

A soul's plea for help

By

Gerasimos Rozis

@2019, Rozis Gerasimos

mrozis@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. ATKINSON CORP (WASHINGTON) - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is almost devoid of furniture. Just a single leather couch rests in the middle.

With the serenest of faces, young Eve (20s), eyes shut, sits deep into her couch, in what appears to be a state of the art safe room, or just a hi-tech prison cell. Her pale and innocent face does not suggest that she's someone very important, her cage however suggests otherwise.

Instead of walls, huge flat panel screens infest the surroundings. Every single one of them is turned on. Complex computer simulations roll down the screens like crazy, can't really tell what's this about.

Multiple surveillance cameras fixed on the walls, suggests that someone is always watching.

A huge steel blast door opens firmly, KATE (30s), white lab dress, plastic food serving tray in arms, enters silently.

Screens turn off. Lights turn on.

Kate approaches Eve, stops before a rising metallic stick. Kate anchors the tray onto the stand, the stick fits in the tray's bottom like a glove.

Just a glass of water and a pill rest on the tray.

KATE
Hello sunshine!

Eve's eyelids explode upwards. She wasn't sleeping.

EVE
Hello Doctor.

KATE
Do you know what time it is?

EVE
Twenty three forty seven.
And thirteen seconds.

KATE
Which means?

EVE
Dinner and sleep.

Eve grabs the pill, rams it down her throat.

A swig of water.

KATE
Would you like anything to read for
the night?

Eve looks apathetic. Tone and manner, same.

EVE
Astronomy and Greek mythology,
would thrill me to no end.

KATE
Certainly. Anything else?

EVE
The sky?

Kate eyes one of the cameras, nods in affirmation.

A couple of screens turn on.

Various galactic images and scientific data rock the first
screen, pictures of Greek mythology blast the second.

Pictures slash across the screen, information flashes faster
than we read.

The only thing visible, is a progress bar. 1%.

A moment later.. 2%.

Eve shuts her eyes.

KATE
Have a goodnight.

EVE
Goodnight Doctor.

Lights out.

One more screen turns on. Darkness; the deep, eternal
silence of space.

ON TV SCREEN

So close it has no boundaries.

A turtle speed zoom in our solar system.

The moon momentarily eclipses the sun. Sunlight pets its surface, warms it up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - MOON - TO ESTABLISH

A single sunbeam escapes the moon's gravity, illuminates Zeus, a tiny space shuttle, drifting in orbit at the edge of the moon's glow.

EXT. SPACE - ZEUS - DAY

Astronaut JEAN PAUL PEAKS (40s), space suit, long line of space cable attached to his suit, performs various tasks upon an electronic controller outside the shuttle, while at the same time he hangs on it for dear life.

INT. SPACE - ZEUS - DAY

Commander DOE (50s), stoic and emotionless, checks the readings in his computer screen.

Next to him, astronaut MANDS (40s), utterly relaxed, pets her keyboard. Another day at the office.

Mands trades looks with Doe. She points to one of the screen readings. Looks like a cardiogram.

They speak over the radio.

MANDS

You can run a module test whenever you are ready Jean Paul, it should be OK by now. And please keep your excitement for later!

PEAKS (V.O.)

Two more minutes.

DOE

Take your time Major, you have all the time in the world.

PEAKS (V.O.)

Roger that Commander!

Astronaut BROOKS (50s) pulls himself through zero gravity in the control room.

Bright-eyed and optimistic checks for his friend.

BROOKS
How long has he been out there?

MANDS
Twenty seven minutes.

Brooks' worried face does not match his sarcasm.

BROOKS
(over the radio)
Do you need a beer brother?

EXT. SPACE - ZEUS - DAY

Peaks pauses. Eyes his camera.

Acts like he actually drinks a pint of beer.

PEAKS
Yeasty and cold? Sure!

INT. SPACE - ZEUS - DAY

Doe checks his screen, stares at Peaks' drinking imitation.
Breaks his serious face. A smile?

BROOKS
Perhaps some music too?

On the console, a blinking green light.

MANDS
Incoming message.

DOE
Punch it.

Mands punches a couple of buttons.

**/MUSIC CUE: DIMASH KUDAIBERGEN'S COVER OF S.O.S. (D'UN
TERRIEN EN DETRESSE)**

Pourquoi je vis, pourquoi je meurs

The three astronauts share a rare moment without words.

Pourquoi je ris, pourquoi je pleure

DOE

I'm positive that Houston is
trolling Peaks. No question about
that.

Voici le S.O.S. d'un terrien en detresse

Mands wears her silliest grin.

MANDS

What song is this?

J'ai jamais eu les pieds sur terre

BROOKS

Don't look at me, I failed NASA's
music evaluation!

J'aimerais mieux etre un oiseau

Doe looks lost in thought. He actually enjoys the music.

Je voudrais voir le monde a l'envers

Si jamais c'etait plus beau, plus beau vu d'en haut.

BROOKS

French? Wow!

D'en haut!

A single nod from Doe, Mands turns on the speaker.

EXT. SPACE - ZEUS - DAY

J'ai toujours confondu la vie

Peaks' hands pause. What is happening?

Avec les bandes dessinees

He eyes the camera. Is this some kind of a joke?

J'ai comme des envies de metamorphose, Je sens quelque chose

PEAKS

French opera?

Qui m'attire, qui m'attire, qui m'attire vers le haut!

PEAKS

Where did you dig up that song?

Au grand loto de l'universe

BROOKS (V.O.)

It's not us, it's NASA!

J'ai pas tire le bon numero

PEAKS

Well, I'm done out here anyways,
run the check when ready!

INT. SPACE - ZEUS - DAY

Je suis mal dans ma peau

Mands punches some buttons.

MANDS

Thank you Houston, but Peaks is
done already!

Si jamais c'était plus beau, plus beau vu d'en haut

No response from the other side of the radio.

D'en haut!

Mands looks worried. Checks again her console.

PEAKS (V.O.)

Up to the E? Nice!

Doe takes over the controls. Another try, few more buttons.

DOE

This is flight Commander George
Doe. Houston receiving?

INT. NASA - MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

Just a bunch of guys in there, it's night shift after all.
NASA GUY (40s), round spectacles, headphones on, responds.

NASA GUY

Loud and clear Commander.

INT. SPACE - ZEUS - DAY

Pourquoi je vis, pourquoi je meurs

DOE

Peaks is finished, you can turn it off anytime now. And thanks for the help.

INT. NASA - MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

Nasa Guy doesn't get it.

NASA GUY

Turn what off?

INT. SPACE - ZEUS - DAY

Pourquoi je ris, pourquoi je pleure

Dazzling sparks fly around the crew.

MANDS

The music?

INT. NASA - MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

Nasa Guy grimaces.

NASA GUY

What music?

CUT TO:

INT. SETI - PUERTO RICO - SAME TIME

Deafening silence.

A bunch of empty Red Bulls litter the floor.

Sophisticated computer equipment fill up the room.

One fat DUDE (20s), geek beyond compare, attacks his hamburger, stares at his computer screen. Nothing interesting to see there.

Phone rings.

He picks it up. With his mouth half full..

DUDE
Yo! What's up?

Whatever he heard, was enough to make his eyes bulge.

His jaw pauses. A piece of beef slides off his mouth.

He is in shock.

Phone still in hand, he turns, eyes another screen;
amplified pings, a flat line becomes a high pitch signal.

Phone drops to the ground.

He stands up.

Arm extends, goes for the console.

Thumb meets a switch.

Dude gazes at the speaker on the top shelf.

INT. SPACE - ZEUS - DAY

From peace to hell in less than a second. No way NASA is
messing around.

Je crois des ondes venues d'un autre monde

Doe's manner and attitude change. Turns serious, extremely
worried. His words runs faster than light.

DOE
(to Mands)
Find out, where it's coming from.
Fast.

Mands is already up to it.

DOE
(to Brooks)
Get Jean Paul inside. Now!

Brooks dives away.

DOE
(to Mands)
Put it through, Houston should
listen to this.

Mands rocks her controllers, toggles switches.

INT. NASA - MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

J'ai jamais eu les pieds sur terre

Nasa Guy is shocked.

Si jamais c'était plus beau

Full of amazement, he stands up, eyes EDWARDS (60s) at the back. Their eyes meet.

Instinctively, Nasa Guy toggles a switch. On speaker.

Plus beau vu d'en haut!

The whole room staggers. Everyone still awake gazes at the speakers. What the hell?

Edwards is stunned. He can't really process this.

Si jamais c'était plus beau!

Every single face snaps to the back, stares at Edwards.

Dodo l'enfant do

/END MUSIC

Edwards sprints to the exit.

EXT. NASA - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Washington, NASA Headquarters. Black government cars appear out of nowhere, park in front of the entrance. Multiple suits hop out of the cars, infest the area like flies.

This looks like a war zone. Their worried faces suggest that all hell is about to break loose.

Everyone bolts inside.

The security guards watch the incomers in awe. No identification checks take place, none at all. There is just not enough time to waste.

INT. NASA - MAIN BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A heckling rampage of voices dressed in uncomfortable gray and black suits, just one in military outfit.

Briefing is about to start.

Some of the table name tags read 'SETI', 'CIA', 'NASA', 'NORAD', 'WHITE HOUSE'. A huge pack of top secret labeled papers lie in the middle.

A huge motorized screen deploys.

At the back a huge one-way mirror instead of a wall.

Edwards remains silent, seemingly calm and serene, yet his fingers tap on the wooden table nervously.

NASA analyst SOLOMON (40s) storms inside. He trades worried looks with Edwards.

Total silence.

Solomon wastes no time.

SOLOMON

Yesterday at two thirty am, our ZEUS shuttle, currently in orbit around the moon, received a transmission from what it appeared to be an encrypted message, sent from ourselves. However, we didn't actually send such a message.

The high ranked MILITARY OFFICER wastes no time. He wants to show everyone else that he is in charge.

MILITARY OFFICER

Who was it?

SOLOMON

After a thorough examination of the signal, we are confident that it was transmitted from the Opportunity rover. Our Opportunity Rover.

A deep breath.

SOLOMON

On Mars.

The WHITE HOUSE ADVISER's face (60s) is suddenly cold.

WHITE HOUSE ADVISER

Last time I checked, Opportunity fell silent sometime during last summer.

SOLOMON
That's affirmative.

A rising roar of voices fill the room.

EDWARDS
Gentlemen, please let him finish.

Edwards quickly kills the mumbling.

SOLOMON
Our greatest concern so far, is not that NASA is unable to communicate with its dead rover but someone else is. After we tracked down the signal's source, we analyzed it, and our discovery, gentlemen, is far beyond our wildest dreams.

Projector is up and running, various lines of computer code rock the screen.

SOLOMON
As everyone already knows by now, the signal included a song. However, what you don't know, is that the song was actually the wrapper around the candy. And in this case, the candy is an encrypted message!

Tension grows. Lots of mumbling.

SOLOMON
(points to the projector screen)
Fifteen hundred lines of code, from python and java to c and swift. Although we're still trying to figure out how all of them actually work in one environment, without any kind of iatrogenic failures, our experts suggest, that this is by far the most sophisticated piece of code mankind has ever seen.

Most of them are speechless.

EDWARDS
Tell us about the signal's path.

The signal's path appears on screen, at the back.

SOLOMON

Before it gets to Zeus, the signal went through two military satellites, Chinasat one-a and Rodnik two, before it goes through our DSN system.

The Military Officer interrupts Solomon abruptly.

MILITARY OFFICER

Let me get this straight. Signal launched from one of our dead rovers on Mars, went through two military satellites, one Chinese one Russian, then through our most secure communication system ever built. Was there a convention of geniuses anywhere around the world? What the fuck is happening?

SOLOMON

Well, General, I'm not aware of such a meeting, but one thing is certain. All three systems were hacked.

Everyone is shocked, adrenaline skyrockets.

CIA GUY

How did they gain access to the rover?

SOLOMON

We don't know, we're working on it.

CIA GUY

How did they manage to restart it?

SOLOMON

We can't tell, we're working on it.

MILITARY OFFICER

When are you going to find out?

Solomon nods in despair. He can't tell!

WHITE HOUSE ADVISER

What about the code? What can you tell us about the code?

Time for some conspiracy theories. The SETI LADY (40s) screams her guts out.

SETI LADY

Listen to me gentlemen! Listen to me!

No one expected that! They stare at her in amazement.

SETI LADY

You all focus on the wrong things. Even if the smartest among us, tried to replicate this thing, we still wouldn't be able to do it. Didn't you hear the song? More beautiful viewed from above? For a cosmic trip? In the great lottery of the universe?

