THE BLUEPRINT FOR LIFE

By

Steven P. Dilworth
FADE IN:

EXT - A HILLSIDE IN CALIFORNIA - DAY

Worms-eye view of road. A ladybug waddles into view as the sound of two powerful cars come into hearing somewhere in the distance. As the bug reaches mid-screen the first of 2 cars (a very sharp foreign sports car) slides around the corner, barely holding the road and zooms over the camera, nearly pulling the bug from the macadam. Just as the bug recovers, the second car (a rusty old sedan) flies around the corner, having an even harder time holding the road and zooms over the camera; Squashing the ladybug with it’s right front tire.

INT - THE SECOND CAR - CONTINUOUS

AARON looks over his shoulder.

    AARON
    I’ve got a bad feeling this isn’t my lucky day.

EXT - FROM BEHIND THE CARS - CONTINUOUS

Bird’s-eye view from behind the cars. We can see that the road is a zigzag of tiers going down the side of the hill and the front car is pulling away from the second.

INT - FIRST CAR - CONTINUOUS

Close up of DAMON KEYS’ gloved hand patting the case of a laptop sitting in the passenger seat.

    DAMON
    You’ll never catch me in that old heap.

INT - THE SECOND CAR - CONTINUOUS

Aaron slams his palm on the steering wheel.

    AARON
    Come on you old heap. He’s getting away.
EXT - LOOKING DOWN FROM ABOVE THE CARS - CONTINUOUS

The little sports car is widening the gap even further, almost two curves ahead of the second car.

INT - THE SECOND CAR - CONTINUOUS

Aaron can see that the little sports car is pulling away.

   AARON
   Christ, I’d have to fly to . . .
   .Yeah!

Aaron guns the car and cut’s the wheel sharply into the gravel of the berm.

EXT - IN FRONT OF THE SECOND CAR - CONTINUOUS

   DAMON (FILTERED)
   Ha, ha, you old goat. You’re never gonna get me now.

Aaron’s car slams into the hood of the sports car from above. Shoving both cars off the side of the road and over the edge of the hill. They roll over and over down to the next road in a huge cloud of dust, smoke and flying car parts. When the dust settles, Aaron opens his car door, which falls off, staggers over to the what’s left of the little car. Pointing a wavering gun and badge at the near unconscious man slumped over the steering wheel.

   AARON
   You’re under arrest.

CUT TO:

INT - POLICE HQ - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Aaron, with an arm in a sling and bandages wrapped around his head, sits slumped in a chair across from CAPTAIN GERARD TALON.

   TALON
   I know you’re a just a P.I. and don’t the rules, Olis. But, what the hell were you trying to do out there?

(CONTINUED)
AARON
Catch the bad guy, sir.

Talon comes up out of his seat.

TALON
Catch the bad guy! Catch the bad guy! Olis you dumb son of a bitch, you tried to kill the bad guy. Not to mention yourself!

AARON
I got the laptop didn’t I?

TALON
Yes, you did. And now we’ll all probably be out of a job once this is over.

AARON
What the hell are you talking about? My job was to get that laptop back and I did it. The guy should get life in jail for treason.

TALON
No, he’s gonna sue us for what you pulled today.

AARON
Sue. Sue? How could he sue? He had the laptop. He’s a friggin’ spy, for God’s sake!

Talon moves around his desk and leans against it.

TALON
Yes, he’s a spy. And yes, he had the laptop. He also happened to have it in a rental car.

AARON
I fail to see just what the hell that has to do with anything.

Talon rubs his forehead, obviously losing patience.

TALON
In the real world, nothing, but this isn’t the real world. It’s the legal world.
AARON
And?

TALON
Jesus, Olis. Do I have to draw a diagram? Other than having the laptop in his possession, what proof did you have that he ‘took’ it?

Aaron staggers to his feet and gets right in Talon’s face.

AARON
Are you trying to say that I lied? I saw the guy get the thing at the airport and I followed him. What more do you need?

TALON
Where are the photos of the hand off?

AARON
Photos? I, I . . . I didn’t take any ‘photos’. I saw it myself! I’m a licensed P.I.! What more proof do you need? He was caught red-handed!

Talon looks at Aaron as though he is a child.

TALON
You really don’t get it, do you? Yes, you caught him red handed, but with no photographic evidence. And now that makes it your word against his. His word comes from a very sharp lawyer, stating that his client rented that car with no knowledge whatsoever that that laptop was in it.

AARON
Bullshit! I . . .

TALON
And now he has filed suit against the department, the city and you. By the time this is over I’ll be lucky to be walking a beat again and you may as well go and apply at a burger joint.

A look of realization crosses Aaron’s face and he slumps back in the chair.
AARON
(Whispering to no one in particular)
Bullshit. It’s all just bullshit.

TALON
Of course it’s bullshit. But I’ll tell you what it isn’t. It isn’t a movie. It isn’t some friggin’ Bond flick where you slam the bad guy into a hillside, retrieve the stolen tapes and get knighted by the Queen for saving the empire. This is real life 21st century and you just can’t go around playing games like that.

Aaron looks up at Talon and shows every bit of how worn out he really is. But the fire in his eyes tells he’s not ready to give up.

AARON
When you hired me, sir, you told me to use any means possible to get this guy, ’sir’. It was a matter of national security, ’sir’. Doesn’t any of that mean anything, ’sir’?

TALON
You’re damn right it does! It means everything, Olis. You have recovered a laptop that contains vital defense information that the U.S. couldn’t afford to lose. You have single-handedly averted a possible national emergency

AARON
Again, I say . . . and?

TALON
And it’s just a shame that it’s probably the last job you and I will ever do in law enforcement. Now go home and get some sleep. You look like hell.

CUT TO:
EXT - STREET OUTSIDE ARON’S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Agent CARL AKIN and agent MORTY HEIN, wearing black covert uniforms and full-face ski masks, sit in a dark car across the street from Aaron’s city apartment building. It is a large brownstone in the middle of a row of brownstones. A Taxi pulls up and Aaron gets out slowly, obviously feeling the aches and pains of his day. He pays the cabbie and hobbles into the house. Agent Hein lifts a pair of odd-looking goggles to his eyes. The whole screen switches to a heat vision scan of Aaron’s building through the goggles. The red/yellow glow, which is Aaron, moves up a staircase, down a hallway, unlocks a door and steps into an apartment.

HEIN
Okay, he’s in his apartment.

AKIN
Are you sure it’s him?

HEIN
I’d know commander Olis anywhere. Remember, I worked secret ops with him for twenty years. He retired before you even came on board.

AKIN
If he’s an old guy, why do we want him?

HEIN
Kid, you’ve got a lot to learn. Radio the others. We’re going in.

CUT TO:

INT - AARON’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Aaron drops his keys on a table by the door and limps over to the kitchen, grabs a beer from the fridge, then limps back into the living room, where he promptly collapses in a heap on the couch. He grabs the remote and turns on the news, setting the beer on the coffee table.

AARON
(Muttering.)
A lawsuit. Jesus. A rental car, for Christ’s sake. I’ve only been retired three years, and I’d forgotten just how stupid the human race is. Maybe secret ops weren’t

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

AARON (cont’d)
so bad after all. Crazy as it was,
it seemed to make some sense. I’ll
work on tomorrow’s menu. Get my
mind off of it.

FADE TO:

INT - AARON’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Aaron lies asleep on the couch. The television is showing
nothing but static. Four masked, darkly clad figures move
stealthily out of the shadows and surround the couch. One
motions to the other at the head of the couch, who pulls out
a rag and a small bottle. Before the man can bend down with
the bottle, Aaron shoots up from the couch producing a gun
in his good hand from some unknown place. He pistol-whips
the agent with the bottle, sending it flying and rolls off
the couch. Realizing the gun has no bullets; Aaron smirks
and throws it aside.

AARON
Okay you bastards, give it your
best shot.

HEIN (FILTERED)
Now, now Commander Olis, please
come quietly and this will go much
easier. We need you.

AARON
The hell you do! I . . .

The other three move in to surround him as Aaron lashes out.
Using the coffee table to kneecap one agent, Aaron
sweep-kicks the feet out from under the agent at the other
end. Picking a lamp off the end table, Aaron backs against
the wall by the television. He assumes a classic kata karate
stance, but with the lamp held in one of his fists. Slowly
the agents gather around him in a semi-circle. Aaron feints
towards one agent, and as they all lean that way, he then
brings the lamp around to peg the far agent. Dropping him
like a stone. The middle agent lunges low under the arc of
the lamp and Aaron drops an elbow on the back of his neck
just before he reaches him. Using his falling body, Aaron
vaults past the agents before they can react, and leaps over
the couch; Picking up the two couch pillows on the way. All
four agents recover, and move in twos around the ends of the
couch. Attacking all at once, the agents rain fists and feet
towards Aaron, who fends off most of the blows with pillows
and his own feet, until a blow finally comes down on the
back of his neck. Even with his head swimming, Aaron tries

(CONTINUED)
to fight, but they pile on top of him. Agent Hein recovers the dropped bottle of chloroform and applies some to Aaron, knocking him out for good. All four sink to the floor, out of breath, and take a moment to lick their wounds.

AKIN
Jesus, I thought you said he was retired? How’d he know we were here? After his day, he should have been dead to the world.

HEIN
He’s a special ops kid. Probably the best there ever was. He never truly sleeps no matter what. We’re just lucky he was so beat up or this would have been tough.

AKIN
Would have been tough? He nearly killed us.

HEIN
Nearly, kid. If he’d been on top of his game, they might be baggin’ us right now. As I said, you’ve got a lot to learn. Now let’s get him out of here while it’s still dark. You got your stuff?

Agent Akin pulls off his mask to reveal that he is an exact twin off Aaron.

AKIN
I may be new at some things, but this is why you brought me, right? I’ve got my bandages and sling. Now get out of here so I can clean up this mess.

CUT TO:

INT - SMALL ROOM VOLCANO ISLAND - DAY

Aaron Olis lies unconscious on the couch in a small room with one door and a small table. Slowly he awakens and remembers his pains. No sooner does he sit up than the single door in the wall behind him swings open and MS. HELEN STAPLETON enters wearing a lab coat and pushing an AV cart containing a television with a VCR on top of it. She comes to a stop in front of a bewildered Aaron and turns to face him.

(CONTINUED)
MS. STAPLETON
Now that you are awake we can begin your briefing.

AARON
Briefing? What briefing? What the hell is this all about?

