sleek aerobatic perfection, one after the other.

We fall with them towards the ocean; then they level up over the surface of still rather distant water. Once regrouped in formation they swiftly maneuver apart to spread out into opposing directions.

GROUND CONTROL UNIT OPERATOR
 (O.S. female voice)
 S.A.R. Strip map... Laser-scan
 deployed...

A closer look at the glassy nose of one of them reveals a flickering laser beam coming in and out of vision as fog and spray reveal it in random flashes. The beam sweeps from side to side frantically - faster than a windshield wiper in full power, struggling to keep up with a gusting storm. The sea is uneasily calm but the ride is bumpy through the air.

We pull out far away from the drone back up to the sky as the midget speck almost disappears into the empty vastness of the never-ending sea.

MISSION COMMANDER (O.S.)
 Dark star, UHF com check ... Dark
 star, this is mission control, please
 acknowledge...

Fading voices of communications echoes into a creepy hollow roar as the tension mounts and...

BEEP BEEP BEEP! Loud but thin blips, almost musical

INT. FISHING VESSEL CABIN - DAWN

Everything is calm. Sleepy face of a middle aged Japanese man, squinting and wrinkling the forehead in confusion.

Is he "Dark Star?" we wonder.

He raises his head to look at a LCD touch screen monitor showing what looks like an error message. It is all in Japanese, with an Anime cartoon cat like icon frowning next to it.

The Japanese fisherman takes some time to read it carefully. A quiet and deep HOOH!, then emotionless and still, he seems unimpressed but some what baffled. He turns to the other way gazing at the far end of the somewhat large fishing trawler and with a slight sarcastic smirk, realizes what the problem is. AUHHHHH!

EXT. FISHING VESSEL DECK

We notice he is alone in the ship and everything is fully automated. All sorts of robotic arms skillfully engage in various fishing related activities from manipulating nets to sorting different kinds of fish.

One of the sorting machines had been stuck with a big fish. The fisherman carefully moves some parts around as if he is reading a step-by-step guide from an imaginary trouble-shooting book and efficiently solves the problem.

EXT. FISHING VESSEL IN OPEN SEA - DAWN

We get to see him walking from the back towards his cabin getting a full view of the impressively large high-tech vessel smoothly riding the small rhythmic and regular waves of the calm sea in the slightly foggy open sea.

SUPERIMPOSE: PACIFIC OCEAN - 24 March 2013

Is this "Dark Star?" we wonder.

INT. FISHING VESSEL CABIN

He clicks a prompt on the touch screen monitor and the sorting machine resumes normally. He modestly nods at his humble achievement, sits back and gets comfortable again...

THUD! A strange noise cuts through the smooth machine noises from behind. He looks at the monitor to see no error messages and gets up and walk back to the deck again to investigate.

EXT. FISHING VESSEL DECK

Something out of place lies in the middle of the clean white plastic floor. As we go closer with him, we realize it is a dead bird.

Puzzled, he tries to bend down to take a closer look... but another bird falling drop dead out of the sky and splashing in to the sea stuns him.

Before he can turn, more and more birds start to fall some missing his head by inches. Panicked and frightened he runs for cover into his cabin.

INT. FISHING VESSEL CABIN

He watches in horror and astonishment as more and more bird corpses fall with awful noise.

The rain of bird remains subsides and he nervously tries to lean out to survey the situation on the deck...

DHOOOORK! DHOOOORK! DHOOOORK! ...

A continuous deeper pitch error beep freezes his pose with total surprise and apprehension. We follow his astound face slowly turning towards the monitor that shows a large error message with red borders blinking (in big bold Japanese letters that we don't understand) and the icon this time is a the same cat cartoon with huge eyes and its mouth wide open with absolute distress.

The fisherman panics with nail biting hysteria as he see a multi-colored sonar image on the monitor showing the top view of a miniature vessel running straight into a totally un expected large blob.

As he barely touches the controls, the ship automatically makes dramatic adjustments to its controls to reverse the propellers and make an emergency stop. Panicking but responsive, he struggles to keep up just changing glances at the sequences of automated buttons and leavers swinging into action in the same way he would have done it, but faster and more accurately.

As the miniature boat icon dangerously screeches towards the blob on the monitor, he can only close his face with both hands in horror.

BONG! (One low pitch beep) Then SILENCE...

Everything is still and quiet. He peek-a-boos through his fingers, to see a new message on the monitor. This time, it is with a smiling and winking cat icon.

The huge blurry blob also sits still right in front of the blip on the monitor.

He climbs up a ladder like a skilled primate to crawl on to a higher deck that gives a clear view of what is in front.

EXT. FISHING VESSEL UPPER DECK

The back of his head emerges out of a hatch all the way up right next to the main mast with spinning radars and many antennas. He carefully gets out of the hatch, still looking towards the rare end cautiously getting off the ladder steps. He slowly turns around towards the camera (to the direction where the mystery object is).

His head turns upwards. His eyes open wide, the jaw drops, and his scream of disbelief echoes as we pull out fast...

The whole world freezes again. The camera falls to just above the water level and slowly floats along waves breaking on the hull frozen in time - droplets of spray glittering at times.

KID (V.O)

What ever our fears might be, aren't
we all scared of just one thing?

Frozen waves resume to move and the camera falls under water and go down to dark depths.

FLASH TITLE: "DARK MATTER"

Nostalgic gospel / church choir type music ascends and descends.

OPENING CREDITS as we see strange fish shining from a distance, bubbles, and then the camera pulls back to reveal that we are in some sort fish tank but we realize it is flat and only a virtual display.

The camera pulls away to another display near by. We go close as it fills the screen to show what is showing in it:

A series of violent slow motion armed combat scenes and burning remnants of high-tech war machines. A line of men with their heads covered in black sacks and limbs locked in chains behind barbed wire. We can almost make out the square bluish dot patterns of the display surface.

3. EXT. CITY SKYLINE - MORNING

FADE TO: cathedral type old-fashioned building. We slowly turn to see a multitude of buildings from all ages. We stop at a rather modern skyscraper with cables attached to the side as if it is a vertically standing suspension bridge.

We take a closer look to marvel this building from top to bottom then notice a futuristic looking car driving into the lobby.

A young dynamic woman gets out of the car. She is wearing a business suit, except her skirt is an elegant soft bright colored silky piece.

She is VERONICA. She seems to be parking right in the middle of the entrance, but for our amazement, the car drives itself to the car park without a driver. She walks in to the main entrance.

We follow the car through the windows of the building as it spirals up fast, passing many levels of parking floors and disappears into a maze of parked vehicles of all kind. We keep moving up to the same momentum until we stop at one window showing an elevator door. Veronica walks out of that elevator.

INT. NOD OFFICE (NEWS ON DEMAND) - DAY

It is a corporate office space with modern interior décor looking busy yet tidy and new.

JHAN (VERONICA'S ASSISTANT)
(Gayish)
Hello Veronica, Good morning!

VERONICA
Hi Jhan, How are you?

JHAN
(Fiddling with and admiring Veronica's skirt)
I am fine! Oh, did you see any PM
from George?

VERONICA
(Looking at her pocketPC)
I did now!

JHAN
Yes, he was looking for you earlier.
(Whispery)
I think its something important.

VERONICA
All right, let's see what he has to
say this time.

Veronica leaves her bag on her table and walks towards her boss's (GEORGE) corner. Jhan fixes the bag aligning it perfectly to the edge of the table.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

His area is just another cubical with no physical separators. George is walking around frantically while talking on the cell phone with the hands free almost as if he is talking aloud to himself in front of the stunning view of the cityscape and the tilt rotors flying in air traffic patterns out side. He sees Veronica and gestures her to come in.

GEORGE
 (To caller) (British accent)
 .. Absolutely! ... You can say that
 again.
 (Sarcastic chuckle)
 Wait, she is right here. I'll talk to
 you later.

He hangs up the tiny phone in a clapping motion. Walks towards his
 table and sits on the edge of it.

GEORGE
 Veronica! What a lovely skirt!

VERONICA
 Thanks. Is that the important thing
 you had to tell me?

GEORGE
 Of course!
 (Laughs loudly)
 But, apart from that, I need to talk
 about something.

He gets up to walk around his table to sit on his seat. Veronica
 sits in a chair in front facing him at an angle.

GEORGE
 Well, I got good news and bad news.

VERONICA
 (Sigh)
 Tell me only the good news.

GEORGE
 Ehmm... No, you are supposed to say
 "bad news first" oh well, I'll say it
 anyway. In short, we'd have to put
 your Ozone Rebirth series on hold for
 some time...

VERONICA
 (Smiling but shocked)
 Huh? What are you talking about?

GEORGE
 Well, you can always go back...

VERONICA
 That's what you always tell. You made
 me freeze my ass till its blue in
 Antarctica for nothing?

George pauses stunned with a funny face for a second with his hands
 spreading to calm her.

GEORGE

Just let me get to the good news now.
This is big. Exactly what we need to
take the Conspiracy Theory series to
town.

(Leaning forward and quietly)
Headquarters got a tip from our good
friend Mushtarc. Something happened
near Nuku'alofa.

VERONICA

Nu-ku what?

He turns his tablet PC toward her and starts playing a video clip.
We take a look at what is showing.

It is a news clip showing a series of coastguard ships, helicopters
and VTOL trustjets circling the Japanese shipping vessel that we saw
earlier.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Ah, I don't know, its somewhere in the
Pacific. Nobody knows what exactly
happened but there were tons of coded
network traffic on the military ips.
What ever it is, they seemed so
desperate to keep calling some one
using even low-level security
protocols. Which I asked Rajpal and
his guys to try to decode by the way.

Veronica sits back, takes a deep breath, and swaps her legs to sit
cross-legged leaned to the other side.

VERONICA

What do I have to work with?

GEORGE

Well the military is not allowing us
to go anywhere near the actual area.
But we got the news footage of that
capsized Queen Liana incident
including some fishermen and rescue
worker interviews.

In his monitor, we see the Japanese fisherman talking hysterically
to some sort of reporter on his ship. Camera casually points to
what is behind them: A creepy series of huge propeller shafts
rising out of water. It is all we can see of an enormous capsized
ship almost completely sunk in the water.

VERONICA

Shit! ... What happened?

But everybody has this footage. At
least by now.

GEORGE

(Typing something on his laptop)
I'm sending something for you to see
in the media server room. We got some
exclusive Handy Cam footage from one
of the Queen Liana passengers.

VERONICA

They found survivors?

GEORGE

Unfortunately, nobody survived. This
Handy Cam was picked up by another
fisherman and for a significant sum of
money ended up with us.

Jhan peeps in.

JHAN

Sorry! I really need this urgently;
they want your actual physical
signature!

GEORGE

Sure, we were almost done. Ah! These
government people still obsessed with
paper!

VERONICA

Ok, I'm going to the media server.

George nods and Veronica walks out. Jhan hands a paper, which
George holds up in front of his face reading.

GEORGE

Do you think your ass becomes blue
when it is frozen?

JHAN

I beg your pardon?!

GEORGE

Ah, never mind Jhan.
(Mumbling to himself)
Wrong person to ask!

JHAN

(Sitting on the edge of the table with poise)
Actually, I think it does become
rather pale you know.

(Thinking)

Hmm, when did I ever see...

(beat)

Ah! See, Once I...

GEORGE
 (Quickly puts the paper on the table)
 Approved!

INT. MEDIA SERVER - LED LIT

Veronica makes a selection on a laser-projected keypad on the tabletop. We watch what she is playing on her headset: It is some sort of home video showing a bedroom. Later we realize it is a cabin in a luxury liner. A man's two legs spread in front on the bed as a young woman in a negligee dances seductively to the camera.

VERONICA
 (Disappointed)
 Way to go George! What an investment!

The woman slips the sleeves off her shoulders letting the nightdress fall. As it slides slowly just before she expose her breasts, the picture distorts to a series of tiny lines and a fast forward icon appears in the middle.

White cream dripping off, she licks it away. Now we realize that it is the same woman fully dressed standing outside on the deck in a bright day, waving and showing off her ice cream to camera.

She suddenly looks sideways towards the sea and jumps back shouting and pointing towards something. The shaky camera turns towards the sea to reveal a series of cruise ships along side in open sea. Behind them, the horizon seems to rise higher and higher, the daylight turns gloomy, as the ship seems to drop down as lose objects rise to the air.

A massive wall of water hundred times taller than the distant ships rushes towards the camera engulfing the other ships on the way. The camera drops sideways on the floor we see huge chunks of water bursting through the majestic structure of the ship and the picture cuts off to and bursts into a blank blue screen.

4. INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Large explosion on synthetic display.

A teenage boy stands in front of a large flat screen monitor in his small apartment. Large sleek speakers surround him. Rack mounted decks of all sorts of strange gadgets, some full of life with tiny blinking lights and some dissected and parts pouring out hanging from millions of tiny wires and optical fibers.

He seems to be playing some sort of advanced video game, controlling it by pressing invisible buttons in thin air. From time to time, he seems to talk aloud to some sort of networked teammates in the game.

The boy is SPYQ (pronounced 'Spike'). He is mature and good looking, with sparkling eyes full of age defying wisdom. He moves decisively with determination.

We hear a voice in the game

GAME VOICE
Intruder alert!

DING DONG! A message appears in a corner of the screen: "VISITOR AT GATE". He leaves the game running, clicks a button to open a small window on the display showing what seem to be a security camera feed. It is a smiley blond teenage girl's face.

BRITNEY
(On video window)
Hey Spyq! Are you awake?

SPYQ
Britney!.. What do ya want?

BRITNEY
Well,.. I kinda need some help with my encryption assignment...

SPYQ
Again?!

BRITNEY
I'm almost done. Can I come up? ...
Pretty please?!

SPYQ
OK OK, Just FTP me the latest code.

BRITNEY
Hey, don't be rude! I got a friend here.

She moves away from the camera to reveal a brown shortly cut haired girl of same age turned side ways a bit far on the video window, tapping away on her cell phone.

BRITNEY
(To her friend)
Say Hi you doofus!

The other girl turns towards the camera and briefly waves without saying anything and returns to her tiny cell phone disinterested.

Britney returns to cover the view with a face waiting for reply.

Spyq clicks a button on display without saying anything buzzing the gate open.

BRITNEY
(To her friend)
Common, lets go in!

Spyq closes the security camera window by touching the corner of it, as soon as we see his apartment door swinging open.

BRITNEY
This is Rhea

RHEA
Hi Spyq

SPYQ
Hi Rhea

She smiles and looks around walking through the racks of gadgets dead and alive.

SPYQ
(To Britney)
Haven't you been working on this assignment for ages now?

BRITNEY
I know man. It's such a pain

Britney casually struggles to pull something out of her chest. Clumsily pulls out a pendant hanging from one of the many necklaces around her neck - some inside and some outside her low cut top, almost flashing parts of her light colored bra.

She points the pendant towards Spyq while the necklace still around her neck. Spyq taps few clicks on the display and a prompt confirms the data transfer.

COMPUTER VOICE (FEMALE)
Blue tooth transfer complete

SPYQ
I'll check it out later

BRITNEY
But I need it before tomorrow morning

SPYQ
Don't worry, I'll put it on your Ban before that

BRITNEY
My what?

SPYQ
Ban, as in Body area network

BRITNEY
Ah... Ok, I'll keep a port open at night. (Talking to herself) But I guess you won't need me to GIVE you access anyway.
(beat)
I need to take a piss

She disappears into the bathroom near by.

BRITNEY (O.S.)

Dude! I can't believe you still don't have a door in here. You are such a creep man.

Rhea, you'd better watch him for me!

RHEA

Chill, he seems to have better things to do.

She stands leaning against the doorframe watching the display screen while Spyq gets back to his game.

RHEA

(To Spyq)

So, you play in Delta league ha?

SPYQ

(Without taking his eyes off the monitor)

Yea, do you?

RHEA

Yep.

(Eyes lighting up)

I've been trying to cheat into this private scenario called Mission Dread Zone for some time but I can't get through.

SPYQ

I think I've been there. But most of the time I just play through it all. No cheating.

RHEA

Just get in by playing normally, why didn't I think of that?

(Eyes rolling)

You must be digging this big time.

SPYQ

Now I remember, Dread Zone is this weird map where you don't get to start a mission for ages. But when you do, you are stuck there till it ends, no matter what. There are so many strange things about it, must be running on some beta MOD.

RHEA

I'd really like to try that out

We hear a polyphonic cell phone ringing (THX tricks us to believe it's the phone of some one in the audience!)

SPYQ

Let me see if I can use my frag credit to get in there right now.

He closes the current window and goes through a series of menus to start a new game. Rhea slouches down to the side rest of the bed near by and crawls towards the screen at the other edge.

RHEA

Yea... that's exactly what I was talking about!

The cell phone noise gets louder as Britney bursts out of the bathroom - barely finished pulling up her pants in place. The ringing stops as she answers another one of the pendants hanging from her neck.

BRITNEY

(To caller)

Hey Punch! .. No you can't see me now! I'm in the bathroom! No no, I mean I WAS. .. Of course I'm ready. .. No, you'll see later. Yea yea I'm ON MY WAY! .. ok, .. yea.. Cheers!

(beat)

(to Rhea and Spyq)

Guys, I gotta go. Rhea, I'll drop you at your place. Oh, actually, why don't you two join me, it's a surprise party for Yuko.

SPYQ & RHEA

(Simultaneously)

NO Britney! I...

Their eyes meet and they exchange a quick smile while trying to hide it from Britney.

SPYQ

Yes Rhea, tell her why... I mean you first.

RHEA

Well, I need to go home and... and get a manicure done.

SPYQ

Me too! I mean (embarrassed) NOT the manicure! I need to STAY at home and get some things done. .. Like... like... LIKE DEBUGGING YOUR encryption assignment!

BRITNEY

Oh, you are a sweetie! (Kisses Spyq on the cheek) Thanks man.

SPYQ

Anytime.

Britney rushes out of the apartment. Rhea rolls out of the bed and starts to follow.

RHEA

See ya Spyq!

She waves in some sort of half-military half girlish sort of bye. Spyq mimics the salute in return with no words and turns back to his game.

SPYQ

Rhea!

She stops at the doorway without turning back.

RHEA

Yea?

SPYQ

What's your PM ID by the way?

RHEA

Rhea, R. H. E. A.

SPYQ

Wow, you managed to get an ID without numbers?

RHEA

Anybody who registered before 1997 AND had a unique enough name could get one!

SPYQ

I know that! Well, just that I didn't think you were into it for that long.

Rhea turns around.

RHEA

There are lots of things you don't think I am. SO, what's YOUR ID?

SPYQ

S. P. Y. Q. No numbers

He tries to hide his smile even though he is not facing her.

RHEA

Got it

The elevator rings out of the door and we hear Britney's hollow voice calling Rhea. She walks out.

5. INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - NIGHT

A shadowy figure stares at the walls in a dark room with antiques and unrecognizable flags. Two tall sturdy figures walk in to the room.

PRESIDENT (BIG SHADOW)

(Without turning)

How sure are you about this?

GENERAL (SMALL SHADOW 1)

I'm confident they are transporting it with the train sir.

PRESIDENT

What makes you so confident general?

GENERAL

We got the intel from a very reliable source. A defector to be more specific.

AGENT (SMALL SHADOW 2)

It's amazing what ten million dollars and a green card can do these days.

The general steps on the agent's foot to quiet him.

PRESIDENT

You couldn't track it with your 30 billion dollar high-tech gadgets and now your primary source is some kiss ass!

(beat)

I'll keep that in mind for the next military budget.

(Sigh)

Just do what ever you have to do to clear this mess up.

GENERAL

Yes Sir.

6. INT. CAR - DUSK

Veronica is on her way back home. The car moves in short abrupt strides in autopilot - since the road is jammed with traffic. She sits leaning back with her legs reaching up on to the other side of the dashboard. She is scribbling some notes on her tablet PC while taking glances at the heads up display projected onto the windscreen. The car stereo is playing classical music.

The car is not moving at all by now.

VERONICA
(Talking to herself)
What's wrong with the M19 today?

The heads up display reads "Unrecognized command"

VERONICA
(To car computer)
I wasn't talking to you! Hmmm...
(Straight voice)
Find alternative rout.

COMPUTER VOICE (KOREAN SOUNDING FEMALE)
Analyzing traffic information...
Calculating predicted rout times...
Sorry, all routes congested.

VERONICA
What?!!

COMPUTER VOICE
Sorry, all routes congested.

VERONICA
I herd that. Shut up!

COMPUTER VOICE
Voice response deactivated. Say
"Speak up" to re-engage. Bitch!

The tablet PC blinks an icon in the corner with a short musical chord. Veronica squeezes one of her earrings to answer the call.

VERONICA
Jhan, what's going on?

JHAN (OVER THE PHONE)
Oh my god, you won't believe it, all
subways evacuated, all toll roads and
train stations closed and flights
grounded too, and I have no idea why.

VERONICA
Jhan, I want you to find out why.

JHAN

I'm trying, but they won't tell me. I think they really don't know either.

But, oh, I got something interesting here. Agency crew near a train station in Stravansburg herd a strange hum on their audio for no reason and guess what, they saw birds falling off the sky!

VERONICA

Jhan, we GOT to go there!

(To computer)

Open sunroof!

The sunroof slides open and she climbs out of it to the roof.

EXT. TRAFFIC JAM - DUSK

We see the full extent of the traffic jam with roads overflowing with vehicles of all kind. Veronica stands up on the roof of her car looking around.

JHAN

Now? But honey, how do you suppose we go there?

VERONICA

Process the clearance, and be ready to send your car home on auto.

She points a device at the sky and calls out towards that direction waving and jumping up and down.

VERONICA

Taxi! Taxi! ...

AIR TAXI PILOT (ON RADIO)

Sorry Mam, we are grounded. I'm just looking for a place to land.

VERONICA

I'll give you an extra fifty.

(No response)

Ok, five thousand!

A bright light lights up the roof of the car and a tilt rotor hovers over Veronica blowing her hair and cloths violently with rotor blast. She leans towards the steps folding out of the small door of the craft and as soon as she puts her weight on it, the craft swings to the side and floats side ways unpredictably. She almost slips and falls but hangs on tight to the handrail and crawls up inside as it zooms away to the distant sky.