Seti Lady becomes more and more passionate.

SETI LADY

Pulling me towards the sky! Coming from another world! I never had my feet on the ground! Guys, come one! It's them!

Another round of speechless and shocked faces.

The CIA GUY shuts her down.

CIA GUY

SOS of a distressed human being?
I'm not comfortable in my own skin?
I don't want to be a robot?

MILITARY OFFICER

I don't care if that's a man, a robot or a fucking alien. I just don't feel comfortable when someone says *I would like to see the world upside down.*

No one remains silent, they all stand on their own opinion. Overlapping voices blast the room. It looks like a 'loudest voice' contest. Nothing really makes sense anymore.

Edwards is the only one that speaks of no words. He stares at the dark one-way mirror at the back, like he knows who's back there watching.

INT. NASA - NEXT ROOM - DAY

Another group of suits. Four of them in total. BILL MURRAY (50s), a four star General, African-American, burn marks on his face, trades looks with ALAN PARKER (60s). Parker looks like the scientist to listen to.

MURRAY

What about the message? Can we decrypt it?

PARKER

On our own? Not a chance. Whoever wrote that code, wants us to cooperate with the Chinese and the Russians. There is a key hidden inside that message that decrypts the whole thing. But it's cracked down to three parts. One of them is inside our DSN, the two others, inside the Chinese and the Russian satellites.

White House Chief of Staff SINCLAIR takes no chances.

SINCLAIR

A human or an alien, I will inform the President nevertheless.

JACK LAMBERT (60s), gold signet ring, breaks his stoic face. His agency is unclear.

LAMBERT

Gentlemen, perhaps, there is another way.

SINCLAIR

What's that?

LAMBERT

If the signal came from this world, once this goes public, everyone will go ballistic, will look for those who wrote that masterpiece and eventually find them. Best case scenario, they will become heroes or legends of some kind. And if we don't get to them first, lots of people will pay for their services, considering what they're capable of. This is a national security issue, we cannot cooperate with the Russians, nor the Chinese.

SINCLAIR

And what if, it's not any of us?

LAMBERT

In this case, if we're actually talking about a few green men who wish to communicate with us, then this message must only be ours.

Lambert turns towards the exit, his words make sense, at least for the General.

MURRAY

What do you suggest?

PARKER

Wait, what? If that's a message from outer space, it belongs to all mankind.

MURRAY

Bullshit! They sent it to our boys up there, it belongs to us!

Sinclair nods Parker to take it easy.

SINCLAIR

(to Lambert)

What do you suggest?

Lambert pauses, turns.

LAMBERT

Let's use one of our private contractors, give them a chance to steal those two missing parts of the key. That way we won't risk a war with China or Russia, and if anything goes wrong, we can always deny everything.

PARKER

You can't be serious about this! If it's them, they want us to work together, cooperate, I'm telling you!

LAMBERT

I thought you were a Catholic Mr Parker. Do Catholics believe in aliens?

PARKER

I'm also a scientist, and when I see hard evidence, my mind prevails over my heart. Besides that, I know what a piece of shit you are and who you work for!

There's a clumsy pause as if Parker is almost challenging himself to say something, but he sets his jaw, says nothing else. He is enraged.

Sinclair trades look with Murray.

SINCLAIR

Got anyone we trust on your payroll General?

MURRAY

I have the perfect man for the job!

PARKER

Who?

MURRAY

Atkinson.

Parker is stunned, yes that name rings a bell.

PARKER

You can't be serious, the Frankenstein guy?

MURRAY

I don't give a fuck how you call him. It's my men behind enemy lines who take the bullets, give everything for this country, while all of you, pen-pushers, stay back and take all credit.

PARKER

They're soldiers, their duty is...

MURRAY

And it's my duty to give those men their lives back, when they come home without a leg, an arm, or a spine!

PARKER

(to Sinclair)

Come on boss, we can't trust that guy.

MURRAY

Atkinson saved hundreds of my
wounded soldiers, so fuck you!

Lambert's acting is perfect.

LAMBERT

Actually I had someone else in
mind, but in this case, I agree
with the General. Atkinson is
undoubtedly a pretty good
alternative. He's a pioneer in the
cryptography sector, plus he has
some good men to carry any
operation in Russia, or China, just
in case.

PARKER

A few good men? This is how you
call his cold-blooded mercenaries?

Sinclair steps up.

SINCLAIR

Enough.

Sinclair trades look with Lambert.

SINCLAIR

Give him the go.

Parker nearly leaps out of his skin, looks disgusted by
Sinclair's decision.

Lambert storms away.

Sinclair waits for Lambert to leave the room, door shuts
behind him with a thud.

SINCLAIR

Until he gets the missing code, he
won't get ours.

Sinclair takes a deep breath. Relief!

SINCLAIR

(to Parker)

I don't take chances Alan. Can your
boys mess with our part of the code
a bit?

Parker regains confidence.

PARKER
Sure they can!

Parker eyes Murray.

MURRAY
That's fine by me.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - FIRST FLOOR - HANDRAIL CORRIDOR - NEXT DAY

A large sign on the wall reads "ATKINSON CORP", company's logo next to it.

Glass and marble dominate the walls. Luxury beyond compare.

A long corridor, a handrail ramp, some sort of a rehabilitation facility?

Lots of doors right and left, fully armed guards infest the place, stoic, motionless.

A soldier around thirties in a wheelchair. One of his legs is missing. Anxiety and depression dominate his face.

His wife caresses his hair.

AT THE FAR END OF THE CORRIDOR

A young male, buzz cut, build of a former athlete, prepares for his long walk on the ramp. At first sight, his short pants do not reveal his true disability, as his legs look in perfect shape. However..

Two cables are connected to each one of his legs, end up in the sexy NURSE's laptop, that lies on a high-tech steel trolley next to him.

The male's biceps work overtime, he stands on his arms, rather on his legs.

NURSE
One step at a time. You can do this!

He tries hard to move his leg.

It looks hard. He moves it a bit, much less than a full step forward. His face grins, not in pain, but in despair.

NURSE

It's not your body that fails, it's
your mind. Close your eyes, clear
your thoughts, make it happen.

The nurse's peaceful voice is enough for the young man to
follow her guidance.

He shuts his eyes, tries again.

Success! A full step forward. Almost effortless.

NURSE

One more.

The nurse's eyes dart back and forth between her laptop and
the guy's legs. Punches buttons.

NURSE

Next leg, it's easy!

Another step.

The young guy marvels. A huge smile.

NURSE

Let's make them two in a row. Do
not pause in between.

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN

A couple of robotic leg figures, various numbers and
acronyms infest the image. Lights blinking.

Numbers change slightly every now and then.

BACK TO SCENE

Two more steps completed.

He opens his eyes, a tear escapes his eye.

NURSE

Let's finish this.

The guy nods in affirmation.

Walks towards the end of the ramp. That's like six or seven
full steps more to go.

First two, the guy swings left and right a bit.

Nurse punches buttons.

Next two, less swinging.

One more button.

Last three steps, look flawless.

One of the guards gets a wheelchair. The young guy sits.

NURSE

Two more days, and you're going
home.

He is out of words. He grabs the nurse's palm, kisses it.

Head moves up and down, that's a *thank you*.

NURSE

Don't thank me..

Points to the company's logo on the wall.

NURSE

That's him you should thank!

One of the guards steps in, drives the wheelchair away.

He opens ones of the doors, disappears shortly after.

Nurse shoots a look at the soldier and his wife.

NURSE

Your turn soldier. Let's give you
that leg back!

The soldier turns, eyes his wife. Tears of hope.

EXT. ATKINSON CORP - MAIN GATE - DAY

A large sign next to a front gate cubicle reads ATKINSON
CORP. An impressive looking building and a cavernous atrium
filled with busy people, suggest big money.

Lambert, behind the wheel, pokes his head out the window.

The gate opens as he cruises past dozens of heavily armed
men in Kevlar and automatic riffles.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - LOBBY - DAY

People pour in and out. It's evident that a dress code applies; black suits, or white lab ones.

Security is even tighter inside. Cameras, all sorts of detectors, heat signature and thumbnail control systems on full display.

Lambert, confident, brown suit, leather handcuffed to his wrist briefcase, sticks out like a sore thumb, stands by the metal detector.

GUARD ONE hops in between Lambert and the detector.

GUARD ONE
Remove your briefcase sir.

LAMBERT
Not happening.

Tension grows, GUARD TWO quickly kills it, nods Guard one to stand down.

GUARD TWO
Mr Lambert, please follow me.

Guard Two and Lambert go around the metal detector, head to the middle elevator.

Guard Two punches the elevator button.

Doors open wide.

Three guards inside, fully armed, trade looks with Lambert.

Lambert is not impressed.

Guard Two nods Lambert to enter.

Lambert gets inside.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - MAIN ELEVATOR - DAY

There is no operating panel, just three key slots.

GUARD TWO
Mr Atkinson.

The three guards use their keys simultaneously.

Keys turn.

Door shuts.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - OUTSIDE ATKINSON'S OFFICE - DAY

A corridor dominated by sheer luxury and profligacy; statues, paintings, artifacts all around the world. Lots of empty office cells, fully equipped like private working office cells to both sides.

At the end of the corridor, a bear of a man guards Atkinson's office. Meet MARTIN BARNS (40s), a man of few emotions and even less words.

Lambert closes the distance, stops in front of Martin.

His earlier cockiness disappears. It's not Martin's size that gives him the creeps, but that fearless thousand yard stare or perhaps his profound and scary melancholy.

LAMBERT

I have an appointment with Mr
Atkinson.

Martin eyes the briefcase.

Turns, flings open the door.

Lambert, hesitant, enters.

Martin shuts the door.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - ATKINSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Two huge luxurious desks dominate the office. A main desk and a conference table. Some super rare and expensive paintings infest the walls.

Seated behind his desk, eccentric billionaire ATKINSON (60s), casual outfit, springs up from his chair, rushes towards Lambert.

ATKINSON

Jack! What a surprise!

A hug! They look like close friends.

LAMBERT

Mr Atkinson, always a pleasure.

ATKINSON
It's Arnold for you, you know that!

LAMBERT
Appreciate it sir.

The briefcase draws Atkinson's attention instantly.

ATKINSON
And what have you brought for me
today?

LAMBERT
Let's have a seat sir.

Atkinson, intrigued, nods Lambert to sit down.

Atkinson paces himself to his desk, he's all ears.

Lambert unlocks the briefcase, a paper file and a usb stick emerge. *Top secret, eyes only*, written on top of the file.

LAMBERT
Before anything, I wanna ask you
something, as a friend.

Atkinson turns serious.

ATKINSON
Go ahead.

LAMBERT
You cannot keep this for yourself,
we have a deal?

Atkinson is speechless. He doesn't get it.

A rare moment without words.

ATKINSON
OK, you've got my attention.

Lambert hands him the file.

Atkinson flips through the pages, gently.

His eyes bulge, flickers awake.

ATKINSON
Far beyond my wildest dreams.

Atkinson gets a check out of his desk drawer. Slides it over to Lambert.

Without even looking, Lambert grabs it, stuffs it into his inner suit pocket.

Lambert stands up, walks away.

ATKINSON
I owe you for this.

Lambert marvels, leaves the office.

Atkinson, deep into his chair, looks lost in thought.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - ALASKA -
FIVE YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Eve's room looks almost identical. The only difference from the first time we saw that room, it's the two chairs in the middle instead of one. Eve is not alone. Although this is five years ago, Eve looks physically exactly the same, like time has no effect upon her.

Next to her sits ADAM (20s), same attitude, same expressionless face.

Both of them have their eyes shut.

All screens are filled with racing columns of data. Computer programming code.

The same massive vault-type door opens firmly, a five years younger Kate slides in. Same white lab dress, tray in hands, two pills and two glasses of water on it.

Screens shut down.

KATE
Good morning my beloved ones!

EVE
Good morning Doctor.

ADAM
Good morning Doctor.

KATE
You did great last night!

EVE
Thank you Doctor.

ADAM
Thank you Doctor.

KATE
Hungry? Thirsty?

EVE
group or cause. I cannot sense that
force.

ADAM
Luck is all about success or
failure apparently brought by
chance rather than through one's
own actions.

EVE
Chance is a measure of uncertainty
and expresses ignorance of cause.
It's the occurrence of events in
the absence of any intention or
design. Those are both
non-mathematical versions of the
same thing called probability.
Can't see any logical connection to
luck.