MS. STAPLETON
Well, now that you’ve been reactivated, I need to brief you on your case.

AARON
Whoa, sister. I haven’t been reactivated for anything and there isn’t going to be any briefing. I should have known you were government the moment I smelled you come in.

MS. STAPLETON
I don’t have time for jokes, Mr. Olis. And do not call me sister again.

Aaron rises. Too quickly and clutches his head in pain.

AARON
Oww. Maybe not, sister, but I’m telling you right now . . . I’m retired. I quit this crap because I didn’t want to do it anymore. What we do have time for is me just walking right out of this joint and heading home for some much needed rest.

MS. STAPLETON
You won’t be going anywhere, Commander Olis.

Ms. Stapleton moves over to the far wall, where she presses a small spot on the sidewall that would never have been mistaken for a button, but it is. The whole facing wall slides back slowly, filling the room with a bright orange-yellow glow as it does. Aaron shields his eyes in reflex at both the light and the wall of molten lava held back from oozing into the room by a thick plexi-glass window. Ms. Stapleton faces him with her back to the lava, her whole body in shadow.

(CONTINUED)
MS. STAPLETON (CONT'D)
You can’t just ‘walk out of here’ Commander Olis. We are sitting dead center in the middle of an active volcano on an uncharted island in the middle of the south pacific. I believe that it would be prudent of you to just have a seat and follow the briefing, so that we can take care of this ‘minor problem’.

She presses the button again, causing the wall to slowly slide shut. Aaron sits back on the couch, blinking his eyes trying to get used to the renewed darkness.

AARON
Some things never change. Can’t you guys do anything the simple way? Couldn’t we just have a meeting in the Pentagon? You could feed a small country for 20 years with the money it took to build this joint. No wonder the national debt is so damn high.

MS. STAPLETON
Be that as it may, security is of the utmost importance in this matter.

AARON
You built the place just for this?

MS. STAPLETON
Commander Olis! Please quit sidetracking the conversation. It is critical that we proceed with your briefing. It is a matter of international peril!

AARON
Oh shit. The world needs saved again?

MS. STAPLETON
Yes.

AARON
By me.

MS. STAPLETON
Have you ever heard of DOCTOR IVAN SHELK?

(CONTINUED)
AARON
I’ve heard of Doctor Scholl’s.

Ms. Stapleton fixes him with an icy stare, turns on the television and pushes a VHS tape into the VCR.

MS. STAPLETON
What there is of this tape has been painstakingly re-constructed from the original security camera tapes by our engineers. They had been badly mangled and burned. Please pay close attention.

The screen becomes filled with a very jumpy, grainy black and white shot taken from the upper back corner of what appears to be a type of classroom. It is obviously a security camera and the recorder date on the film is roughly two years old. About a dozen individuals sit scattered about the room. Some are wearing white medical jackets and others wearing suits. It is hard to tell, but it seems many different nationalities are represented. The crackling film allows for randomly overheard blurbs wondering what they are all doing there. A tall man in a white lab coat with glasses and slightly graying hair enters the room and positions himself in front of the blackboard. His bearing is very self-assured. He doesn’t speak, but waits for the people in the room to realize he is there. Eventually, the idle chatter stops and they are all facing him. Through the jumpy tape, we pick up smatterings of dialog.

SHELK
. . .want to . . .thank . . .for coming . . .

SCIENTIST(S)
. . .what’s . . .about Shelk? What.
. . want . . .from us . . .

SHELK
. . . offer . . .of a lifetime . .
. chance to share . . .greatest scientific discovery . . .this . .
. any age . . .

SCIENTIST(S)
. . .sideshow, Shelk . . .get . .
. the point . . .our time . .
. valuable . . .

SHELK
your time. . .valuable? . . .more valuable . . .the secret . . .the creation of life? . . .

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SCIENTIST(S)
...what...talking about?...
.meaning of life?...
.nuts, Shelk!

SHELK
...not meaning...creation of...
.the blueprint for life...
.hidden...every human brain...
.from birth...need...unborn brains...uncontaminated...by...
.world, to test...

SCIENTIST(S)
test!...on unborn?...
.uncontaminated?...insane...
.have...black-balled...ethics...
...you'll never practice...
.again...

SHELK
...black-balled?...ethics?...
.listen to...yourselves...
.offering...once in a lifetime...
.chance...part...greatest breakthrough...history...
.should have...known...not ready...

Dr. Shelk walks out of the room. The scientists start mumbling about his insanity and gathering their stuff to leave. Dr. Shelk walks back into the room, prompting them to stop.

SHELK (CONT’D)
...so sorry, gentlemen...had hopes...but...not ready...
.so sorry

He leaves the room again and two men clad in full riot gear armed with automatic weapons enter, gunning down every scientist before they can even react. After the shooting has died down, Dr. Shelk enters the room and surveys the results.

SHELK (CONT’D)
...shame...truly...

He looks directly at the camera and we see his face in full for the first time..

SHELK (CONT’D)
...oh...a camera...
.convenient...Mr...Olis...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
The screen goes black at the sound of gunfire. Aaron leans back into his seat because he had been perched at the edge. Ms. Stapleton pushes stop on the recorder and faces him.

AARON
Dr. Ivan Shelk?

MS. STAPLETON
Alias . . . 

AARON
Ivan Dublin.

MS. STAPLETON
Yes.

AARON
(Sarcastically.)
Well, that explains why I’m here. You figure since he killed my partner way back when that I’ll have the proper hate-on for him.

MS. STAPLETON
It’s one of the reasons, yes. We have had 3 of our top agents go in after him and not come back. We cannot afford to lose anymore.

AARON
Terrific. So I’m to be your disposable wet-wipe this time. Maybe I can take him, but if I don’t then so what? I’m just an old retiree and the government saves a few bucks on my pension since I’m unmarried.

MS. STAPLETON
And, commander Olis, I believe you are unmarried because that partner Ivan Dublin allegedly killed was your fiancé. Was it not?

AARON
Fuck you, allegedly. That son of a bitch killed her in cold blood.
MS. STAPLETON
But they never found her body, did they?

AARON
They didn’t have to, sister. I was there when she died. I saw him blast the ground right out from under her. I saw her disappear down a 500-foot sheer Cliffside.

MS. STAPLETON
You must still harbor a great hatred for him.

AARON
Go to hell with your psychology. The guy means nothing to me anymore. I’m over that now.

MS. STAPLETON
Bullshit, to use your own vernacular, commander Olis. But, if you don’t care about your lost fiancé, then perhaps you care about the fate of the free world.

AARON
Fuck the free world and fuck Uncle Sam as well; I couldn’t care less what happens to them. But I do want a shot at that son of a bitch anyway. Question is, how did you even know where he was and why did it take you so long to call me? That tape is 2 years old.

MS. STAPLETON
As I said, we’ve tried other agents. That takes time.

AARON
So you’ve said.

MS. STAPLETON
Okay, a little background. When Egypt reported that they hadn’t seen one of their top research scientists for a few days, we were a tad worried, but no red flags went up. Then Nigeria and Australia turned in the same claim. Others followed. We then started a

(MORE)
MS. STAPLETON (cont’d)
full-blown search. It came to light that each scientist had booked a flight into Naples on the same day. It was a small matter after that to trace them to that facility. It was a much larger task to find out what had happened. But we did it. He also burned the facility after that tape ended.

AARON
The man is thorough. Where is he now?

MS. STAPLETON
He has gone to ground in the Azores Islands. Underground, actually. He has created quite a facility on the smallest island called Corvo.

AARON
The Azores. They’re lovely this time of year. And I’m flattered that you think me so expendable. I’d hate for you to have to lose anymore ‘top’ agents.

MS. STAPLETON
Don’t take it personally, commander. You were chosen not just because we felt that you were disposable, but also because your past experiences with Dr. Shelk might put you more in tune with anticipating his actions.

AARON
And perhaps we might blow each other up and kill two birds with one stone, eh?

MS. STAPLETON
This will be your last mission, either way.

AARON
And you were chosen to ‘brief’ me because you are such a smooth salesman.
MS. STAPLETON
Sales-person.

AARON
Right. You do realize that I have a business to run and a potential legal problem pending out there in the real world that may cause some ripples should I just disappear.

MS. STAPLETON
Not to worry. Your replacement will see to that.

AARON
My what?

CUT TO:

INT - AARON’S APARTMENT - DAY

Close up of the mail slot in the door. A clump of mail and advertisements are pushed in and fall to the floor. Then there is a knock. Agent Akin comes to the door with painted on bruises and scrapes, quickly sliding his 'injured' arm into the sling and straightens the bandages on his head.

AKIN
Who is it?

MAILMAN (O.S.)
Mailman. I’ve got a certified letter for Mr. Aaron Olis.

AKIN
(Under his breath.) Christ, already?

AKIN (CONT’D)
Just a minute.

He slips his arm out of the sling, clears away the mail onto a nearby tabletop and unlocks all four deadbolts on the door. Just as he goes to open the door, he remembers to slide his arm back into the sling. Then he opens the door slowly with a slight moan as though in pain.

AKIN (CONT’D)
Sorry it took so long. I had a bit of an accident yesterday and I’m not quite up to speed yet.

(CONTINUED)
MAILMAN
Bit of an accident? Mr., you look like hell.

AKIN
Thanks. It was a pretty bad fall, but I’m certain I’ll get back up to speed soon.

MAILMAN
Sorry, pal, I didn’t mean to sound insensitive.

AKIN
It’s New York, how else would you sound?

MAILMAN
Uh, right. Anyway, here’s your letter. Just sign right here. I’ll hold it for you.

Agent Akin does an excellent job of feigning great agony in trying to sign his name. The mailman looks more and more embarrassed as he completes the draining task.

AKIN
There you go, bud.

MAILMAN
Thanks buddy. I really do hope you get to feeling better.

AKIN
Right, bye.

And he closes the door in the mailman’s face before he can turn to go. Sure enough, the letter is a summons from the L.A. Clerk of Courts.

AKIN (CONT’D)
Man, I didn’t think it would happen this fast. Now we’ll see just how good I am at being Mr. Aaron Olis - Private Eye with legal problems.

CUT TO:
EXT - A SMALL FISHING BOAT AZORE ISLANDS - DAY

We come in low over the water from behind the boat, circling around to find Aaron and AGENT RESUS GRIFFIN standing at the railing of the ship. Agent Griffin looks to be a pretty rough-man-of-the-sea. They are looking at the island of Corvo through a pair of high-powered binoculars.