INT. TILT ROTOR CRAFT - NIGHT

She sits on one of the empty four seats inside fixing up her hair and cloths. Looks at her pocket PC, a few taps and:

VERONICA

I got to pick someone up along G92.

AIR TAXI PILOT

Nuts! I an't gonna do that again!

VERONICA

And after that we'll head to Yeltsingrad.

AIR TAXI PILOT

Ha! Ok you almost got me there...
You are kidding me right?

(beat)

I knew there's a catch! Man!
Look, I an't got no enough juice to go international.

VERONICA

I'll arrange a mid air re-fueling

She frantically taps on her pockets PC.

AIR TAXI PILOT

Wha? Huh? Mid.. Mid air re-fueling??
Whad ya think I'm some sorta navy pilot?? My uncle was in the air force but then again he never got to fly, but that's beside the point, I ant doing no crazy shit mam, I got a clean AID record. Well, apart from ... oh you don wanna know!..

The voice cracks away as Veronica puts on a pair of dirty earphones attached to the seat. A small robot that looks like a half vending machine and half airhostess pops from the side.

AIRHOSTESS BOT

Would you like something to drink?

7. INT. RHEA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Milk pours down out of a bottle. It pours into what looks like a feeding bowl for a cat with the name "Sce-sce" printed on it. Rhea is the one pouring milk. She throws the empty bottle to what looks like an empty trashcan made of glass but the bottle evaporates and disappears even before it hits the bottom.

She puts the bowl down in a corner and a two feet tall black and white ball of fur toddles near it and starts to drink it with its pink tong. It is a baby panda!

Rhea lies on the floor in her sleeping gown petting Sce-sce and it makes a subtle cute noise while splattering the milk all over its furry face with black spots around the eyes. She smiles affectionately.

We hear a techno beat suddenly coming from her bed. She runs to answer her cell phone. Sce-sce tries to run after her but steps on the milk and splashes it all over the place.

Rhea rolls on to the bed and answers the phone.

RHEA

Spyq!

SPYQ (ON THE PHONE'S SCREEN)

Wow! You remember me.

Sce-sce heads back to his milk but he stops when a small robot that looks like a vacuum cleaner rushes near the bowl. The panda sits next to it and watches curiously as the cleaner bot sucks up all the spilled milk.

RHEA

Why not? So, what's up?

SPYQ

Are you in delta by any chance? A level 9 mission in Dread Zone just came up!

RHEA

Oh, well, I'm not playing right now, but if you want I can join.

She rolls to a side of the bed and reaches to a touch screen. In the background we see the cleaner bot rushing across the screen. Sce-sce chases after it.

SPYQ

Yup I'd love to have someone cover my back, its some sort of train station map I've never been there before. Are you in yet?

The cleaner bot crawls across in the background again this time Sce-sce is riding on top of it.

RHEA

It's still loading. Damn, it must be a big map.

Sce-sce runs in the opposite direction this time the cleaner bot is chasing him!

SPYQ

Yea, it took me a long time too. I'll wait for you. The others seem to have the instructions already.

RHEA (TO COMPUTER)

Com on... hurry up

Sce-sce is making a big mess in the background.

SPYQ

By the way, how on earth did you get a pet panda in your house?

RHEA

He's NOT a pet. I volunteered to a captive breeding program. It was so successful they actually bred more than what the natural mothers can handle so they let carefully selected people adopt one till its big enough to release to the wild.

SPYQ

Wow! Does it bite? Or scratch?

RHEA

He used to... but he knows me now. Wait a sec, how do you know about my panda?

SPYQ

I saw it running around!

RHEA

What? Oh crap I didn't know the cam was on.

SPYQ

Hey! Why did you turn it off?

RHEA

Sorry, I don't cam in my nightgown. At least not with strangers.

SPYQ

Strangers?

RHEA

No, I mean... well, you know what I mean...

(beat)

Oh, I'm in! Fire in the hole!!

8. INT. STRAVANSBURG STATION - DAY

A gas canister bounces and bobbles along the platform. Soldiers in protective gear ducks and takes cover. The canister pops and a cloud of white smoke shoots off from it.

A fully built adult sized soldier in protective gear stands up. He talks on the radio to others ducking near him. He has Spyq's voice but is too tall and well built to be him.

SPYQ

Objective is in that train in platform
5.

A female shaped soldier also fully covered in gear answers with Rhea's voice:

RHEA

Unit verborze, follow me to the other
side of the platform; we'll take the
overhead bridge. Spyq, you take yours
right across the racks on the ground.

SPYQ

Affirmative! Let's move.

The female bot and her four followers run towards the overhead bridge stairs keeping low. We see a signboard read "STRAVANSBURG" clearly. Spyq voiced soldier signals to get down into the tracks off the platform.

As soon as they reach the edge, a female soldier is standing on the other side on the platform.

SPYQ

Wow, that was quick! Where are the
others?

DRRRR!!! The female pulls out her sub machine gun and bursts a hail of 9mm gunfire towards his men. Spyq ducks, jumps down to the tracks and rolls to take over behind the wall of the platform. He sees most of his men being hit as they slide down the wall of the other side of the rail track gutter. Instead of blood, a black oily substance splashes on the walls and the ground from their bodies.

SPYQ

Red on red! Ceasefire! Ceasefire!

(On the radio)

Rhea, what's going on? You almost hit
me! I got men down.

Radio crackles (no response)

SPYQ

Oh shit! The com radio is dead!

He crawls along still hiding behind the wall unaware of what is going on top of him on the platform.

We see the female soldier's point of view as she leans forward with her gun pointing towards the tracks. Spyq emerges from behind a pile of cargo on the platform. He grabs her from behind and both fall down on the concrete, her gun falls off her hands she struggles to drive an army knife towards Spyq's throat he is fighting it back.

He gets a glimpse of her mystique green eyes behind the gasmask.

SPYQ

Who are you?

She over powers him and now she is sitting on top of him ready to strike. Spyq can only watch her with disbelief.

BANG! Almost half of her head blasts off with splashes of black oily "blood". The body falls off him and rolls to the side. He gets up quickly to see the soldier with Rhea's voice standing with a huge shotgun still smoking.

RHEA

She almost got you! How's your amour level?

SPYQ

Not a single shot!

The train on the adjoining platform 5 starts to move with a sudden jerk.

Amidst the confusion, the female body with the half-blown up head stands up with bits of electronics spilling out of her face and runs towards the moving train. Rhea fires at her. Spyq stares with his gun pointing but not firing.

A group of soldiers with ragged cloths and make shift protective gear pops out of the windows of the train. Spyq and rhea takes cover behind a column curling against each other as the bullet blizzard punches holes on everything around them.

The half destroyed female enemy soldier hangs on to the final carriage of the train as it picks up speed.

As the shooting subsides, Spyq rolls out and see a more stream lined train pass by on the other track - filled with special unit soldiers. One of them signals them to get in. Spyq and rhea jumps off the platform onto the rail tracks and hangs on the footboard of the moving train accelerating with its engine roaring loudly.

EXT. RAILROAD - DAY

FADE IN: Diesel engine exhaust frozen in time. The smoke and the heat patterns smear the roof and the motion-blurred surroundings as the camera floats seamlessly.

KID (V.O.)

They thought us to believe that this world has two types of people: the good and the bad. If only it was that simple.

The smoke suddenly starts to move and everything kicks into motion.

(Heavy music beat. Suggested track: Fire starter - Prodigy) The outdated yet majestic diesel engine swings from side to side on its suspensions as it charges along the tracks like a wild elephant pulling a long line of cargo carriages behind it. A masked gunman is at the controls of the engine. He smokes while hanging on to the throttle as the puffs of gray smoke from the engine can hardly keep up with the wind rushing against it as it zooms along in full speed. It has its giant headlamp on even in broad daylight. Passing puffs of fog blazes the beam.

More ragged-clothed gunmen guard a series of large objects wrapped in green canopies in several carriages of the train.

A gunman in the last carriage notices the other train on the other track gaining behind them. He aims his sniper gun at the engine driver. Ragged gunmen get in position away from windows and doors. We see through his sniper cross hair. A cursor seemed to have locked on to the heads of the people through the windshield even though it is a shaky and unstable view. There are lighter numbered cross hairs locked on other visible soldiers' heads. They turn from yellow to red one by one.

The windshield blows into bits, as a faint muzzle flashes from the last carriage from the train ahead nails one soldier after the other. Several soldiers fall down bleeding oily black.

The chase train with the engine in flames keeps gaining. The two trains are side by side with the blazing engine approaching the engine of the other both running at reckless speed.

The swat soldiers take cover against the walls inside their passenger train walls. The camera swaps over to inside of the other moving train to show ragged gunmen in position on the walls of their cargo train.

Two open doors from both trains align. Some Swat soldiers jump over to the other train. Many others follow at different points of the train. One of the Swat soldiers hangs on right outside the entrance to the engine waiting for a go signal to storm inside.

The runaway train suddenly screeches its breaks making sparks, flames and smoke coming out of its wheels. The Swat train keeps going past it and from its point of view, we see some soldiers thrown in mid air moving forward for some distance and then tumbling down to the track.

Soldiers swarm the carriages but no enemy soldiers are in there. One of them reaches towards the cargo left behind.

SPYQ
Objective acquired!

All the soldiers suddenly stop to the same pose and stand stoned like statues.

A huge twin rotor helicopter nests in at a nearby patch of land. A few more follow. Soldiers in a different uniform storm the train as the stoned SWAT unit march into one of the empty helicopters in mechanical precision.

In the dusty mess of helicopters and VTOL jets, the tilt rotor air taxi that Veronica took lands near by.

LOUDSPEAKER
No civilians allowed in this area!
You are in a restricted...

An inverter rotor news chopper comes in out of nowhere ignoring the warnings. One of the military choppers fires some sort of shockwave knocking the news chopper out of the area. It spins out of control for an instant but flees after stabilizing from a distance.

The air taxi takes to the air and flees leaving Victoria and Jhan in a puddle of mud on the ground. They stay low as many helicopters and VTOL Jets roar around near by. Veronica tries to take some footage with her miniature camera but the mud and humidity had rendered it useless.

VERONICA
Shit!

JHAN
Eeeew! I thought it's just mud.

The aircraft noises and the wind gusts fade away and they get up all covered in mud. Jhan is frantically struggling to wipe off his cloths with a tissue.

They climb over a concrete wall and get closer to the abandoned trains in the middle of the enclosed tracks. It is so quiet and the trains sit like ghost trains. The doors of the cargo carriages are fully open and all of them are completely empty. On the ground, there are bloodstains. Red blood.

Suddenly the empty passenger train engine powers up and starts to move towards the cargo train in the other track. Jhan quickly gets up to the concrete wall. Veronica struggles but slips and falls back to the track. The train is getting closer and closer and there is no one at the controls. Jhan jumps back to the track and grabs Veronica and both of them crawl to the space between two carriages on the stationary cargo train as the passenger train passes by them slowly but menacingly large and loud. Before the last carriage

pass, the cargo train slowly rolls to move in the opposite direction.

JHAN

Oh oh, this is NOT good.

VERONICA

Come on.

Veronica grabs Jhan out of the space and both duck in the tiny space between the two tracks.

Both trains pick up speed and keep moving in opposite directions right next to them with scary metal steps and other objects passing dangerously close to them. Jhan breaks into tears in fear.

Both trains pass them & go away. Graffiti on the concrete wall reads: NO MAN ZONE

FADEOUT

9. EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

FADE IN: Muffled heavy techno beat in the background filling in quiet spaces of jet noise and rotor blast. We fly through large modern and ultramodern buildings following different aircraft crisscrossing the skies. One of the crafts takes a turn towards a building much bigger than the others are. It is some sort of super building with buildings on it. It is a multi story complex where each story looks like a city of its own right. The craft falls in line to some sort of mid air traffic pattern and sneaks into an entrance to the super building. (Music becomes louder and louder and more defined but still muted) Inside it is as if we came back to flying through the skyline again with large open spaces, waterways, and bridges within that story alone. The last craft we followed zooms past one of the less prominent and old looking buildings. On the top floor of that building, some sort of party is going on. Camera stops following craft and enters the penthouse.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

BLASTING industrial techno music and blinding lights. Some people and some robotic skeletons with holographic skins dance as if possessed by an electrical force of insanity.

Sitting at a table in the middle of this frenzy is Britney dressed to the occasion. Next to her is NICK, a handsome youngster slightly older than she is.

They are almost screaming at each other to out do the loud music.

BRITNEY

Man, I can't believe they wouldn't let me have one more drink. This sux!

NICK

TOTALLY... You should try my joint next time. DUDE!! You got to see it, no limits there. But what the heck, you'll be a big girl pretty soon.

BRITNEY

What ever man.

In a corner, we see some sort of storage cabinet with hundreds of locker like doors. One of them opens and a ball of mechanical skeleton rolls out in a mummified pose. It stands up, its height, hips and breast size etc is auto "configured" to fit a particular set of measurements of a person. A holographic skin appears over this manikin machine, followed by hair, under garments and trendy skirt, jacket and boots. The rigid mechanics collapse to a more comfortable human pose and starts walking through the dancing crowd.

The holographic machine sits between Britney and Nick.

BRITNEY

Hey Rhea!

Rhea's hologram hugs Britney, kisses nick, and talks to Britney by whispering to her ear.

RHEA (HOLOGRAM BOT)

Hi, sorry I couldn't make it in person.

BRITNEY

What's your excuse this time?

NICK

What can you expect? At least she came this way. How did you manage to get a vacant holobot?

RHEA

I have my ways.

Nick and rhea keeps talking as Britney turns away tapping on her pendant cell phone holding it in front of her face.

BRITNEY (TO PHONE)

Hey man, can you come over here? Please... I beg you!

(beat)

Here at Osama World, haven't you been here?

(beat)

That's not a problem I'll... ask some one to program your cab.

(beat)

Ok... honestly I also need someone to get me more drinks; I know you won't need your quota. But look at this place; you need to get out of that hole once in a while!

SPYQ

Ok, ok I'll try later if I'm still in the mood.

BRITNEY

Great! I promise its going to be fun! Besides, even Rhea is here.

SPYQ (IN HIS ROOM)

She is? Show me.

She points the phone towards the hologram Rhea.

BRITNEY

Oh well, it's just her holobot but by her standards it's a miracle she's even here that way.

SPYQ

Who's that backstreet boy wanna be next to her? Someone's testing pickup lines with her?

BRITNEY

No doofus! It's Nick, Rhea's Boyfriend.

SPYQ

Boyfriend?

BRITNEY

Yea, didn't she tell? I thought you guys were like playing video games n stuff. He's a nice dude.

SPYQ

Yea, I'm sure he is.

BRITNEY

So? You are coming right? I'm waiting for three more friends, all girls! Vacant girls! (winks)

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

SPYQ

We'll see.

He hangs up and the video face of Britney disappears. His large screen blips, answers. A video screen with a silhouette and a question mark with the text UNRECOGNIZED IMAGE FORMAT appears.

SPYQ

Britney? Are you playing around with other people's phones?

(No response)

SPYQ

Who is this? You're not in my list.

GIRL (ON PHONE)

(Female voice with Scandinavian accent)

(Mysterious and Whispery)

Are you Spyq, the boy who came to Stravansburg last Tuesday?

SPYQ

What? Who ARE you?

GIRL

I was on top. Remember?

Spyq scans through some sort of long buddy list with all girl names.

SPYQ

I'm sorry I really can't ... exactly... remember. When was the last time we met or talked?

GIRL

Last Tuesday. We met but didn't talk much.

SPYQ

Tuesday? I didn't meet anybody whole of last week.

GIRL

Maybe, but you went to a mission at the Stravansburg station.

SPYQ

You mean the train station mission in Dread Zone? (laughing)
Oh you must be new, didn't see you much, but you are good!

GIRL

You still think it's just a stupid game don't you? I want you to understand... (Interference noise)

Silhouette window disappears with the prompt USER DISCONNECTED. Spyq stares at the screen puzzled. Opens a command prompt type window types some manual commands. After showing a quick series of numbers, it displays the text: TRACE ERROR - UNKNOWN HOST

Next to that window is another window with list of web links. He clicks one of them. A website that reads: NEWS ON DEMAND - CONSPIRACY THEORY appears.

VERONICA (A RECORDING ON WEBSITE)
 Welcome to conspiracy theory - where
 you can find answers to the most
 bazaar and unexplained phenomena in
 the world today...

The video interrupts when Spyq clicks on a link next to the video.

VERONICA (RECORDING ON WEBSITE)
 Thank you for your interest to submit
 an incident or theory...

Spyq clicks on another link and the whole window fills with a submission form. He types: STRAVANSBURG STATION...

Camera slowly moves up passing the large NEWS ON DEMAND title on the web site. FADE TO:

10. EXT. CITY SKYLINE - DAY

Boom up amongst the buildings then zoom into NOD Office building.

INT. NOD OFFICE - DAY

Veronica and Jhan sit at the conference table near George's corner. George is sitting on the conference table.

VERONICA
 George, we were so close. I know we
 didn't get any good footage but
 there's definitely something big going
 on.

GEORGE
 That's all right Veronica. I just
 don't want you to put yourselves in
 unnecessary danger again.
 (beat)
 I'll put you back to Ozone...

JHAN
 Yes! I...

VERONICA
 NO!
 (beat)
 No.

(beat)
I'm not here to cry sour grapes...

GEORGE
Veronica, Let me just...

VERONICA
(Standing up)
George, I need full clearance to the
jet. Cleared to go anywhere anytime.

George smiles as he stares at Veronica's radiant eyes of determination. He turns around, walks towards the glass windows, stares at the cityscape for a while.

GEORGE
I'll think about that.

VERONICA
Ok, but please think fast.

She walks out. Jhan stands up to follow her.

GEORGE
(Sigh)
Jhan, are you sure you want to keep
following her adventures?

JHAN
I have no choice. Who else is going to
look after that sweetie?

George smiles and Jhan walks off.

GEORGE
(Mumbling to himself)
Yep... such a cutie when she's angry.

INT. NOD OFFICE - VERONICA'S DESK

Veronica is sitting with her legs crossed and on the corner of the table with her tablet PC in her hand comparing two windows on its screen.

One with a picture of Jhan looking at the graffiti reading NO MAN ZONE and the words A GRAFFITI SAYING "NO MAN ZONE" and the word STRAVANSBURG highlighted in a window full of text.

Top of the text reads FROM SPYQ@90095.580.204.172.102.21

VERONICA (TO PHONE)
Jhan, come here.

Jhan peeps over her shoulder. She shows the tablet PC to him.

VERONICA

Look. What do you think of this?

JHAN

What is that?

VERONICA

There's a kid who thinks his network game is for real.

JHAN

What does that have to do with our case?

We see what is in the tablet PC. It is a slide show of still photographs of the station incident.

VERONICA

He was there. Described everything in perfect detail. Even things that we didn't see but would make sense.

JHAN

Why would they use kids to do the most important secret mission in the world?

VERONICA

Maybe that's not just the most secretive, but also the most dangerous and the most difficult.

JHAN

Well, in theory, kids have faster brains than adults do and nowadays they probably see more violence than front line world war two soldiers. But how can one control them without them knowing?

VERONICA

I don't know. Find out more about this kid and the game he's playing. Make sure his name remains between the two of us no matter what.

11. INT. RHEA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Spyq enters the room.

SPYQ

Hi

Rhea is sitting on the bed with Sce-sce on her lap biting a rubber bamboo stick.

RHEA

Hi. Say hi Sce-sce

She swings Sce-sce's paw. Sce-sce snaps its paw back to the fake bamboo and keeps munching. Rhea smiles adorably.

SPYQ

Oh, you are so cute.

RHEA

(Kissing Sce-sce)

Yes he is

SPYQ

I mean both of you.

RHEA

Ha! Funny!

(beat)

Coke?

(Pointing to a small fridge)

SPYQ

No, thanks.

RHEA

SO, what is it that you can't tell over the phone?

(beat)

Are you ok? You look like you just got ditched or something!

Spyq quietly sits next to her. He leans towards her ear and almost in whispery voice:

SPYQ

There's something I have to talk about with you.

RHEA

Chill out, my folks are out, nobody is home you can speak up.

(beat)

Oh... I'm sorry.

(beat)

I know what you are worried about, Britney told me.

SPYQ

What? Britney knows?

RHEA

Oh, there's nothing that nosy girl doesn't know.

SPYQ

But I didn't tell anyone.

RHEA

Oh we girls have a thing called intuition you know...

SPYQ

So what did your intuition tell you?

RHEA

Well,.. you.. are .. pissed.. cos I didn't tell you about Nick right?

(Uneasy silence)

SPYQ

No. No.. That's... no big deal actually. I just need some advice about some trouble I have.

RHEA

Ok... forget I ever said any of that then...

(beat)

Damn Britney.

(beat)

So, what is it Spyq?

Sce-sce is falling asleep on her lap. She is patting it.

SPYQ

I don't know. It's those strange missions we played. Remember that girl with green eyes?

RHEA

Wow, I never even look the players in the eyes like you do. I have no idea which girl had green eyes. Spyq they are just graphics. I sometimes play in the skin of male soldiers even.

SPYQ

Of course, I know that but there's something about that girl. She called me several times.

RHEA

She called you? For real?

SPYQ

Yes, and she said that she thinks those missions were for real.

RHEA

Oh boy... She must be some wacko playing all day and obsessed with it.

SPYQ

Like me?

RHEA

Well, even you... you just study and play all day all night in your little room. You need to get out some time and meet people. You know, real people.

SPYQ

Do you?

RHEA

Well, I'm trying. I know I'm not setting a good example either but...

Rhea's cell phone rings with the familiar techno beat. Sce-sce wakes up and struggles agitated.

RHEA

(To Sce-sce)

Shh... sleep sleep...

(To caller)

Hi Nick, ... yea I know,.. I'll chat you later... yea... oh he's my teammate... ok... love you too.

(beat, to Spyq)

Sorry, what were you saying...?

SPYQ

You guys are pretty close ha?

RHEA

Well, yea, been steady for 4 years now. Have you ever been in love?

SPYQ

Yea, a few times.

RHEA

How does one know when you are in love?