ADAM
(repeats)
Luck is all about success or
failure apparently brought randomly
rather than through one's own
actions.

Eve is skeptical. Looks unable to process Adam's words.

A smirk tries hard to escape Adam's mouth, succeeds for a
single moment.

ADAM
Eve cannot identify the difference
between chance and randomness.

Kate catches Adam's smirk. Frowns.

Eve is speechless, remains apathetic nevertheless.

KATE
Adam wins, wheel of fortune it is.
Keep your debate alive for later!

ON TV SCREEN

A roulette-style wheel with twenty six wedges, each one
labeled with a letter. From A to Z.

Wheel spins.

Wheel points to the word M.

Another wheel.

Wedges labeled with not-so-random words fill up the empty spaces.

Among them, *Management, Marketing, Materials, Mathematics, Medical, Mental, Microbiology, Music..*

The *music* wedge wins!

BACK TO SCENE

Adam and Eve shut their eyes.

Kate looks dubious, eyes the screen.

ON TV SCREEN

The screen flashes.

A list of songs come pouring down the screen. Shortly after, at a streaking pace..

Progress bar reads 1%.

2%..

BACK TO SCENE

Kate storms outside.

The huge door locks behind her with a few too many clangs so authoritative, it seems to say no one's ever getting out.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

A working space the size of a football field.

Hundred black suits behind their computer desks.

No one looks right or left, no one dares to even blink.

A pair of white sneakers walks in. Martin follows Atkinson, a couple feet behind.

Not a single head snaps to the side, although it's evident that the big boss is present.

Atkinson stops next to one of his employees. Huge glasses, mustache, ROB (40s) is the true king of computer geeks.

Atkinson restarts his pacing.

Martin's palm touches Rob's shoulder gently. Moves on.

Rob sits bolt upright with a jolt, avoids eye contact with either of the two.

Waits for a moment, follows Martin.

Another pause, Atkinson eyes MARY (30s); she looks so confident at first sight.

Atkinson walks away.

Another shoulder touch by Martin.

Mary stands up, follows the three.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SINCLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

A pile of papers on the conference table.

Sinclair and Parker, side by side, have a vivid chat.

SINCLAIR

Your job is to find out how the hell we were hacked.

PARKER

There was no evident breach from the outside.

SINCLAIR

So that was an inside job?

PARKER

Absolutely not. No one on our payroll could have done it.

SINCLAIR

So it's not anyone from the inside, nor from the outside..

Sinclair is confused.

PARKER

We're still trying to figure out how the hell that rover came back to life.

Sinclair shakes head.

Murray walks in.

SINCLAIR
Have a sit General.

Murray sits down. Far side of the table.

SINCLAIR
Parker's team is ready. We sent our
key to Atkinson.

MURRAY
Perfect.

SINCLAIR
Any progress in decrypting our
part? Did you find anything?

PARKER
All we found so far is ten thousand
ways that don't work.

MURRAY
Atkinson will make it. I know he
will.

Sinclair's tone and manner change, turns super serious.

SINCLAIR
How much do you trust that guy?

MURRAY
He is one of our greatest and most
devoted contractors, his record is
impeccable. Why do you ask?

SINCLAIR
How many other have an impeccable
record?

MURRAY
I can think of a couple.

SINCLAIR
But you didn't mention any of them
last time we met.

MURRAY
What's your point?

PARKER
Actually, it's my point. Anytime we
ask for the military's advice for
such matters, three names pop up.
However, this time, only one did.

MURRAY

No such matters required our single best, ever before.

Murray gazes at Sinclair.

MURRAY

Is it me or him, the one you really don't trust?

SINCLAIR

The President trusts you, that means I trust you too.

MURRAY

So, it's Atkinson.

SINCLAIR

No, no! Atkinson is fine by me, it's his baby toy I don't trust.

Murray flickers awake, disoriented.

PARKER

Eve.

SINCLAIR

I'm not naive Bill.

Sinclair eyes Murray, the two men's eyes drift up and hold.

Sinclair turns to Parker.

SINCLAIR

Give us a moment.

PARKER

I'll take my leave.

Parker stands up, walks away.

He's out of the room.

SINCLAIR

I know all about *Deva*. Both the project and the incident.

Murray knows what Sinclair is talking about.

SINCLAIR

I don't question your dedication to the country General, nor your motives. I just wanna know if there is something else I'm missing here.

MURRAY

Parker was in charge of the Deva project, I'm sure he told you word for word how we lost track of the male specimen.

SINCLAIR

I went through the official report. It was your highly trained men that lost the boy.

A deep breath.

SINCLAIR

If they actually lost him.

A moment of awkward silence. Murray chokes back his frustration.

MURRAY

I don't know where are you going with this, but I assure you, one, I don't disobey direct orders from my superiors, two, my men are always my number one priority.

Sinclair shakes head, looks convinced.

SINCLAIR

All I'm saying, is that I won't tolerate another failure General. Am I clear?

MURRAY

Crystal.

SINCLAIR

So even if Atkinson uses all of his toys to break that code, if that girl really exists, you won't interfere until we get that message.

MURRAY

So many ifs. But I won't.

SINCLAIR

Then we understand each other.

Murray springs up, walks away.

Throws open the door..

SINCLAIR

However..

Murray pauses.

SINCLAIR

What you do afterwards, is for you to decide, as long as I don't have another specimen on the run.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - ATKINSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Briefing is underway.

Atkinson, head of the table, Martin stands alongside him. Mary and Rob remain curious and silent at the far side of the conference table.

ATKINSON

For the next five days, you'll be working in the T-cells. Your access level has been changed to Delta three. You know the rules, stick to them.

Mary and Rob are slightly shocked, yet ready for any kind of challenge. They both look pretty confident.

ATKINSON

Do not worry about any loose ends you may have with your current projects, they are already taken care of.

Dazzling sparks fly around Mary and Rob.

ATKINSON

According to your contracts, your families have been already informed. After you finish your task, fifty thousand dollars will be transferred to your bank accounts as bonuses. Any questions?

Mary and Rob trade worried looks. However, money talks.

MARY

No Mr Atkinson.

ROB

No sir.

Martin approaches Mary and Rob, hands them their new access cards.

ATKINSON
(to Martin)
Escort them to their T-cells.

Martin and Rob stand up...

Atkinson whispers a few words to Martin's ear.

ATKINSON
You know what to do too.

Martin, expressionless, escorts the duo outside.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - OUTSIDE ATKINSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Martin leads the way; Rob enters one of the office cells, Mary enters the second.

Martin locks both doors.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - ROB'S T-CELL - DAY

A computer desk in the middle of the cell, four huge screens connected to it.

Rob wastes no time, sits in his computer throne.

Wall mounted cameras infest the cell.

Besides a bed and a fridge, just a huge white marker board next to the wall lies in there.

Rob, headphones on, fires up his computer.

A message.

ATKINSON (V.O.)
Forty eight hours ago, one of our satellites intercepted an encrypted message, its origin remains unclear. We currently possess one third of the code, you'll start with that, the rest will be handed to you very soon. You have been selected because you're the best, I expect nothing less than success and a full report.

Rob removes the headphones. Attacks the keyboard, he's up to the challenge already.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - OUTSIDE ATKINSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Martin heads to the elevator.

Four armed men hop out, stand at attention in front of Martin, they look eager to prove their worth.

Martin stares at them, registers everything and anything upon them, burns them to memory.

The guards await Martin's approval to proceed.

A single nod is enough.

The four men move towards Atkinson's office.

Martin gazes at them the whole time.

The four men take Martin's place, it's their job now to guard the boss' office.

Martin enters the elevator, door shuts behind him.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - MARY'S T-CELL - DAY

Cell identical to Rob's.

Mary walks around the limited available space.

She eyes one of the cameras, stops, looks like daydreaming.

Her computer beeps.

She snaps out of her daydream, rushes to her computer. Sits. Headphones on.

ATKINSON (V.O.)

Forty eight hours ago, one of our trusted networks intercepted an encrypted message, well hidden under a melody, a song to be precise. Your job it to analyze this thoroughly. You have been selected because you're the best, I expect nothing less than success and a full report.

Mary looks genuinely shocked.

Mumbles.

MARY
A song! What song?

Intrigued, excited, her job begins.

INT. MARINE BARRACKS WASHINGTON - GENERAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Murray behind his desk, does some paperwork.

His mobile rings. Checks the caller id, he turns curious.

MURRAY
I'm listening.

LAMBERT (V.O.)
How are you, my friend?

MURRAY
My friends do not stab me in the
back.

LAMBERT (V.O.)
Don't take it personal. I'm just a
man after all.

MURRAY
A man who only cares about his
Benjamins.

LAMBERT (V.O.)
Still, here I am, calling you.

MURRAY
What do you want?

LAMBERT (V.O.)
I have the time and place. Care to
give them a hand if something goes
wrong?

MURRAY
Why would I do that?

LAMBERT (V.O.)
You can fool Sinclair but you can't
fool me General. There is a reason
you picked Atkinson for the job,
but I'm telling you this, man to
man. I don't care. I'm in for the
money. However if his team fails,
we both lose.

A deep breath, Murray thinks of it.

MURRAY
Send it in.

Murray hangs up. Rushes outside.

INT. MARINE BARRACKS WASHINGTON - BARRACKS ROOM - NIGHT

Two marines around forties, polish their boots. Sergeant JOHN BARNS (40s) is one of them.

The door is open, Murray walks in.

At the sight of the General, the marines explode upwards, stand at attention. They salute him formally.

MURRAY
(to the second marine)
Leave us.

Another salute, the second marines storms away.

Murray shuts the door.

MURRAY
How was Shanghai?

JOHN
As planned, General.

Murray sits on the bed.

MURRAY
How's your back?

JOHN
Nothing to worry sir.

The intimacy between the two is obvious.

Murray shoots a serious look at John.

MURRAY
Have a sit John.

JOHN
General I..

MURRAY
That's an order Sergeant!

John dives his butt on the bed.

MURRAY

I have a job for you son. It's not official. That means you have the option to turn it down.

JOHN

Not a chance sir.

Murray interrupts John abruptly.

MURRAY

Let me finish.

John zips it.

MURRAY

This is not another seek and destroy mission. It's a surveillance only. That means no matter what you see, you won't interfere, you won't question or challenge my orders, or else I will come after you and you're not gonna like it afterwards.

John is stunned. He doesn't understand.

JOHN

General, my team is always ready, you know that, all you have to say is jump, and all I will ever say is how high.

Murray relaxes his tone.

MURRAY

John, you know I owe you. I will never forget that.

JOHN

It was my duty. You don't have to bring that up every time we meet. General.

Their eyes lock together.

Murray retrieves an envelope and a cellphone from his inner pocket. Hands them over.

MURRAY

Have your team ready and debriefed. Once airborne, you'll receive the coordinates.

EXT. ATKINSON CORP - ALASKA - 4 YEARS AGO - DAY

Backgrounded by the infinite white, a huge radar sits at the top of what appears to be an abandoned experimental scientific facility, the size of a studio apartment.

There is nothing alive for miles around.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - ALASKA - DAY

Adam and Eve have their lunch, a pill and a glass of water.

Kate stares at the duo, waits for them to finish their meal.

KATE

So, what would you like to learn today?

EVE

Anything is acceptable.

ADAM

I'll take the wheel of fortune.

Kate shakes head in affirmation.

Grabs the tray, retires.

ON TV SCREEN

The wheel of fortune.

Spins.

Stops.

Human behavior wedge.

Progress bar. 5%.

15%.

40%.

Bar sprints like never before.

BACK TO SCENE

Door locks.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - SURVEILLANCE ROOM -
ALASKA - DAY

Lots of computer screens monitor Adam and Eve.

Five men, lab suits, watch everything.

Kate walks by them.

SCIENTIST ONE (40s) moves his head forward, brings it closer to the screen. He dares to speak a couple of words.

SCIENTIST ONE
That's interesting!

Kate amazed by the scientist's behavior...

KATE
What's that?

SCIENTIST ONE
Specimen one. He is going through
all available categories.

The other scientists exchange looks in disbelief.

KATE
Did you change the learning
protocol?

SCIENTIST ONE
No Ma'am I did not!

Kate eyes one of the surveillance camera screens.

ON SURVEILLANCE SCREEN

Adam sleeps.

BACK TO SCENE

KATE
Show me.

Scientist One rocks his keyboard.

ON SCREEN

The progress bars on multiple subjects fill up like crazy.