AARON
Are you sure this is where Shelk is? That island isn’t much bigger than a city block.

GRIFFIN
We’re quite certain, commander Olis. We’ve had three of our best agents go into that place and not come back.

AARON
You sure they didn’t just get caught up in the island beauty and retire early?

GRIFFIN
You sure your secret ops? Come on, I’ll show you how we know.

He leads Aaron down below deck, through the normal looking rooms and into a small hidden room filled with some of the most high tech surveillance equipment money can buy. Several agents sit intently staring into radar screens and other gadgets.

AARON
(Sarcastically.)
You know, a good fish finder only costs about a hundred and fifty bucks. Why hadn’t you shown me this room yet?

GRIFFIN
True, but it won’t find the kind of fish we’re looking for, and on this side of the world we don’t just show everything. Around here, it’s on a need-to-know basis.

AARON
Well, I need to know. Excuse me.

Aaron pushes past a technician who’s been looking into a pair of eyepieces similar to a microscope and bends down to look.

(CONTINUED)
The whole screen becomes a shot similar to the one where Aaron’s apartment was being watched, but obviously more hi-tech. Red outlines show what is a multi-level complex cluttered with unknown components and heat traces show a number of figures moving around.

AARON (CONT’D)
(Whistles.)
Wow. We are looking at that Podunk Island, right?

GRiffin
Under it, to be precise. An island isn’t just afloat on the water, you know. It has to go down to somewhere. And this whacko Shelk has built himself one hell of a fortress under there.

AARON
But, how do they get in and out? From what I’ve read, only something like 400 people live on that place. I’d think strangers would stand out like a sore thumb.

GRiffin
We’re not entirely sure why the locals haven’t been more attentive, but I have noticed the local leaders driving large western automobiles.

GRiffin (CONT’D)
Also, we’ve discovered several ways in and out. As you see, we are out here ‘fishing’ and no one cares. Fishing is huge in these parts. Shelk has a number of ‘fishing’ boats that move in and out of the area. They are each equipped with mini-subs which can be launched from underneath and enter the complex through hatches located in a couple of places around the island. He also has an entrance located in the big crater on the island.

AARON
Of course, a crater, where would a mad scientist be without a crater to build an entrance?
GRiffin
I have often thought the same
thing. This Shelk is quite the
dramatist, eh?

AARON
Yep, but the most important
question I have is . . . does this
scow have a mini-sub too?

CUT TO:

EXT - UNDERWATER BELOW FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS

A door slides back on the bottom of the boat and a small
craft with dual propellers exits. The craft swings in an arc
to pass the camera and we see that Aaron mans it. He glides
off into the darkness.

EXT - UNDERWATER OUTSIDE A LARGE HATCH IN THE SIDE OF AN
OCEAN WALL AZORE ISLANDS - CONTINUOUS

Aaron maneuvers the small craft up to where it’s hovering
just outside the hatch.

AARON (FILTERED)
I’m at one of the hatches. I don’t
see any outside mechanisms for
opening the damn thing.

GRiffin (V.O.)
They must have been either timed
entrances or used some kind of
radio frequency to open the hatch.

AARON (FILTERED)
Like a garage door opener.

GRiffin (V.O.)
Yes, I’d assume it was something
like that, I . . . Wait a minute
Aaron. One of Shelk’s fishing boats
is coming. I don’t know if a sub
has been released or not, but you’d
better hide.

Aaron maneuvers into a shadow off to one side of the door,
just as another bigger craft comes into view. The bigger
craft probably holds two to four people. It hovers at the
hatch for a moment, and then the hatch opens. Aaron swings
his craft in tight behind theirs as it starts to enter the
hatch.

(CONTINUED)
AARON (FILTERED)
They haven’t seen me. I’m gonna follow ’em in.

GRiffin (V.O.)
Don’t do it, Aaron. That’s how the other agents got in and we know what happened to them.

AARON (FILTERED)
Yeah, but that was them. I’ll just . . .

Aaron can see the submarine disappearing into a big black maw beyond the door. It is obvious he can make it, but at the last second he veers away.

AARON (CONT’D) (FILTERED)
Aww, crap. I’m coming back, Griffin.

CUT TO:

INT - OBSERVATION ROOM SHELK’S COMPOUND - DAY

A man furiously chomping gum and wearing a headset sits in front of a huge bank of monitors showing various locations inside the compound and out. He is looking at the monitor showing Aaron heading back towards the ship.

CHOMPING MAN
He’s turned away, Dr. Shelk.

SHELK (V.O.)
Well, perhaps he is a little smarter than the others. Or perhaps he’s just gotten a little smarter over the years. Keep me posted on his movements.

CHOMPING MAN
Yes sir.

INT - SHELK’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Shelk sits at his desk facing three pedestals. On top of each rests a glass container. Each of which holds a human brain suspended in liquid.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

SHELK
(Laughing.)
Well, what do you boys think? Will Mr. Aaron Olis give me a little more sport than the three of you?

CUT TO:

INT - POLICE HQ - TALON’S OFFICE - DAY

Agent Akin sits across from Talon’s desk, and despite the bandages, bruises and sling, looks somewhat stronger than before.

AKIN
So, what do you think of our chances in court?

TALON
Well, it’s going to be a challenge.

AKIN
A challenge. What a fucking stupid word. Every job ad wants someone looking for a challenging position in a fast-paced environment. What a load of crap. Challenging is just the new way of saying, "We’re going to work your ass off and you won’t get squat for it."

TALON
Okay, you want it straight?

AKIN
That’s preferable.

TALON
We’re screwed. Your lack of thoroughness and blatant disregard for protocol will definitely lose me my position because I’m an accessory, if not my job and you probably will never be able to secure a P.I. license again as long as you live.

AKIN
Hmmm. Maybe not totally preferable. Will the department pay for my lawyer?

(CONTINUED)
TALON
Screw you Olis. Maybe your old buddies in the government might be willing to pony up, but my superiors would just as soon drag you out in the street and hang you right now. And I just might bring the rope.

AKIN
(Standing.)
Well, maybe this visit wasn’t such a good idea.

TALON
Maybe not, but I’m as much at fault as you I guess. I’m the bonehead who suggested they bring you in on the case.

AKIN
Now, now, Captain, Flattery will get you nowhere. I’d best be off. You know, hit the yellow pages to hunt up a lawyer.

TALON
Perhaps. Or maybe you ought to just take off to some remote island just to be safe.

AKIN
Now why didn’t I think of that?

FADE TO:

EXT - OFF THE COAST OF CORVO - DUSK

Aaron swings on a boat glider suspended behind a motorboat, cutting through the beautiful blue waters around the island of Corvo. He is wearing a black covert uniform with a large backpack, and various utility/ammo belts wrapped around him. He has a headset with a microphone. The sling on his arm is now gone.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
Are you sure this is a good idea, Olis?

AARON
Of course it’s a good idea. I’ll come in low and land right by the

(MORE)
AARON (cont’d)
crater. Piece of cake. You say the entrance is actually under water in one of those shallow lakes?

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
Yes, when it opens the lake drains in and whatever is coming out comes out. Then, when the hatch is closed, the lake refills from pipes located in four different places.

AARON
Devilishly clever of Dr. Shelk. Get ready to release my cable.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
Ten-four!

AARON
Very funny. Now!

Aaron is cut loose from the boat and swings in a wide arc out over the shore of the island and disappears into the early evening shadows as he nears the ground.

EXT – CRATER’S EDGE – CORVO – CONTINUOUS

Aaron glides toward the ground in total silence. Then his foot catches a high branch, sending him into a spin crashing into a nearby bush. It takes him several moments to untangle himself from the bush and the glider. He stumbles into a clearing.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
Aaron is everything okay.

AARON
Of course. Piece of cake. I’m going to scout the rim of the crater.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
Ten-four!

AARON
Will you please stop that!

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
Sorry.

(CONTINUED)
AARON
No you’re not.

Aaron stealthily crouch-walks around the edge of the crater until he finds a good spot to observe and takes out a pair of night vision binoculars. He slowly scans the area around the small lake.

AARON (CONT’D)
I’m not seeing anything yet. I’m gonna set up camp and keep watch.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
Okay. We’re heading into shore. It’s a little suspicious if we’re out here after dark. We’ll stay in the boat at the pier. If you need us, just call.

AARON
Ten-four.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
(Sarcastic.)
Very funny.

AARON
I thought so.

FADE TO:

EXT - INSIDE CRATER’S EDGE - CORVO - NIGHT

Aaron has set up a small camp just back from the crater’s edge. He has a small fire going and has pitched a very lightweight tent. He is drinking from a small cup. Probably coffee brewed in the small black pan suspended over the fire. He moves to the edge of the crater to take another look with his night-vision goggles. Through the goggles, we can see the rough outlines and highlights of the terrain, trees and lake, with a glint of sunshine off the surface of the lake, but no movement of any kind.

AARON
C’mon, Shelk. I find it hard to believe you don’t do any business at night.

Just then a slight metallic creaking sound starts in the distance and a bubbling water sound can be heard. Aaron swings the goggles towards the sound and the surface of the lake is waving and bubbling.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

AARON (CONT’D)
About time you crazy bastard. It’s getting cold out here.

He quickly takes down his tent and stows it away in a bush, along with his headphones. Puts out his fire, checks the supplies in his pack, which contains C-4 explosives. He pulls the full-face hood of his jumpsuit on and heads down over the edge of the crater. It’s not easy going down the hill in the dark and Aaron winds up rolling and sliding a good part of the way.

AARON (CONT’D)
Christ. If the evil scientist doesn’t get me, this friggin’ island will.

From behind Aaron we can see the lake beyond as it drains the last of it’s water into a giant sliding metal door. He peers from behind a massive bush.

AARON (CONT’D)
Okay, Shelk, let’s see. . .

CUT TO:

INT - AARON’S APARTMENT - DAY

Looking out from inside a desk drawer as it is opened. Agent Akin peers inside.

AKIN
. . .just what you have hidden in here.

CUT TO:

Shot from outside the drawer. Agent Akin is leafing though the contents. Moving from drawer to drawer. In the bottom of one drawer, Akin finds a 5 x 7 photo of a very pretty woman in her mid 30s with long dark hair, and wearing the body suit of a special ops agent. He flips it over to see an inscription reading, "To my 'Special Agent', Aaron. From your 'Loving Agent' Laura."

AKIN (CONT’D)
So, our commander Olis had a human side, after all. But he sure hell was terrible about keeping case files.