She slowly takes sleeping Sce-sce out of her lap and puts him on the bed.

SPYQ

Well, I guess it's when you ... can't stop thinking about that person... When she's the first thing in your mind when you wake up in the morning.

RHEA
(Slight giggle)

SPYQ
What?

RHEA
No... When I wake up in the morning
the first thing in my mind is the
toilet, but I'm not in love with it.

They both suppress their laughs as not to wake up sleeping Sce-sce.

RHEA
So who's in YOUR mind in these
mornings?

Spyq look away and stars at the ceiling for a while.

SPYQ
Her name is...

Rhea's smile dampens and the eyes turn attentive and serious all of
a sudden.

SPYQ
.. Omega.

RHEA
Oh...

SPYQ
But she wouldn't tell where she is.
She doesn't trust anyone. She's good.
And she wants me to join her forces.
She says she is doing it for real, for
a cause.

RHEA
Spyq, this is crazy.

SPYQ
I'm scared to tell anyone. She told
me not to talk about her with anybody.

RHEA
I also thought there is something
weird about the Dread Zone server but
if I were you, I'd just stay away from
any funny stuff if it starts to affect
your real life.

SPYQ
I need your help. I want to find out
what's going on.

Rhea leans closer to Spyq and puts her arm around his back.

RHEA

Don't worry, we'll sort that out.
I'll unmask your mystery girl who's
bothering you in no time!

Spyq puts his hands on hers.

SPYQ

Thanks. You are the only one I can
count on.

RHEA

But try to be careful. We don't know
what you are dealing with. It can be
anything. In real life, there is no
re-spawn.

SPYQ

I know...

The door slams open!

NICK

Yo dude!!

RHEA

Shhhh!

Sce-sce wakes up rolls out of the bed and hides scared of Nick.

RHEA

Look what you did Nick!

NICK

Oops... Sorry!

RHEA

Btw, this is Spyq.

NICK

Nice to meet you dude! She told me a
lot about you!

SPYQ

Hi

Spyq gets up and walks towards the door.

SPYQ

I guess I better go.

NICK

Hang on, have a beer dude!

SPYQ

No, I got some fixing to do.

RHEA

All right, I'll call you tom then.

SPYQ

Bye guys... Have fun.

RHEA

Nah, my folks will be back anytime now.

12. EXT. AIRPORT - DAWN

(Marching drums) A large black car with tinted glasses drives into a gate. We pull back to realize it a huge airport. We pan around admiring its majestic ultra modern architecture.

Silhouettes of unmanned baggage wagons drive here and there. Several aircraft - some new and some old line up. A huge Airbus A380 passenger plane parked at a loading gate with its cargo doors wide open.

The black car enters the area followed by two large trucks behind it. The convoy snakes around the A380 and two men in suites and shades walks towards one of the few humans in the area.

We see through the mesh wire fence the two men showing an ID to the worker and talking. The worker radios something. All cargo workers come towards him. He tells them something and they all walk away from the plane. The two men in shades stand still for a while then calls the worker leader back as the others walk away.

One of them points to the cargo bays in the A380 half filled with suitcases, and then points to a large military painted plane sitting in a hanger at a distant.

The worker scratches his head and taps some buttons on his hand held device and the robots starts unloading the baggage out of the cargo bays back on to the wagons.

The trolleys with suitcases snake towards the hanger with the military plane. Contents from the trucks get loaded to the passenger jet. We get a chilling closer look and realize they where the objects covered in green canopies we saw earlier in the train.

Camera tracks along the huge plane and up into the other side to reveal glass bridges through which hundreds of passengers boarding into the same plane.

INT. A380

Neat flight attendants welcome passengers to the majestic interior of the plane. It looks more like a cruise liner than a plane, with

lounges, spacious seats and cozy cabins. Some passengers are already settled in and getting comfortable. Some getting ready to take a nap wrapped in comfortable blankets.

INT. JHAN'S APARTMENT - DAWN

VERONICA

Wake up! Wake up! Come on!

Jhan lies face down on his bed with limbs pointing in all four directions in his boxes. Veronica is shaking his shoulder and but trying to wake him. He comes to his senses and jumps out of the bed. Curls and tries to hide his half-naked body with hands. Veronica is in office cloths and with her gadgets.

JHAN

Veronica, honey what are you doing here?

VERONICA

Sorry, but you weren't picking up so I had to come. Slip into something and come hurry!

Jhan runs around the room in panic undecided what to wear. Veronica grabs something out of the closet messing up his color coded tidy cloths and throws it to him.

VERONICA

Here, this is nice.

He puts it on in a rush.

JHAN

What is happening?

VERONICA

I got a tip. Something we got to check out.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAWN

Several planes line up in the taxiway to enter the runway. The Airbus A380 we saw earlier is the next in line. As it tries to enter the runway, another plane with the same airline logo cuts short in front of it out of nowhere. Though it is the same airline, the plane is a different model - a blended wing body (BWB) aircraft.

The BWB takes off first. The A380 next. In a distance in another runway, we see a business jet with the NOD logo land.

INT. NOD JET - MORNING

Veronica and Jhan watch the A380 take off through their window.

VERONICA (TO JHAN)

Talk to the pilot; ask him to take the same flight path as that plane as soon as we can.

JHAN

(Taping on his phone)
Already doing it.

EXT. BWB JET

Large stingray like passenger aircraft flies over the clouds.

INT. BWB JET

A passenger takes what looks like a shiny blank DVD to his hand and starts to bend it. The shiny disc bends and springs back to shape several times. He crushes harder and the disc snaps into several triangular pieces - some still in his hand and some falling to the floor. He chooses a particularly sharp looking piece and puts it in his pocket.

Another passenger gets up from her seat and walks into the toilet. An LCD screen changes from VACANT to SORRY, THIS TOILET IS BEING USED. THERE IS A VACANT TOILET NEAR ISLE23B.

INT. BWB JET TOILET

It is a luxurious toilet. She sits on the seat with its lid closed, relaxed and legs spreading a bit.

INT. BWB Jet

A flight attendant passes by the toilet door. We hear a thud accompanied by a faint female moan. The flight attendant makes a funny face and turns to walk away.

We hear a louder female gasp from inside the toilet and a bigger thump follows, this time with the sound of breaking glass. The flight attendant knocks on the door.

BWB FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Are you ok there mam?

There is no response. Slight sounds of pieces of glass clinging to each other. Another flight attendant joins to investigate. She opens a small panel inside with a number pad, she pins in a number.

FEMALE PASSENGER (O.S)

(Gasping for her breath)

Oh... I'm great. I'm fine... ah...

Before the flight attendant could finish tapping the numbers, the door slides open and the passenger jumps out with her hand held

against her chest covered with blood. The two flight attendants take a step back and the first approaches the passenger to help.

BWB FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Oh gosh, what happened? Let me take
you to the...

The passenger raises her wounded hand to reveal she is holding a sharp lean pointed piece of broken mirror. She swings it across like a trained martial arts fighter cutting the throat of the first flight attendant with a splatter of blood drawing a curved line on a near by wall. She collapses. The other flight attendant screams in horror and more screams herd from the crowds in the background.

The other passenger who broke a DVD earlier is standing at the other end of the isle with the sharp disc piece against another flight attendant's throat.

A third passenger breaks a bottle of Champaign and holds that against another helpless flight attendant.

MALE PASSENGER
No body moves!

Another passenger stands up from his seat with a gun pointing at the passenger holding the flight attendant hostage. He is an air marshal in civilian cloths.

AIR MARSHAL
Freeze! Air marshal. Put your ...
your what ever thing down and let go
of the girl.

The female passenger with the mirror pieces slams a blow to another flight attendant splattering more blood.

AIR MARSHAL
Ok, ok. I'm putting my gun down. Just
don't hurt anybody else!

The male hostage takers walk towards the front of the airplane towards the cockpit as everybody sits still in terror.

EXT. BWB JET

The large plane takes an abrupt turn to the right. Its mammoth wings bend almost snapping from the enormous strain.

Far away in the sky, we see two distant specks of light.

INT. BWB JET

PILOT (ON INTERCOM)
 Passengers, this is the captain speaking. We have just lost control of the plane. Please cooperate with them to prevent any more violence.

Fait grasps and cries haunt the plane.

The female hostage taker climbs down a ladder and opens a hatch to enter the cargo bay. Rubber curtains open apart to reveal compartments full of suitcases and bags.

FEMALE PASSENGER (TO RADIO)
 Shit! Its not here!

One of the passengers sitting near a window peeps out from the large window. An ultrasonic jet fighter flies so close the BWB jet that he can almost make out the features of the pilot.

WINDOW PASSENGER 1
 Hey look! The military is here! We are saved!

More enthusiastic cries and whispers spontaneously break into a loud applause as we see through the large sunroof another Ultrasonic fighter jet circling above the BWB.

The window passenger waves to the fighter pilot, he gives thumbs up as his wingman flies in formation next to him. More people flock to see the spectacle. Suddenly they both rhythmically dive away into lower altitude. One has left behind a small missile of some sort, which is now in formation with the BWB.

WINDOW PASSENGER 2 (O.S.)
 What is that? Some sort of smart bomb?

WINDOW PASSENGER 1 (O.S.)
 I sure hope it's smart enough to tell us apart from the bad guys.

EXT. HIGH ALTITUDE SKY - DAY

The two ultrasonic fighter jets zoom towards the camera from the distant sky. A large explosion almost outruns them. They pass the camera and we see them moving away from the camera in the other side, flowed by ghostly burning fragments of the BWB with smoke trails curving towards the ground. FADE OUT.

EXT. A380 JET OVER CLOUDS - DAY

Flash! The gigantic aircraft seems to be traveling faster than usual. We follow it as the menacing nose of a dark airplane that is following it enters the screen. It is a solitary aircraft much different from the military planes earlier.

The A380 nose-dives towards the ground flying almost straight down.

INT. A380 JET

Some un-strapped passengers, flight attendants and all kinds of objects float in mid air in zero gravity.

EXT. A380 JET

The other plane keeps pursuit and falls behind a little. The A380 plunges through several layers of clouds and the final layers dissipate to reveal the gloomy sea below dangerously getting closer and closer. It pulls up just above the water level and the nose levels up as the big belly barely touch the water.

INT. A380 CARGO BAY

Inside we see objects covered in green canopies violently toss around the cargo bays exclusively reserved for them and bang against the walls.

INT. A380 COCKPIT

Out in the horizon a faint silhouette of a city skyline is emerging fast out of the gloomy fog.

A large suspension bridge is right across the front view and approaching fast. The pilot pulls the joystick back to pull up. We see a close up of the control surfaces outside bending to the power of the headwind. A huge stall warning appears with a loud siren. The pilot drops the nose down instead to prevent stalling further.

EXT. A380 JET

The giant zooms underneath the bridge through the small space, just above the water level like an obese cat. The chase plane follows over the bridge.

The plump giant narrowly avoids a large building with a quick turn to the left and by now, it is in the middle of a huge city - a maze of man made super structures. It maneuvers through many large obstacles still struggling to regain altitude. The more agile and smaller chase planes follows sometimes taking daring shortcuts through building complexes, bridges and tunnels.

The A380 finally regains strength to climb up to higher altitudes leaving the city behind and the land disappears as the endless open sea surrounds the plane. The chase plane climbs faster and eventually out runs the A380.

Two aerodynamic mechanical arms fold out of the chase plane and grabs hold of the A380 from the belly like a tiny poisonous insect attacking a fat sluggish worm. A large hatch like suction tube extends and locks onto the A380.

Large rocket like engines fire up from behind the attached chase plane sending twisting smoke trails and over turning the A380 like a dieing sea monster in mid air.

INT. A380 JET

A laser cuts though the metal outer wall of the planes in a circular path.

EXT. A380 JET

Though upside down, the A380 still struggles and a few jerky moves forces the chase plane to spin out of control and away from its body with its mechanical arms and suction tube still attached and left behind like the feet of a rat taken out of glue paper.

The A380 becomes calmer and almost lifeless as it keeps falling down upside down. Suddenly it springs back to life and turns itself back upright.

INT. A380 JET

A passenger sits in a seat at a secluded corner rigidly and still almost like a mannequin. The eyes suddenly open and we see some sort of circuitry kicking into action inside the pupil. The eyes blink and now appear normal and human. The whole body takes a more human pose losing its rigidity. He looks around and then at his hands and belt. He talks to some sort of radio with SpYq's voice.

SPYQ

Rhea? Are you here?

RHEA (O.S.)

Yea, I'm in a plane but I can't see you. Where are you?

SPYQ

I don't know. Ah, Seat number Q57. There are a lot of people most of them passed out. I don't have any weapons, not even the knife. What's going on?

RHEA

I don't know. Same here. I'm sitting in H308 Lower deck.

We look around the cabin. The luxurious interior is very messy with objects scattered all over the floor. Huge red puddles scatter around, everything looking bloody. Then we see bottles of premium red whine spilling out. Most of the passengers who are strapped in to their seats seem unharmed.

RHEA

Anyway, I'm walking towards your row now. Coming into your cabin anytime now. Is it clear?

SPYQ

No movement here. I'll cover you.

RHEA

I'm going towards our objective.

A sound comes from behind the other cabin. The man with Spyq's voice looks around, opens a panel near by and pulls out a fire extinguisher. He holds it high, ready to strike anybody who comes in, near the entrance.

A flight attendant holding a small fire extinguisher in front of her walks in. She speaks with Rhea's voice.

RHEA

It's me!

SPYQ

Wow! Nice uniform.

RHEA

You are not bad either.

Spyq takes a minute to look at himself in his cowboy like outfit.

RHEA

Cover me with what ever you have.

Spyq follows the girl with rhea's voice into the next cabin.

They see a speck of bright light at the edge of the messy lounge. A thick door with a sign reading STAFF ONLY is closed but a large perfectly circular hole with burn marks at the edges lets light in from the cockpit. A single pilot in uniform lies dead on the other side.

SPYQ

Ok, what's the plan?

RHEA

I'm jumping in. You follow. Only one of us can fit at a time.

SPYQ

Ok.

Both of them take few paces back. Rhea sprints towards the door and jumps in like an acrobat right through the hole. Spyq follows but hits the metal edge and sings inside.

A girl tactical gear is at the controls. She instantly jumps towards Rhea and both of them slam against the glass window at the side. Spyq grabs the girl from behind trying to free Rhea out of her grip. Rhea whispers to Spyq while struggling for her breath.

RHEA

Take the controls; I'll take care of her.

Spyq lets go of the girl and sits at the controls frantically clicking the heads up display to reconfigure the flight path.

Rhea eventually pushes away the other girl. Spyq clicks a button to complete the command sequence. Immediately turns towards Rhea.

SPYQ

How's your armor?

RHEA

Not bad but vital signs low.

The girl gets up grabs Rhea and throws her through the hole in the metal door, back to the lounge with just one hand. Then she turns to Spyq and launches onto him forcing him to sit and fall on the instrument panel against the windshield. She is on top of him.

The familiar green eyes glow through the mask.

SPYQ

Omega? Is that you?

She stops for a moment but keeps banging his head against windshield.

SPYQ

Why are you doing this?

She pauses for a moment but no reply. He shakes her against the instrument panel.

SPYQ

I know you can hear me. Talk to me!
Say something!

OMEGA

You don't understand. You must let me take this plane where I'm supposed to.

SPYQ

I thought you said this is not a game. Then why are you hurting these people?

OMEGA

If you think you can decide what ever you want to do, you are wrong!

SPYQ

What? Is somebody threatening you to do this?

(beat)

Come to me, come to me for real

Before she can talk, Rhea slams a fire extinguisher on Omega's head. She falls down.

SPYQ

No!

The plane controls seem to have a mind of its own. They reverse everything Spyq did, by themselves.

RHEA

Spyq, the controls!

Omega gets up and jumps onto Rhea, they both fall over to the lounge through the hole. Spyq struggles again with the controls on the instrument panel.

We travel through the same hole to see what is going on there. Omega is holding Rhea from her hair and violently swinging her around. Her body pierces through parts of interior décor and seats. Omega takes a large curved spin and let go of Rhea's hair. Rhea flies in the air backwards across the lounge and breaks through several partitions before hitting a solid wall and falling down lifeless.

Some passengers regain consciousness and watch in astonishment.

Omega runs down a luxurious flight of stairs to the lower deck then opens a hatch on the floor and climbs down a narrow ladder to the cargo bay bellow.

Meanwhile Spyq seem to have stabilized the plane at the controls.

SPYQ

Rhea, do you copy?

RHEA

Yea, I'm in pretty bad shape.

She is still sitting against the wall, her uniform ripped apart and hair badly messed up.

SPYQ

You got to stop fighting; I think she needs our help.

RHEA (ON RADIO)

Huh? I'm the one getting beaten up here. Look, I need you to roll to the right.

SPYQ

What?

RHEA

Just do it!

Spyq clicks a key that says MANUAL OVERRIDE and grabs the joystick to the right. The plane violently swings to the side trapping Omega between two of the large canopied objects sliding on the floor.

Rhea watches her getting sandwiched between the cargos. She is peeping through a hatch, into the cargo bay from the deck above it.

RHEA

Now level, ... roll again!

SPYQ

What are you doing?

RHEA

Just trying to keep Ms. Godzilla under control here.

Omega escapes and runs towards the end of the cargo bay to take cover from the sliding pieces of cargo.

RHEA

Ok, now dive!

The huge plane tilts forward, Omega struggles to keep running towards the end of the bay uphill, she eventually slips and falls and keeps crawling.

SPYQ

I'm running out of altitude here.

The digital altitude indicator spins numbers like a jackpot machine, with the terrain level indicator approaching fast.

RHEA

Ok, pull up, pull up!

Spyq pulls back on the stick, and the nose of the plane rises back. Omega had reached the end of the cargo bay and now starts to climb the wall hanging on to some hoops. The cargo slides backwards and she turns around to stop them with her feet.

RHEA

I want more attitude!

The plane tilts more by now it is almost flying straight up like a rocket. Omega struggles to push away the boxes with her feet but she cannot bare the weight anymore.

Spyq struggles to get the plane back to level as he watches the airspeed indicator decreasing fast and getting into the stall zone. Instead, the upward momentum causes the plane to keep tilting up to the point of looping like a rollercoaster all the way upside down. The cargo sticks to the ground by the centrifugal force.

Rhea hangs tight to a seat nearby. There is no sign of Omega.

RHEA

I didn't know this plane could do that.

SPYQ

Neither did I.

RHEA

I think it's a bug in the program, if it was for real we would have broken apart!

SPYQ

I don't think this is a program anymore. What happened to the girl?

RHEA

She's fine don't worry. Just a bit tamed now. You seem so concerned for her.

SPYQ

Come over here to the cockpit.

INT. A380 COCKPIT

Spyq keeps checking his display on the watch while configuring the plane on the instrument panel.

Rhea walks in. This time the think door with the burnt hole is open. She is wearing a blanket like a towel after a shower.

SPYQ

What's with the..?

RHEA

Don't ask. Your kitty cat ruined my cloths into pieces.

SPYQ

Oh come on, it's just a computer graphic, what can you see when the uniform is ripped anyway?

RHEA

You really want to know?

She opens her blanket towards him away from the camera for an instant. Spyq seems stunned.

RHEA

Not bad for a graphic ha?

SPYQ

Wow... It's better than your real self
I bet.

RHEA

Shut up! How would you know?
(Chuckles)

So now what? Didn't we complete our
mission? It said regain control of
aircraft right?

SPYQ

I don't know. No further instructions.

(beat)

RHEA

Ehmm... Spyq

SPYQ

Yea?

RHEA

If you want to try to talk to that
girl, go ahead.

(beat)

But just be careful. I mean for
real... be careful what you say.

(beat)

You haven't told her where you live
for real, have you?

SPYQ

No.

Both get a beep on their wrist devices.

RHEA

Wait a sec, now there are new
instructions. How long will this keep
going? I'm getting sleepy over here.

SPYQ

Locate nearest airport and land the
aircraft? What do they mean? Pilot
it manually?

RHEA

Interesting, where are we now?

SPYQ

Right in the middle of the Atlantic
Ocean.

RHEA

More interesting, how much fuel have we got?

SPYQ

Oh boy, we are not going to make it to either side.

RHEA

Great, so meaning we ditch?

SPYQ

No, here it says fragile and volatile cargo aboard. We got to find an uncharted landing strip in some island or something.

RHEA

I don't see anything big enough to land this thing around here.

13. EXT. NAVY AIRCRAFT CARRIER DECK - NIGHT

We hear a half techno half Latino sexy beat. (Suggested track: Paulina Rubio - "Sexy dance") A close up of a woman's high heels walking down a metal fleet of stairs to the rhythm of the music. Voices of crowds talking to each other, glasses clinking, and laughs fill the frizzy atmosphere.

We move up to admire the sassy legs and realize she is dressed to perform. We see her suntanned Mediterranean face half covered with blond hair blowing fast in the wind by the time she starts to sing the lyrics. She keeps climbing down segments of industrial looking metal stairs pausing strategically at certain lines and verses dancing and singing with a wireless microphone in her hand. Two more sparsely dressed performer girls are following her singing back up vocals into their headsets and dancing in synchronization with the lead singer.

They reach the bottom of the stairs and walk into some sort of open-air central stage where more dancers are waiting for them in formation and they all blast into action as the chorus starts.

There are many bright lights. Spotlights, searchlights, strobe lights, beacons, laser beams and whole panels of colored lights are flashing behind them.

The camera pulls back and there are crowds of men and women in navy uniform dancing and jumping up and down around the singers cheering.

We realize the singers are on a helipad and the sailors are dancing on the flight deck of a huge aircraft carrier. The flashing lights and gusts of wind are coming from powered helicopters and military planes.

The chorus subsides to a whispery sensual part of the song. The singer walks near a fleet of stealthy combat aircrafts parked near by along with the dancers and the spotlights follow to illuminate the previously shadowed area.

She climbs on top of the aircraft, crawls, and rolls lustfully along the stealthy wings all the way on to the top. Some of the dancers climb on to large missiles mounted under the wing hanging out of open internal mounts and coil and slip around them like kittens.

They slip along the sleek composite body of the aircraft just before jumping off and break into chorus again.