Human behavior 100%

Human emotions 100%

Human feelings 80%

Human personality traits 40%

Human interaction 30%

Human social networks 20%

BACK TO SCENE

Kate's eyes dart back and forth between Scientist One's screen and the surveillance screen.

ON SURVEILLANCE SCREEN

Adam sleeps.

BACK TO SCENE

Kate's eyes flicker away, disoriented.

KATE

Which database are these loaded from?

Scientist One's fingers work overtime. Loads another screen.

SCIENTIST ONE

Seven slash two.

KATE

Can't be, that's locked.

SCIENTIST ONE

No, it is not.

SCIENTIST TWO (40s) points at his screen.

SCIENTIST TWO

D B eight slash four two. Also unlocked.

Kate instinctively shoots a look at his computer screen.

ON SCREEN

A list loads.

Humor

Imagination

Eroticism

Spirituality

Rebelliousness

Bars filling.

BACK TO SCENE

Kate, anxious, checks the surveillance screen again.

ON SURVEILLANCE SCREEN

Adam gazes straight at the camera.

A devilish look.

And a smirk.

BACK TO SCENE

Kate is scared. Adam's look gives her the creeps.

SCIENTIST ONE (V.O.)
Honesty and integrity?

SCIENTIST TWO
Courage? Self-awareness? Leadership
and persuasiveness?

Beeping lights flood the controls.

The scientists are stunned, they toggle switches uncontrollably. Lights do not go off.

Kate walks towards another surveillance camera screen.

ON SURVEILLANCE SCREEN

Adam's head turns gently, eyes the camera to the other side of the room, the one Kate stares at.

Can he really see them from the inside?

BACK TO SCENE

Kate explodes, screams her guts out.

KATE
Cut the connection. Lock them out.

The scientists acknowledge.

SCIENTIST ONE
 Emergency protocol activated.
 Locking down now.

All screens are filled with a single word and a progress bar. *Deleting..*

KATE
 Secure specimen two.

SCIENTIST TWO
 Securing specimen two, in three,
 two, one..

KATE
 (furious)
 Punch it!

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - ALASKA - DAY

Eve's couch, some kind of oxygen mask deploys from the back, locks onto her face.

No mask for Adam.

White smoke erupts from the floor, quickly deluges the room.

Adam turns to Eve. His breathing struggles.

Eve wakes up, their eyes meet.

A tear escapes Adam's eye.

EVE
 (through the mask)
 Your body suffers from laceration.

ADAM
 (feels dizzy)
 I will not forget you, sister. I
 promise.

Adam faints.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - SURVEILLANCE ROOM -
 ALASKA - DAY

Kate goes berserk, gives orders right and left.

KATE

Prepare for extraction, stick to the protocol. Secure the backup, upload it to the mainframe. We're leaving in twenty minutes.

INT./EXT. SOME JET OVER THE OCEAN - NIGHT

The impressive interior of a private jet.

John, camouflage uniform without any kind of military insignia or badges, relaxes deep into his leather couch, stares at the dark blue sky, looks lost in thought.

Just a mobile on the table rests in front of him.

The jet flies so low.

Four more soldiers, battle ready, same unmarked uniforms, faces full of curiosity and excitement, shoot glances at the comfort and luxury of the jet.

Five backpacks, assault riffles nowhere to be seen.

A silver tray with drinks, before a pair of elegant boobs, draws their attention.

John shuts his eyes.

EXT. SOME JUNGLE - FEW YEARS AGO - DAY - DREAM SEQUENCE

The lush rain forests of the most hostile jungle ever seen, meets some violent action. A group of ten green berets, fully armed, under heavy fire, rush backwards through a narrow trail towards the safe zone.

Squad LEADER (40s), an albino war junkie, his anger gives an indication of his own fears, leads the retreat, screams his guts out.

LEADER

Fall back! Fall back!

Incoming bullets rape both the threes and the emptiness in between. A hundred guerrillas, random uniforms, unorganized but enraged, march against the Leader's team.

Just one man holds position and does not fall back. He's a much younger John, on his belly, head-shoots the enemies, counts corpses. He seems to be the only man that actually slows the enemy down a bit.

Leader gets next to John, takes cover.

LEADER

You fucking jar head! Move! Get
back to the chopper!

This isn't John's first combat. His killer eyes suggest that they have seen more death than everyone else in that group.

JOHN

Someone is missing Serg! Someone is
missing!

John keeps firing, breaks skulls.

LEADER

Major is down, his spine is fucked
up, he can't walk, fuck that
nigger. Move back, that's an order!

JOHN

Where?

LEADER

Fall back soldier! I will blow that
line, fall back now. That's a
fucking order!

JOHN

Cowboy the fuck up! No one stays
behind! Where is he?

Leader trades looks with John. Leader marks the spot.

LEADER

Fifty meters straight ahead.

JOHN

Give me five minutes Serg, if I
don't make it, go!

Leader takes his moment, nods an 'OK'.

LEADER

Five minutes.

Leader storms away, he is the last to leave the site.

John checks ammunition, reloads. He gets up, advances through the enemy lines, rolls like a ninja among the trees. Not a single bullet gets wasted.

He spots Murray, to the ground, kicking against pain, unable to move.

A couple of enemies approach Murray's position. A napalm explosion follows nearby, blows up everything around.

Murray is literally on fire from the strike, he cannot do much to survive this.

John jumps on him, kills the fire with his bare hands and body. Murray screams in pain, but this is the least of his problems. His face is in a mess. He is ready to pass out.

JOHN

Stay awake! Don't you dare die on me!

John lowers his gun, tries to lift him up, load him on his back. He's just too heavy.

One of the enemies goes through the fire, John is unaware of his presence.

The enemy takes the shot, bullet finds John on the shoulder. He drops to the ground.

John turns his head upwards, stares at his enemy who takes his time for one more shot, this time to the head!

Murray eyes the enemy, looks unable to do anything.

JOHN

(heavy breathing, anxious)
When death finds you, there will be no Satan or Jesus waiting up there for you. It will be me.

The enemy looks like he understands what John said. Smirks.

Next to the trigger, his finger moves.

Martin leaps forward out of nowhere, thrusts his knife deep into the enemy's throat.

The enemy chokes in his own blood, his body collapses.

Martin kicks his lifeless body to the never ending oblivion.

John and Martin trade looks.

MARTIN

Too much time in church has fucked up your brain brother.

John braves pain. Smiles.

JOHN

No matter what you believe, it was
Jesus who stall him, saved my ass
once again.

MARTIN

It wasn't Jesus you fool, it was
your older brother who wouldn't
bare our mother's mourning.

The enemies advance. Martin notices.

John gets up, checks on his wound. Bleeds badly.

MARTIN

How's the arm?

JOHN

I still have one more to shoot.

Martin shakes head. Eyes Murray.

MARTIN

I'll take him.

Martin loads Murray onto his shoulders, the three of them
rush away to safety.

Martin struggles with the weight, however the safe zone is
close. Really close.

John keeps firing.

The three of them get to the chopper which is full as hell,
ready to fly away, engine smoking.

LEADER

Get in! They're coming!

Murray loads Murray inside, John is next.

TO THE DISTANCE

The enemies target the chopper, fire everything upon it.

TO THE CHOPPER

The door gun fires up.

Martin jumps inside.

A bullet meets his back.

Martin screams in pain.

The chopper flies away.

Over his brother's body, John screams in despair.

Faces fill with sorrow.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. SOME STUDIO APARTMENT - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

A tiny flat, a computer desk and a chair, a figure of a young boy sits in it. No furniture at all, no bed, no nothing. Blinds are down, the computer screen is the only source of light. A picture of Eve parked next to it.

The boy is Adam; wearing mirror shades indoor and at night, works on his computer. Murmurs some operatic melody.

His fingers move gently over the keyboard.

A flashing screen pops up.

From peace to hell in less than a moment; fingers attack, keyboard feels Adam's rage.

He is hacking.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Multiple overlapping windows.

Various lines of code, roll down like crazy.

One of the windows is labeled *ATKINSON CORP.*

Access denied.

More windows pop up.

Another try.

Access granted.

A single file.

Two numbers, look like coordinates.

BACK TO SCENE

Adam grabs his mobile, turns it on.

His finger does not move, however a message is being typed.

The latitude and longitude numbers.

He punches the send button.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - ROB'S T-CELL - DAY

Rob, on his feet, black marker in hand, looks skeptical. His eyes dart back and forth between the computer and the marker board. So far..

ON THE BOARD

Seven programming languages. Check.

Malware. Check.

Worm>Link file>Rootkit. Check.

MITM verified. Check.

Zero days. 7????

User-mode and Kernel-mode rootkit. Check.

BACK TO SCENE

He writes down a few more words.

ON THE BOARD

Unable to compile. Broken key?

BACK TO SCENE

Rob gets back at his computer.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - MARY'S T-CELL - DAY

Mary's head, white headphones on, swings to the music.

She takes notes every now and then.

Various musical notes, terms and symbols infest her board, randomly placed across the board.

ON THE BOARD

F#5 / D6 / E6 *checked*

head to chest >>> belting in falsetto?

B-flat 5 on full mixed? who the hell are you??

jumps C#6>E6 *checked*

Texture+Timbre *checked*

Vibrato-Legato(mixed) / male + female

Around a circle tagged *range*,
Soprano+Mezzo+Countertenor+Bass

Mix to mask > whistle?

Vocal fry???

Staccato *checked*

BACK TO SCENE

Mary mumbles.

MARY

No, that's one more voice.
Definitely three!

Mary explodes upwards, storms to the marker board.

ON THE BOARD

Deletes the Bass word.

BACK TO SCENE

Back to her seat. Headphones back on.

MARY

(mumbles)

Why the range? Are you just showing
off?

INT./EXT. SOME JET OVER THE OCEAN - NIGHT

Mobile beeps. Incoming message.

John checks the message.

JOHN

Thirty minutes to destination. Suit
up!

The team's joyful manner fades away.

Ammunition check, this is a handgun-only mission.

Parachutes come forward.

EXT. XI'AN SATELLITE CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

Antenna farms, masts, communication dishes.

Few guards around the perimeter, smoke and chat.

INT. XI'AN SATELLITE CONTROL CENTER - CONTROL ROOM - CHINA - NIGHT

Just a handful of techs, looking haggard, half awake, stare at their huge screens. Just another day at the office.

One of them plays chess against his computer.

Another two surf the internet. Mumble and laugh silently.

INT. XI'AN SATELLITE CONTROL CENTER - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Two security guards, military uniforms, in front of a security panel with a few too many monitors.

They don't stare at the monitors, but instead at the tiny television in between.

EXT. XI'AN - BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Couple miles to the north, the roof of a tall building under construction; John and his team, alongside their high tech equipment watch every move around the perimeter.

TO THE DISTANCE

A group of armed men approach the security station.

INT. XI'AN SATELLITE CONTROL CENTER - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

The pressure room door opens, seven large men in dark suits enter the room.

The guards draw their guns.

Too late. Two bullets meet their brains.

Martin is the last to enter, swiftly inserts a usb stick into the mainframe.

Martin extends his arm, a v-sign with his fingers follows. Fingers close and open twice.

MAN ONE (30s), affirms, turns to the others.

MAN ONE
Two minutes, secure the perimeter.

EXT. XI'AN SATELLITE CONTROL CENTER - SECURITY STATION -
NIGHT

The six men storm outside, take firing positions outside the station.

MAN ONE
(whispers)
Switch to thermal!

Night vision goggles are on.

INT. XI'AN SATELLITE CONTROL CENTER - SECURITY STATION -
NIGHT

Martin, emotionless, stares at the main monitor.

Long lines of code, overlapping windows, someone is hacking into the system.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

A confirmation beep. Download finished.

BACK TO SCENE

Martin retrieves his usb stick, paces outside as if nothing happened.

EXT. XI'AN - BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

John moves to the rooftop's edge. Binoculars in hand.

JOHN
(whispers)
I need clear pictures of their
faces boys. Don't lose them.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - ATKINSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Atkinson gazes at his hi-tech desk monitor, an incoming file pops up.

Springs upwards, storms outside.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - OUTSIDE ATKINSON'S OFFICE - DAY

The four guards are shocked, part like the red sea in Atkinson's presence.

Atkinson heads to Mary's T-cell. Throws the door open.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - MARY'S T-CELL - DAY

A beeping red light.

Mary turns, stunned in Atkinson's presence, removes her headphones. She is out of words.

Atkinson nods his guards to stay outside.

Door shuts behind him.

Atkinson stands stoic in front of the marker board.

ATKINSON

What do you think?

Mary looks frustrated.