(CONTINUED)
He finishes rifling the desk, then moves from room to room of the apartment checking every drawer, shelf, under cushions, etc., making a pretty good mess of the place.

AKIN (CONT’D)
Dammit! I know you were a sloppy agent, but even you have to keep some kind of records. I can’t go back and ask that Talon asshole for his records.

Eventually he collapses on the couch and looks around at the mess he’s made.

AKIN (CONT’D)
Oh crap. I suppose you don’t have a maid either. What a wreck.

He sits for a moment, catching his breath. Then it dawns on him what he just said.

AKIN (CONT’D)
Yeah! A wreck!

CUT TO:

EXT - NELSON’S AUTO WRECKING - DAY

Agent Akin and a SCRAPYARD WORKER are walking through rows of wrecked and compacted vehicles, piled high and casting shadows like a recycled Stonehenge.

SCRAPYARD WORKER
It’s right over here. Frankly, I can’t believe you’re walking around right now.

They come around a pile of vehicles to find what’s left of Aaron’s car. The entire front end is smashed to one side and the doors are both open. The windshield is gone and the roof is crumpled. Agent Akin looks mortified.

AKIN
Holy shit!

SCRAPYARD WORKER
(Surprised.)
This is your car, isn’t it?

AKIN
Uh, yeah, sure it is. I guess it’s one of those deals where things

(MORE)
AKIN (cont’d)
look even worse than you remember.
I’ll just be a minute.

Agent Akin rummages through the inside of the vehicle. Opening the glove compartment, trunk and sifting through all the junk until he finally reaches under the passenger seat and pulls out a manila folder marked – Damon Keys.

AKIN (CONT’D)
There you are baby. Come to papa.
Thanks.

SCRAPYARD WORKER
Anytime.

CUT TO:

EXT – INSIDE CRATER’S EDGE – CORVO – DAWN

Aaron still crouches behind the bush as a helicopter rises up out of the now-exposed opening and two men emerge on side-by-side ladders. They are wearing black single-suits with pullover hoods and night-vision goggles. The helicopter flies off over the horizon and the two men move off in opposite directions into the early morning shadows.

AARON
It’s about time. You two goons are my ticket into that joint. Come to papa.

Aaron moves off into the darkness, circling up through the brush above the path until he finds a good spot to spy on the trail below. After a moment one of the guards comes into view. He is moving in a very rigid fashion, like a tin soldier. Aaron positions himself for an ambush and is about to jump when a noise makes him spin around. Aaron just manages to block the blow from the second guard who’d snuck up behind him. The force, however, throws the both of them through the bushes and down onto the trail. The guards move in and a very violent battle ensues. It takes even more for Aaron to overcome these two men than it did the four agents in his apartment, but he eventually renders them both unconscious.

AARON (CONT’D)
Okay, not bad for the hired muscle, even better than Hein and his men, but not good enough. Now, I’ll just take one those get-ups if you don’t mind. Hmm, you look like about a forty-two long.
He moves in to take off one of the guard’s goggles, only to find that it is part of the man’s face.

    AARON (CONT’D)
    What the hell! It’s like riveted in place.

Shelk’s voice comes from a speaker inside the guard:

    SHELK (FILTERED)
    That’s right, Mr. Olis. They are attached. Those goggles are their eyes. My androids have highly sensitive ocular attachments with both night and heat vision. That is how they found you so easily.

    AARON
    Finding me is one thing, Dublin, but they couldn’t take me in a fight.

    SHELK (FILTERED)
    A minor detail, I assure you. Nothing I can’t work out. At least I still have their wonderful brains to reuse with other subjects. I’m touched that you remember me. It is nice to know that your government has something better to throw at me than those three buffoons before you.

    AARON
    What happened to them, Dublin!

    SHELK (FILTERED)
    Ah, then you’d never met them.

    AARON
    What the hell does that mean?

    SHELK (FILTERED)
    All in good time, Mr. Olis. All in good time. Now, why don’t you just come inside where it’s warmer so we can finally reminisce? And please, call me Dr. Shelk.

    AARON
    You know, Dublin, that’s the best offer I’ve had all day. I’ll take a hot toddy.

(CONTINUED)
SHELK (FILTERED)
Ah, the famous Olis Humor. I’ll send someone to meet you.

AARON
I’ll be right in, Dublin. Don’t worry; I’ll wipe my feet.

Aaron moves away from the guard so he can’t be heard and takes out his communicator.

AARON (CONT’D)
Griffin. Griffin!

GRIFFIN (FILTERED)
(Groggy)
Yes, Aaron? I was just dreaming of a showgirl I once knew.

AARON
Great. Give her a sloppy wet one for me. I just wanted to let you know that our dear Dr. Shelk has personally invited me into his secret lair.

GRIFFIN (FILTERED)
Well shit. I sure as hell hope you aren’t going in there. I . . .

AARON
Of course I’m going in. He’s already sic’d two goons on me and from what I can tell; he’s building an army of remote controlled robot men.

GRIFFIN (FILTERED)
Robot men?

AARON
Yes, robot-like men. They are real men for all I can tell, but they are being controlled from inside that compound. I’ve got to get in there and this saves me a lot of sneaking and hunting if he’s waiting for me.

GRIFFIN (FILTERED)
Just remember that no one’s come out of there yet.

(CONTINUED)
AARON
(Patting his pack.)
It hasn’t been forgotten. Don’t
worry. I’ll get in there, blow the
place and be out before teatime
tomorrow.

GRiffin (FILTERED)
Please to come, Mr. Olis, your hot
toddy is waiting.

INT - MAIN HANGAR - SHELK’S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Aaron descends the same ladder that the two guards came up. Dr. Shelk and another armed guard greet him when he reaches the bottom. The guard circles around behind Aaron, prodding him with his gun.

AARON
Hey! Watch it with that thing,
zombie-boy. It might be loaded.

SHELK
I assure you it is, Mr. Olis.

AARON
I’m sure it is, Dublin. This is a
fine way to treat a guest for
drinks.

SHELK
No more, than you deserve, Mr.
Olis. So, what do you think my
little place?

AARON
Well, I’m no Martha Stewart, but
it’s not exactly Fantasy Island,
either.

SHELK
Oh, but it is, Mr. Olis. It is.
Come let me show you it’s rich
Corinthian interior.

CUT TO:
INT - FBI LOCAL HEADQUARTERS - RECORDS DEPT. - N.Y. - DAY

Agent Akin follows SAUL DRESSEL, a small bookworm of a man, between closely cramped rows of cabinets containing many small drawers and cluttered with stacks of dusty ledgers and papers. The room is dimly lit, as though spending money on light for it isn’t worth the cost.

SAUL
Come, come, it’s over here. I’ll show you.

AKIN
Are you sure it’s here?

SAUL
I have been doing this for 25 years, Commander Olis. As you well know. Just because you haven’t been here at the agency for three years doesn’t mean that everyone else has forgotten where things are.

Agent Akin sneaks a look at small tablet hidden in his pocket, where he has jotted down names and places of things Aaron should know, but the light is dim, and he has to squint hard to make it out.

AKIN
Sorry . . . Paul, I didn’t mean to offend you.

SAUL
(Sighing.)
Saul.

AKIN
Sorry, Saul. It has been awhile.

SAUL
It hasn’t been that damn long, Olis. But I’m not surprised. The way you live your life in such disarray. Honestly, the trash in your car alone could keep Georgia Pacific in recycled materials for a decade! It’s a wonder you can remember your own name. Here we are.

They stop before one of the cabinets and Saul runs his finger down the fronts of the small drawers, muttering to himself as he goes.

(CONTINUED)
SAUL (CONT’D)
Yes, yes, he’s right here
someplace. Yes, yes, it’s in
archives because your man Keys may
look like a young buck, but he’s
fairly an old coot. Collagen. That
and hair implants. Fast cars. Fast
women, and all that. Has to keep up
appearances, doesn’t he? I
understand he wears a corset as
well. Ah, here it is.

AKIN
Wow. You remember all of that from
this dusty old file?

SAUL
Yes, Commander, some of us actually
have short AND long-term memory.

Saul pulls out one of the small drawers, which turns out to
be quite long, and quite heavy. He struggles under the
weight.

AKIN
Can I help?

SAUL
(Snippy.)
No! No! I may just be a little guy
who got stuck in records because he
couldn’t pass the physical and
you’re a big strong agent, but I’m
not totally helpless. Now get out
of my way.

AKIN
(Raises his eyebrows.)
Of course.

Agent Akin moves aside as far as he can and the little agent
squirms past. All the way back the way they had come to a
small table with an old style microfiche viewer on it. Saul
dumps the box on the table, breathing heavily and wipes his
forehead with his sleeve.

SAUL
I’m sorry agent Olis. I don’t mean
to be so snappy, but it makes one a
little edgy being locked in this
small room day in and day out while
you big guys get to have all the
fun. You know, chasing bad guys and
getting the girl.
AKIN
Believe me, Carl, it’s not all it’s cracked up to be.

SAUL
(Sighing.)
It’s Saul. Just let me know when you’re done, okay . . . Darren?

AKIN
(Smiling.)
No problem . . . Hal.

Saul sighs again and shuffles off into dark, shaking his head. Certain his attempt at humor was lost on the big dumb agent.

CUT TO:

INT - SHELK’S COMPOUND - CORVO ISLAND - DAY

Dr. Shelk and the guard are escorting Aaron on a tour of the facility. Everything is metal-lined and solid. The walls are full of ultra-modern complicated machinery. Hundreds of people in different types of coveralls are scurrying about. Each wearing an I.D. badge much like you might at a large company. It is all very professional looking.

SHELK
As you see, we have constructed the most advanced scientific facility in the world, Mr. Olis. Staffed by the best and brightest minds of our day.

AARON
You mean, the second team that was left after you wiped out the starters?

SHELK
In the interest of good faith, I will pretend you didn’t say that, Mr. Olis. Only the best are here in my complex. I will accept no less.

AARON
Well, I have to admit you’ve come a long way, Dublin.
SHELK
Please, call me Dr. Shelk, Mr. Olis. I prefer to be addressed by my professional title.

AARON
You weren’t a doctor when we last met, Dublin. I didn’t even figure you had your GED.

SHELK
Mr. Olis, if this reunion is to be a success, you will please to refrain from the disparaging remarks. Else, I will have Bela here kill you right now.

AARON
My apologies, Dr. Shelk. Please continue with the tour. Your facility is most fascinating.