The crowd is going wild some female soldiers trying to imitate the sexy dancers, pockets of mini performances going on in the confusion.

Some of the soldiers join the dancers - some males dancing with female dances some female soldiers dancing with the few hunky male dancers and some male soldiers dancing with one of the hunks and some females twirling around the sexy female dancers.

Halfway thorough the song, the music abruptly stops. The singer looks around confused and surprised. Voices of disappointment and complaints rise all around. A high-pitched alarm kicks in with a red light flashing at the edge of the main runway.

SAILOR 1 (O.S.)

Oh, COME O...N!

A loud speaker cracks in.

VOICE ON LOUDSPEAKER (FEMALE)

Code 8441, we got a code 8441.
All personnel and aircraft clear
runway Bravo immediately. All
controllers on duty report to your
stations.

Flashing lights and smoke clears to a brightly lit deck and orderly clearing crowds of people still in a festive mood.

A panel of colored lights activate near the far end of the runway. We see a small spec of light twinkle in the distant sky.

A series of manned and unmanned vehicles that look like ambulances and fire trucks rush to the sides of the runway out of nowhere.

The distant light now clearly looks like two small lights in one place. Slowly another small light appears in the middle of the two.

The colored light panels change and indicate different signals from time to time. We hear voices on a communications radio.

CONTROLLER (MALE O.S.)
 .. Watch your airspeed. Check your
 attitude.
 (beep)
 Correct to the left. Easy... That's
 way too high...
 (Agitated)
 Attitude! Attitude! Attitude!! ABORT!
 GO AROUND!

The huge Airbus A380 emerges out of the sky like a white whale falling out of the sky and zooms past the control tower few feet above the runway rocking side to side as it wrestles to stay airborne in such a low speed.

RHEA (ON RADIO)
 Roger, going around

The A380 charges back its engines as it climbs back to the sky passing the other end of the runway without touching down. The plane goes back to being a tiny spec of three lights as it turns around to come back around to attempt a landing again. We see the perspective of a thermal imaging camera tracking the returning aircraft. This time a smaller combat aircraft is escorting it alongside.

The A380 gets closer and closer. The giant zooms past the colored lights indicating all green and rattles the windows of the control panel with its roaring engines as it flies much lower this time.

It catches one out of the four cables entangles in one of the landing gear. The wing gears bang on to the runway and bounce back several times pushing the entire aircraft carrier a little deeper into the sea. The entangled cable keeps extending, we see the cable reel deep inside the ship spin frantically and comes to the endpoint. The landing gear snaps off and slams onto a series of antennas on the ship. The A380 swings to the side losing alignment for a moment but manages to get back on track barely falling off the side to the sea.

The plane is halfway on the runway but moving very fast. It charges its engines back up and barely makes it back to the sky just before it ran out of runway. It falls off the edge bellow the level of the runway but picks up speed without touching the water level. Small flames trail behind where the snapped landing gear used to be.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

The controller watches the damage on the ground and the struggling aircraft climbing back from his window.

CONTROLLER
 You got major gear damage. And flames
 near engine #3.

RHEA (ON RADIO)

Copy that.

CONTROLLER

We are running out of ideas here.
What can we do next run?

RHEA

I'm having a hard time maintaining alignment in crosswind. Can't you guys take a quick turn and align the runway to heading 275 so I can get some headwind?

CONTROLLER

Give me 20 seconds to verify that.

SPYQ (ON RADIO)

And if you can throttle up to sail at max speed in my direction, we could chip a few KAIS away from stall speed.

CONTROLLER (TO CAPTAIN STANDING NEARBY)

Captain, they requested...

CAPTAIN

Do what ever she wants. I got level H orders to get that plane back to ground in one piece.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER

The aircraft carrier speeds up and suddenly makes a turn. The flat flight deck inclines to the side causing some equipment to roll as the whole ship leans to the side leaving a curved trail of water wakes behind it. The front of the hull cuts through the waves as huge slabs of metal cranks under the enormous stress.

After completing the turn, the ship races ahead a speed almost supernatural for its size and weight. We see digital readings near the nuclear reactors inside the engine room of the ship dangerously increasing closing the overloading zone.

The gigantic aircraft violently rocks around cutting through the waves like a wild elephant charging through a rain forest as it reaches speedboat like velocity.

The A380 approaches from behind with only set of landing gear in one side. It appears to be slower since both the ship and the plane are racing in the same direction.

The remaining left gear makes contact with the runway with a puff off smoking rubber. The flaps and air breaks swing into maximum level. The nose gear touches down almost immediately. The right side lowers down and one of the engines touches the ground with a trail of sparks and flames with unbearable metal scraping noises.

The whole weight of the plane rests on the engine as it cracks into tidbits.

CONTROLLER (O.S.)
Shutdown all engines! Cut the fuel!!

Instead, the remaining three engines cream faster and blows backwards with their outer walls erecting outwards as it kicks into reverse thrust.

RHEA
Full breaks! Full breaks!

The wheels stop spinning but the plane slides along towards the end of the runway. One of the tires burst and circular pieces roll forward overtaking the other tires.

We watch from water level as the huge nose emerges out into the sea from the edge of the runway and the whole plane comes to a stop with half of its nose gear tipping off the edge of the runway level.

We hear faint cheers from the background on the ship. The nuclear engines running the ship's propellers rest back to normal speed again.

The plane slides slightly forwards and the nose gear trips off the edge, and the huge nose comes crashing down on to the ground with a large thud. The nose keeps sliding forward as the whole plane slowly slides dangerously towards the sea.

Three huge dual rotor helicopters get airborne from a lower deck and rush above the plane with cables rolling out from each. Mechanical latches at the ends of the cables cling on to the battered plane with its engines still in full reverse thrust.

The choppers swing backwards pulling back with their rotors spinning at a 45-degree angle. They haplessly swing about like balloons on strings caught in a thunderstorm, almost hitting each other at times.

The choppers keep the plane from falling further to give enough time for some ground crew to attach heavier cables to the A380. At the other end of the cable, there is a huge bomber with eight engines roaring with after burners on a smaller runway. The bomber shortly floats into the air as it pulls the A380 out of its doom. Thin tentacles spike out of the huge cable as they give way to the enormous tension.

The A380 slowly slides back up to the deck bending its nose gear forwards as it buckles back up to the flight deck.

The bomber cable suddenly snaps and the bomber shoots up into the sky like a rocket.

INT. SPYQ'S APARTMENT - DAWN

A message appears on his display reading: MISSION ACCOMPLISHED. The movement of the picture behind the message continues and an error message appears: ERROR EXECUTING 000355ELZ33 KILL LINK PROCEDURE. Spyq moves the error message window to the side to see the action behind it.

SPYQ

Rhea, are you still in?

RHEA

Yea, its weird I'm still in but the game is over. What is this? An Easter egg?

SPYQ

No, I think it's a bug. They can't get us out. We are still there.

RHEA

Gosh, it's almost morning. I'm definitely going to fall asleep in class tomorrow. I mean today. Damn.

SPYQ

Follow me; I'm going to find out what this place is all about.

RHEA

Spyq.

SPYQ

Com on, this could be our rare chance to find out what's going on.

RHEA

Spyq...

SPYQ

Look at this place. This can't be some built up level. I think Omega is right.

RHEA

Spyq, please.

SPYQ

Look! That's the same stuff we saw on the train!

RHEA

(Sleepily)
Take care.

SPYQ

What?

RHEA

(Alert)

I mean take cover, they are storming in.

EXT. A380 ON AIRCRAFT CARRIER DECK - NIGHT

Swarms of ground crew attend to hundreds of wounded passengers while more get help getting out of the plane through the emergency exits draped with inflated gangways spilling out of the crippled plane.

A squadron of tactical soldiers armed with some sort of electromagnetic weapons storms the cockpit to find it empty.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN

CAPTAIN

Have you located any cargo with the specified description?

OFFICER (ON RADIO)

Yes sir, the whole cargo bay is full of that stuff. There's not a single suitcase or baggage in sight.

CAPTAIN

Damn these feds! Dragging innocent people into this mess.

(Looks to the side)

No offense professor. I know it wasn't your call.

A communicator blips.

CONTROLLER (ON RADIO)

Captain, we have a mayday from another civilian aircraft.

CAPTAIN

What? I'm not expecting any. Headquarters didn't tell anything about another bird. Do not respond.

CONTROLLER

It's a Gulf Stream S820 registered to NOD. A reporter identified as Veronica Sinclair on board.

CAPTAIN

What the hell is a news jet doing in here?

CONTROLLER

Apparently, they were following the A380; they have nowhere else to land. Should I advice to ditch? It will take 5 hours for coastguard to reach them. That's if they find them.

CAPTAIN

I'm going to lose my job or worse if I let the media get in here.

A monotonous robotic voice comes from his left.

ROBOTIC VOICE

Did - he say - Ve-ro-ni-ca Sin-cla-ir?

CAPTAIN

Yes

ROBOTIC VOICE

From - N - O - D?

CAPTAIN

Yes. I have no idea what to do with them.

ROBOTIC VOICE

I know her - personally. I will - take care - of explaining - it - to head - quarters later.

EXT. A380 ON AIRCRAFT CARRIER DECK

The man in cowboy suit with Spyg's voice hangs out of an opening under the big belly of the A380. The flight attendant with Rhea's voice wrapped in a blanket as if she came out from a shower in a towel hangs on to him hidden from squadrons of soldiers searching all over the place.

They see the small plane with NOD logo land at the other end of the runway. It easily comes to a stop even before it reaches the middle.

A group of soldiers pointing guns escorts Veronica and her crew out of the runway.

INT. A380 COCKPIT

The soldiers point the EMP guns towards the heads of the dead pilot and a dead flight attendant and discharge the weapons in a flash. Sparks arc around the bodies.

SOLDIER

Humanoid bots neutralized! SIR!!

EXT. A380 ON AIRCRAFT CARRIER DECK

RHEA

(Whispering)

God, this is way too complicated to be a game.

SPYQ

(Whispering)

That's what I've been telling you all this time.

RHEA

I know, but I was just hoping you were wrong. So I've been killing real people all this time?

SPYQ

No. Just bots... I hope.

RHEA

Spyq, aren't you scared?

SPYQ

Yea ... are you?

RHEA

Yea. Yea.

(beat)

What can we do?

SPYQ

We got to find the whole story about this.

(Deep breath)

Who else know about you playing?

RHEA

Nobody. Well, Nick. Nick and Britney... but they don't know what level or map.

(Sigh)

Did you tell anyone?

Silence

SPYQ

Did you see that news plane that landed after us?

RHEA

Yea. How do you know it's a news plane?

SPYQ

Don't you watch NOD?

RHEA

No. Anyway, what about it?

SPYQ

I think they are after this matter too. I saw her.

RHEA

Who?

SPYQ

Victoria

RHEA

You know her?

SPYQ

No. I've seen her on NOD.

Long pause

SPYQ

And... I...

RHEA

What?

SPYQ

I wrote her about the train station.

RHEA

Oh God. That's it, I'm outa here. I'm pretty sure we are not supposed to be here.

(beat)

And, .. and I'm going to delete all my games, and don't want to have anything to do with this all.

SPYQ

Rhea.

RHEA

And you. You should do the same Spyq.

SPYQ

We got to talk to Omega.

RHEA

Spyq, I'm worried about you.

SPYQ

I...

RHEA

You've gone.. gone too far already.
We've gone too far. This is really
freaking me out. Let's just... get
out of here and forget it ever
happened.

SPYQ

I'm going in. Where did you last see
her?

RHEA

No.

SPYQ

She was trapped in the cargo bay
right?

RHEA

No. I just wanted to play a game.
This is not what I want. ok?

SPYQ

Fine! You go off to sleep.

RHEA

No! I won't let you wander around
this place for real or not.

SPYQ

I don't care what you want or don't
want, I'm going in.

RHEA

I never thought you were such an ass!

Both stares at each other for a moment.

SPYQ

You know what, I thought you were
different. But I was wrong. You are
just another one of those girls.

The plane suddenly starts to move. We notice a large vehicle
pushing the plane put into the water. Spyq and Rhea crawl into the
ghostly engine and slides along to the lover side. They jump off
the plane to the deck bellow and smash to the ground. They crawl
through the shadows and take refuge behind a maze of metal tanks,
wires and tubes.

RHEA

I'm logging off.

SPYQ

You can't get back here; remember we
are here because of a bug.

RHEA

I don't want to come back here.

SPYQ

This is our only chance.

RHEA

I don't know what to do. I hate this!
What did I do to deserve all this?

We see the real face of Rhea in her room breaking into tears. The woman in the blanket is in the same pose but no tears or emotion on her face.

The huge A380 falls off the deck into the ocean in a huge splash. It floats tail as the aircraft carrier keeps sailing leaving it behind.

SPYQ

Shit! What do we do now?

RHEA

Just wait here and see what else happens I guess.

SPYQ

So you are staying with me?

RHEA

Yea.

SPYQ

It's ok. Don't cry... come on.

RHEA

What made you think I was crying?

SPYQ

I just felt it... from your voice.

RHEA

What do you know about what I feel?

SPYQ

I know you better than you think.

RHEA

Aha?

SPYQ

Yea.

RHEA

I don't know...

SPYQ

Where's Sce-sce?

RHEA

What? Hmm... He's... he's sleeeeping.
Nicely sleeping. I wish I had nothing
else to worry about apart from when my
next milk time is, like him.

(Sigh)

He must miss his mummy though.

SPYQ

Do you?

RHEA

Me? I live with my parents remember?
(Chuckle)

SPYQ

(Chuckles)

Yea, I forgot. Well, mine are long
gone.

RHEA

Oh. You never told me. What
happened?

SPYQ

I can barely remember. I was very
small. I grew up with my older
sisters till I got here.

RHEA

No wonder you are so comfortable with
girls.

SPYQ

I am?

RHEA

I guess. I mean you don't seem to put
on a show for girls, to impress them.

SPYQ

Should I?.. Well, I never thought of
it that way. Now that you told me, I
don't have any close guy friends.

RHEA

More like do you have any friends?

SPYQ

Actually, I don't.

RHEA

You have me.

SPYQ

I only saw you two times.

RHEA

But we spent so much time together.
For real or not,.. It doesn't really
matter.

SPYQ

I can hardly remember how you look
like.

RHEA

Next time you'd better look straight
at me more often when you do meet me.

SPYQ

How do you look like now?

RHEA

What? I'm not stripped off a uniform
n wearing a blanket if that's what you
are thinking.

(Chuckles)

Spyq quietly puts his hands on her shoulders and draws his fingers
through her hair.

RHEA

What are you doing?

SPYQ

I wish I had the courage to do this
for real.

RHEA

Hey... come on, cut it out.

He keeps staring into her eyes. They are so close to each other
they could smell each other's breath if it were for real.

RHEA

(Nervously)

Come on, I'm not me. In case you
forgot, I don't look like a beaten up
flight attendant.

(beat)

And look at you! You look like George
Bush gone on vacation.

Spyq puts his finger across her lips as to say stop talking. Then
he slowly wipes across her lips with his thumb. He gently wraps his
hand around her waist. We hear her breathing and a very faint moan.

FLASH! A bright light blinds their vision as it illuminates the
dark corner. They turn to see a glairing flash light. We notice

that it is a flashlight mounted on a gun held pointing at them by a soldier, standing firm.

SOLDIER

Freeze! What are you still doing here? Where are your documents?

RHEA

We... we lost our bags. The passports are in there.

Another soldier standing next to him taps on his colleague's shoulder and moves in without pointing the gun.

SOLDIER 2

It's ok. It's all over. You are safe now. Let us take you to the medical team; they will do a check up.

SPYQ

We are fine. No need for check ups.

SOLDIER 2

Ok, let us take you to the rest of the passengers then. You can have a nice hot glass of milk and some cookies maybe.

RHEA

That would be lovely. Thanks.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER CANTEEN

Spyq and Rhea are sitting in a large canteen with a large number of tables. Passengers most with bandages and blankets sit around munching chocolates and crackers out of military style metallic wrappers.

Rhea is wearing some sort of hospital gown. Spyq sits near her across the table in his cowboy suite. He looks past her and leans over to whisper her.

SPYQ

It's her. I can see her sitting a couple of tables away.

Rhea casually turns around and notices Victoria, the woman who got out of the small plane.

RHEA

Is she for real or playing here also?

SPYQ

I think it's her for real.

We fly over the tables across the room to Victoria's table.

JHAN

Look at all these people.

VICTORIA

We got to talk to some of them without getting noticed too much.

JHAN

Are we allowed to do that? I thought they said...

VICTORIA

I don't care what they say. I need to get to the bottom of this.

JHAN

But it's going to be useless. They took all our stuff.

VICTORIA

(Whispering)

I have a voice recorder inside my bra, but it's turned off.

Spyq walks over towards Veronica's table. Rhea follows.

SPYQ

Hi, You are Veronica right?

VERONICA

Yes, and you are?

Spyq sits near her and leans towards her ear and whispers.

SPYQ

No man Zone.

VERONICA

(Whispering back)

I thought you were a kid. Or was it just my prejudice made me remember you that way?

SPYQ

I am. I told you how old I was in the online form.

VERONICA

I don't understand.

Rhea and Jhan looks at each other in confusion slightly surprised by Spyq and Veronica's intimacy despite being strangers.

RHEA

(To Jhan)

Beats me. So what do you guys know so far?

We see from a distance how the four of them flock together with their heads leaning together. WE realize it's the point of view of one of the soldiers on the ship holding a plastic cup of coffee. She watches them suspiciously and casually spits something into the coffee that looks like a coffee bean.

On closer inspection, we see the coffee bean floating on the coffee and a small fly like mechanical insect hatches out of it. She points towards Veronica's table with a slight lip movement.

The electronic insect dives to the floor and we follow it as it skillfully navigates around and over obstacles such as other people's feet and fallen plastic cups, which look like valleys and mountains for its size and perspective. It flies hugging the terrain like an attack helicopter gunship and lands upside down sticking to the underside of the table.

While others act relaxed and casual, the female soldier walks about alert and attentively almost feeling out of place. She walks out of the canteen and the camera follows her across the windows a tactical unit jogs in the opposite direction. She walks right through almost ignoring them. The camera changes direction and tracks the soldiers storming into the canteen.

All of them some with projectile guns and some with EMP guns point their weapons towards Victoria, Spyq, Rhea and Jhan. Laser beams draw crosshair trackers, which automatically move with their targets glow on their bodies where vital organs are.

SOLDIER

(Agitated)

Freeze! Remain calm. Now slowly walk out with me with your hands well visible.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER INTERROGATION ROOM

The four of them walk into a dark room and line up against a metal wall while soldiers continue to point their weapons at them.

The female soldier walks towards them out of the dark.

FEMALE INSPECTOR

I'm code X5769 from internal affairs, and I have a warrant to search you with a photon scan. You have the right to choose a body scan if you object to that.

JHAN

What are the charges?

FEMALE INSPECTOR

You are suspected to have violated classified restriction Viola7703.

JHAN

Do we have the right to know what
Viola7703 is?

FEMALE INSPECTOR

Frankly, I have no idea. However, I
assume it is something to do with
tampering with matters extremely
sensitive information of national or
global significance.

VERONICA

Precisely what matter are you
referring to?

FEMALE INSPECTOR

Look, I was ordered to search you and
no further instructions and I'm just
doing my job.

(To veronica)

Let us start with you. You have the
right to choose to be searched by a
heterosexual Male officer or
heterosexual female officer.

Veronica looks around.

VERONICA

I guess the heterosexual female would
be you.

FEMALE INSPECTOR

Yes, what did you think I was?

VERONICA

I'll stick to the male.

A male soldier with a device walks up to Veronica and points it to
veronica. On his monitor, we see layers of clothing, undergarments,
skin and muscle fade to reveal down to the bone as he scans her head
to toe.

SCANNER

Negative

FEMALE INSPECTOR

Fine

(To Rhea)

Next you. You have the right to
choose...

She stops to see the scanner still scanning veronica curiously.

FEMALE INSPECTOR
 (To scanner)
 I think that would be enough.

He points the device towards Veronica's breast and stares at the monitor while tweaking a dial.

SCANNER
 I thought I saw something here.

FEMALE INSPECTOR
 I think we have enough to confirm
 she's real. Now move on.

The scanner walks away disappointed and over powered. He clumsily points the scanner towards the inspector. Her surprisingly feminine and sexy panties come up on the monitor. She clears her throat.

SCANNER
 Oops... sorry

FEMALE INSPECTOR
 (To Rhea)
 As I was saying, you have the right
 to...

RHEA
 Makes no difference to me.

The scanner begins to scan her and immediately yells

SCANNER
 Positive! Possible HB localized!

Rhea and Spyg suddenly jump up in a humanly impossible manner and try to escape. They move in slow motion faster than a speeding bullet. Projectile weapons fire bullets. They follow the laser painted targets changing direction in mid air like miniature heat seeking missiles. Rhea and Spyg keep avoiding them but the bullets keep following them and finally hits them splattering oily black liquid all over but they keep fighting back. Eventually they are cornered against the wall and two EMP gunmen point the weapons right at their heads and discharge huge shockwaves. They collapse lifelessly. Jhan also falls onto Veronica's hands passing out.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jhan's eyes slowly open. He sees a blurry bright light.

JHAN
 Wow, it's just like how they said it's
 going to be like.

VERONICA
 Are you ok now Jhan?

JHAN

Oh my God, you sound just like
Veronica. Oh no! Veronica? They
killed you too didn't they?

VERONICA

No Jhan I'm fine. You are too, just
shaken and in shock. Well, I think
you'll feel much better if I say the
girl and the boy you saw getting
killed wasn't real.

JHAN

What do you mean? And you mean I'm
not dead?

VERONICA

You just passed out. They checked you
and said nothing's wrong. I didn't
get any explanation what the body scan
and shooting those kids was all about
though. I did sign a legal document
to keep quiet about it.

JHAN

But they told you they weren't real?

VERONICA

No they didn't say anything, but I
have enough reason to believe the
kid's story is true.

JHAN

(Getting up)

Get me out of here. I don't know what
they will do to us next.

VERONICA

No Jhan, I suggest you rest in here
till they ask you to go. Trust me;
the sleeping barracks are much worse.

JHAN

Oh my. But I hate hospitals.