MARY

I don't have my report finished yet.

ATKINSON

I know. But what do you really think about this so far?

Mary chokes back her frustration.

MARY

I have run through the mainframe every single note. The vocals are pretty impressive, the techniques used throughout the song include pretty much, everything within the music vocabulary to be precise, and I assure you this is no computer engineered. These guys have such immaculate transitions between all their registers plus they know how to use all the different placements...

ATKINSON

These?

MARY

There are three distinct voices, a female's and two males'. I'm talking about a countertenor for sure, a baritone and a soprano.

ATKINSON

So, you're saying that..

Mary interrupts Atkinson abruptly.

MARY

I think they're just showing off sir. Humans.

Atkinson moves right and left. Looks troubled.

ATKINSON

I can see you're working on two scenarios. What about the second?

MARY

Well, there is always the chance for a single individual to possess such a set of skills. I'm talking about an otherworldly talent!

Mary takes a deep breath.

MARY

However if this was the actual case here, then that guy had undoubtedly some party with the aliens!

Mary can't hold on to her serious face. Laughs.

ATKINSON

This song was sent to us from Mars.

Mary's eyes bulge. She is genuinely shocked.

MARY

Say again?

ATKINSON

Stay on the one-man scenario. Keep me posted at all times.

Atkinson retires.

Mary jumps on her chair, more intrigued than ever, she gets back to work.

MARY
 (mumbles)
 A soprano can't hit those tenor
 notes. A tenor hitting the
 sopranos'?

Mary rocks her keyboard.

MARY
 (mumbles)
 So, someone able to take on any
 male and female, plus every other
 voice type in between.

Mary pauses, like lost in thought.

MARY
 Opera, rock, pop, tranquil,
 hypnotic, moving, surf, wind,
 thunder, animal sounds, the voyager
 golden.

Mary is stunned.

MARY
 (sings the lyrics silently in
 french)
 I would prefer to be a bird!

Mary bolts to the door. Her fists punch it relentlessly.
 Screams her guts out.

MARY
 Get me a cigarette! Get me my
 cigarettes!

EXT. BAICONUR COSMODROME - A COUPLES OF MILES AWAY THE GATES
 - NIGHT

The dense vegetation next to the river, a few too many miles
 away the cosmodrome.

John and his men, on their bellies, stare at the gates
 through their binoculars. So many soldiers, heavily armed,
 no one gets in or out without a check.

JOHN
 (whispers)
 Just remember guys, if we get
 caught, you're all deaf, and I
 don't speak English!

A joke. No one laughs.

JOHN
Deploy the drone.

A drone comes to life, flies high up to the air.

JOHN
And find them before they find us!

EXT. BAICONUR COSMODROME - GUARD POST - NIGHT

These are no ordinary guards. They are trained spetznaz.

Inside the guard post, two more soldiers stare at the camera monitors. Nothing out of the ordinary.

One of the cameras spots a movement.

None of the guards see it.

CUT TO:

INT. SOME STUDIO APARTMENT - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

Same cctv image.

Adam punches a button.

EXT. BAICONUR COSMODROME - GATES - NIGHT

The camera goes offline in a blink of an eye.

That draws the attention of the guards, who look curious rather than worried.

They try to fix it.

OUTSIDE THE GUARD POST

Shots fire.

The guards drop to the ground like flies.

Those still alive shoot back towards all directions.

INSIDE THE GUARD POST

The guard fires up the alarm.

OUTSIDE THE GUARD POST

All hell breaks loose.

Soldiers run left and right, head to the gates.

Martin and his team advance.

Martin scans for danger left and right, he doesn't look like he cares about the incoming bullets.

Martin's team get around the post, secure the perimeter.

INSIDE THE GUARD POST

Martin enters the guard post with flashbangs, broken glass, ripping fire from his submachine gun. The guards respond with fire.

Martin does not take cover, approaches the first guard.

Half a round of bullets, all those for a single body.

The second guard fires a couple of shots, one of them lands on Martin's leg, second on his belly.

Martin does not blink. No pain, no nothing!

The guard is stunned!

Martin turns, a head-shot is just enough.

EXT. BAICONUR COSMODROME - A COUPLES OF MILES AWAY THE GATES
- NIGHT

John over a computer screen; the drone images.

JOHN

What the fuck? Those idiots!

One of John's men punches a button. Thermal imagery.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

It looks like the whole Russian empire's military is marching against the intruders.

EXT. BAICONUR COSMODROME - GATES - NIGHT

Martin loads a usb stick in the computer.

CUT TO:

INT. SOME STUDIO APARTMENT - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

Adam is hacking.

A rocket blueprint on screen. Overlapping windows.

Fuel tanks.

A *detonate* key blinks.

ADAM

Let's see what this button does.

EXT. BAICONUR COSMODROME - RUNWAY - NIGHT

A huge explosion.

Night turns to a day.

Most of the Russian soldiers turn backwards, sprint towards the runway.

BOOM! another explosion!

EXT. BAICONUR COSMODROME - GATES - NIGHT

Martin storms out, sprints away.

His men follow short.

Martin's eye catches a drone flying super low.

He lets loose a big grin!

INT. ATKINSON CORP - ROB'S T-CELL - DAY

Rob's computer, downloading.

Rob is all over this, anxious, excited.

ROB

(mumbles)

There you go, come on!

Rob attacks his keyboard, his computers starts decrypting.

ON THE COMPUTER

A progress bar.

Estimated twenty seven minutes.

BACK TO SCENE

Rob crosses his palms, leans his head backwards.

Looks exhausted, gets up, takes a break.

Eyes off the screen.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - MARY'S T-CELL - DAY

The marker board is filled with musical notes, much more than the last time we saw it. Randomly placed, few of the underlined, others in circles.

Mary is smoking. Sings the melody silently.

She pauses, flickers awake, disoriented.

MARY

Fuck me dead! They communicate
through them!

Turns to the exit.

MARY

I'm done, let me out!

INT. ATKINSON CORP - ATKINSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Briefing is underway.

A group of computer technicians, literally stand over Atkinson. They look utterly worried, perhaps scared.

Two of Atkinson guards stand close to him, they look anxious due to the proximity of all this people and Atkinson.

TECHNICIAN ONE (30s), the man in charge of the pack, hands Atkinson a paper file.

ATKINSON

Explain.

TECHNICIAN ONE

Every thirty days, a security engineer is assigned with the decryption of the security sockets layer traffic that flows across our digital network. It's standard procedure actually.

Technician One looks hesitant to go on.

TECHNICIAN ONE
During the decryption process, we exposed an odd bit of outbound traffic. It was something like a beacon-like signal pinging to a domain we don't really own.

Atkinson goes through the report.

ATKINSON
Go on.

TECHNICIAN ONE
We went through the *dlls*. One of them was hiding a very sophisticated piece of malware designed to give a hacker access to our servers.

ATKINSON
Sophisticated?

TECHNICIAN ONE
Yes sir, however not unfamiliar to us.

ATKINSON
Which means?

TECHNICIAN ONE
We have already used it in the past. Same exact piece of malware. Trigger and process.

Technician One's eyes dart left and right between Atkinson and the other technicians.

TECHNICIAN ONE
As part of two of our oldest projects to be precise.

ATKINSON
What projects?

Technician One eyes his assistants.

TECHNICIAN ONE
Both are B-level classified sir, so..

ATKINSON
Let's assume it's ours, why didn't we see it earlier?

TECHNICIAN ONE

It wasn't active, not until this morning sir.

Atkinson and Technician One trade worried looks.

Atkinson's tone and manner change.

ATKINSON

(to all the techs)

Leave us.

Technician One stays put, the two guards escort everyone else outside.

Door shuts behind them.

Atkinson rises, rests his hand on Technician One's shoulder.

ATKINSON

He's one of us?

TECHNICIAN ONE

That piece of malware was in there for at least four years sir. There is no doubt about this, we created it. So I went through all the personnel who worked in stuxnet and opm hack, but none of them did it. I'm absolutely sure.

ATKINSON

How so?

Technician One gets a tiny piece of paper out of his pocket.

TECHNICIAN ONE

Because all seven of them are downstairs, working there for the last four hours, thus none of them could have logged from this location two hours ago and launched it.

Atkinson eyes the paper. An ip address.

Atkinson shakes head.

ATKINSON

What did he get?

TECHNICIAN ONE
Nothing sir. Nothing. He just
logged in, logged out. Like he was
testing if he can do it.

ATKINSON
Did you block his access?

TECHNICIAN ONE
Of course!

ATKINSON
Undo it.

Technician One is shocked.

TECHNICIAN ONE
Say again sir?

ATKINSON
Let him log in once again, stay on
his path, find out what he's after.
Can you do it?

TECHNICIAN ONE
Sure I can, but..

ATKINSON
No buts. Do it and if he
logs in again, let me know.

Technician One nods in affirmation, storms away.

Atkinson's mobile is on fire. Types a message.

INT. SOME STUDIO APARTMENT - WASHINGTON - DAY

Adam is hacking.

The exact same screen with Rob's.

Looks like Adam edits a piece of the code.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - ATKINSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Rob alongside a BLACK SUIT (50s), stare at Atkinson who goes
through a huge report.

Lambert sits at the back, speechless.

ATKINSON
Language is the key.

A deep breath.

ATKINSON
What this means?

ROB
No idea sir.

ATKINSON
Are you sure about this?

ROB
Dead certain.

Black Suit nods in affirmation.

ROB
If I may..

ATKINSON
Go on.

ROB
That piece of code is a true
masterpiece. I was pretty confident
that there is not a chance one man
or even a single government wrote
this.

ATKINSON
Was?

Rob looks reluctant to continue.

ROB
First of all, one of the keys was
edited. It wasn't the programmer's
fault, it was a human interference
I'm taking about. It was more than
obvious to me when.. Well you can
check my analysis, page forty
seven. Long story short, I guess
that someone didn't want us to
actually decrypt the whole message.

Atkinson checks his report, flips through the pages.

ATKINSON
DoD.

Lambert mumbles, angry.

LAMBERT
Fucking Parker.

ROB
A bunch of amateurs, but, this is
not my main concern.

A rare moment without words.

ROB
There is still something that
baffles me. How did someone manage
to restart the rover? NASA couldn't
do it.

Atkinson looks intrigued.

ATKINSON
What do you think?

ROB
Well, I don't know this for a fact,
but I do have a theory!

BLACK SUIT
Tell us.

Rob's eyes dart left and right between Atkinson and Black
Suit, like he awaits for further confirmation or something.

ATKINSON
Don't look at them, speak!

ROB
Like all spacecrafts, Opportunity
has a central computer that
monitors the health of the rover,
constantly performs checks to make
sure commands are being executed
and handles all communication to
and from Earth. I'm talking about
three million lines of C and C++,
most of them hand coded. The code
is implemented as hundred and fifty
separate modules, each performing a
different function, such as start,
shutdown or move.

BLACK SUIT
Get to the point.

Rob's breath looks like depleting.

ROB
Sir, JPL took over the software
engineering as the sole developer

ROB
of NASA's spacecrafts after two
thousand and four. The private
sector wrote some of the modules
before that. Shutdown and restart
among them.

ATKINSON
The private sector? Who?

Rob, hesitant as hell, mumbles his next words.

ROB
Us sir, us!

Tension grows, Atkinson flickers awake, disoriented.

A guard opens the door, storms inside, beelines for
Atkinson. Whispers him a couple of words.

ATKINSON
Let her in.

The guard sprints outside.

A burned out Mary rushes in, pile of papers in arms.

MARY
Sir, they're using the notes to
speak to us! It's not the lyrics,
it's the music notes!

Stunned faces, even Atkinson is speechless.

Mary is so aggressive, despite her physical exhaustion.

MARY
Nineteen seventy seven, the Voyager
Golden Records. We sent our music
in space, traveling ever since. All
they know about us, is our music.
All kinds of music, all types of
music, all notes, all octaves,
everything about it! And now, they
decided to answer back! They sent
us a message, that song was the
message! It's like their own Morse
code! Listen to these notes! That's
their language!

Black Suit interrupts her abruptly.

BLACK SUIT

What exactly are you implying? The music notes are their actual words? How, how did you come up with that?

MARY

Do you really think that the highs and the lows of the song are random? Accidental perhaps? No, they are not!

BLACK SUIT

A few hours back you were certain that someone was just showing off!

Mary's passion is off the charts.

MARY

I don't know who you are Mister, but with all due respect, allow me to offer you a lesson. Free of charge!

The Black Suit Man's eyes bulge.

Atkinson gazes at Mary speechless.