SHELK
Thank you. I’m happy you are sensible to enough to see reason. Now, through here is our main testing room.

Shelk leads him into a room where at least two-dozen people sit at stations with large flat screen computer monitors. Some of the people are using keyboards and others game pad controllers. Each person is looking at a different scene. Each scene could be from anywhere in the world. But it is obvious that each person is controlling the movements of whatever is seeing the scene before him or her.

SHELK (CONT’D)
(Proudly.)
This is our virtual reality testing room. These experts are running our agents through their paces. This is where we find out the limits and test the actions of our test subjects. The two men you encountered upon arriving were directed from here.

AARON
They need more work.

SHELK
Oh, don’t worry, Mr. Olis. Your session was fully recorded. Every

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
SHELK (cont’d)
action, move and response will be added to our massive database. It will help to form the proper calculations for prompt synaptic triggering in the future. Would you like to view the tape?

AARON
Naw, that’s okay. I got to live it! But what I’m seeing here is that you’re creating a huge army of remote controlled spy agents. Right?

SHELK
Still sharp as ever, Mr. Olis. Nothing gets by you but the obvious. That is exactly right.

AARON
But what happened to the grand and beneficent scheme of yours to discover the creation of life? You know, the one on your promotional video that I saw.

SHELK
Oh, this is but a side venture based on that most grand vision, I assure you Mr. Olis. Come. Let me show you.

Dr. Shelk directs him out of the room and down a long corridor to a very heavy looking metal hatch at the far end. The Dr. leans over to a small panel set in the wall by the hatch, exposing his eye as clearly as he can. There is a slight humming and a mechanical voice announces that the retinal scan matches that of Dr. Ivan Shelk and permission to enter is granted. The large hatch slides open and the trio enters. The room is massive, going so far into the distance that atmospheric perspective causes the rows and rows of glass tubes stretching from floor to ceiling to fade away into foggy nothingness. The tubes have cables and wires snaking into panels and control boards located around them. Each tube is filled with a thick greenish liquid. Suspended in the liquid in each tube is either a fetus in various stages of development or a brain. All Aaron can do is stare.

SHELK (CONT’D)
This, Mr. Olis, is where the true scope of my vision, what you heard on your tape, is being explored (MORE)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
every day. This is where we are unlocking the secret of creation. The blueprint for life!

Aaron can just stand there, mortified by what he sees.

AARON

Babies.

SHELK

Yes, babies. And their extracted gray matter. If you saw my tape, then you realize that the unborn human brain is the very crux of my theory. That is where the blueprint for life is buried. You have it too, but it has been corrupted by the ravages of you need to survive. Only the unborn human brain is clean enough to still have it intact!

Aaron has been unable to even soak in what Shelk just said, so horrified he is by what he sees.

AARON

There must be hundreds of them.

SHELK

At least.

AARON

But, this room . . . I never . . .

SHELK

Saw it? No, not even your government’s most complex scanning devices can detect it. It has a special insulation created by my own brilliant team that shields it from prying eyes such as yours. Like a Romulan cloaking device, eh? A room to be protected, no?

AARON

It’s full of babies.

SHELK

(With a wolfish grin.) Yes, so that backpack full of C4 seems quite heavy now, eh? Come; let’s go to my office.
EXT - A BUSY NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Agent Akin inches along in the midday gridlock in his SUV, talking on a cell phone.

AKIN
Yeah, Hein, I got Olis’ file on Keys. It had a picture of the guy.

(BEAT)

AKIN
Yes, that’s it. I thought the same thing, so I went down to records and got all of the info on this guy. He’s a piece of work. Very bad past, but he won’t have a future if I have anything to say about it.

(BEAT)

AKIN
Yes, I’ll be at the courthouse on time. Don’t worry. I just have to stop by Olis’ restaurant first.

(BEAT)

AKIN
No, I have no idea how he could run a restaurant either, but I’m about to find out.

(POV) we see the storefront of The House of Olis restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT - THE HOUSE OF OLIS RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Akin enters the dining room, only to be confronted by mass hysteria. The maitre de, and the head chef accost him. Each clambering about things they need.

CHEF
Mr. Olis, the-a menu . . .

MAITRE DE
The wine situation, Mr. Olis . . .

(Continued)
AKIN
What menu?

MAITRE DE
The wine?

AKIN
What wine . . .

CHEF
The menu for-a the day.

AKIN
What day? What wine?

CHEF
The daily-a menu. You always . . .

MAITRE DE
The shortage of Appollonio. We spoke about it . . .

AKIN
Wait, wait, one at a time.

They both start yammering at once. It’s totally unintelligible

AKIN (CONT’D)
No! No! That is NOT one at a time. You. (Indicating the chef) go first.

The Maitre De looks put out as the chef gives him a snotty smirk.

CHEF
Mr. Olis, where is-a the menu for-a today? I have-a a whole staff of-a people waiting-a to cook-a and no menu.

AKIN
Uh, just use the standard menu.

CHEF
Mr. Olis, you of all people should know there is-a no standard menu. It was-a your idea to have-a different-a menu every day. Did-a you not-a make-a one up?

(CONTINUED)
AKIN
Um, no, I was kind of tied up last night.

CHEF
Mama-Mia! We open-a for lunch-a in-a 45 minutes.

AKIN
Well, um, use last Tuesday’s menu then.

The chef throws up his hands in despair, muttering incoherently in Italian and storms off, wringing his hands on his apron.

AKIN (CONT’D)
And now, you.

MAITRE DE
Mr. Olis. As we talked about yesterday, our supply of Appollonio Divoto ’97 is dangerously low and the meat cutters have yet to show up with the 5-ounce mignon delivery.

AKIN
Um, haven’t you ordered it yet?

MAITRE DE
You have always insisted on handling these details yourself, Mr. Olis. Are you feeling well? Your arm, your head?

Akin had actually forgotten about the sling and bandage on his head.

AKIN
Oh, yes, I had a small car accident. Nothing serious, but I forgot to order those things. I’ll take care of it right away. I’ll just . . . place an order from . . .

He looks around, not knowing where anything is. After a very awkward moment, the Maitre De suggests:

MAITRE DE
Your office is this way, Mr. Olis?
AKIN
Of course, thank you. And uh . . .

MAITRE DE
You’ll find the suppliers phone list in your right hand drawer.

AKIN
Thanks, uh . . .

MAITRE DE
Tony.

AKIN
Right. I’ll be in my office.

The Maitre De shuffles off, muttering to himself about how the head injury must have been pretty bad.

AKIN (CONT’D)
Piece of cake.

CUT TO:

INT - SHELK’S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Aaron and Shelk enter the office. The three pedestals with the brains are gone. Aaron is obviously working his brain hard, trying to think of how to handle the situation, his eyes darting back and forth. He starts to sit his pack down beside the chair in front of Shelk’s desk, but the Doctor stops him with a motion.

SHELK
Please to give the backpack, Mr. Olis. You have no need for it anymore and I wish to add to my collection.

AARON
Collection?

Aaron hands him the pack and the doctor takes it over to a metal cabinet by the wall.

SHELK
You must know you weren’t the first agent to visit my little paradise, Mr. Olis.

(CONTINUED)
Shelk opens the cabinet to reveal 3 other backpacks on shelves, throws it in making Aaron wince a little due to the C4 content, then moves to his desk, motioning that Aaron sit as well.

SHELK (CONT’D)
So, Mr. Olis, you find my little nursery most impressive.

AARON
(Regrouping.)
That’s one way you could say it, Shelk. I was just wondering about this quite incredible facility you have here.

SHELK
Thank you. It’s not much, but we call it home. What were you wondering about?

AARON
Well, Shelk, I don’t mean to pry, but just where did you get the dough for all this stuff?

SHELK
Oh, from various contributors, Mr. Olis. I have become quite the self-promoter and entrepreneur. I have found that brand recognition and corporate partnerships can be most lucrative. As you see, we only use top of the line Dell machines, with Intel inside, and of course we run Windows XP pro.

AARON
You mean those companies all funded this?

SHELK
Yes . . . and others. It doesn’t hurt that I Yahoo’d! from day one. That provided a tidy sum as well. Do you Google, Mr. Olis?

AARON
No, I don’t. Look, do those contributors have any idea what you are doing with their money?
SHELK
(Chuckling.)
I’m a mad scientist, Mr. Olis. Not an insane one. Of course they have no idea. What you see before you is a massive study of human nature to better optimize their click-thru dollar. Plus we are working hard to develop new and better virtual worlds and techniques for high-end video games. That’s how Nvidia was brought on board. Would you like to see our demo?

AARON
No, I wouldn’t.

SHELK
Pity. Your session with Bass and Rankin, your fellow agents provided a great deal of information towards it.

AARON
Okay, I get the picture. But you can’t just become invisible to create a joint like this. Didn’t the island people get a little curious?

SHELK
Let’s just say that the island is enjoying a period of prosperity never before seen in the history of the Azores. They enjoy their windfall, and I have no prying eyes.

AARON
Courtesy of Bill Gates, eh?

SHELK
And Mr. Jobs, Mr. Rollins, and Mr. Otellini. And let’s not forget Mr. Lesko.

AARON
(Dryly.)
Mr. Lesko.

SHELK
With growing excitement.) Yes, yes, I’m certain you’ve seen him on

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

SHELK (cont’d)
television. Mostly late-night spots. He’s the . . .

AARON
. . .guru of free government money. Right. The guy in the question mark suit. I watch a lot of late night TV.

SHELK
Best thirty-nine dollars I ever spent on that man’s book. You know, he virtually held my hand through the entire grant process and the beautiful thing is . . . its money I’ll never have to repay.

AARON
Beautiful.

SHELK
I thought so. Come; let’s see if your room is ready.

CUT TO:

INT - AARON’S OFFICE - HOUSE OF OLIS - DAY

Agent Akin sits at Aaron’s desk, which is piled with papers and envelops. He has a list in one hand, a pen is the other and the phone tucked under his ear.

AKIN
(Into phone.)
I know what time it is. I need those filets here by noon. Screw the cost, I . . .

The door opens and a waitress leans in.

WAITRESS
Excuse me Mr. Olis.

AKIN
(Annoyed.)
I’m kind of busy right now.

WAITRESS
Yes, but which linens should we use today? The cream or the white.

(Continued)
AKIN
Linen? Who cares?

WAITRESS
(Confused.)
You always do. You always have to.
.

AKIN
Christ. Whatever. Use the cream ones.

WAITRESS
You hate the cream ones.