VERONICA

This is not a hospital; you are on a
ship remember.

JHAN

(Sigh)

What ever you say honey.

VERONICA

Look, I got to go. I need to find a way to contact the office. George must be worried like hell.

JHAN

Oh, please don't leave me here.

A handsome looking male doctor walks towards them.

VERONICA

You'll be fine.

DOCTOR

Oh, look who's awake!

Veronica smiles at the Doctor and walks away. Jhan watches her go with mixed feelings.

14. EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Veronica walks along an open area wearing some sort of bar-coded ID tag on her neck. She slows down holding the railing and gazes at the infinitely spanning ocean - calm and dark.

She marvels at the starry sky leaning forward with her chest erect firm with the slight breeze fluttering her hair, moon light kissing her flawless skin as we marvel her looking like a mermaid waiting for a long lost sailor.

Suddenly, a robotic voice breaks out of the darkness from behind.

ROBOTIC VOICE (O.S.)

Veronica?

VERONICA

Yes, that's me, and I have clearance to be here. I just visited my...

ROBOTIC VOICE (O.S.)

I know. I - have - been trying - to find a chance - to - talk to - you - all this time.

Veronica turns to the side and her eyes light up with surprise and delight.

VERONICA

Professor William? Is that you?

Out of the dark, a shadowy machine emerges on wheels. We realize it is some sort of wheel chair balancing on two wheels making the person sitting on it high enough to have his eye level to that of anybody else who is standing.

An old and weak man sits on this high balancing high-tech chair with his head lifelessly hanging to the side with tubes and wires flowing from his mouth, nose and ears. A computer display and many other gadgets surround him. His face shows a slight distorted smile but his lips are not moving while he talks. He taps his fingers slightly and the computer talks for him. (Like Stephen Hawkings)

WILLIAM (ROBOTIC VOICE)

Yes, - I - am glad - you still
remember - me.

VERONICA

How can I forget? You are the most
amazing person I ever interviewed!
What are you doing here? I'm so glad
to see you again!

WILLIAM

(Same monotonous pace throughout)
Don't try to flatter me. Well, in my
case you are the last person to
interview me.

VERONICA

Oh come on, I've seen you talking on
TV so many times. You are famous!

WILLIAM

I never get to talk about what I
really want to talk about. I'm always
forced to just put on a show.

VERONICA

Oh, the feds are still watching you
ha? Gosh, can't they just leave you
alone even after you are retired?

WILLIAM

(Brief smile)
I'm not really retired.

VERONICA

(Face becomes more serious)
I know it's not a co-incidence you are
here. There's something going on
isn't it?

WILLIAM

They flew me here all of a sudden. I
do not know why. But from my
experience, I know that the only time
they remember me is when they have a
big mess that nobody can solve.

(Smile)

VERONICA

So what is it this time? Do you have any theories? Well, I know you are probably not allowed to talk about it. I just need someone to give me the slightest hint so I could just tell myself what ever it is, it's a secret better kept hidden for the good of all. Can you help me?

WILLIAM

I would rather spend my nights gazing at the stars through my telescope instead of from an aircraft carrier being a puppet of the feds. I would rather work on my theories of the universe, instead of getting involved in their dark obscure matters.

VERONICA

I'm sure what ever you do is ethically sound and serves us all.

WILLIAM

Ethics, it is perhaps a subject more complex than the origins of the universe.

VERONICA

(Turning back up to the sky)
If even someone as sharp as you, who can crack the secrets of the stars, can't still tell right from wrong, how can any of us even stand a chance?

WILLIAM

When I was a kid, my mother always had a hard time reading fairytales, especially with all the side questions I had.

VERONICA

(Chuckles)
Gosh, I'm so glad I don't have kids. Look at me. I'm totally lost. How could I guide some other human being in this messed up world? I'm so amazed how my parents had managed with me.

(A pause and her eyes become watery)
I really miss them. I was so too busy with useless things I didn't even have the time to...

An insect fly pass her face. A shaky 1990's technology robotic hand reaches out and pats on Veronica's shoulder. It is an arm attached to William's wheelchair.

WILLIAM

Why don't we go to my room and talk about why we both ended up here on this scary warship.

VERONICA

(Sweet smile)

After you.

INT. WILLIAM'S ROOM

The lights flicker and turn on automatically as they enter a small room with nothing but a white bed and an entrance to a small toilet. William's wheelchair folds down bringing him to a sitting level.

WILLIAM

I don't have chairs or anything.

VERONICA

Oh, that's ok; I can sit on this bed if you don't mind.

WILLIAM

Go ahead. I don't use beds either, as you know, but it comes standard with these cabins I guess.

VERONICA

Wow, this is not bad for a warship. We the stranded passengers get to sleep in bunker beds.

WILLIAM

This is the least they could give for an admiral.

VERONICA

You are joking right? Gosh, do you really have a military rank professor?

WILLIAM

I was in the military since I was 14.

VERONICA

Get out of here! Let me guess, you don't really have Peripheliacolosis but your spaceship crashed on your way back home from Neptune?

Veronica bursts into laughter but having noticed no emotion at all on William's face hushes and looks into his eyes.

WILLIAM

No, I didn't go on a secret mission to Neptune, but I'm the way I am now because of many journeys to the unknown. I am lucky to be alive.

VERONICA

(Looking around and whispering)
Do you think they bugged this place?

WILLIAM

Most probably, yes.

VERONICA

You never use the bathroom do you?

WILLIAM

I don't use the bathroom. I don't use many of my organs.

VERONICA

Before you say anything else, I have to do some thing.

INT. WILLIAM'S TOILET

Veronica rushes into the small bathroom. She steps into the shower fully dressed and pulls a shower curtain to cover her. We get a peek inside to see her unbuttoning her blouse. She pulls out a tiny device out of her bra and pushes a button on it. A tiny red light blinks on it. She slips it back into her bra, closes the blouse but thinks for a moment. She takes it out again, holds it with her teeth while pulling her skirt up.

We go out of the shower and watch the commotion behind the shower curtain. We just see her silhouette bending down. She emerges out of it fixing her self up. She carefully folds a pair of panties and hides it inside her bra. She takes a good look at herself in the mirror, takes a deep breath and bites the lips while turning around to check the cloths front and back.

INT. WILLIAM'S ROOM

Veronica sits back on the bed cross-legged.

VERONICA

(Whispery)
Professor, can you please come close and lower your seat a little more?

The motorized parts of the wheel chair move in synchrony to make him lower. Veronica moves to sit closer and directly in front of him. Unwinds her legs and opens them slightly.

WILLIAM

What do you have in mind?

VERONICA

Talk to my... well, inside my skirt.

WILLIAM

I see it. What is it?

We see his perspective. Indeed, there is a tiny red blip inside the intimate darkness of the skirt.

VERONICA

It's a recorder. Only for my own reference, I won't miss use anything you say. Professor, you trust me don't you?

WILLIAM

I always feared I'm going to take many unbearable secrets to my grave. At this point, I will be glad to get this weight off my chest. But please, don't judge me from my past.

VERONICA

So what happened near Nuku'alofa has a long history?

WILLIAM

What happened in there is nothing compared to what happened in my everyday life and what is about to happen anytime soon.

VERONICA

Professor, first of all, what exactly happened in Nuku'alofa?

WILLIAM

Not even the people of Tonga knew what our country was doing there under their noses. As we speak, many human inhabited islands in the whole area now rain down to the sea as dust and ashes.

VERONICA

Oh my gosh. I knew it's worse than what they made it to look like.

WILLIAM

When I was younger, all I wanted was to explore the way this universe worked.

We see an old damaged footage of young William ceremoniously getting out of a vintage helicopter with a group of military officers. He looks perfectly healthy and fit. A haunting faint wind flow / siren

noise rings throughout the footage even though the men seem relaxed and happy. They walk into a large old-fashioned compound heavily guarded with soldiers holding post WWII machine guns. We also see few old-fashioned fighter planes parked nearby.

WILLIAM (V. O.)

So when a high government official showed interest to fund a series of outrageously expensive experiments I was so delighted. I never even thought they had the intension to use those very concepts to harm people and use them as weapons. How stupid of me! And they call me a genius.

VERONICA

What sort of experiments?

WILLIAM (V. O.)

They let me search proof to some of my theories about the universe. Since it is impossible to fetch a trip to the nearest quasar or black hole, my only choice was to attempt creating similar conditions down here on earth.

We see them walk into the compound. Inside the atmosphere is well ahead of it's time. Complex machines, large computers, and giant elevators among other things look metallic and outdated in color and texture but very modern in form and function. We follow them ride an elevator down to the depths of the unknown.

WILLIAM (V. O. CONT'D)

We built the largest and the most powerful particle accelerator ever existed on earth up to date, and the most powerful nuclear power plant to power it.

We see them walking on a steel platform inside the underground compound. The hollow open space is as high as a dozen skyscrapers and as wide as a hundred football fields. Gargantuan steel pillars with thick wires neatly wrapped around them and many gadgets and instruments attached to them line up in three dimensions and converge at a common point in the middle, concentrated into a large spherical core.

VERONICA

What were you trying to achieve with all that?

WILLIAM (V. O.)

We wanted create a phenomena called dark matter. Naturally it exists for very long periods, but in the lab, we were lucky if we could experience one for shorter than a trillionth of a second even with all that mighty power.

We see old footage of several people helping William get into a bulky space suit type outfit. He crawls into a thick walled metal capsule. Several layers of metal and concrete doors close after he got in it.

WILLIAM (V. O. CONT'D)

Once we had a tricky situation where we had to isolate a certain unit of instruments and their controls to the point not even neutrinos can get through. Which meant it couldn't be remotely controlled. And not even today's computing power could make decisions in such an unpredictable environment. So I was at the controls.

WILLIAM (V. O. CONT'D)

The trickier part was my controls were accelerating until it reached near speed of light velocities, so I had to ride along with it.

VERONICA

Did they force you to do that?

We see the small capsule speeding up inside a metal tube like track. Inside William struggles to keep his head straight. His skin on the face ripples around like waves on a pond.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

No, it was my idea and I was more than willing to volunteer. The first time I got out, my eyes were filled with blood. I couldn't see anything for 8 months.

We see a doctor taking Williams helmet off and force opening the tightly closed eyelids with his fingers. There is no pupil, just pure blood red large eyeballs.

VERONICA

Is that what put you on a wheel chair for the rest of your life?

WILLIAM

No, though I did have permanent injuries each time, I was still walking. What made me waste away so much are the unknown types of radiation present all around our instruments. The suits we wore were designed to stop nuclear radiation. But there were many other forces at work that we didn't even know about. I'm the only one still alive.

We see William at the controls of a panel wearing large sophisticated goggles along with a panel of other scientists. They watch on a monitor how the large metal pillars glow red hot and a massive shock of circular lightning bolts blast along all in synchrony to merge at the core and the whole monitor turns bright white.

He looks at a reading on one of the gauges and puts his thumbs up. All the others celebrate excited.

VICTORIA

Did the experiments succeed?

WILLIAM

I was so close. I did not prove anything new but many things thought impossible became practical. As time went by, governments changed, people changed, priorities changed. Funding diminished and the project came to a halt.

(beat)

After the UN imposed the total nuclear weapon ban, the project resurfaced, simply because legally they did not consider harnessing the natural destructive powers of the deep space as nuclear weapons.

VERONICA

But it doesn't make sense. Legal or not, wasn't the whole point of the weapon ban to stop people from inventing new horrible weapons?

WILLIAM

Nothing in this world is perfect. The very laws that protect us have bigger loopholes that people want to take advantage of. Of course, I refused to rejoin since it was openly a military project but they went ahead with a foreign team - ironically our former sworn enemies. I have no problem with that. But I always warned about the dangers of fiddling with dark matter or any other universal concepts.

VERONICA

So was what happened in Nuku'alofa a terrible accident?

We see William engaging in more strange experiments on old stock footage.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

I always told them that the universe has the natural tendency to cease existence. It is much more unstable than we think. We are not meant to be. We are the anomaly. This world wasn't made for us for the taking. We are just an insignificant spec in a great mess beyond our comprehension. It's this power of natural self-destruction they were trying to control. But I left behind very detailed safety procedures it's hard to believe somebody slipped something. In fact, the military says somebody stole the research material and some core components and destroyed the facility with one of the minor prototype reactors that we never tested.

VERONICA

One of the prototypes? Meaning there are more?

WILLIAM

From the damage assessment, I suspect what they used is the smallest. There is one five times as powerful and small enough to fit at the back of your car. And another about twenty times deadly and small enough to fit in a briefcase.

VERONICA

Why did they make them so small?

WILLIAM

The power source itself is smaller than an atom.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

The protective covering makes it big enough to hold in your hands. But not even that stops all the radiation types. Most of them not harmful to humans but some animals and machines are sensitive to them.

VERONICA

It makes a lot of sense now.

Suddenly we hear a knock on the door. Veronica closes her legs tightly. William's chair rolls closer to the door and a robotic arm opens the small door. Two or three soldiers stand in the dark.

SOLDIER 1

Excuse me Sir; is Ms Veronica Sinclair with you? We traced her to your cabin.

WILLIAM

Yes, that's her. What's the matter?

SOLDIER 1

This... man is looking for her sir.

Jhan emerges out of his dark silhouette.

JHAN

Oh there you are. I was searching all over and they said someone saw you coming this way.

VERONICA

Jhan, did they release you?

JHAN

Yes, I asked them so actually. So, what did George say?

VERONICA

Oh my gosh, I nearly forgot.

(To William)

I really have to go. Hope to catch you again some other time.

(To soldier)

I really need to make a call to my office. Can you clear me for that?

SOLDIER 1

Sorry mam, I'm not authorized to do that. You might want to talk to my supervisor.

WILLIAM

You can use my phone. And I will give you authorization of course.

SOLDIER 1

Very well. I'll leave you with them Sir.

He salutes William and walks away with the other soldier.

VERONICA

Btw, Jhan this is Professor William Chekhov.

Voices continue as they become undistinguishable and echoes as we slowly float up towards the ceiling. A tiny dot of dirt lies at a seam of the metal surface. We go a little closer and realize its one of those electronic flies! The camera suddenly sweeps across into the bathroom. In the corner of the shower, room there is another one of those flies.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - NIGHT

PRESIDENT (BIG SHADOW)

Are you absolutely sure that all articles are accounted for?

GENERAL (SMALL SHADOW)

Yes sir, the ambush attempt was successfully neutralized.

PRESIDENT

I wouldn't exactly call it a success with so many things yet to explain to the people.

GENERAL (SMALL SHADOW)

Our experts are formulating a PR strategy...

PRESIDENT

(Interrupting, sarcastically)
Experts, experts, we have a fix to every single problem don't we? So how do you intend to stop this from happening again and again?

GENERAL

As I was advising you earlier, we shall launch the pre-emptive attack. Haven't we been sitting ducks for long enough now?

PRESIDENT

I don't want to discuss that right now. If there aren't any new developments that I should know about, I must get back home now.

GENERAL

That would be all sir.

AGENT

Sir, what about William Chekhov?

GENERAL

I think we can handle it ourselves.

PRESIDENT

What about William Chekhov?

GENERAL

Nothing, we just think he's been rather unproductive lately. Perhaps it is time for him to retire into his little parallel universe or what ever.

PRESIDENT

What the hell are you talking about?

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER LOWER DECK - NIGHT

(Suggested soundtrack: Karma Coma by Massive Attack) William is in his room with his wheelchair laid flat in sleeping configuration with his eyes closed.

Out in the walkway we see a man in boots walking. He is dressed in medical gear as a doctor. Yet, he is carrying a sinister gun with a silencer on it. He stops in front of the door to William's room. His sinister eyes behind the medical face mask scans around but nobody is around. He walks in.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER DECK - DAWN

(Soundtrack continues) Several military troop carrier aircraft slouch on the flight deck. Jet noises, rotor blades, indistinguishable loudspeaker announcements, as the stranded passengers from the A380 are loaded into the troop carriers in orderly manner.

Another military plane lands and taxis closer to the others. It is the same plane we saw in the hanger at the airport. The cargo doors swing open. It is full of suitcases and other luggage.

Veronica and Jhan are among the passengers in the cues. We watch her struggle among the crowds from a distance. She rushes to an official and seems to be arguing. He holds Jhan and lets Veronica

go off the cue and into an entrance leading to the lower deck accompanied by another soldier.

She walks towards William's room. The door is fully open. The whole room is empty she talks to the soldier but his body language shows clueless negativity.

She runs back to the waiting series of planes and gets in at the last moment. The planes catapult to the sky one after the other in military precision and efficiency into the rising sun of the new dawning day.

From the other side at the darker horizon we see small lights shining like three closely packed stars getting brighter and brighter and spreading apart to reveal the faint wingspan of a large plane.

We see Veronica watch the aircraft carrier getting smaller and smaller from her window. We see a huge Airbus Super Transporter land on the aircraft carrier. It is a peculiar aircraft with a huge bulging cargo hump over a snakehead like thin cockpit.

Inside Veronica's plane looks rugged and uncomfortable. A few makeshift seats away we see a familiar face sitting alone quiet and still like a rock. It is the woman with Omega's voice.

Back on the aircraft carrier, the super transporter cargo bulge opens. Military machinery loads the infamous green-canopied cargo into the super transporter.

15. EXT AIRPORT - DAY

The military planes are on the ground. The passengers transfer into a civilian plane near by. Veronica notices the quiet woman casually break away from the crowd and hide behind a huge landing gear tire. She whispers something to Jhan but makes no fuss.

We pull back and track a baggage transporter from a distance. The camera stops to follow someone jumping off the moving vehicle close to a barbwire boundary.

A closer look shows Omega ripping an electrocuted wire mesh fence apart with her bare hands. She walks a few paces and starts climbing a concrete wall, slips back down. She bangs the concrete with her head several times to make a hole large enough to slip her sleek body right through it.

She walks right through moving traffic sending several vehicles spinning out of course and crashing on to each other. She reaches a highway and starts walking against the moving traffic in the middle of the road with hyper speed high-tech vehicles zooming right beside her on both sides.

A huge oil tanker truck races right in the middle towards her, she keeps walking as a zombie undeterred. The iron woman and the combustible beast meet head on.

We see from far how the huge tanker tip forwards and fly into the air seemingly for no reason. It keeps moving in the direction of the traffic in the air for several seconds rolling upside down. It hits the ground sending a fireball in a perfect straight line turning everything in its path into a colorful scorching inferno.

We see her relatively unharmed walking into an emergency phone booth at the side of the road. She picks up the phone.

INT. RHEA'S HOUSE - DARK

A tiny cell phone blips silently in green. The camera pulls back to reveal an edge of a bed. A little further and we see the blurry image of a girl and a boy passionately kissing on the bed in the foreground. The phone keeps blinking. We see the close up the girl's face turning her eyes towards the phone. It is Rhea. She ignores the phone and lets her soft thin bra straps lose off her shoulders. The boy seen from behind moves his kisses off her lips down to the neck and she closes her eyes and turns her head up intoxicated with passion.

We see her face upside down opening her eyes to notice the phone blinking red this time. She stretches her arm towards the phone almost in a trance. She cannot reach it, so she tries to crawl slowly towards it like a sedated snake. As she reaches the phone her body slipping up just makes it ever easier for the boy to slip her bra down and scavenge for her breasts. She moans and hangs upside down with her head spilling off the edge of the bed with the phone tightly on to the ear.

RHEA
(Fighting to sound normal)
What is it?

SPYQ (O.S.)
She called me.

RHEA
Who?

SPYQ
Omega. The girl. She said she's in trouble.

RHEA
This is a bad time. Can we talk about it in about two hours?
(Tries to cover the phone and moans)
Oh... god...

We see the blurry image of the boy reaching down to her crotch and her face melts with exhilarating pleasure.

SPYQ

This is important.

RHEA

Is she threatening you? Are you ok
Spyq?

SPYQ

No. I'm going to meet her. Well, her
H-Bot.

RHEA

(Still struggling to keep herself together)
Where? When?

SPYQ

I got to take a 3-hour flight. But
they cancelled all flights cos of the
weather.

RHEA

Yea, so you wait till the weather
clears ok?
(Moan)

SPYQ

I found a local Chopney service. I'm
on my way there. I just want to let
you know. You know, incase I
disappear or something.

She closes her legs and rolls around turning her head upright hiding
her chest pressed against the bed. By now, we realize the boy on
top is Nick. He backs off for a moment but gets back on her
caressing her half exposed butt and kissing along up her spine.

RHEA

(More structured voice)
You can't just go into this just like
that.

SPYQ

I have to. It's now or never.

Rhea sits up and gently pushes Nick away and covers her chest with
the blanket.

RHEA

I'm coming with you.
(To nick)
Sorry baby I got to go, it's an
emergency.

NICK

(Confused but calm)
What?

RHEA
 (Kisses nick)
 I love you.

We see Rhea from behind getting out of bed pulling her panties up and slipping into a skirt. She grabs a top and runs out of the room topless, but comes back with the top on. Nick tosses her a bra. She catches it.

RHEA
 Thanks.

She pulls up her top to wear the strapless bra. Nick buckles her bra on with an embrace. Her top folds down but his hands remain under the cloth around her bare skin. They kiss on the lips.

NICK
 I'm going to miss you.

RHEA
 Me too.

Nick's hands slide down to her hips and around the butt. She pinches his butt over his boxes.

EXT. CHOPNEY STATION - FOGY DAY

We see dusty ground and uneven broken roads. People line up in rusted recycled bus cues to get into Chopneys. Chopneys are refurbished former heavy-duty military transport choppers fitted with seats to carry civilians. Rusted and dirty but colorfully repainted and decorated with gypsy like accessories from beads to shiny metallic chains. Some parked idle while others gradually drift along the ground with their rotors spinning. On each chopney door there is a conductor hanging out, calling the destinations aloud to prospective passengers.

Spyq walks up to one of the Chopneys and inquires from the conductor.

SPYQ
 St. Theresa Island?

The conductor points towards another line up of choppers few blocks away. Spyq walks towards that line asks the conductor of the first Chopney in line and the conductor nods. He gets in but remains near the door looking around tapping on the phone.