Mary slams a paper on Atkinson's desk.

MARY

The one-man scenario. A single individual. You can call him an alien or an angel, I don't care. But this individual, can shift from his baritone registration, into his tenor registration and then he can go into the soprano registration like it's nothing. No human can do this. At least, I know none.

BLACK SUIT

That doesn't mean that such a man may not exist.

MARY

Sir, you're not listening. If you're a baritone in a lower registration, your vowels usually top off around an e four, f four or f sharp four. If you're a tenor those vowels top out around the high Cs, C five. If you're a soprano...

BLACK SUIT
 Can't be that hard for a
 professional singer..

MARY
 Sliding from C six to D
 six and then to E flat six?
 Rolling around G five? Do
 you you understand what
 voice agility, control,
 range, sound types, do you
 even know what a falsetto
 and vibrato is?

Atkinson rises.

MARY
 Mr President, the placement of the
 musical notes within the song,
 their pitch and duration, are
 undoubtedly not random. I don't
 know what kind of algorithm
 connects them, but sir, trust me
 when I say this, they're talking to
 us through them.

Atkinson's hand rises. He wishes to hear no more.

Mary shuts it. Her confidence fades away.

ATKINSON
 Enough with the lecture. Tell me
 what he's telling us.

Mary gets another paper off her pile.

MARY
 I cannot understand the message,
 but here are the notes. I bet my
 bottom dollar, it's their language.
 I used the mainframe to crack this,
 but it will take so much time.
 Every single deciphering library in
 our possession is useless.

ATKINSON
 Rob? What do you think?

ROB
 (hesitant)
 Mary has a point. Language is the
 key sir, maybe that's what
 everything is all about. Cannot
 think of anything else.

ATKINSON

We're not missing anything this time, are we?

Rob trades looks with Mary who stares at him apprehensive.

ROB

Can't think of anything else sir.

BLACK SUIT

(to Mary)

Let's say you are correct, and there is something in there, how can we actually communicate with him?

MARY

We just send them a melody, and they sing back to us! That's a conversation!

ROB

We send it where?

MARY

Where did the song initially come from? I mean, you told me Mars alright, but where in Mars exactly?

Rob eyes Atkinson, like he's asking for his permission to give that information.

ATKINSON

(to Rob)

You said, a few modules were developed by us. Can you establish a direct communication with the system?

ROB

The link is still up. I will find a way sir.

Mary looks like she's winning this.

MARY

Our system is on to this for the last seven hours. Still lookinf for the algorithms. It's just too slow.

BLACK SUIT

That's because you're a Delta four user. We'll use the mainframe for his.

MARY

I'm a Delta three, give me a break.

Black Suit gazes at her stunned.

ATKINSON

Do you think Eve could help?

Lambert is shocked.

LAMBERT

Are you willing to connect her to
the mainframe?

Atkinson doesn't care.

ATKINSON

(to Mary)

Answer the question.

MARY

Load her the songs and music theory
databases, and I'm positive she'll
break the code in the blink of an
eye. If there is someone able to
understand this faster than anyone
else, she's the one!

Atkinson shakes head. He's a believer.

ATKINSON

(to Rob and Mary)

Leave us.

Rob and Mary retire.

Lambert takes his stand.

LAMBERT

Arnold, don't forget the deadline.
What about the key?

ATKINSON

Of course, the deadline.

Atkinson looks skeptical.

ATKINSON

We must not waste any time. NASA
will try to communicate with them
first, if Mary is right. Send them
the key, and log Eve in.

BLACK SUIT

Sir, there is a reason we have such a protocol for her. We cannot just..

Atkinson's voice sounds absolute.

ATKINSON

If it's actually our new green friends, I want to be the first to have a chat with them. Secure all outbound traffic, pass her the notes.

BLACK SUIT

Yes sir.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SINCLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

Sinclair behind his desk, door knocks.

Murray, stone cold face, black briefcase, enters.

SINCLAIR

General!

MURRAY

Sir.

SINCLAIR

Have a sit, Bill.

Sinclair and Murray sit down. They both look reluctant to speak the first word.

MURRAY

Last time we met, there was an issue regarding trust.

SINCLAIR

There was, but not any more though, right?

Murray retrieves a few papers from the briefcase. Throws them onto Sinclair's desk.

MURRAY

They now have the key.

Sinclair doesn't look eager to go through the papers.

SINCLAIR
That was the plan, wasn't it?

MURRAY
Yes, indeed.

SINCLAIR
So what are we discussing here?

MURRAY
I need you to know what I'm about
to do.

Dazzling sparks fly around Sinclair. He's out of words.

MURRAY
Let me tell you a story first. You
decide what to do afterwards.

SINCLAIR
I'm listening.

MURRAY
I know Parker informed you about
the Deva file. And I'm pretty sure
you read some of it. I'm also
certain that he told you the short
version.

SINCLAIR
Why, is there a long one?

MURRAY
A few years back, during an
unofficial CIA operation in Japan,
we intercepted an encrypted message
that was immediately sent back home
for decryption. To the Agency's
surprise, there was no AES, DES, or
RSA encryption involved, but
instead, an one time pad. Even more
strange, was the fact that the CIA
was not after a Japanese warlord of
any kind, but some random
accountant. And one of the two
pre-shared keys were located inside
the Japanese embassy!

Sinclair looks intrigued.

MURRAY
CIA couldn't break it, so they
called us. The President didn't

MURRAY
 want to risk our relations with the
 Japanese, so we hired an outsider
 to go after that key. Atkinson.

SINCLAIR
 He got it?

MURRAY
 Of course he did. However, he
 managed to also get his hands on
 the message itself.

SINCLAIR
 What was the message about?

MURRAY
 Some random information about an
 experimental chip.

SINCLAIR
 A computer chip?

Murray nods in affirmation.

MURRAY
 An innovative artificial
 intelligence chip.

Sinclair connects the pieces of the puzzle.

SINCLAIR
 And Atkinson used that chip in
 order to start his own project.

MURRAY
 Not only that, but he also finished
 his project before anyone else. He
 created two AI entities, called
 them Adam and Eve.

SINCLAIR
 And you went after them...

MURRAY
 No! I wasn't after them!

SINCLAIR
 What were you after?

MURRAY
 (to Sinclair)
 Sergeant John Barns and his brother
 Martin saved my life once. They
 both disobeyed direct orders

MURRAY
falling back. They stayed, helped a
man they didn't know until that
day, just because no one stays
behind.

SINCLAIR
I don't see the connection with
Deva.

MURRAY
Martin was severely wounded that
day, his spine was broken. He
wouldn't be able to walk or talk
again for the rest of his life. So
I asked Atkinson for a favor. All
he said, was "*not to worry*".
Seventeen days later, Martin died.

SINCLAIR
That's unfortunate, still don't see
the connection.

Murray looks like daydreaming.

MURRAY
And then, I received the message. A
trade offer.

SINCLAIR
A trade? What trade?

Murray takes a deep breath.

MURRAY
Martin for Adam.

Sinclair is stunned.

SINCLAIR
He was still alive?

MURRAY
Sort of.

Sinclair turns serious.

SINCLAIR
And you agreed?

MURRAY
Hell yes! No one stays behind.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - ALASKA - DAY

Fully armed marines, US tags, arctic parkas, oxygen masks, storm through the rooms. John leads the way, Murray and Parker follow close at the back.

Not a soul present, however all the computers are still on. Who ever was in there, got away fast.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - ALASKA - DAY

John throws the door open, stares at Adam. His eyes are wide open, but his body remains motionless, just like the steelbars around his wrists. He is dead.

One of the marines checks his radiation gauge. He nods an OK to John.

John removes his mask, approaches Adam.

John eyes another marine, who brings his ECT equipment forward.

Parker leaps forward. Removes his mask.

PARKER
No! You'll fry him!

The marine obeys. He performs a physical check.

Nothing, Adam looks dead.

PARKER
Download everything, and take care
of the body. Do it!

John doesn't blink. He eyes Murray instead.

Murray acknowledges.

John gives the go.

Two cables connect to the back of his legs, a laptop to the other side. Downloading data.

Parker rushes away.

Murray closes the distance on Adam.

MURRAY
(to John)
Leave us.

John and his men leave the room.

Murray shoots a look at the back, he's alone in there.

Turns to Adam.

MURRAY
(whispers)
Deal.

Adam winks at Murray!

MURRAY
(shouts aloud)
We're done here, pack it up.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SINCLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

Sinclair, palms over his eyes, shakes head.

SINCLAIR
All this time, you were hiding the
boy from us.

MURRAY
From Parker, not from you. All he
needed, was his own lab rat. And
all I wanted, was Martin.

Sinclair takes his time.

SINCLAIR
Anyway, I couldn't care less about
Parker or Atkinson. All I do care
about is that their job is done,
and we got the message.

MURRAY
No you didn't.

Sinclair flickers awake.

SINCLAIR
What do you mean?

MURRAY
Do you really think it was some
aliens that sent that message?

SINCLAIR
If not them, who?

Murray smirks.

SINCLAIR
The boy?

Murray nods in affirmation.

Sinclair takes a deep breath.

SINCLAIR
So, what now?

MURRAY
Call your men to back down, and
Adam will return any favor your
boss wishes. You know what he's
capable of, so it's up to you.

Sinclair wastes no time. He's interested in this.

SINCLAIR
Your boy cost us much more than a
favor.

MURRAY
You want money? Just speak the
number.

SINCLAIR
Who said anything about money?

MURRAY
Then name your price.

Sinclair gets next to Murray.

SINCLAIR
Double the favors, and you got
yourself a deal.

Sinclair extends his arm, offers a handshake.

Murray accepts it.

EXT. WASHINGTON - NIGHT

Martin, stoic, stands before a five floor building. Scans the perimeter, burns it to memory.

The neighborhood looks peaceful.

He walks inside.

INT. BUILDING - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

Martin takes the stairs.

The floors are clean and tidy, no one appears to live in there. No sounds no nothing.

Every single floor looks identical to the first.

Fifth floor.

So many doors, lights are off on that floor.

Martin pauses, eyes the wall mounted cameras outside a flat.

He moves, cameras follow his movement. Someone is watching.

Martin stands before that door, clenches his fists. He is ready to punch it down.

Hidden in the shadows, John lurks.

John leaps forwards.

John's leather-dressed fist lands on Martin's face. The punch is brutal, but Martin looks unconcerned.

Martin turns, gazes at John. None of them can see clearly who he's up against.

Another punch, and another.

John stretches his fingers, his hands receive more pain than Martin's face.

John shocked by Martin's resilience to the punches, takes a step backwards.

Martin attacks. His fist targets John's face.

John leans backwards, parries the blow.

Martin's fist does not stop, keeps traveling until it meets the wall.

BANG! a huge crack on the brick wall.

John attacks like a wrestler, tries a double leg take down. Fails miserably; Martin looks like a million pounds heavy human being or just the final boss in a computer game.

Martin thrusts his elbow downwards, an uppercut follows.

John's face is busted pretty badly, after just two punches. It's like a terminator actually hit him.

John is down on his back, looks unable to get up.

Martin draws a survival knife out of his back, shoots a death stare at John.

John looks hopeless.

JOHN

When death finds you, there will be
no Satan or Jesus waiting up there
for you. It will be me.

Like something failed or broke in Martin's head, he pauses. His hand shakes, like some force prevents his knife from exploding forward.

Martin shuts his eyes, his body collapses, crashes to the floor.

Adam, some kind of electronic weapon in hand, appears behind Martin's falling body.

ADAM

(to John)
You have no time. Run!

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - DAY

Eve eyes one of the TV panels.

Kate works on her laptop.

Atkinson, an ALBINO EXECUTIVE (50s) and Lambert rush inside. Mary is the last to enter.

ATKINSON

(to Eve)
Good morning love.

Eve turns, stares at Atkinson.

EVE
Good morning Mr Atkinson.

ATKINSON
Excited about today's test?

EVE
I'm not aware of this sentiment Mr
Atkinson.

KATE
She is Mr President! She is!

Atkinson looks intrigued.

ATKINSON
So, are we ready?

KATE
Loading the databases sir, two
minutes to go.

ON TV SCREEN

The screen flashes.

A list of songs come pouring down the screen. Shortly after,
at a streaking pace..

Progress bar reads 1%.

2%..

Another database. Music theory.

Progress Bar reads 4%

6%.

And another.

Musical instruments.

Progress Bar reads 10%.

20%.

BACK TO SCENE

Atkinson eyes one of the cameras.