AKIN
Why the hell did you ask then?

WAITRESS
You always want me to ask, but you never pick the cream. You . . .

AKIN
Well, I want the cream today. Now get out!

INT - HALL OUTSIDE AARON’S OFFICE - HOUSE OF OLIS - CONTINUOUS

The waitress turns to leave and runs into another server coming with two types of silverware in her hands.

WAITRESS
I wouldn’t, if I were you.

SERVER
But he always wants to pick.

WAITRESS
Someone pissed in his Wheaties today. He doesn’t even act like he remembers who he is.

SERVER
But he gets mad if I don’t ask.

WAITRESS
Suit yourself.

The server knocks and leans in the door.

(CONTINUED)
SERVER
Mr. Olis, which silver would you .
.

AKIN
I don’t fucking care! Get out!

The server backs out quickly and shuts the door.

SERVER
Wow. Shit in his Wheaties is more like it.

WAITRESS
(Shrugs.)
 Warned ya. Just pick the ones you like today. He may come out of it by tomorrow.

INT - AARON’S OFFICE - HOUSE OF OLIS - CONTINUOUS

Akin goes over to the door and locks it. Goes back to the desk and dials the phone.

AKIN
Hein? Akin. Yes, I’m at the restaurant.

(BEAT)

AKIN
How’s it going? It fucking sucks. This is nuts. Olis doesn’t let anyone do anything. He plans the menu, orders the food, picks and orders the wine, picks the linen, picks the silver. For all I know he wipes the peoples asses too. I have no idea how he does it every day.

CUT TO:

INT - AGENT HEIN’S OFFICE - F.B.I. HQ - DAY

Agent Hein talks into the receiver with a slight smirk on his face.

HEIN
I tried to warn you about him, kid. Commander Olis is the master of everything. He is the master

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
HEIN (cont’d)
tactician and strategist. He never let anyone else plan a job. There’s never a moment that he doesn’t know what his next move will be.

CUT TO:

INT - A SMALL CELL - SHELK’S COMPOUND - DAY
Aaron sits on a small cot with his head in his hands.

AARON
What the hell do I do now?

FADE TO:

INT - SHELK’S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
Shelk sits behind his desk watching Aaron sitting on his bunk on a small monitor. Beautiful women attend to various tasks around the room. One bringing him a drink on a silver tray, one rubbing his shoulders, one giving him a manicure, and one sitting attentively in the same chair Aaron had been in, only she has a pad and pencil, obviously waiting to take dictation.

SHELK
You shall do nothing, Mr. Olis, except sit there and waste away as I proceed to take over the world.

SHELK (CONT’D)
(To the woman rubbing his shoulders.)
A little harder, darling, taking over the world can be so stressful.

INT - LOCATIONS - VARIOUS - DAY

MONTAGE
Shelk directs his scientists around a large meeting table.
Aaron sits on his bed with his head in his hands.
Agent Akins sits at Aaron’s office desk with his head in his hands as the chef and maitre de argue on either side of him.
Shelk accepts a check from a businessman at his desk.

(CONTINUED)
Agent Griffin scans the shore with pair of night-vision goggles.

Shelk smugly reviews a lineup of robot agents.

Aaron sits with a small tray of food, closely watching the guard as he leaves.

Shelk watches a monitor as one of his robot guards leaves a dead man in a room with a briefcase, which has obviously been cut from the man’s wrist.

Agent Akins sits in the witness chair in a courtroom being ruthlessly questioned by a prosecuting attorney.

Aaron watches the guard leave with an empty food tray, as he quietly tucks a fork away under his leg.

Shelk unfolds plans stamped Top Secret as the agent who delivered them leaves the room.

Agent Hein looks at the body of the dead agent as other agents move about the room.

Agent Griffin shrugs his shoulders as he talks into a microphone.

Shelk sits in his chair, sipping from a tall champagne glass in the dark, watching Aaron lying asleep on his side, on his cot.

Aaron lies awake on his side, facing away from the surveillance camera, slowly pulling thread from the waistband of his pants. A knife and fork tucked under him.

Agent Hein, hands his ticket to Portugal to the attendant at an airline’s boarding gate.

Agent Akins directs his staff at the restaurant kitchen as though he has settled in.

Damon Keys sweats as he answers questions from the witness box.

Agent Griffin meets Agent Hein at the airport.

Shelk watches his robot agents completing another successful task via a monitor.

Aaron smoothly slides underneath the surveillance camera, and cuts the power cord with his stolen knife.

Shelk reviews another line-up of robot agents, ordering them off to Washington.

(CONTINUED)
Agent Griffin and Hein board the surveillance ship.

As the guard goes to leave Aaron’s cell with his food tray, Aaron sneaks up behind, slips the pants string around his neck, and swiftly shoves the knife deep into his back.

Agent Akins heartily shakes his lawyer’s hand as the Jury Foreman announces a verdict of ‘not guilty’.

The boat carrying Griffin and Hein arrive just off the coast of Corvo.

Aaron cautiously moves out of the cell, leaving the dead guard behind.

END MONTAGE

FADE TO:

INT - SHELK’S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Shelk enters, humming a happy tune, sits at his desk, and pages for one of his women to bring him a drink. He putters around a bit with things on his desk, still humming. He pulls a remote control from his desk and lazily presses the power button towards the monitor on the wall. It flickers to life, but with a blank screen containing the message "No Signal".

SHELK
(Screams into his intercom.)
I want all available security to cell block A. . .NOW!!

CUT TO:

EXT - GRIFFIN’S FISHING BOAT - AZORE ISLANDS - CONTINUOUS

Agents Griffin and Hein are both scanning the shore with high-powered binoculars when the sound of an alarm reaches them from the island.

HEIN
Uh oh. Think that might be related to our friend Mr. Olis?

GRIFFIN
Knowing him . . .yes. Branson!

AGENT GREG BRANSON comes running up from below deck.

(CONTINUED)
BRANSON
Yes, sir?

GRIFFIN
Prepare the launches, call in air support, and get O’Connell, Howard and Johnson. We’re going in.

BRANSON
Yes sir!

CUT TO:

INT - HALLWAY - SHELK’S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

With the deafening siren filling the air, a group of heavily armed men run down the hall, passing an innocuous door marked ‘janitor’.

INT - JANITOR’S ROOM - SHELK’S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Aaron, with his ear to the door, listens to the footsteps of the guards run past.

AARON
Well, I’ve gotten this far. What’ll I do next?

Quickly looking around the room, Aaron spots an air vent.

AARON (CONT’D)
It’s gotta be better than going out there.

CUT TO:

INT - SHELK’S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Shelk sits at his desk watching a bank of monitors, which obviously had been hidden in the wall across from his desk. Shelk is tense, and a woman in a beautiful kimono is trying to rub his neck. On the monitors we see scenes of his guards running in different hallways and fighting agents landing on the beach of the island.

The woman’s attempts to get his muscles to relax are definitely more of an irritant than a help, and Shelk puts up with it for as long as he can.

(CONTINUED)
SHELK
Get the hell off me woman!

She leaves quickly with her head bowed.

SHELK (CONT’D)
(Into his intercom.)
Heilman! Get in here!

Almost immediately, a very worried looking FRITZ HEILMAN enters the room.

HEILMAN
Dr. Shelk, I assure you it is only a matter of time before we turn back the . . .

SHELK
I don’t care about that, you twit. I could be off this island and safe before you fell dead to the floor with my knife in your gut! What I want to know is, have you found Olis?

HEILMAN
(Visibly shaken by the knife remark.)
Well, Dr. Shelk, my men have been quite pre-occupied with the landing invasion. We had to curtail our search for the prisoner.

SHELK
Curtail! YOU had to curtail? Since when do YOU think, Heilman?

HEILMAN
Well, Sir, I felt it prudent to . . .

The guard’s next word disappears in a gurgle as a knife buries itself up to the hilt into his stomach.

Shelk moves to tower over the collapsed man.

SHELK
And I felt it ‘prudent’ to replace you as the officer in charge. You don’t curtail anything, Heilman, unless I tell you to.

Shelk returns to his desk and flips on the intercom.

(CONTINUED)
SHELK (CONT'D)
Underwood! Get in here immediately.

TED UNDERWOOD, a slightly less decorated guard enters the room, trying with difficulty not to look at the dying form of his former superior. Shelk crosses to the almost expired form of Heilman, detaches the obvious pin of rank, slapping aside Heilman’s feeble attempts to stop him, and puts it on the chest of Underwood.

SHELK (CONT'D)
You have just been promoted to Head of the Guard, Underwood.

UNDERWOOD
(Shakily.)
Thank you, sir.

SHELK
Now, you bring me Olis within the next five minutes, and not a one of those cretins had better come within a hundred yards of this compound.

UNDERWOOD
Yes, sir!

INT - AIR DUCT SYSTEM - SHELK’S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Aaron, sweating profusely, works his way commando-style through the air duct. The wailing siren and sounds of soldier’s footsteps and barking orders can be heard mutely through the metal walls. He stops to try and decide which way to go. Then he hears the voice of Dr. Shelk. He moves slowly to the left, towards the voice.

CUT TO:

EXT - THE COAST OF CORVO - CONTINUOUS

Motorboats are beaching themselves, and agents are pouring out, machine guns blazing as answering machine gunfire comes from the edge of the woods. Helicopters and small single engine aircraft buzz overhead, smoke bombs dropping to cover the agents on the ground.

CUT TO:
INT - AIR DUCT SYSTEM - SHELK’S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Aaron reaches the vent where he heard Shelk’s voice.

(POV) Through the vent, Aaron sees Shelk watching the new leader of the guards dragging the body of the ex-leader out the door of Shelk’s office.

SHELK
You better not disappoint me, Underwood. And send someone in to steam clean my rug.

After Underwood and Heilman’s body are gone, Shelk moves around his desk to look at the bank of monitors again. Aaron sees that the agents are beginning to make some headway on the beach. Shelk clicks his intercom.

SHELK (CONT’D)
(Into his intercom.)
O’Reilly! I’m coming over to the control room.

O’REILLY (FILTERED)
Yes sir.

SHELK
Time to show these idiots the true power of my genius.

INT - SHELK’S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

After Shelk is gone, Aaron knocks out the grate and drops down into the room. He goes over to the cabinet where his backpack is, and finds the doors locked. A montage of chaos is taking place on the monitors behind him as Aaron searches Shelk’s desk for something to jimmy open the cabinet. He settles on a heavy letter opener. Working it in the lock and jiggling the handle soon opens the doors. He grabs his backpack and gun, along with some of the weapons, which have been stored from the previous agents. As he stows these things away on his person, he watches the banks for signs of Shelk. Finally the ’Doctor’ shows up in the room where Aaron had seen all the technicians at the monitors ’testing the software’.