CONDUCTOR
 (Yelling out to passengers in the cues)
 Corel Field, Augustine, St. Theresa,
 York Strait, York Strait, York Strait.

He waits but there is no sign of Rhea. He walks in.

INT. CHOPNEY - FOGY DAY

He sits in one of the dirty seats, and keeps looking out from the tiny round window. The 30 or so seats are half-full. A ragged old man with a large cardboard box gets in. The conductor makes him leave the box in the front on the empty co-pilot's seat and directs him to sit at the back.

CONDUCTOR
(Yelling out)
Come, more seats here, York Strait,
York Strait, York Strait.

An over weight woman with a sack of potatoes gets in. She argues with the conductor and sits with her sack next to her. A dwarf with two large dogs gets in.

CONDUCTOR
(Yelling out)
Corel Field, Augustine, St. Theresa,
York Strait, York Strait, York Strait.

The seats are almost full by now. A heavily tattooed man in jeans and undershirt gets in and sits at the pilot seat. He gulps what is left in his large beer bottle and throws it out of the window, spits and lights a cigarette. The conductor runs out to a small shed near by and runs back with a large plastic can with no lid. He opens an implanted fuel cap on a pipe in between the two pilot seats and pours a bright orange colored fuel fuming with volatile vapors. The pilot puffs smoke from his cigarette right next to it.

It starts to drizzle outside. Tiny drops of water linger down Spyq's window. The roof leaks at one point, and drops of water starts dripping down from a rusty patch to a darkened spot on the floor below.

He turns a series of switches on. A high-pitched hiss fills the whole area. The conductor runs to the shed with the empty can and runs back to the chopney without it. He climbs up a series of metal hooks carelessly wielded along the body of the chopper, jumps getting hold of one of the rotor blades, and swings around like a monkey and the engine suddenly cranks up. The conductor lets go and falls to the ground in all fours. The rotors gain full speed and thick black smoke puff out of the exhaust pipe nesting in a huge black patch of soot.

The engine runs in full power but the chopney sits in still place.

CONDUCTOR
(Yelling out)
Corel Field, Augustine, St. Theresa,
York Strait, York Strait, York Strait.

The conductor of the other chopney right behind them yells at the one in front.

OTHER CONDUCTOR

(Yelling)

Oy... Move it you dick heads, your
times up...ey.

CONDUCTOR

(Yelling)

Shut up butt face. Shut the fuck up!

The other conductor jumps off his chopney and charges to the front with a large shiny knife pointing forwards.

OTHER CONDUCTOR

(Yelling)

Who you calling butt face? Bring it
on you son of a bitch.

The front chopney leans forward, drifts a little forward, takes a few feet up into the air, and hovers away for few seconds but pounds on to the ground again.

CONDUCTOR

(Yelling out)

Corel Field, Augustine, St. Theresa,
York Strait, York Strait, York Strait.

Spyq stops looking around and sits back with a sigh. He is still holding the seat next to him vacant with his rack sack on it.

CONDUCTOR

(Yelling out)

Corel Field, Augustine, St. Theresa,
York Strait, York Strait, York Strait.

The chopney drifts forwards dragging its battered landing gear along the rough terrain.

The pilot turns on a large boom box near by. It blasts music competing with the rotor and jet engine noises. (Suggested soundtrack: How soon is now - Tatu)

The drizzle turns to heavy pouring rain. The pilot switches on the windshield wipers. The chopney takes to the air this time decisively and high enough to cross over across lines of chopney cues.

CONDUCTOR

(Yelling out)

Ho!! Ho!! Hold on!

The pilot dives the chopney back to the ground in the middle of a crowd of scattered people dodging rotor blade, and a passenger runs into the chopney wrapped in a raincoat. She pulls her hood off. It's a shaved headed girl.

CONDUCTOR
 (Yelling out)
 Corel Field, Augustine, St. Theresa,
 York Strait, York Strait, York Strait.

The chopney waits more as the pilot buys a bottle of beer through his window from a street vendor. He opens it on the flight stick and starts gulping away. Spyq's phone blinks; he looks at it and runs towards the still open door.

SPYQ
 (Yelling)
 Over here! Over here!

A soaking wet little girl comes running and hangs on to the chopney door handle fighting the rotor blasts made more treacherous by the huge drops of pouring rain. Both the conductor and Spyq help her in to the chopper. She wipes her wet hair out of her face, its Rhea.

Spyq takes off his coat and puts it on Rhea's shoulders. She sits at the window seat and Spyq sits next to her. She twists her skirt dripping water down her legs. Spyq helps drying her hair with a tissue. She takes her cell phone out of a pocket and shakes some water off it.

RHEA
 (Smiling)
 Still works.

SPYQ
 Are you sure you want to come with me?

RHEA
 I don't want to miss a thing.

She sits back looking out of the window. Rainwater flows rapidly down the window outside. Few drops leak into the chopper through the edges.

The pilot tosses the empty beer bottle out of his window, slides the glass window shut and pulls the collective up to charge up to the air. The ugly beast puffs more black smoke out and loiters up to the air like an old bull.

The cues get smaller and raindrops get longer. The conductor still hangs on from the open door still yelling.

CONDUCTOR
 (Yelling out)
 Corel Field, Augustine, St. Theresa,
 York Strait, York Strait, York Strait.

The people below almost fade out to nothing in the thick fog. The conductor slams the door shut and starts walking through the passengers collecting money. He puts the coins in a small sachet

and folds the bank notes lengthwise and rolls them between his fingers in a bunch like a fan.

He walks up to Spyq and Rhea. Spyq hands over a credit card.

SPYQ

Two to St. Theresa.

The conductor pulls a small gadget out of his pocket and wipes the card on it.

We watch through the cockpit windows swept by shaky old windshield wipers.

(The music takes over to fill in completely holding back the background noises) Through the heavy rain and foggy air, we can faintly make out rocky valleys and canyons. The chopper drowsily drifts through the mountainous terrain while lose windows, handlebars, metal plates with missing screws rattle.

Rhea closes her eyes and seems to fall asleep leaning towards the glass window. The vibration of the glass wakes her up and she sits straight in the middle and closes her eyes again.

EXT. SPEED FERRY - GLOOMY DAY

A large hovercraft skips along the rough seas at very high speed.

INT. SPEED FERRY

A beautiful young girl sits with her head leaning against the glass window looking out to the dark rough sea and the gloomy sky.

She has straight rich brown slightly long hair symmetrically flowing down her sassy cheeks. Her brilliant green gemstone like eyes invites you to get lost into her mysterious world. Lush rosy plump but small lips vibrantly bloom with life even without lipstick.

She is wearing some sort of school uniform. Her small backpack sits beside her on the empty seat. She looks at her watch and keeps looking out of the window.

He head slightly bobs at times as the giant hovercraft gallops over the waves.

On the backpack along with graffiti and drawings made with marker pens, is a prominent Greek letter omega. In fact, the nametag reads "OMEGA".

INTER CUT BETWEEN OMEGA AND THE CHOPNEY WITH SPYQ AND RHEA

Spyq and Rhea sit back with out talking to each other as the chopper breaks out of the mountains and heads towards the open sea. The stormy weather sends the chopper slightly swinging from side to

side, shaking, and rattling up and down. Some potatoes roll on the floor.

The rotor blades cut through pouring rain and the exhausts keep blackening the air outside. Flight instruments keep changing and numbers and dials oscillate up and down, left and right. Windshield wipers keep moving.

We see Omega climb down a fleet of stairs down a gangway coming down the hovercraft on a sandy beach. We follow the rhythm of her petite legs with long white socks loosely frilling down to her shoes.

(The music is at a softer part) Rhea still falling asleep unwittingly leans towards Spyq and rests her head on his shoulder. He delicately secures her head in place comfortably with his hand. He watches her closed eyes half covered by watery hair.

(Music picks up) Long shot of the chopper flying solidly while creating vortexes of rainwater drops around and behind its rotors.

We see through a sniper's crosshair: Omega walks along a busy street. Comes to a crossroad looks around and decides to walk in one of the streets.

The chopper closes in to a relatively ordinary looking cityscape emerging out of the fog. It flies past a large statue of Mother Theresa. The camera tilts down along the statue to show Omega crossing a road nearby along with many other pedestrians.

We follow Omega's feet walking along a sidewalk.

Boots. It's the iron lady with omega's voice. It is her Hbot.

Omega tweaks some sort of earpiece attached to one of her ears with a thin probe pointing in front one of her eye. She turns around looking for something. We see the perspective of the eyepiece with video noise and distortions looking around. It finds the picture of omega standing at a distance in the sidewalk.

Omega and her Hbot are standing face to face. Yet they are rather far apart and mixed with the street crowd. Other people walk past them without noticing or minding them.

Omega taps some commands to a small device, turns around, and walks away. The Hbot turns to the opposite direction and walks away simultaneously.

We see Spyq and Rhea walking out of the Chopney stand and into the busy streets.

We follow Omega and her Hbot's feet. We see each of them entering a different restaurant of the same franchise. Both sit at respective tables.

The chopper lands in the middle of a maze of other Chopneys. A damaged signpost reads, "WELCOME TO St. THERESA"

The music subsides to resurface the rotor and jet sounds almost mimicking the fading tremolo guitar noises.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER DECK - DAY

Three thrust vector unmanned combat aircraft land on the aircraft carrier almost simultaneously. They are refueled and loaded with menacing high-tech weapons into their inner bays.

The Super Transporter is fully loaded and in position to take off. Numerous levels of all clear come in many forms from computer screen prompts to hand signals from crew on deck and the plane locks on to the catapult. The pilot pushes the complex throttle system to full power.

The huge engines roar and spin forming blurring streams of jet exhaust those seem to melt the rare parts of the plane. The digital oil pressure and temperature readings on the cockpit keep rising while changing color, finishing at the edge of the graph and glowing red. Warning prompts flash around the cockpit and heads up display like Christmas lights. The huge engines wobble slowly as the wings seem to bend and ripple in tension.

A ground crewmember makes a powerful swinging action with hand signals with her entire body participating in the action. The catapult lock releases the gear and for a second the plane lags forward like a huge sticky slug. Within seconds, it accelerates tremendously as the flaps swing into action in mid maneuver the nose struggles to rotate upwards as the edge of the runway dangerously rushes closer. The giant falls off the edge like an obese pig thrown overboard with rockets attached to its back.

The screaming engines, the cranking flaps, and the shear will power of the pilot seem to keep the plane air bone just above the water level. It hangs on enough to gain speed to fly comfortably enough to start climbing to the air.

The three thrust vector unmanned combat aircraft take to the air simultaneously effortlessly to get into escort formation around the super transporter.

EXT. STREETS OF ST. THERESA - DAY

Spyq and Rhea are walking through the crowds. They step in to a powered walkway. It accelerates round the corner and they seem to rush along the bystanders even though they are just standing.

RHEA

So, you know exactly where we are going?

SPYQ

Yea, but I don't exactly know what to do.

RHEA

So are you just following instructions? What if it's some sort of trap?

SPYQ

I don't think so. She seems more suspicious about me than we are about her. She wouldn't want to meet me in person. That's why she's planning to let her bot meet me and let my bot meet her.

RHEA

How can she get to use bots that way? And how can you control a bot out of a mission briefing for your own things?

SPYQ

For some reason her bots been in her control up to now ever since we saw it on the plane.

RHEA

What? How come she didn't get caught like we did?

SPYQ

She must be really good.

RHEA

Or really lucky. Don't you think they are after us for operating out of a mission?

SPYQ

No, they wanted to kill the bots to get us out of the game. It's not our fault if there was a bug. We did our job after all.

On the streets, we see a rally with people holding flat signs that move cartoons and words in them like TVs. The signs read slogans such as SAY NO TO DESIGNER BABIES, STOP DISCRIMINATION AGAINST NATURALS, CLONES HAVE FEELINGS TOO... etc

RHEA

So how on earth are you going to get control of a bot, get it out of a game, and use it as your bot to meet her within the next 15 minutes?

SPYQ

(Tapping on the phone)

I don't know. I was just hoping to convince her to change her mind about the bot idea. Still trying. But she's pretty firm on it.

RHEA

So what should I do?

SPYQ

Pretend to be a by stander and spy on the two of us.

RHEA

I have a better idea.

SPYQ

What?

RHEA

I don't want to be your spy. I'll be your bot.

She wears an earpiece similar to what Omega had but a different brand and model.

SPYQ

What?

RHEA

Do you have yours?

Spyq takes out a similar device from his bag and puts it on.

RHEA

Ok now tune yours to my eye Cam and I tune mine to yours.

SPYQ

DO you think she's going to by that? I mean that I chose a female bot to impersonate me?

RHEA

There's only one way to find out.

SPYQ

Gosh, you are brave. Just be careful.

RHEA

Lets spilt. Send me instructions.

The walkway slows down and she leaps and get off it. Spyq turns around to see her move away left behind on terra firma.

SPYQ
 (Out loud)
 Rhea?

RHEA
 Yea?

SPYQ
 What should I talk about with her?

RHEA
 I don't know. It was your idea to meet
 her!

SPYQ
 But I...

By now, she is too far to hear him so he waves and turns forward.

EXT. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT WHERE OMEGA IS - DAY

Rhea sits on a concrete step taking cover behind a modern art
 sculpture. She peeps at the entrance from time to time and looks at
 her watch.

EXT. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT WHERE OMEGA'S BOT IS - DAY

Spyq is just about to walk in. He pushes a button on his phone and
 walks in.

EXT. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT WHERE OMEGA IS - DAY

We see Rhea walking into the restaurant from far through a sniper's
 scope with cross hair!

INTER CUT BETWEEN RESTAURANT WHERE OMEGA'S BOT IS AND THE RESTAURANT
 WHERE OMEGA IS - DAY

(Instrumental version of a slow song. Suggested track: Vivo Per Lei
 - Andrea Bocelli) Spyq walks in looking at a particular table as if
 he just went out from that place and returning to it. There is a
 woman in black sitting at that table reading the menu. Spyq sits at
 the table without hesitation.

Rhea sits in front of Omega who is also reading the menu.

The bot puts the menu down.

OMEGA'S BOT
 (Omega's voice)
 Hi

SPYQ
 Hi, you look much ... ehm... bigger
 in person.

OMEGA'S BOT

Are you talking about what you see through your bot or what you see in front of you right now?

We see Rhea sitting still. She does not move her mouth but we hear the radio crackled voice of SpYq coming out of her headset.

RHEA (SPYQ'S VOICE)

Oh, gosh, I nearly forgot. Ok, now I see you. Wow, you look... good. And so young.

OMEGA

(Chuckle)

Your bot is pretty weird! Well, to start with, it's a girl! Did you realize that? And the mouth is not moving when you talk. Is mine doing the same?

SPYQ

Yea I know, I just had to get the first I could crash out of the game, I didn't have much choice. The mouth problem is probably a bug, but yours seem to be working fine. I don't think anybody can even notice it's a bot.

OMEGA'S BOT

(Omega's voice)

Well, the important thing is we can talk to each other without using phones.

SPYQ

What's going to happen next? I don't want to join any missions again. Now that I'm convinced what you told me is true.

OMEGA

Good. That's pretty much what I wanted to ask you.

RHEA (SPYQ'S VOICE)

(Expressionless still face)

But only if you stop getting involved in it too.

OMEGA

I'm not involved in anything. At first I was just playing a game too. One day I got a call, they pleased me to join their army by remote control because I was one of the best they knew.

Suddenly we see the close up of a menacing mechanical spy fly navigating the terrain of the restaurant. It gets close and closer to Rhea and Omega. Out of nowhere, a waitress slams it with a fly swat and the tiny electronic bug lie dead.

RHEA (SPYQ'S VOICE)

(Expression less still face)

I thought you said it is your people you are working for.

OMEGA

Well, I lied. I thought you won't take me seriously if I told you I was jut fighting for some people I never met or knew.

SPYQ

But in your case, you knew it was not just a game?

OMEGA'S BOT

By the time we ran into each other, yes. That's why I trying to explain to you.

Spyq's phone blips and he reads a message on the screen.

RHEA (SPYQ'S VOICE)

There is a pending mission. I have to find a machine and get online.

OMEGA

No. I don't want you to join them. Trust me there is nothing they can do to force you. Please, I beg you. The lives of many people could depend on what you do.

(Real) Omega leans forward to hold Rhea's shoulders and talk straight into her eyes as if she is talking to a camera.

OMEGA (CONT'D)

And I promise, I won't get in. But I just have to leave you and your girlfriend out of this.

RHEA (SPYQ'S VOICE)
 (Face shows slight surprise)
 Girl friend? I don't have a girl
 friend.

OMEGA
 You know the girl you always play
 with, who is also a very good player.

RHEA (SPYQ'S VOICE)
 Oh her! That's not a problem, I'll
 tell her right now to stay away from
 it.

OMEGA'S BOT
 Thanks. You have no idea how much
 this means to me, and the people I am
 trying to help.

SPYQ
 That's all right. I was going to
 leave all this behind and try to find
 a different hobby anyway. But...

OMEGA'S BOT
 Yes?

SPYQ
 Does that mean we won't get to see
 each other again? I mean I'd love to
 meet you for real. I'm dieing to get
 to know who you really are.

OMEGA'S BOT
 Trust me; I'm nothing special.

RHEA (SPYQ'S VOICE)
 I might not get a chance to say this,
 (beat)
 Omega, you are ... my idea of what a
 perfect girl should be.
 (beat)

Rhea struggles to hide her puzzled expression on her face. Omega seems too busy concentrating on what she is seeing on her eyepiece through her bot's eyes she hardly notice anything in front of her.

SPYQ
 I know it sounds crazy. But you keep
 me away every night and keep me
 wondering every day. Just give me a
 chance to get to know you, that's all
 I'm asking.

OMEGA'S BOT

My my... Nobody told me anything like that to me before.

(Looks away and wipes her face)

I really don't know what to say. To tell you the truth. At first, I found you such a nuisance. I hated you. But then.

(beat)

OMEGA

I started to admire your work and it was killing me that you didn't even know what an impact you are making on this world.

(beat)

And as I was trying to contact you... I was just...

OMEGA'S BOT

I was just trying to find an excuse to meet you somehow.

SPYQ

I'm so glad. Other girls I've dealt with just makes me play guessing games. And to make things worse, I'm pretty shy myself so it so confusing and frustrating.

RHEA (SPYQ'S VOICE)

And you, you just told me exactly what's in your mind and maybe it's cos I'm behind this cam that I'm brave enough to tell you what's in my mind too.

Omega's bot puts her hand on Spyq's thighs. He holds her hand and snaps back.

SPYQ

You are so .. I mean it's so cold.

OMEGA'S BOT

Sorry, but all I can feel is warmth in you. This truly is a peculiar bot.

(Real) Omega is holding Rhea's hand and Rhea is feeling uncomfortable but fighting it to keep calm and numb.

OMEGA

Touch me Spyq. Touch me anywhere. It's ok if the bot feels cold.

SPYQ

I'm going to come where my bot is right now and see you for real.

OMEGA'S BOT

No! You can't! It's for your own good. I don't want to put you in danger.

SPYQ

It's fine. You are just too paranoid.

We see a shocking revelation of a sniper's scope watching Rhea and Omega through the window from far.

OMEGA'S BOT

I wish I could be so certain. Anyway... let's keep it this way for now.

SPYQ

What would I do if we lose contact completely? What if the game bans me or you... or both? You have to give me another way of contacting you.

OMEGA

I can't. I can't give you any traceable contact to you sorry.

SPYQ

But

OMEGA

If you really want, just in case we lose contact, we'll just meet up where we first met in the game for real. Do you remember where that was?

SPYQ

Yes, I remember.

(beat)

The Stravansburg station?

OMEGA

Stravansburg station. But don't worry; we can keep talking through the game messenger.

The camera pulls back and they get closer. We fade between Spyg and Omega's Bot and Rhea and Omega. The song kicks in with its original vocals (Suggested: Andrea Bocelli and German mix version).

The sniper cross hairs continue to spy on them from far. However, we do not know about what they are talking.

EXT. AIRBUS SUPER TRANSPORTER IN MID AIR - DAY

(Music continues) We see the huge plane surrounded by the escort fighters. Everything is in SLOW MOTION.

The convoy is followed by a forth aircraft that looks bigger and out of place. As it close in on the three other planes, one of the escort fighter weapon-bay swing open and a smart missile takes a diving U-turn heading straight at the ambush fighter.

The ambush fighter fires three red glowing interceptors, which fall behind the zooming fighter for a moment and catch up accelerating in curving paths towards the incoming missile. The missile seems to catch fire with glowing red molten metal disintegrating out of it in its trail and soon disappears in ashes.

INTER CUT AIR BATTLE AND RESTAURANT SCENES

Omega's bot leans forward across the table and reaches Spyq with one of her hands on his shoulder and the other softly sliding along his cheek. Spyq responds by holding her hand with his. The same posture mirrors on Rhea and Omega's table except Rhea is frozen and fighting the awkwardness but not attempting to repel Omega either. The music is very loud and we do not hear anything they tell each other.

In the sky, we see trails of missiles missing each other's targets and twirling around the center of action like insane comets in an unruly solar system. The fighters perform physically impossible maneuvers. It is a marshal-arts duel of flying machines.

Omega gets up from her seat and walks across the table to sit right next to Rhea instead in front of her. Omega's bot mirrors this act near Spyq. Some observers in the background seem to be puzzled to be the intimacy of the young boy and the grown up woman and in the other side the closeness of two very young girls - not to mention the barely touched food lying on the table.

The ambush fighter tips and spins out of control ending up tail first to the direction it is moving. It lowers its nose and blasts a hail of ornaments while sliding up to the air backwards with momentum. The recoil from the firing seems to give it more power to slide higher up in to the sky. After firing, it dives back to re-orient its nose to the front.

One of the escort fighters appears to be hit and spins helplessly with debris trailing behind it. We pull back to take another look at the fireworks in the sky with some of the missiles still desperately orbiting in sharp erratic ellipses missing their intended targets which are too fast for all of them to keep up with. But alas, one of the smoke trails turns out to be the hit escort fighter with its smoke trail curving down to the ground.