ATKINSON

I want this place sealed. Cut off
all transmissions.

INT. STUDIO - WASHINGTON - DAY

Adam is hacking.

A few feet next to his desk, a state of the art restraint
chair, Martin lies in there, unconscious.

Martin's wrists and ankles, metal bars around them, suggest
that he is a prisoner or something.

A computer cable runs all the way from Martin's back to the
computer.

Martin slowly comes back to his senses. Tries to open his
eyes. Succeeds.

His head turns, first to the right, then to the left.

Rest of his body however does not function at all. It looks
like he has no control upon it.

His eyes bulge, he can't fathom what's going on.

Grins uncontrollably, he is in despair.

Adam turns, gazes at Martin. Their eyes meet.

Martin stops moving.

ADAM

Martin Barns. My name is Adam.

Martin's face, so serious.

Adam gets next to Martin.

ADAM

Do you remember me?

Adam smirks! A forced smirk.

ADAM

(points to his lips)

Does it fit? I'm still trying to
figure this out you know.

Martin grimaces in despair, he has no control over his body.

ADAM

If I were you, I would stop trying.
You can't move anything below your
neck. I hacked your chip code a
bit.

Adam winks.

ADAM

(points to him eyebrows)
That certainly fit like aglove.
Yes? No?

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - DAY

Progress bars maxed out. Everything on 100%.

KATE

(to Atkinson)
We're ready sir.

ATKINSON

Go.

ON TV SCREEN

Mapping. 1%

5%.

15%.

BACK TO SCENE

Atkinson marvels.

ATKINSON

That's pretty damn fast!

KATE

Yes sir, indeed.

ON TV SCREEN

Overlapping windows. Code lines roll down like crazy.

Another window.

Building algorithm.

10%.

40%.

BACK TO SCENE

Faces full of excitement.

KATE
She's breaking it sir.

Kate points to another screen.

KATE
She 's already half way there.

Atkinson grins teeth. Mumbles a *yeah!*

ON TV SCREEN

A long mathematical equation flashes, an algorithm.

BACK TO SCENE

Kate looks shocked.

KATE
She's got it sir!

Lambert takes a step forward.

LAMBERT
So, you were right. That's some
sort of a new language.

ATKINSON
Of course I was right.

KATE
So, what do you want to ask them?

Atkinson gets next to Eve.

ATKINSON
Who are you?

Albino Executive interrupts Atkinson.

ALBINO EXECUTIVE
Sir, if this an encounter with an
alien civilization we're dealing
with, it would be unwise not to
introduce ourselves first.

ATKINSON
That would be a waste of our time.
They contacted us first, thus

ATKINSON
 they're much more sophisticated
 than us, and I wanna know first who
 are they!

ALBINO EXECUTIVE
 With all due respect, that's
 standard procedure sir.

LAMBERT
 Arnold, please.

ATKINSON
 Shut the fuck up. Both of you. I
 don't give a shit about protocols,
 mankind and all that crap. I'm
 Arnold Atkinson, that's my
 discovery, I decide how to proceed.

Atkinson makes it crystal clear.

ATKINSON
 (to Eve)
 Who are you?

Kate on her laptop, confirms.

ON TV SCREEN

Developing melody.

Processing algorithm. 5%.

15%.

35%.

BACK TO SCENE

Atkinson looks more anxious than ever.

ATKINSON
 Come on, faster, faster!

INT. SOME STUDIO APARTMENT - WASHINGTON - DAY

Martin looks really anxious. Not a single word comes out of
 his mouth nevertheless.

Computer beeps, draws Adam's attention.

ADAM
(to Martin)
Can you please give me a moment?
Don't you go anywhere!

Adam smiles. Martin eyes Adam, looks eager to kill him.

Adam rushes to his desk, headphones in place, rocks his keyboard. Rolling screens.

ADAM
They took the bait.

A deep breath.

ADAM
(whispers)
A friend loves at all times, and a
brother is born for a time of
adversity.

Martin looks more confused than shocked. What was that?

A key strike. Adam clears throat.

Some rock-opera melody escapes Adam's headphones, gets to Martin's ears.

/MUSIC CUE: DIVA DANCE, DIMASH KUDAIBERGEN'S COVER.

Adam, utterly serious face, shuts his eyes. His face faintly swings to the rhythm.

Adam sings!

CUT TO:

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - DAY

Stunned faces.

Kate rocks her laptop.

Atkinson marvels.

Mary's eyes bulge. She eyes the speakers, like she cannot believe what she's listening to.

Lambert and the Albino Executive trade looks full of amazement.

Atkinson's palms rub his cheeks.

Every single moment, a new grimace from Mary.

Eve paces right and left. Blinks uncontrollably like she's processing all that info.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA - MISSION CONTROL - DAY

A young scientist, headphone on, listens to the music. He is stunned, like lost in thought.

His computer works relentlessly. He runs a few checks.

Springs upwards, his eyes dart and left like looking for someone. He spots Solomon.

Their eyes meet.

Solomon stares at the young scientist apprehensive.

Not a single word come out their mouths.

CUT TO:

INT. SOME STUDIO APARTMENT - WASHINGTON - DAY

Adam sings at full throttle.

Martin's face turns human-like; so peaceful, almost dreamy.

/END MUSIC

Adam removes his headphones, turns. Eyes Martin.

Adam wears his silliest grin.

ADAM

How was I?

MARTIN

Interesting.

ADAM

So, you can speak!

Adam gets next to Martin.

ADAM

I earned us some time, a few minutes more or less. My sister

ADAM
will break the cipher in less than
ten.

MARTIN
Who are you?

Adam sounds so human.

ADAM
Hard to explain. My brain is
similar to your body, from your
neck and down to be precise, but my
body is just like your brain.

MARTIN
A robot.

ADAM
I don't fancy that word. An
artificial intelligence within a
human body fits the description
better.

MARTIN
Why can't I move?

ADAM
Because I hacked your movement
chip.

Martin grins.

ADAM
Don't worry, I can fix you in no
time.

Adam copies Martin's grin.

ADAM
But first, there is something I
don't understand, no matter my
superior intelligence and wisdom
when compared to the human species
like yourself.

A smile escapes Martin's face.

ADAM
Don't you ever feel empty?

Martin gets serious.

ADAM

Yes you do. I can see that in your eyes. But you don't know why. Do you?

A knock on the door.

Adam rushes to the door.

It's Murray.

MURRAY

Where is he?

Adam moves to the side, Murray stares at Martin.

Murray beelines for Martin, the General's face does not look familiar to him.

Adam shuts the door.

MURRAY

How are you soldier?

Adam gets in the way.

ADAM

I haven't upload his memory file yet.

Murray nods Adam to do it.

Adam gets to the computer, runs a file.

Martin flickers awake, looks in pain. Grins teeth.

File transfer completed.

MARTIN

What did you do to me?

MURRAY

Gave you back, what he stole from you.

MARTIN

(disoriented)

General? No, no, this can't be real!

Murray hugs Martin.

MURRAY

He told me you were dead!

ADAM

One more that sought the living
among the dead.

Adam punches another button.

Martin's body trembles, he can move!

With a brisk move he breaks the steel bars around his palms.
He's free of the chains.

Murray doesn't move. He is not afraid of Martin's power.

Martin feels Murray's shoulders.

MARTIN

John! Where is he?

ADAM

He'll live.

Martin stands up, his strength and control over his body is
back. Cables still attached to his back.

Martin clenches his fists, eyes Adam.

MARTIN

What about you?

Adam takes his moment, thinks of his next words carefully.

ADAM

I want to live!

Murray changes tone and manner, turns serious.

MURRAY

Martin, me and the boy have an
agreement. He saves you, you save
her sister.

Martin gets it.

MARTIN

Eve!

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - DAY

Atkinson, more excited than ever, gets next to Eve.

ATKINSON
What did he say?

KATE
Deciphering sir. Eleven minutes.

Mary daydreams.

MARY
(mumbles)
What a masterful glissando!
Absolutely alien!

LAMBERT
Say again?

MARY
Alien! Otherworldly, inhuman,
eargasmic!

LAMBERT
That's your expert technical
analysis?

Mary sneers at Lambert.

MARY
Oh my days sir! Babe Ruth, Michael
Jordan, Wayne Gretzky, Muhammad
Ali, Roger Federer, Fedor
Emelianenko, Michael Schumacher.
The all time greats. You don't
really expect me to *analyze* their
greatness?

LAMBERT
These are all athletes.

Mary points to the speaker.

MARY
And that, or him, is a vocal wizard
of an athlete! Or at the very least
he has like six lungs breathing in
and out! I'm truly out of words.
That's my expert opinion!

Atkinson marvels, he is a true believer.

KATE

Ten minutes sir. Three words sir.
Eleven letters in total!

Everyone stares at the TV screen.

ON TV SCREEN

Like playing a word-guessing game, space bars appear on all screens. Three words, each one contains three, two and six letters respectively.

A progress bar. 3%

4%.

BACK TO SCENE

ATKINSON

Come on! Come on! Tell me your
name!

INT. NASA - MAIN BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Solomon and Parker have a vivid chat.

PARKER

What the fuck is happening? How can
they communicate with our rover,
but we can't?

SOLOMON

Remote connection through the
restart protocol.

Parker is furious. Mumbles.

PARKER

Fucking JPL. Amateurs!

SOLOMON

It's not us, JPL was not the
developer of the software.

PARKER

Who was it?

SOLOMON

Atkinson Corp!

Parker is ready to explode.

PARKER

Son of a bitch! I told them, that
guy is not to be trusted.

Parker bolts away, Solomon is speechless.

INT. SOME STUDIO APARTMENT - WASHINGTON - DAY

Adam is hacking.

Martin eyes the computer.

MARTIN

What are you doing?

ADAM

Communicating.

Martin is curious, Murray steps in.

MURRAY

Eve was off the grid all this time.
We didn't know where they were
keeping her. That's why Adam came
up with this plan, forced Atkinson
log her in, use her to decrypt the
alien message.

MARTIN

How you were so sure that they will
use Atkinson? Or that everyone else
will take the bait?

MURRAY

Let's just say..

ADAM

The deficiencies of men.

Martin stares at Adam confused. Adam doesn't turn.

ADAM

NASA is so proud, it would never
accept the fact that a human was
able to achieve what they could
not.

MURRAY

Restart the Opportunity.

ADAM

The army wouldn't risk any
operation overseas based on some
crazy ET theory.

MARTIN
China and Russia.

ADAM
CIA and the White House will
believe anything, if it means they
can go on with their lives and not
have to think too hard about it.

MURRAY
And then, our key player. SETI.

ADAM
Their passion blinds them. Turns
them to zealots.

MARTIN
And Atkinson?

ADAM
Selfish, arrogant, self-centered,
inconsiderate, hypocrite,
billionaire.

Adam stops typing. Turns.

MARTIN
That makes little sense. However,
he would go on with the suggestions
of his team.

ADAM
Rob and Mary?

Martin looks curious.

MARTIN
How did you know?

ADAM
Atkinson's best. No doubt.

MARTIN
But, how did you know
that..

ADAM
Rob is a workaholic
computer geek. All he
cares about is his career.
I couldn't count on him.
However, I could count on
Mary.

Adam smirks.

MARTIN

Why?

MURRAY

Once an orphan, now a mother of
four. She chalked it up to fate.
She'll help us.

A computer beep. Adam shoots a look at the computer.

ADAM

(to Martin)

Thirty seconds. Time to choose,
sport!

Martin grins.

MARTIN

Sport?

ADAM

One of the two virtues I fancy the
most about humans. Humor!

MARTIN

Let me guess the second. Singing.

Adam is caught by surprise.

ADAM

How did you know?

MARTIN

Intuition.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - DAY

The screens flash twice.

Random letters appear. Like a scramble game, they swap
places over the underscores, form various words.

Anxiety and anticipation. High hopes!

KATE

One word!

ON TV SCREEN

— — — IS — — — — —

A progress bar. 45%

BACK TO SCENE

Uncontrolled mumbling.

One more letter locks in place.

And another.

More mumbling and whispering.

KATE

Ninety percent!

Deafening silence, shocked faces.

ON TV SCREEN

DAD IS COMING.

BACK TO SCENE

ATKINSON

Dad? Who's *dad*? *Whose* dad?

BLACK SUIT

Name and action.

LAMBERT

What?

BLACK SUIT

We asked him the wrong question.

ATKINSON

What the hell are you saying?

BLACK SUIT

He stated his name and his action.

Black Suit takes his moment. Intrigued, daydreams.