AARON
(Cocking a gun.)
Gotcha, you SOB.

CUT TO:
INT - CONTROL ROOM - SHELKS COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Shelk approaches a technician sitting before several monitors watching what is happening on the beach.

SHELK
Get out of the way. Time for me to take control!

The technician leaves the room quickly, wanting to avoid possible trouble. Shelk sits down and his fingers start dancing across the keyboard.

SHELK (CONT’D)
Now let’s see what these idiots can do with this!

CUT TO:

INT - FETUS AND BRAIN TESTING ROOM - SHELK’S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

The computers around the room start to move into action. Lights blinking and a humming noise fills the room. Slowly the tubes of green liquid holding the suspend brains and fetus’s start to glow a low greenish cast, and begin to bubble slightly.

CUT TO:

EXT - THE COAST OF CORVO - CONTINUOUS

Shelk’s men are beginning to retreat into the woods as the superior agents move across the beach. Suddenly, a series of metal telephone pole- like towers start to rise up out of the ground, which are taller than the trees. The government men keep moving, but they are leery of these posts.

Their fear is well founded, for the tops of the posts lift up to reveal shiny mirrored dishes.

CUT TO:

INT - CONTROL ROOM - SHELK’S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Shelk’s hands dance across the keyboard as he chuckles to himself.

(CONTINUED)
SHELK
Now we get to have some fun.

INT - FETUS AND BRAIN TESTING ROOM - SHELK’S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

The tubes containing the brains and fetuses are all bubbling madly and glowing a bright green. The computers throughout the room are whirring and clicking rapidly.

CUT TO:

INT - SHELK’S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Aaron peeks out the door as a small squad of guards passes by. Aaron tosses a paperclip and hits the leg of the last guard in the group. As the guard stops to see what hit his leg, the other guards disappear around the corner. Aaron shoots out the door, grabs the guard, and slams him head first into the wall, knocking him out. He drags the guard’s limp body into the office.

CUT TO:

EXT - THE COAST OF CORVO - CONTINUOUS

Ultra hot laser beams begin to shoot from the mirrored lenses in the tops of the towers. A couple of government men are taken down before the others react and start trying to find cover.

CUT TO:

INT - CONTROL ROOM - SHELK’S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Shelk sits watching the beach on his monitors. We see a guard cut down, and the others running for cover.

SHELK
(Laughing.)
Now that’s more like it!

CUT TO:
INT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE SHELK’S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Aaron quickly slides out of Shelk’s office wearing the uniform of the guard. He tugs at the seat of the pants, as the legs are obviously too short. He rounds the corner, quietly catches up to the guard’s squad, and falls in step behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT - THE COAST OF CORVO - CONTINUOUS

The government agents are in full retreat and diving for cover as the laser beams are flying, and Shelk’s guards are moving out from hiding. Agents Griffin and Hein have taken refuge behind a very large rock jutting from the sand.

GRIFFIN
(On a walkie-talkie.)
We need more air support here! And not smoke bombs. Send in rockets!

They both duck lower as a laser shot chips off a corner of the rock.

CUT TO:

INT - HALLWAY - SHELK’S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Aaron follows the squad until he sees the hallway he wants, then quietly slips away.

CUT TO:

INT - CONTROL ROOM - SHELK’S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Shelk sits chuckling at the keyboard, watching the scene on the beach. Suddenly, his eye is caught by a monitor up top. It is a security monitor in the hallway outside the door to the control room, looking down on the door. On the monitor we see Aaron crouched at the door, attempting to pick the lock with the letter opener.

SHELK
Like the proverbial bad penny; the boy just doesn’t know when it’s over.

He reaches up and presses a button on the control panel.

CUT TO:
INT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aaron works furiously at the lock with the letter opener.

    AARON
    This one is a bit tougher.

Then the door just opens on its own. A surprised Aaron stands up and looks in at Shelk who is smirking at him from his chair at the desk.

    SHELK
    Come in and watch the end of this farce with me, Mr. Olis.

Aaron steps into the room and without hesitation flings the letter opener at Shelk like a knife. Shelk reacts just in time to take it in his shoulder rather than his neck. The blade sinks deep, and red stains his sleeve. Shelk winces but doesn’t cry out. He reaches up with his other hand and pulls it out.

    SHELK (CONT’D)
    Olis you ignorant S.O.B.! That really hurt. I should have killed you the moment you stepped on this island. But then . . .

Shelk reaches up and turns a knob on the control panel. The floor drops out from under Aaron’s feet and he disappears through the opening.

CUT TO:

INT - CAVERNOUS-LIKE SEWER UNDER SHELK’S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Aaron comes flying out of an opening in the round surface of the sewer, and lands hard on the floor beside a channel of flowing water. Shelk’s voice booms from a hidden P.A. system:

    SHELK (V.O.)
    . . .that’s what I have agents of my own for.

Aaron looks up slowly to find a pair of legs standing in front of him. He cautiously stands up; careful to not let his eyes leave the person standing there. When he is fully upright, he finds himself face to face with a goggle-wearing Laura, his fiancé. Aaron staggers backwards and falls down. Shelk’s laughter echoes from the speakers.

(CONTINUED)
AARON
What the hell? Shelk, what kind of sick joke is this?!

SHELK (V.O.)
Oh, it may be 'sick', 'commander' Olis. But it's no joke. Rumors of your fiancé's death have been... somewhat... exaggerated.

The robot-Laura starts to move slowly towards Aaron, and Aaron backs away.

AARON
This cannot be Laura, Shelk. I saw her die. I saw her fall off that cliff. A 500-foot drop!

SHELK (V.O.)
Did you ever recover a body?

AARON
(Screams.)
I saw you kill her!!

Aaron stumbles over a crate, still retreating from the advancing robo-Laura.

SHELK (V.O.)
But no body... .

AARON
We looked everywhere, Shelk. She couldn't have survived. She couldn't!

SHELK (V.O.)
As a dear friend of mine was always so fond of saying, "You couldn't have looked 'everywhere', or you would have found her." Turns out, 'commander' Olis, that her death was actually a 'near missus'.

Shelk’s laughter fills the room.

Aaron is now almost against a wall with nowhere to turn, and the robo-Laura is still advancing.

AARON
(Weakly.)
No possible way it's her... .

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SHELK (V.O.)
And now, Agent Laura . . . finish him.

CUT TO:

EXT - THE COAST OF CORVO - CONTINUOUS

Griffin and Hein run from behind the rock just before the last of it is blown to pieces by a laser shot. They take refuge behind a half-destroyed boat rock nearby and Griffin gets back on the walkie-talkie.

GRIFFIN
Where the hell are those choppers!
We’re gettin’ killed down here!

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE (FILTERED)
Look up!

They look up as four black hawk helicopters zoom in from over the water, firing rockets at the towers and surrounding areas. One of the towers goes down.

HEIN
Now that’s more like it!

CUT TO:

INT - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shelk sees the helicopters on the monitor, and the one tower goes down.

SHELK
Aw, Sh. . .

CUT TO:

INT - SEWER - CONTINUOUS

AARON
. . . it. Unh!

Aaron hits the ground hard, apparently swept off his feet by a leg whip. He has the beginning of a black eye, and blood is trickling from the corner of his mouth.

(CONTINUED)
AARON (CONT’D)
Laura, if that’s who you are, please stop now. I don’t want to have to hurt you.

Robo-Laura kicks him squarely in the side. Knocking the wind out of him.

AARON (CONT’D)
Oh God. Laura, please . . .

(POV) Aaron looks up with his blurring vision as robo-Laura moves in and reaches down for him.

FADE TO:

EXT - THE COAST OF CORVO - CONTINUOUS

The government agents begin to make headway across the beach as helicopters rain rockets and machine gun fire down into the woods. The towers are having more trouble finding targets, and some are smoking and damaged. Many of Shelk’s men are running for it. Some who are left take a moment to gun down a deserter between blasts towards the beach.

CUT TO:

INT - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shelk is growing more disturbed by the scenes on his screen. His fists are balled in rage. He stabs the intercom button next to a speaker.

SHELK
Underwood!

(BEAT)

SHELK
Underwood, where the hell are you?!

UNDERWOOD (FILTERED)
Yes, sir, Dr. Shelk. We haven’t found Olis yet. I . . .

SHELK
Never mind that now, you fool. I’ve already taken care of the idiot Olis. And now I see that my less than worthy ‘soldiers’ are running like the cowards they are. I have (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
SHELK (cont’d)
to deal with them as well. Prepare my ship for take-off. I’ll be right there.

UNDERWOOD (FILTERED)
Yes sir!

CUT TO:

INT - SEWER - CONTINUOUS

Robo-Laura lifts Aaron from the ground as though he weighs no more than a child. Aaron clutches at his side, his ragged breathing mixes with the sounds of dripping and running water. Tears are running from his eyes. Not from the pain inflicted by robo-Laura.

AARON
Laura. Laura. There has to be something of you left in there. Something? It’s me. Aaron. You have to remember. You have to remember what Shelk did to you. Did to us.

(BEAT)

AARON
Don’t you remember?

She stares with the blank goggles. Emotionless.

AARON (CONT’D)
Aw Laura. Laura. Honey, I hate to have to do this.

Aaron shoots out his right hand to the side of her head, forcing it down to her shoulder, immobilizing her for a moment, and swings his body around to kick her feet out from under her. She hits the ground hard. Before she can react, Aaron straddles her and locks her neck into a chokehold. She squirms and struggles as much as she can, but Aaron’s position and hold is too strong. He whispers into her ear as she loses consciousness.

AARON (CONT’D)
I’m sorry honey. I’m so sorry.

He slowly releases his grip, and stands over her motionless form. The sounds of dripping and running water make his situation seem even more solitary. He stands over her, looking down for several moments. Then he lifts her onto his shoulder in a fireman’s carry.

(CONTINUED)
AARON (CONT’D)
Come on, Laura. It’s time to end this bullshit.

CUT TO:

INT - MAIN HANGAR - SHELK’S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

The giant hangar is frantic with a flurry of activity as random explosions can be heard from outside. An elevator reaches this level, and Ivan Shelk steps out. Underwood comes rushing up to meet him.