The camera circles around intimate Spyq and Omega's bot cross fading to and forth with Rhea and Omega mirroring every action. Rhea seems

more and more uncoordinated with the body language but still fights to act emotionless. A small tear fall from Omegas eye, Omega's bot in contrary show no emotion at all but her pose conveys utter compassion towards Spyq.

We see the synthetic point of view of the ambush aircraft of its unmanned escort fighter desperately fighting to keep itself alive and not leave the gentle giant - the super transporter - to the mercy of the predator. The escort aircraft has a vision of its own and its weapon is fully locked on the ambush aircraft. As our mechanical sky warriors exchange eye-to-eye glances, we see Spyq and Omega drifting deeply into each other's eyes though their synthetic eyepiece visions.

The world seems to race around them at the speed of light as they seem to be stuck in an air bubble of eternal time. People come and go. Vehicles and pedestrians zoom past windows. The day changes into night. Streetlights turn up. Spyq looks at his watch, takes the hand of Omega's Bot and stands. She stands and she circles past the table with their hands connecting them over the table as if they accidentally glued them together. Rhea and (real) Omega mirror the motion except in their case it is Omega leading Rhea around the table.

The ambush fighter skids sideways with a slight bank to the side like an ice skater trying to stop. Its nose stays firmly pointed towards the escort fighter also skidding sideways with its nose locked on to its enemy but its spinning at a smaller orbit. The two twirl around each other as if bonded by an invisible gravitational force like a wobbling alien star and its over sized gas giant planetary system.

Spyq beams the payment from his cell phone to a gadget held by a waiter. Omega does the same, both of them with their other hand still holding on to their respective partner. They all walk out of their restaurants and stand near the entrance on the sidewalk. Spyq whispers something onto the ear of Omega's Bot. Though Rhea is not leaning towards Omega to mirror that, perhaps the low voice forces Omega to stand extremely close to Rhea's headset. Omega lets go of Rhea's hand without a reply and Omega's bot mirrors the same.

The gravitational force between the aircrafts seem to have been suddenly broken as the escort fighter caught in the middle of the death dance disintegrates from the pounding ornaments from the ambush aircraft which swings free and corrects it's orientation as it slides away from the camera.

Rhea watches Omega walk away and takes out her cell phone. We see Spyq also looking at his own cell phone. (The music tames to a slower quieter potion) Out of nowhere, Omega's bot grabs Spyq passionately and kisses him strongly on the lips. We see Omega kissing Rhea's lips. Spyq responds by putting his arms around the Bot and kissing it back tenderly. Rhea struggles to let her self lose free of Omega but she eventually gives up by standing still numbly with her arms frozen mid way from a repelling pose and hanging lose.

(Music ends, dead silence) Omega lets go of Rhea and we see them staring at each other for a moment. Suddenly Rhea's face flashes with shock. We see her point of view watching Omega's face a tiny flashing blip of a red laser light far from a building rooftop.

WHOOOSH! The ambush fighter shoots past us towards the lingering Super transporter like a speeding bullet.

Rhea finally opens her mouth and jumps at Omega screaming with her own voice.

RHEA

Watch out!!!

She could barely start to push Omega away and on to the ground (ultra slow motion) before a bullet buzz past their ears ZZZZZZZZZWWWLCH! We see the bullet so clearly we could almost read the writing on it.

Omega stunned and confused regains balance and starts running along the street with more bullets blasting concrete dust out of walls and posts behind her. Rhea jumps back and runs in the opposite direction through stunned by standers.

Spyq watches Omega's Bot runs for few paces, suddenly a tactical soldier jumps into the middle and grabs the bot by the head and hold her under his armpit like a rugby football player. His feet leave the ground as the bot picks him up but another soldier appearing out of nowhere points an EMP gun at her head and a discharging sound halts the action. The bot falls lifelessly on the floor with the soldier it was trying to pick up.

Spyq seamlessly disappears among the people in the street with nobody noticing him. He frantically taps on the phone while walking along the street. A message blinks on his screen that says REMOTE HOST NOT RESPONDING.

16. INT. NOD OFFICE - DAY

George stands near the conference table. Jhan sits cross-legged. Veronica stands near the glass window with her hands and forehead pressing against the glass. The office is empty. All the equipment is ripped right of the walls with dangling wires sticking out like stubborn shrub roots.

VERONICA

I'll do what ever I can!

GEORGE

Veronica, it's all right.

VERONICA

I'll get everything back to normal, I promise.

GEORGE

Ultimately, it was my responsibility. I'm just upset everybody else had to suffer the consequences of my miscalculations.

VERONICA

I can bear to start over with my work. I can't believe what I did to William. I didn't even tell anybody anything let alone publish.

GEORGE

What did he tell you?

VERONICA

Nothing that you can possibly understand or believe. But what's the point now, he disappeared without a trace. It's all my fault.

GEORGE

I'm sure he is fine. Don't worry about him, take care of yourself. Maybe joining us in head quarters isn't such a good idea for you.

VERONICA

I don't want to do NOD anymore.

JHAN

What are you saying sweetie?

VERONICA

(Turns around)

George, Jhan, I'm going to miss you all so much. From now on, this is something I'd have to do myself for myself.

Uneasy silence. Nobody seems to know what to say. Suddenly George's phone blips. He reads a message on screen.

GEORGE

I'm still here but my assignments for HQ already pouring in.

VERONICA

(Turning away)

George, please, count me out.

George and Jhan exchange glances but Veronica is not looking at them.

EXT. ST. THERESA AIRPORT - DUSK

We see a mid sized budget airline taking to the air.

INT. AIRPLANE

Spyq sits inside, still frantically tapping on the phone. Sitting next to him is a thin young blond woman with unusually large breasts - definitely not Rhea. He keeps tapping ignoring the woman's unfruitful attempts to get his attention.

INT. REBEL HEADQUARTERS - DARK

We see the shadowy silhouette of a woman standing. We slowly pull back to realize that she is standing in front of a dimly lit world map. The room seems to be the office of someone powerful and important. Three shadowy figures walk into the room. The woman slightly turns to face them. The three figures line up and stand tall and straight and salutes. She salutes in return. The first in line talks to his leader in a strange accent.

REBEL LEADER

Comrade G 72 15, What do we have?

REBEL

I wanted to be the one to tell you in person, that we have successfully captured the blue print of Dark star.

REBEL LEADER

Excellent! Long live freedom
(Laughs out loud)
Haah ha ha ha ha!!!

ALL TOGETHER

(With fists in the air)
Sangue or liberta!

INT. SPYQ'S APARTMENT - DAY

Spyq dials a keypad on the fridge. We hear a ring tone as if we are listening close to an earpiece. Someone picks up.

GIRL

Hi Spyq! What's up?

SPYQ

Hi.

He stands in front of the ref phone speechless. We see who is on the other side of the line. It is Britney. She is lying alone on the grass in some sort of park holding a (real) book over her face.

BRITNEY

Yea? You still there? Hello?

SPYQ

I need to ask you something. Did you... hear Rhea lately?

BRITNEY

Yea, why?

SPYQ

When? When was the last time you spoke to her?

BRITNEY

I saw her this morning in class. What's going on? You guys had a fight or something?

(Teasing giggle)

If it's about Nick, don't worry. I can get rid of him in no time!

SPYQ

Is she ok? .. Are you even sure it was really her?

BRITNEY

Hey man, you need to chill. She's fine. We even had a snack together.

SPYQ

You actually saw her eating food?

BRITNEY

Ha ha, now you think she's a clone? Wait, clones eat too, how silly of me... hah... What's the matter with you man? She didn't tell me anything unusual. Is there something I should know?

SPYQ

No. Please tell her I'm trying to call her.

BRITNEY

OK. But I can call her, maybe something wrong with your phone.

SPYQ

NO, I tried everything. She's not responding to anything. Not PM, ZD, Nudnud, Loop, Ping, Richter, WMN...

BRITNEY

Ok ok, I get the picture. I'll ask her why she's not talking to you.

SPYQ

Yea, please do that, and do it now!

BRITNEY

What? Now? Fine fine, wait.

Spyq wait anxiously as the line crackles while the display says ON HOLD. He grabs an apple and peels off a label that reads NO ADDED CHROMOSOMES and starts to bite it nervously.

BRITNEY

Ok here she is.

SPYQ

Cheers. I owe you one.

Crackle on the speakerphone. He pushes a spot on the LCD on the fridge and transfers it into his usual phone that he picked up from a maze of wires. He walks out of the apartment with the phone clipped on to his ear and walks through a maze of walkways towards a small glass window at the end of a narrow corridor.

RHEA

Hi.

SPYQ

Are you ok?

RHEA

Yup, I'm fine.

Spyq reaches the window and sits on the edge leaning against the glass. Neither of them talks. It is so silent we could even hear the breathing of both.

RHEA

Ok, I'm sorry I just didn't know what to do.

SPYQ

No, I'm the one who should apologize. I didn't know it's going to be so dangerous.

Rhea is sitting in the middle of her bed hugging a pillow.

RHEA

Yea, that was pretty scary but I feel safe here. Besides, I think it wasn't meant for me. I just hope Omega is ok. Did she talk to you after that?

SPYQ

No, I never herd from her. I saw her run away through your Eye Cam. She did escape right?

RHEA

I think so. Anyway... let's just forget about it. I got an exam coming up. Just need to keep my mind straight.

SPYQ

We always have exams. What's bothering you? Ok, I know. You are pissed with me for letting her kiss you right?

RHEA

Hmm... That was weird. But no big deal. I always wondered what it would be like to kiss a girl.

(Chuckles)

Gosh,.. She was in a trance.

(Groan)

I don't want to talk about it anymore.

SPYQ

If that's not it why did you put me on global ignore?

RHEA

I don't know really.

A large fly lands on the other side of the surface of the glass. Spyq jumps back a little but we realize it is a natural fly.

SPYQ

What do you mean you don't know?

RHEA

I just don't know.

SPYQ

There has to be a reason. You admitted you did it on purpose.

RHEA

I don't know.

SPYQ

Just tell me.

RHEA

(Bit irritated)

Stop insisting ok?

(Breath)

Ok, maybe I'm one of those typical girls who don't make sense. You know the ones that you hate so much.

SPYQ

Oh, so that's it? I was perfectly aware you were listening to both of us and we plot it together to fool her into thinking you were a bot. Didn't it occur to you that I am in fact putting you at a much higher level of trust and openness than her?

He walks back into his unit while talking.

RHEA

I told you. I really don't care. Now that you found a new playmate, just leave me alone ok?

(Breath)

I know it was my big idea to volunteer to go with you. And it was my choice to keep the act going for hours without peeing or drinking. But I realized I have other priorities. And I think you should also do something more useful with your time and efforts.

SPYQ

But you herd what Veronica said. And you herd what Omega said. I believe both of them.

RHEA

I do believe them. But the bottom line is, I think its better...

(Catching breath)

.. for both of us to stay away from each other.

SPYQ

What are you talking about?

RHEA

I just... I just don't want to get in the middle next time. I know... I know how you feel about her.

SPYQ

To tell you the truth, I'm pretty confused. And abandoning me now is not going to help. This is when I need you the most.

RHEA

There is only so much I can...

Suddenly we hear a crashing sound and commotion in the background.

SPYQ

Hello? What's going on?

RHEA

(Loud)

OH my gosh, Sce-sce fell, he's crying. I got to call the breeding center.

SPYQ

Oh no! Is he ok?

RHEA

I don't know. I got to go.

17. EXT. REBEL CITY - NIGHT

FADE IN: Extremely still empty city streets. Buildings built to unfamiliar architecture. Silence. Many cars parked at the side of the roads but no soul in sight. A fire station with all its doors and covers open almost waiting for something to happen. We hear a faint distant siren. We see closed shops, uncollected garbage and a billboard reading: BOOM CITY.

BOOM! A huge fiery explosion. We see the fireball rising to the air behind the building but we do not see what exploded. Small yellow sparkles of anti-aircraft gunfire fill the sky like fireworks. More explosions one after the other along perfect straight lines. The anti-aircraft bullets spray the entire sky shooting at invisible stealth enemies.

The camera rise to the sky. The explosions and the bullets in the air all freeze. We slowly drift through the blazing maze of fireballs and flashes frozen in mid air.

KID (V.O.)

We humans have a history littered with war. People die. Some become heroes. There will always be enemy to tackle somewhere. Perhaps in every war, the biggest enemy is the war itself.

Out of the dark, we notice an unmanned stealth bomber frozen while lurking in the smoky mayhem.

KID (V.O.)

We try so hard to make war less barbaric. Will we ever get to never soil our hands with blood and gore and just push a button sitting on a comfortable couch far away from the battlefield?

The frozen explosions continue to propagate and the chaos continues.

EXT. CITY CENTER - DAY

A huge TV screen in the middle of the city center shows some sort of news interface with several windows. On one of them is a newscaster with the huge writing: BREAKING NEWS

NEWSCASTER

.. We will now go over live to our embedded media correspondent Veronica Sinclair.

(Turning to a monitor)

Veronica, what exactly is happening there?

On the monitor, we see Veronica in a moving vehicle taken by an infrared camera.

VERONICA

Yes, we are currently on the move. I'm not allowed to disclose our position but I can tell you I see large fires on the horizon. I believe that was the first... the RESULT of the first air strike paving the way for the ground attack.

NEWSCASTER

Have you spoken to any of the troops and do they seem to know the reason behind this spontaneous attack?

VERONICA

Nobody in the field is aware of anything other than the official statements issued which basically say it is due to strong intelligence reports stating that it involves an extremely dangerous weapon at the hands of an extremely dangerous group that we can only speculate for now.

NEWSCASTER

Have you met any resistance or counter attacks as of now?

VERONICA

So far, none at all. At least from where I was it looked very much a one sided affair.

We float in the air and fly right through the TV screen into the battlefield. The camera orbits around Veronica to show a (an obviously) Robotic camera operator - holding a tiny camera on a mount that makes it large enough to hold over the shoulder - in front of her.

EXT. CONVOY - NIGHT

NEWSCASTER (ON FIELD MONITOR)

Do you have any reports of any human or non-human casualties?

VERONICA

Its is extremely premature to talk about casualties - let alone fatalities - right now as the troops themselves are yet to survey initial strike

A soldier in behind the camera bot signals her to end the conversation.

EXT. CITY CENTER - DAY

The screen where veronica appeared goes blank and the newscaster looks around and intervenes.

NEWSCASTER

We seem to have technical problems. While we wait, we will now go live to a gypsy village in Antarctica where a psychic fortuneteller claims to have predicted this attack all along.

(Turns to another monitor)

Jhan, are you there?

JHAN (ON MONITOR)

Hi Neffy, yes I'm here in the freezing glaciers of human inhabited side of Kempland and in a moment, I'm going to meet this amazing lady who has an amazing story to tell...

EXT. CONVOY - NIGHT

The vehicles stop at in front of a bridge. Some robotic soldiers transfer vehicles. Some vehicles drive on across the bridge while the humans settle.

VERONICA

(To platoon leader)

What's going on? I thought the second bridge was the exclude zone for human soldiers.

PLATOON LEADER

Sorry, change of plans. You can send your camera bot along if you like. But you must stay put with me here.

VERONICA

I could have programmed my camera bot from head office. Why you think I bothered to come here in person?

PLATOON LEADER

I... don't know.

VERONICA

Because I'm going in there.

She jumps over the metal railing and lands on the dusty ground. Then she signals to a robot driving an armed vehicle and hangs on to the door while it is still moving.

PLATOON LEADER

Hey, where do you think you are going? You have no clearance.

Veronica is already inside the bot vehicle.

VERONICA

Shoot me!

The platoon leader watches on hopelessly shaking his head.

PLATOON LEADER

(Yelling)

C5, C6, restrain ER98!

Two robotic soldiers suddenly restrain an innocent human soldier for no reason. He yells terrified and confused.

PLATOON LEADER

What? Oh for fuck's sake, what was her number again? Ah, forget it!

(Mumbling)

One sure crazy bitch. What a waste of tits.

The camera bot also rolls over and bounces on the floor. Then starts to run on foot after the armed car Veronica is in, accelerating along the bridge. Some robot soldiers at the back encourage him.

INT. RHEA'S HOUSE - DAY

Close up of Rhea's phone blinking green in silence. Sce-sce crawls into the frame with a cute pink band-aid on the side of his forehead that has a panda face printed on it.

He picks up the phone looks at Rhea who is working on her tablet PC without noticing the phone. He looks at Rhea and the phone a few times, puts the tiny phone in his mouth, and starts munching it.

Rhea looks at Sce-sce from the corner of her eyes to check on him and notice the blinking phone inside his mouth. She jumps in surprise and carefully takes it out of his mouth.

RHEA
(Rather angry)
Look what you did!

Sce-sce backs off a little frightened and looks at her clueless and innocent.

RHEA
(Soft and cuddly voice)
Look what you did!

She flips it open with saliva spilling out of it.

RHEA
Eew... ah...
(To caller)
Hey, what's up?

BRITNEY (ON TINY PHONE SCREEN)
Hey Rhea. Btw, how's Sce-sce?

RHEA
He's ok. The Chinese doctor said it's just a scratch. I just have to watch him more. It's not easy bringing up a Panda.

BRITNEY
I told you, you should get a dog if you REALLY want a biological pet.

RHEA
Ah, how many times did I tell you?
He's NOT a pet! It's a...

BRITNEY

Yea, yea I know the mating program.

RHEA

What?

BRITNEY

I mean the breeding program... or what ever.

RHEA

Anyway... Why did you call?

BRITNEY

Nothing, just called to see why I had a missed PM from you this morning.

RHEA

Oh yea, hmm... well nothing really. Oh yea I was wondering if Spyq asked you about me again?

BRITNEY

Now what? He put you on ignore?

RHEA

No no... I didn't try calling, just wondered how he is. Didn't hear from him for some time.

BRITNEY

What do you mean? You just spoke to him yesterday!

RHEA

I know... but you know. You know what I mean.

BRITNEY

No man, I have no idea what you mean. Why don't you just call him up?

RHEA

Yea! Now why didn't I think of that?

BRITNEY

What's UP with the two of you?

The phone blinks orange while she is talking. She pushes a button.

RHEA

Hi honey! Where are you?

NICK (ON PHONE SCREEN)

I'm on my way. Sorry I'm late cos I took the wrong bus and it's a mess.

RHEA

It's ok, I'll wait for you.

BRITNEY

Hey Nick

NICK

Hi! You look nice in that... thingy.

BRITNEY

Thank you! I got it from a ...
rejected designer cloths selling place
thing. Do you like it?

RHEA

Ok, u guys keep talking I just need to
call someone in privet.

NICK

Ok honey.

BRITNEY

Ok honey (laughs)

Rhea picks up - heavy and slightly more grown up now - Sce-sce, carries him to his baby cot type colorful enclosure, and places him inside while listening to an error tone that sounds like an engaged tone.

EXT. RIVERBED - DAWN

The ring tone turns into some sort of machine blips. A dark spherical robotic heads sticks out from the tips of a tree line near the river. It turns looking around peek-a-booing up and down. We see its point of view of nothing but trees and rocks along the thin waterline.

Slight serpentine hisses and choppy airflows blend with the noise of flowing water.

The head rise higher and higher to reveal its body. The rotor blades of a surveillance chopper with ever more increasing hissing and chopping sound. It takes another look this time confident and fearless out in the open.

It dives to the side just above the rocky terrain as if an animal giving a signal to its hidden herd. Indeed, a swarm of buzzing much heavier and larger attack helicopters pop out from behind tree lines armed to the teeth and storm along the thin water stream like a drooling hungry wolf gang.

We follow them through the treetops and few buildings to an urban area with scattered buildings. The camera falls to ground level and keeps flying to the momentum as the chopper swarm over take us. The camera stops at a group of soldiers in tactical gear taking cover

behind a large concrete wall aiming their weapons towards the direction the choppers went to attack.

One of the soldiers holds his weapon oddly in an unprepared manner compared to others in precisely position ready to fire or attack.

We realize it is the kind of bot Spyg usually fight in. He abruptly drops his weapon and starts running towards a large building.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

He walks through isles of nearly empty food shelves and frozen foods displays. It is a big mess with vegetables, canned food, and half-open snacks littering the floor. There are few people filling up motorized supermarket trolleys with what ever they get hold of.

Spyg's bot stands in the middle of the shelves with some sort of positioning device on his hand he looks at an area where there are many glass windows and starts to walk towards there rolling in and out of jogging.

Suddenly all the people start running all over the place screaming and over turning shelves. High speed motorized shopping carts zoom past him like traffic in a busy road. He keeps running against the current of hysterical people.

He reaches the glass window area and looks at the pointing device again. Outside thorough the glass windows he can see the robotic head peek-a-booing from behind the buildings.

Suddenly a gang of attack helicopters breaks cover and lurks around the parking lot like a dog smelling a scent trail. It turns its nose towards the supermarket building and tries to hover still in the parking lot but drifts around like a piece of butter on a hot frying pan.

A weapons door opens to swing out a small machine gun. It sprays a precisely aligned hail of bullets like a fire horse. The huge glass panels disintegrate one after the other.

Spyg jumps and roll to take cover. Mashed shampoo bottles, frozen chicken, soaps and debris of all sorts fly around as he lie low behind some sort of heavy freezer.

The shooting stops and he listens to the rotor noise increase and seem to get right inside the building.

The giant chopper floats through the destroyed glass panels, right into the huge supermarket building. Another chopper joins right behind it. They scan the area like predators digging for pray.

One of them pass right in front of Spyg, takes a good look but continues disinterested. Spyg gets up and walks through the mess. He sees some soldiers and civilians lying on the floor. Some of them are bleeding black oil, some red blood.

He checks each carefully looking at their faces. He digs and sorts through more shelves and boxes looking for some one.

He walks out of the building still looking around. We see more chopper gangs rushing left and right just above the ground. They seem uninterested in Spyq and so is he of them. FADE OUT.

INT. RHEA'S HOUSE - DAY

Rhea lies on bed with her face down. She looks up. She seems to be deeply lost in thought. She stretches and reaches for the phone, clicks on it and lies on bed listening to the ring tone.

SPYQ (VOICE ON PHONE)

Yea?

RHEA

Hey man.

SPYQ

Hey.

RHEA

What are you up to?

SPYQ

Nothing much. Well, I'm at the airport.