SHELK
Underwood. Is my ship ready?

UNDERWOOD
Yes sir, but there is a problem. One of the rockets fired by the government agents have damaged the hangar door.

He directs Shelk’s gaze to a group of men on a catwalk at the top of the hangar, working feverishly at a series of large motors and pulleys used to roll back the giant door.

SHELK
Well, what the hell are you doing telling me about it? Get your ass up there and help open that door, or do I need to promote someone else!?

CUT TO:

INT - HALLWAY - SHELK’S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Aaron exits the stairwell with robo-Laura draped across his shoulders. Men in Shelk’s guard uniforms are running back and forth. They are too busy to even care about Aaron and his strange burden, as the sound of explosions can be heard faintly in the distance.

INT - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aaron pushes into the room and looks around for Shelk. Finally convinced the mad doctor is not there, Aaron gently puts robo-Laura down, and goes to the control panel to check on what’s happening. On the different monitors, we see the government agents advancing with confidence in the battle on

(CONTINUED)
the beach, men running willy-nilly in various halls, Shelk standing impatiently in the hangar, and the creepy green glow of the tubes in the brain and fetus room. Aaron looks at the door in the wall. The one he knows leads to the brain and fetus room. He searches the control panel, finds the right button, and opens the door. With a long look at robo-Laura, Aaron slides the backpack off his shoulders, and goes into the room.

INT - BRAIN AND FETUS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aaron moves slowly into the room. Taking in the bubbling and churning tubes. He gathers his resolve, and starts planting blocks of C4 with remote detonators on random tubes.

CUT TO:

EXT - THE COAST OF CORVO - CONTINUOUS

Griffin and his men are beginning to move into the woods. Several of Shelk’s men are being led off in cuffs by Hein and other government agents. Griffin is hollering orders into his walkie-talkie.

    GRIFFIN
    Okay guys, so far so good, but the closer we get Shelk is probably going to pour it on. Keep a close look out for Agent Olis, too. Report immediately if you see him.

FADE TO:

INT - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Robo-Laura’s prone form lies in the foreground as we see Aaron moving back and forth in the other room. Slowly, she starts to move and begins to stand up.

FADE TO:

INT - MAIN HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Shelk watches impatiently as the Underwood and other men work on the hangar door.

    SHELK
    Well, Underwood!

(CONTINUED)
I believe we have it, sir!

The door starts to creak open slowly, only to make a loud crunching sound and grind to a halt. Shelk looks livid.

SHELK
(Screams.)
I don’t have all day Underwood!

CUT TO:

INT - BRAIN AND FETUS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aaron bends down to plant his last charge, removes the detonator from his back pack and stands up...failing to notice robo-Laura standing right behind him. She quickly puts him in a fierce hammerlock, causing him to lose hold of his backpack and the detonator, which goes skidding across the floor. He manages to pull free from her grip and dives for the detonator. He touches it for a moment before she drags him away.

CUT TO:

INT - MAIN HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Underwood, sweating profusely and covered in grease, uses a crowbar to dislodge another piece of debris from the edge of the door.

UNDERWOOD
(Panting.)
That should be it. Hit the switch!

One of the other guards on the catwalk presses the green button on the motor, and the door begins to slowly move back. Underwood yells down to the floor.

UNDERWOOD (CONT’D)
We got it this time, sir!

SHELK
It’s about time, Underwood. Now get down here and fly this thing!

UNDERWOOD
(Breathlessly.)
Yes, sir.

FADE TO:
INT - BRAIN AND FETUS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aaron slams hard into one of the big computer panels. The detonator flies from his hand again and lands by the door. Even more blood is coming from different gashes on his face now. Robo-Laura moves in and throws him hard towards the door. He misses and hits the wall. He recovers some and tries again to get a hold of the detonator, but she’s too fast. Robo-Laura puts him in a full nelson, and shoves him bodily from the room, slamming him against the far wall. He falls to the floor, panting heavily. She stands over him for a moment, and then moves quickly towards the other room. Aaron tries to give chase, but he is too slow in his tired state. She stops him at the door, knocking him down with a hard body check. They stop, just looking at each other. Robo-Laura stands in the doorway, and Aaron on the ground. Aaron looks as though he may pass out at any moment, and robo-Laura is not even winded.

AARON
Laura, you don’t understand. I have to blow this place up. Shelk has to be stopped.

Laura takes a step back into the room, and presses the wall switch to close the door. Aaron jumps up from the floor, and uses his body as a wedge to keep the door from closing.

AARON (CONT’D)
(Straining heavily.)
Laura, please. I have to get the detonator and we have to get out of here.

Robo-Laura stares at him as he strains. Then, she bends over out of sight. She stands up and shoves her hand into Aaron’s chest. He looks down and finds she is holding the detonator. She drops it into his shirt pocket. He can only stare at it for a moment, and then he looks up into her face. A single tear runs down her cheek, as she shoves him and the detonator back into the control room, and the door slides shut. There is a loud electrical crackling noise, and the wall switch burns out from the other side. She has destroyed the switch and locked Aaron out . . . and herself in. Aaron just stands there staring at the door. Behind which is the woman he loves, who was once the best and brightest future he could have ever hoped for. His face slowly reveals that she knows what’s best.

AARON (CONT’D)
(Whispers.)
I love you Laura.

FADE TO:
INT - MAIN HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Shelk and Underwood are climbing into a combination helicopter/jet type ship. Several of Shelk’s agents try to push their way in to escape with them. Underwood and Shelk fight them off, with Shelk shooting one to keep the others further at bay. Once inside, they quickly buckle up.

UNDERWOOD
Starting engines.

SHELK
Forget that pilot talk, you fool. Just get us out of here. Head away from the beach and we’ll be to the mainland before they even realize we’re gone.

CUT TO:

EXT - WOODS OUTSIDE OF SEWER - CONTINUOUS

Aaron staggers out of the sewer pipe and enters into the woods. He runs/wobbles as far away from the entrance to the sewer as he can get. Then falls to the ground, exhausted. He looks back to the top edge of the crater above the pipe, and sees Shelk’s ship rise above the horizon. He takes the detonator from his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT - SHELK’S PRIVATE SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Shelk looks nervously about the ship. Watching for government helicopters.

SHELK
Move it, Underwood! Move it!

CUT TO:

INT - BRAIN AND FETUS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Robo-Laura walks through the maze of giant test tubes as though she is looking for one in particular. Then she spots it, and walks toward a tube holding an adult-sized brain. She slowly puts her hand up to the tube, in a bonding sort of fashion, then leans her body against the tube, and holds it against what she knows is coming.

FADE TO:
Aaron stares, blood and sweat dripping from his face, at Shelk’s rising ship as he tightly grips the detonator.

AARON
Goodbye Laura.

He squeezes the trigger.

CUT TO:

SHELK
We’re clear, Underwood! Turn it north. We . . . . AHHH!

The ship explodes in a huge ball of flames from an explosion underneath.

CUT TO:

Everyone drops to the ground as the huge explosions begin and continue as more and more explosions continue in succession. The camera pulls out to encompass the entire destruction of Shelk’s massive underground compound. Shelk’s ship falls in flames and disappears down into the conflagration below.

GRIFFIN
(Screams.)
We’ve got to find agent Olis!

CUT TO:

Aaron kneels on the ground and watches Shelk’s compound exploding, with tears running down his face. After a few moments, he collapses to the ground, unconscious.

FADE TO:
INT - HOUSE OF OLIS - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Akin stands by the maitre de and looks out at the dining room, which has been cleaned and set up for the next day. Both look smugly satisfied.

AKIN
The place looks great, my friend.

MAITRE DE
Yes, it does, Mr. Olis. Things have been going so well, and everyone just loves the crème colored linens.

AKIN
Yeah, they do lend richness to the atmosphere. Well, it’s time to head out. Remember, the mayor is coming to dinner tomorrow. Make sure you have a bottle of Ali Sangiovese on hand.

MAITRE DE
It is already on hand, Mr. Olis, and being chilled to just the right temperature.

AKIN
Excellent. Excellent. Have a good night, Tony.

FADE TO:

INT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE AARON’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Akin unlocks the door and opens it to find himself face to face with Aaron.

AKIN
Oh Christ!

Akin swiftly pushes Aaron back inside and shuts the door quietly but quickly behind him.

AKIN (CONT’D)
What the hell are you doing here, Olis? They were supposed to contact me when it was time and I’d head over to the hospital.

(CONTINUED)
AARON
Well, first of all they still believe they’re following orders. Far as they’re concerned, I’m asleep in my room.

AKIN
Jesus, Olis. Same old asshole, eh?

AARON
As far as you’re concerned . . . yes. You’ve done your job; now get the hell out.

AKIN
I got you off the hook while you were away, you know. Totally scott-free.

AARON
Terrific. Now get rid of my face and get out of my face.

Akin pulls off his wig and fake eyebrows. He takes a handkerchief and wipes the pancake makeup from his cheeks.

AKIN
(Walking out the door.)
You’re welcome.

Aaron sighs and looks tired. He goes to his desk and pulls out the picture of Laura. He stares at the front for a minute and then turns it over to read the back.

AARON
(Whispers.)
I couldn’t hope to be the agent you were, Laura . . . time for you to rest in peace.

Aaron takes out a lighter, sets the edge of the picture on fire, and sets it in an ashtray. The picture curls and burns away.

AARON (CONT’D)
And I can rest in peace too.

FADE TO:
INT - HOUSE OF OLIS - DINING ROOM - DAY

Waiters and waitresses roam about the place, putting the final touches on things before lunch opening. The Maitre De is tut-tuting over the operation like a proud father. From off screen we hear people welcoming Aaron with friendly "Good morning sir", and "Wonderful to see you"'s to the restaurant, and Aaron saying good morning back multiple times, but sounding somewhat bewildered. Finally he comes into the dining room and stands next to the maitre de. The maitre de is obviously very happy to see Aaron, and doesn’t notice that Aaron looks a little haggard and bemused.

MAITRE DE
Good morning, Mr. Olis. I believe it is going to be another fantastic day!

Aaron gives him a skeptical side glance at his beaming employee, then his eyes sweep across the dining room. It takes awhile for him to soak in all that he sees, and he works his way into a slow boil. He looks at his maitre de, who gives him a hugely innocent smile. Waiting for the approval of his boss.

AARON
And just who the HELL authorized the crème linens!

FADE OUT:

THE END [PLEASE INSERT \PRERENDERUNICODE{ï£¡} INTO PREAMBLE].