RHEA

(Standing up in a snap)

What?? Don't tell me you are flying to St. Theresa again!

SPYQ

No, I'm not going to St. Theresa.

RHEA

(Relieved)

Oh... sorry I'm just jumpy. So what are you doing there? Picking someone up?

SPYQ

I'm waiting for a flight. I'm going to Stravansburg.

RHEA

Wait, let me get this straight. You are going to Stravansburg on the sim or for real?

SPYQ

For real. I'm taking a plane to Pontiti and hopefully I'll find a chopney or something from there.

RHEA

Spyq, you are insane!

SPYQ

Thanks, you are not the first one to say that.

RHEA

No, I'm serious. Don't you know there's bomb raids n stuff going on in there?

SPYQ

I know, but I have to go there.

RHEA

Please, don't do this. I'm not going to watch your back this time. And remember this is for real.

SPYQ

I know. It's ok. I don't expect you to come with me.

RHEA

I won't even if you ask to. Listen. You must get out of that airport right now.

SPYQ

Too late. I'm walking my way inside the plane right now.

RHEA

(Loud)

I don't care! Just go back home!

INT. BOARDING GATE - DAY

We see Spyq standing right in front of the airplane door with people waiting for him to move on.

SPYQ (TO PHONE)

You don't understand...

(Looks at the phone and listens again)

Hello? Rhea, are you still there?

Come on, talk to me. Rhea?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A convoy of armed cars and a truck drives along an old-fashioned two-way road. Many civilian vehicles pass in the opposite direction over flowing with fleeing people with what ever they could drag with them. Some of them wear uniforms, pizza boys, exterminators, nurses. The density of vehicles on the other side increases to a complete traffic jam.

The convoy stops at a narrow point of the road. Vehicles trying to go away from the city on both lanes block the way in. Anxious people getting out of vehicles and quarrelling heightens confusion of the gridlock.

Veronica stands on the roof of the armed car surveying the chaos and trying to spot possible solutions to clear the road. Instead, she sees a smaller group of armed vehicles approaching the blockade from behind them.

The three armed-cars stop behind the last truck of the main convoy. The platoon leader gets out of the first car.

PLATOON LEADER
 (To human troops)
 Come on, let's clear this fix. Move
 move!

Veronica gets off the roof and the armed car, walks a little away from the road, and sits on the grass with a bottle of water in her hand. We hear noises of vehicles charging engines and soldiers giving directing traffic around behind her. The road is elevated. She leans back on the slope to rest almost looking as if she is lying flat on the grass. The platoon leader walks down the slope and sits next to her. She looks at him but does not greet or acknowledge.

PLATOON LEADER
 Look who's here!

VERONICA
 I thought normal humans weren't
 allowed around here?

PLATOON LEADER
 These robotic mutt heads only know how
 to point and shoot. Wait and see what
 happens when they are stuck in a
 traffic jam!

VERONICA
 Maybe they programmed them that way so
 people like you can still have
 something to do.

PLATOON LEADER
 Yea so, we won't spend our entire
 rations running after people like you.

Suddenly we hear some distant gunshots from the side of the road where the city should be. The platoon leader signals Veronica to slide further down the slope and climbs up. More shots echo from the same direction. Veronica looks up towards the road but the grassy slope covers the road on top of it completely.

She sees the platoon leader sliding back down. He lies low beside Veronica and pulls out a communicator.

PLATOON LEADER
Green toad, we got code Mufasa!
(crackle crackle)
Roger that. Standing by.

He puts the communicator back into his pocket and talks on the head mounted interlink.

PLATOON LEADER
Blaberdab, this is fuchsia slug. We
need bridal shower.
(Listening to crackled response)
Yea, coordinates: tango, orangutan...
no wait... tango, Charlie, niner
delta. Confirmed!

He pulls out a pair of digital binoculars and stars at the far end of the road staying low. Veronica is looking back at him right in front of him though he is zooming way past her face, for an outsider it almost looks as if he is staring at Veronica through binoculars right on her face.

VERONICA
What's going on?

The platoon leader gestures her to stay quiet. She turns away and looks at the sky, a lone aircraft approaches fast towards the area he is looking at.

PLATOON LEADER
(Big smile)
Oh yea... asta la vista bebe

We see his POV through the binoculars. Several computer interface type windows zoomed pictures of several levels of the aircraft. Even the highest magnification is showing the aircraft somewhat to far. It gets larger and larger.

PLATOON LEADER (O.S.)
What the...?

It gets so close he puts the binoculars down. We see what he sees the aircraft is almost right over his face. He struggles to grab his communicator but a gray cylinder with a bright red nose falls on the road in the middle of the entangled convoy traffic.

Veronica coils and covers her face between her arms and legs. A huge explosion shakes the whole landscape. Gray smoke and dust blind her vision. We could almost hear her ears ringing. We see in slow motion a detached human hand flying through the air and landing right next to her.

The loud noises and rumblings subside to hear her breathing and we see what she sees crawling her way up to the road in the dirt. The garbled sounds and breathing subsides to a vehicle hooting its horn continuously. Veronica reaches the top to see a driver of one of the vehicles lying dead with his head on the steering wheel. Many people and bots lay on the ground some struggling and some dead. She strolls through a mess of burning vehicles and many other scattered vehicle parts.

Veronica's cameraman bot gets up from a rumble of twisted metal and plastic. It looks around searching for Veronica. A badly damaged robot soldier with no legs crawls with its hands towards the camera bot but it ignores it and walks towards Veronica. We see through the lens of the camera operator bot. We see machines and humans running around frantically. There is human blood and oily machine blood everywhere. There is even blood dripping down the camera lens drawing large red lines down our screen. We see Veronica through the splatter watching stunned and helplessly not knowing what to do. The bot stops standing in front of her and falls down to its knees. She sits down and rips a piece of cloth out of her soiled and scrapped skirt with her shaky hands. She tries to wipe off with the blood off while we watch through the very same lens. It just smudges everything and the vision blurs completely covered with thick fresh bloody trails.

We see them both standing facing each other. The camera bot's lens is where an eye would be if it were human. It is as if she is wiping off the tears off a huge muscular powerful giant overpowered by the brutality.

We see an ECU of a tiny drop of blood falling off her cloth - in ultra ultra slow motion. The camera gently orbits around it with the blurry carnage as its backdrop. We marvel the light passing through it and the delicate intricacies of the wobbling drop of dark bright red blood. The morbid sight almost brings an infinitely sad beauty out.

KID (V.O.)

Will we ever fight wars without
killing innocent people? Will we ever
fight without killing anyone at all?
Innocent or not? Are we really
created equal? If not, who decides
whose life is more valuable? You?

The drop returns to near normal speed and falls to the ground exploding into many minuscule droplets. The camera continues to drop below ground level. FADE OUT.

EXT. HOTEL - DUSK

Spyq walks along an empty street with his rucksack. Everything is so quiet and still that it almost feels like a ghost town. He walks into a hotel.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DUSK

The doors lie wide open. Spyq walks in looking around. There is nobody inside. Soft lobby music plays. He walks towards the front desk.

There is nobody at the desk either. He notices a computer screen with a screen saver reading SERVICE BEFORE EVERYTHING.

SPYQ
 (Calling out loud)
 Hello?? Anybody here?
 (No response)
 I have a reservation.

He looks around the empty lobby. He catches someone sitting in a distant sofa far away. He walks into that direction.

SPYQ
 Excuse me... Is there anybody...

The person lying on the sofa looks up and Spyq freezes for a moment.

SPYQ
 Veronica? What are you doing here?

VERONICA
 Do I know you?

SPYQ
 It's me Spyq.

VERONICA
 Wow, you look much younger than I thought you were.

SPYQ
 It can't be just coincidence that we keep bumping on to each other.

VERONICA
 We seem to have a lot in common.
 (Sarcastic smile)

SPYQ
 You look awful, are you all right?

VERONICA

Physically, yes, I am all in one piece, but my mind is probably dislocated but then again I'm lucky to be alive... or so I wish.

SPYQ

I guess this whole town is empty. We need to find a place to sleep before it gets dark.

VERONICA

This is the best I could find. I went to several floors, it's all empty but the rooms are locked.

SPYQ

In that case, I'd better unlock my reserved room myself.

He walks towards the desk this time he walks in and stands at the other side of the desk tapping on the computer.

Veronica stands up, walks towards the desk, and stands on the other side.

VERONICA

What are you doing?

SPYQ

Trying to get the key to my room.

VERONICA

Your room? Might as well get any room you want.

SPYQ

Hmm... Considering I'm not going to get the service I paid for, it won't be wrong if I upgraded my package.

VERONICA

Would you mind sharing your room with a homeless battered woman?

SPYQ

Well, I can get you any number of rooms you want.

VERONICA

No I prefer to sleep with a living soul tonight. Don't worry I'm not in the mood to molest you.

SPYQ

All right then. Molest me in the penthouse.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DARK

Spyq wipes a key card and opens the door. The lights turn on automatically. It is a magnificent grand room with transitional interior décor. Spyq switches on the air-conditioning. Veronica walks straight towards the bathroom area un-partitioned from the bedroom.

INT. HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM

She opens the tap of the washbasin but notices the marvelous Jacuzzi behind her on the mirror. She turns around and walks near it. It turns on by itself lighting up and water pumping in. She bends down dipping both her hands in the crystal-clear bubbling water that turns cloudy with dirt and blood on her hands at first but the constantly flowing water clears the whole Jacuzzi in an instant.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Spyq is punching in numbers on the phone but cannot seem to get through.

SPYQ

(Calling towards the bathroom)
Veronica, do you have satellite on your cell phone?

Having got no answer he walks towards the bathroom door still wide open.

INT. HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM

SPYQ

The hotel phone is dead... oh! Sorry.

He turns around seeing Veronica submerged up to her neck in the Jacuzzi with all her cloths lying on the floor near by.

VERONICA

It's ok. What were you saying?

SPYQ

(Embarrassed)
Do you have a satellite? I mean a satellite phone.

VERONICA

I did, but I lost it when I got bombed.

SPYQ

(Talking with his back to her)
Oh... What happened to you?

VERONICA

I don't know. One moment I was embedded into a platoon of soldiers. Then we were stuck in a traffic jam. Suddenly somebody started shooting at us. The big guy calls in an air strike but apparently, he gave the wrong coordinates and got all of us killed. Well, except me.

SPYQ

I never thought this sort of thing still happens.

VERONICA

Almost funny isn't it? SO, What are you doing in flesh and blood instead of fighting on your Hbot?

SPYQ

At first, I didn't mind fighting even knowing it was for real. After all the reason I played is to prepare my mind to the tough situations in the field.

VERONICA

You are planning to join the military.

SPYQ

I was. It was my dream to fight for the good guys. But now...

(Sigh and turns around)

Have you ever woke up one morning and realize your whole life's ambition doesn't make any sense.

VERONICA

(Clearing water from her face)

Yes.

She slides up a little with her hands crossed even though her breasts are still under water.

VERONICA

That's the day my good friend William Chekhov disappeared.

SPYQ

(Sitting at the edge of the Jacuzzi)

You know Professor William Chekhov?

VERONICA

Well, I've only met him in person just a few times. But we were net buddies for a long time. He was like the father figure I never had. Crazy isn't it? Do you know him too?

SPYQ

Well, no, I just read his e-books. I didn't know he disappeared. How would you know? Oh, I forgot, you are the news!

VERONICA

No, it didn't get into the news. I met him in that same aircraft carrier we met. But when I went to say goodbye the next morning, he was gone. I think it's all my fault.

SPYQ

What do you mean?

Uneasy pause. Veronica tries to reach for a towel, Spyq hands her one. She holds it up like a screen between them while standing up, wraps it around her, and sits at the edge near Spyq.

VERONICA

Apparently, there's a lot happening in this crazy world that we don't know about.

SPYQ

What happened with Professor William in the carrier?

VERONICA

Are you still looking for answers, as you were when we were in the carrier? Did you get to meet that girl? And where's your girl friend btw?

SPYQ

She's not my girlfriend. Yea I met that other girl. Well, not really. But we did. Actually, I will. Hopefully. That's why I'm here. Well, it won't make any sense to you.
(Looking at the water)
This looks good. I want to try. Would you mind?

VERONICA

Go ahead; just keep your boxes on till I leave.

Spyq gets into the water fully dressed.

SPYQ

Wow.

VERONICA

Don't try to change the subject. Why on earth are you here in the middle of this messy war?

SPYQ

I told you, I'm hoping to meet Omega for real. You didn't tell me what happened to Professor William.

Veronica picks up her coat and pulls a small device out of the pocket. Gets into the water with her towel still on and hands the device to Spyq.

VERONICA

Listen to this when you get a chance but you have to keep it to yourself if you don't want me to disappear too.

SPYQ

Wow, I haven't seen a 4hr Ram recorder this size before.

VERONICA

Yea, it's small enough to... well, you don't want to know.
(Chuckles)

SPYQ

I don't want to know either.

We see the sun setting in the horizon behind them with early stars starting to glitter in the still reddish sky. There are fighters and choppers buzzing in the distance. Columns of black smoke litter the otherwise picture perfect sky. Deep distant explosions and bursts of rocket fire echoes outside the glass. Veronica crawls along towards the huge glass window and marvels the irony of the beautiful sunset and the mayhem around them.

VERONICA

What if this is the last sunset I will ever see?

SPYQ

(Laughing)

Pretty sad huh? Stuck in a ghost hotel with a teenager in a Jacuzzi?

VERONICA

What have you achieved in life teen boy?

SPYQ

Nothing much yet. Except realizing all the rules that keep us going couldn't save us when things go terribly wrong. Maybe this world is meant to be lawless and chaotic. And I wasted so much of my life doing useless things.

Veronica busts into a slight laughter and escalates into louder laughs.

SPYQ

Did I say something funny?

VERONICA

So these are the kind of cute things you say when you do manage to get a girl into a Jacuzzi with you?

SPYQ

I wasn't trying to be cute.

VERONICA

Oh... you weren't? Too bad, I found it cute.

Veronica crawls towards Spyq with her towel fluidly sliding off her body under the water.

SPYQ

I think you are just tired. You will get out this ok, don't worry.

VERONICA

(Whispering)

You can go to your girl tomorrow, but spare tonight for a pathetic old girl who wasted her whole life for nothing.

She kisses him.

Camera pulls up and out of the window towards the horizon. A storm is building up far away.

An acoustic guitar strumming fades in (suggested track: The Unforgiven - Metallica)

Tiny droplets of drizzle build outside the glass.

Close up of their hands picking up foods from a freezer. The drums kick in. We see the two of them cooking breakfast in the huge hotel kitchen just the two of them. They seem to be in a jolly good mood.

Back to slow guitar strums. We see Spyq picking up an abandoned fancy sports car from the car park. He drives past the building looking up and then looking at the tiny recorder in his hand. We see Veronica looking down from the window waving at him.

The vocals of the song kick in:

*New blood joins this earth
And quickly he's subdued
Through constant pain disgrace
The young boy learns their rules*

*With time the child draws in
This whipping boy done wrong
Deprived of all his thoughts
The young man struggles on and on he's known
A vow unto his own
That never from this day
His will they'll take away*

Suddenly with the vocals, we see a flash back of Veronica and Spyq at the Jacuzzi. Veronica falls asleep in the water and he picks her up wrapped in a towel. He carries her to the bed and dries her hair with another towel. He sleeps on a sofa nearby.

*What I've felt
What I've known
Never shined through in what I've shown
Never be
Never see
Won't see what might have been*

*What I've felt
What I've known
Never shined through in what I've shown
Never free
Never me
So I dub the unforgiven*

As the lyrics soften, we switch back to smiling and chattering Veronica having breakfast at an empty vast cafeteria with many luxurious foods on their table.

*They dedicate their lives
To running all of his
He tries to please them all
This bitter man he is
Throughout his life the same
He's battled constantly
This fight he cannot win
A tired man they see no longer cares
The old man then prepares
To die regretfully
That old man here is me*

We see Spyq driving through the empty streets in the gloomy morning. His determined face catches flickers of what sun getting through the dark clouds.

Veronica finds a car of her own - a bigger sturdier vehicle. She drives in the opposite direction.

*What I've felt
What I've known
Never shined through in what I've shown
Never be
Never see
Won't see what might have been*

*What I've felt
What I've known
Never shined through in what I've shown
Never free
Never me
So I dub the unforgiven*

We see a flashback of Veronica combing her hair, in the morning in the hotel room. Spyq is preparing his rucksack. Veronica is dressing up with make up and tidy hair. She is back to her vibrant and sturdy self.

A vocal free guitar part while Spyq and Veronica saying good byes after breakfast. They stop near the elevator. Veronica steps in and Spyq watches the doors slide together closing.

A heavy guitar solo kicks in. Suddenly we flash back to the dark hotel room in the night. Close ups of passionate hands on skin, entranced faces and shadowy bodies coiling on bed passionately. Making love in the empty casino, piano bar, grand stairs ... Every place you can find in a typical hotel. They also dance in the empty ballroom half dressed in sleeping cloths.

The song returns to the softer chorus and we track the sports car from the air racing though the roads.

The music fades as we see the car turning to a road with the highway road sign reading STRAVANSBURG.

18. EXT STRAVANSBURG STREETS - GLOOMY DAY

Spyq drives through a narrow inner city street. He looks at his GPS and takes a turn to an even narrower pathway running parallel to a railroad. The pathway gets thinner and thinner and eventually disappears into an unpaved walkway.

He stops and shifts to reverse gear and backs up fast till he find a railway crossing. He drives into it and stops the car right in the middle of the tracks, gets out of the car and starts walking along the railroad.

EXT. STRAVANSBURG STATION

We hear Operatic classical music (suggested track: Un Amore per Sempre - Josh Groban). We descend through the building clouds towards the majestic railway station complex. Some abandoned trains sit still on the tracks.

INT. STRAVANSBURG STATION

We see Spyq walking along a platform. The whole station is empty and lifeless. The rain intensifies and water drips from the roofs into the muddy tracks filled with grease and dirt. The oil floats with colorful rainbow patterns on the water surface.

We see Spyq's tired and disappointed feet dragging along the empty platforms.

We see the feet of someone else walking up the stairs towards the overhead pass. We see that person's POV looking down towards the empty platforms from the overpass bridge.

Spyq jumps in to the tracks and crosses the tracks to get on to the next platform. It is equally empty. An abandoned train sits on the adjoining platform. He walks along it. We see his POV. Through the windows of the train, we see the flickering image of someone lying down on a bench far away a few platforms away. (The song gets to its climatic chorus)

Spyq gets into the train and gets off from the other side. We get a clearer view of the person on the bench. It is a small girl covered in a large coat. She sits up straight and notices Spyq on the other platform. She is (real) Omega.

We see the POV of the other person still on the overpass noticing Spyq and Omega facing each other on opposite platforms. They run towards each other and both jump down on to the muddy oily tracks uncovered by the rain. They hurdle to each other slipping and nearly falling, soaked by the rain.

(The song suddenly picks up to a heavy rhythmic pace) We fly along with two massive Global Hawk UMCAs (just like the one in the very beginning) riding the jerky stormy turbulence through the clouds getting closer to the ground. The laser scanners sweep the terrain fast to the rhythm of the orchestral violins. They start discharging small bomblets that explode violently and causing unimaginable destruction to their size. The explosions bloom in slow motion in synch with the song like fiery infectious wounds on the city terrain.

Back at the station, we see Spyq and Omega kissing and hugging with total disregard to the deafening explosions, rain and herds of animals - probably abandoned pets - running for their lives away from the direction the explosions are coming from.

We go back to get a closer look at the destruction. Huge skyscrapers and bridges collapse gradually with large clouds of dust and smoke.

Spyq and Omega holds on tightly to each other still in the middle of the train tracks. We see the third person watching them on the bridge turning away from them, sliding her back on the glass wall, and sitting on the floor. It is Rhea. (The music comes to an even higher note when we realize Rhea is there)

The bombs keep falling and the trail of destruction is heading right towards the station.

One of the bombs falls on to a building nearby obliterating it in poetic grace.

Another bomb falls near an abandoned train a little far from the platforms. Some railcars fragment into bits, some a bit further take to the air.

A huge metal train engine falls right next to Spyq and Omega nose down. We can almost see the shockwave traveling through its goliath chassis. It stands erect for a moment and falls to its side like a giant tree that just lost its roots.

Spyq and Omega runs under the train near by. The menacing metal wheels, tubes, wires and chains provide a sense of protection from the hail of bombs above. They seem still too busy admiring each other as if they knew each other a lifetime yet met for the first time.

Rhea calmly walks down the stairs leaving Spyq and Omega behind. She gradually speeds up to a delicate girlish stride helplessly dodging fiery shrapnel and falling blocks of concrete. She runs with a straight face to the camera but she cannot help shedding tears that fall off and trail behind her fast moving face in slow motion. The camera follows that trail of tears away from her.

The second Global Hawk approaches the station with a mist of super bombs trailing behind it like an evil crop-duster. We see from the sky the cloud of smoke and dust storming towards the station down bellow.

The UMCA zooms past the station turning everything bellow it a single maze of uprising smoke columns.

The camera rises with the smoke leaving the disappearing station behind. The smoke freezes but the camera continues to rise with the music trailing off to a calm conclusion.

KID (V.O.)

Maybe we feel happy when defy our
destructive destiny for fraction of a
second to achieve something.

The camera keeps rising so high that we no longer see clouds on top. The curvature of the earth starts to become apparent.

KID (V.O. CONT'D)

Maybe we do even the most illogical things for those we love. After all, that is what keeps us humans in existence... against all odds.

Before we get to see the whole earth, it becomes a huge eyeball of a cute soft toy. The camera pulls back to reveal that a child sitting on the floor is holding that toy on her lap. It is a little girl about 3 - 4 years old who seem to be holding our camera in her other hand.

KID (TO CAMERA)

Some things about people will never change...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Celest, it's dinner time!

KID

(Turning away from camera)
Coming mom!

She drops the toy on the floor and uses both hands to tap on to the screen. A message reads on screen "SAVING RECORDING" inverted for us - but right way round for her to read.

The screen goes blank as if it was turned off.

SUPERIMPOSE: To be continued

FADE IN: Burning high-tech war machines.

CLOSING CREDITS