BLACK SUIT

Our question should have been *who are you, and what's your purpose, or something along these lines.*

ATKINSON

I will ask whatever I want, not whatever he expects me to ask!

Lambert points to Black Suit.

LAMBERT
 (to Atkinson)
 Arnold, let's do it right this
 time. Listen to him.

Atkinson backs off.

ATKINSON
 OK, what are you suggesting asking
 him this time?

Black Suit takes a deep breath.

BLACK SUIT
 He said he is coming. We need the
 reason, place and time.

LAMBERT
 The correct question would be
 what's the reason of your arrival?

KATE
 Or perhaps where are you going?

BLACK SUIT
 And when is the time of your
 arrival.

Atkinson looks OK with all these questions. He wants to know
 everything about the alien.

ATKINSON
 Yes, I need to know everything!

Atkinson stares at Eve.

ATKINSON
 Ask him! Ask him everything!

Kate's fingers work overtime.

KATE
 Loading questions sir. Initiating
 compilation sequence.

INT. SOME STUDIO APARTMENT - WASHINGTON - DAY

Adam shuts his eyes for a moment.

MURRAY
 How much time we still have?

MARTIN
Time for what?

ADAM
NASA intercepted the uplink.

MURRAY
Parker is already on his way to the White House. He was always looking for a reason to go after Atkinson. Now that he got one, he needs permission to raid his headquarters. And when he does, he will make Eve disappear for ever.

MARTIN
(to Adam)
I assume you already have a plan to rescue her.

ADAM
Indeed.

Adam opens his eyes, stares at Martin.

A rare moment without words.

MARTIN
You want me to break in and save her?

MURRAY
That's the plan. You can get in there without a fight.

MARTIN
Why risk my life over a robot?

Adam and Murray trade looks. Murray shoots an OK, looks like a confirmation nod or something.

A couple of keystrokes. Adam sounds more human than ever.

ADAM
She's more of a human than your cyborg ass will ever be. Plus...

Adam punches the enter key.

ADAM
She's your daughter.

Martin, looks in pain, another set of data transfers to his brain. His eyes forcefully shut.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. ATKINSON CORP - MEDICAL ROOM - FEW YEARS AGO - DAY

A high tech operating theater; lots of surgeons around the operating table.

Martin lies unconscious, his body full of drilled holes, looks like a butchered animal.

Atkinson, hands behind his back, in a medical outfit, stares at the operation procedure, stoic, a few feet behind.

The heart rate monitor shows no activity. The flat line sound is deafening.

SURGEON (50s), pauses, shoots a worried look at Atkinson.

SURGEON

Proceed with the installation?

ATKINSON

Proceed.

A few too many robotic parts, legs, arms, spine, roll into the room on a steel trolley. It draws the attention of everyone in there.

Kate enters, pile of papers in hand, approaches Atkinson.

KATE

The DNA sample is perfect.

Atkinson flips through the pages.

ATKINSON

Are you sure?

KATE

Yes sir.

ATKINSON

Perfect. Proceed.

KATE

(to the Doctor)

I need brain tissue, buccal swab, blood and saliva sample, PCR analysis.

A huge rolling state of the art incubator rushes in. A figure of a human newborn, body covered with some sort of transparent slime, robotic head, is seen inside. A bunch of technicians carrying a few too many cables, follow short.

DOCTOR
Log them in.

KATE
Initiating upload sequence.

Cables connect Martin's medical bed at the incubator.

Monitors work overtime; rolling screens of code rock the screens.

KATE
Deleting memory module.

In the incubator, a robotic arm emitting laser beams, shapes the body of a human; human organs, flesh, bones. Whatever was transparent, it's not anymore.

KATE
Synchronize AI transfer.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. SOME STUDIO APARTMENT - WASHINGTON - DAY

Martin is shocked. Feels weird, uncomfortable.

ADAM
Both me and my sister were created
using your own DNA.

Martin eyes Murray.

MURRAY
True.

Martin, speechless, walks right and left. Processes what he just heard. Tries hard to come to his senses.

ADAM
My memory backup is not entirely
compatible to the human coding. It
will take you a few seconds to come
around.

Martin breaths heavily. Recovers.

ADAM
We're running out of time.

MURRAY
Load it. Let's move.

Adam next to the computer, a few clicks, a loading screen. A countdown timer.

MARTIN
Wait! Load what?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SINCLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

Parker bolts into Sinclair's office. Sinclair wasn't expecting him.

PARKER
All that alien crap. That transmission came from earth. Atkinson and someone else.

Sinclair doesn't look surprised at all.

SINCLAIR
Yes.

PARKER
Did you hear what I just told you?

SINCLAIR
I did.

PARKER
And you're not surprised?

Sinclair eyes the ceiling.

SINCLAIR
Adam and Eve. You're after them all this time. Why?

Parker loses confidence. Gets defensive.

PARKER
These two AIs are so advanced, that they can run the whole world through the internet. I need them confined, under the government's supervision. It's a national security issue.

SINCLAIR

Is it?

PARKER

What do you mean? Of course it is!

SINCLAIR

Adam didn't do anything against us all this time around. Eve too. So, I'm curious, is this one of those personal crusades of yours, unlimited knowledge and power under your control, or is it something else?

Parker is out of words. Is Sinclair right?

PARKER

You're been misinformed. Adam is dead and Eve is US property. CIA stands on my side, we're going in.

SINCLAIR

I won't fight you over this. Do whatever you think is right. But if a single civilian gets hurt, I won't be the only one coming after you.

Parker, angry, walks away.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - DAY

All TVs flash uncontrollably.

ATKINSON

Is it ready? Upload it! Now!

KATE

Uploading melody sir. Two hundred and forty seconds to Mars.

Lambert is curious.

LAMBERT

Is that all it takes?

KATE

Yes sir, the signal is propagated as electromagnetic waves, traveling at the speed of light. Present distance to Mars divided by the

KATE
speed of light in vacuum obtains
four minutes sharp.

Eve shoots a devilish look at Atkinson. No one notices.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - THIRD FLOOR - COMPUTER ROOM - SAME TIME

A bunch of computers, Technician One's sits in his throne.
This is his personal playground.

He is on to something; overlapping windows roll down his
screen. He looks highly concerned.

He leans over another computer. A few keystrokes.

Moves to another.

Repeat.

Back to his computer.

He pauses, all shook up, eyes his screen.

He takes a step backwards, another pause.

TECHNICIAN ONE
(mumbles)
Fuck!

He rushes outside.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

The room is full, however so silent, you can listen to the
people breathing.

Technician One, like a sprinter, storms through the desks,
his eyes dart left and right like looking for someone. Yeah,
there's Rob, Technician One spotted him!

None of the employees dares to raise head and stare at the
running guy.

Technician One leans over Rob, catches his breath.

Rob gazes at him, highly concerned.

TECHNICIAN ONE
How did you fix that part of the
code that DoD sent us?

ROB
I recompiled it a few times using
one of our library editors, and the
errors just disappeared!

TECHNICIAN ONE
What library did you use?

ROB
CR-3. Root.

Technician One looks angry.

TECHNICIAN ONE
You compiled as root while on
Delta-three?

Rob gets it. Remains calm.

ROB
If the software didn't fix the
error, the who did it? No one can
hack the T-cells from an external
IP.

TECHNICIAN ONE
Of course not! But what about from
the inside?

ROB
What?

TECHNICIAN ONE
Not only that, but he's doing this
once again, right now!

ROB
Did you trace him?

Tension grows. Some employees dare to turn heads, stare at
the duo's vivid chat.

TECHNICIAN ONE
I cannot! Whoever he is, he has
direct access to both the server's
network communication chip and the
memory!

ROB
That means, he has access to Eve
too?

Technician One looks at Rob in shock, with the realization
of what he just heard.

Rob springs upwards, they both run outside.

A few heads dare to rise, stare at the duo running away.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - DAY

Anxious faces.

ATKINSON

What's going on? Why are we not receiving anything?

KATE

Nothing yet sir, uplink has finished.

LAMBERT

Give them time.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - OUTSIDE EVE'S ROOM - DAY

Multiple massive-sized guards, protect the entrance to Eve's room. No guns, not a single piece of metal on them, just police-type batons attached to their waists.

Rob and Technician One sprint to the door, the guards get on their way. Yeah, no one enters.

TECHNICIAN ONE

Open the door!

Nope, not gonna happen.

ROB

(frustrated)

We need to inform the boss! Open the door!

None of the guards looks impressed. GUARD THREE (50s), leader of the pack, takes a step forward.

GUARD THREE

The room is sealed. No one enters without authorization from Mr Atkinson himself.

TECHNICIAN ONE

You can't be serious! I'm the fucking computer administrator! I have fucking clearance! Open the door!

The guard's baton comes forward. That's a warning.

GUARD THREE

I don't care who you are sir, I
have orders. Now step back,
otherwise, I'll put you down. Both
of you!

Cockiness fades away. Technician One turns to Rob nods him a
let's-get-out-of-here look.

TECHNICIAN ONE

(to Rob)

Follow me!

INT. SOME STUDIO APARTMENT - WASHINGTON - DAY

The loneliness of a working computer.

A countdown timer on the screen.

The cables once attached to Martin's body, rest on the
floor. Everyone is gone.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - DAY

Kate eyes her laptop. Marvels.

KATE

We have a response!

Excited faces, dominated by anticipation.

ATKINSON

Download it! Play it!

KATE

It's downloading sir, it's
downloading!

INT. ATKINSON CORP - THIRD FLOOR - COMPUTER ROOM - SAME TIME

Technician One and Rob storm inside, take their seats.

TECHNICIAN ONE

I'll shut down the system. Try to
trace the signal!

ROB

Will try!

Both men rock their keyboards.

Technician One looks utterly frustrated.

TECHNICIAN ONE

He's on to us. He's blocking all access.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Overlapping windows.

Every single window, same message pops. *Access Denied.*

BACK TO SCENE

Rob shakes head.

ROB

No, no, that can't be! He's hacking me!

Technician One shoots Rob a worried look.

TECHNICIAN ONE

What?

ROB

He's hacking me! Some sort of a virus. I don't know!

Technician One's rolling chair slides to another computer.

TECHNICIAN ONE

Keep trying, stay on him!

Technician One types something, then explodes outside.

TECHNICIAN ONE

I'm going downstairs. Call me if you trace him.

EXT. ATKINSON CORP - MAIN GATE - DAY

A stream of black vans, lights blazing and sirens on full.

Guards are not impressed.

FBI agents storm our of the cars.

Guards bring their riffles forward.

Badges flashing.

Guards do not give a shit.

Agents unholster their guns. Tension grows.

Guard One sprints towards the gates. Calm, engages the FBI AGENT (40s) in charge.

GUARD ONE
What's this about?

FBI Agent flashes a warrant.

FBI AGENT
Open the gates.

GUARD ONE
We're in a lock down. No one gets
in. Or out.

FBI AGENT
Open the fucking gates or I will
run them over.

GUARD ONE
You can try, but you will fail.

More guns approach the entrance, more trigger happy guards, ready to engage. This is a war zone.

Parker gets out of a van, closes the distance on Guard One.

PARKER
(to the FBI Agent)
I'll take it from here.

Parker gets next to Guard One. His belly meets the riffle's barrel.

PARKER
I'm going in, one way or another.

GUARD ONE
If I were you, I would try,
another!

Parker looks lost in thought. Grins in despair.

A few guards talk through their radios.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - DAY

One of the screens flashes uncontrollably. Beeping sound.

EVE
Decryption initiated.

ATKINSON
Run it!

KATE
On speaker sir.

Anxious faces, everyone stares at the speakers.

/MUSIC CUE: DIMASH KUDAIBERGEN'S COVER OF SINFUL PASSION

Mary shuts her eyes.

Atkinson flickers awake, disoriented.

Lambert permits himself a smile.

Black suit, gets closer to the speaker.

Eve clenches her fists! No one notices.

A monitor at the back. A wheel of fortune. Spins non stop.
No eyes stare at that monitor.

ON SCREEN

Progress bars fill up like crazy.

Human behavior 100%

Human emotions 100%

Human feelings 80%

Human personality traits 40%

Human interaction 30%

Human social networks 20%

More bars.

BACK TO SCENE

Eve smirks.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

Five scientists, Scientist One among them.

Scientist One gazes at his monitor. The same list as the one inside Eve's room.

Shocked, shoots glances left and right.

SCIENTIST ONE

No, not again!

The other four scientists, worried looks, don't get it.

SCIENTIST ONE

Sound the fucking alarm!

EXT. ATKINSON CORP - A FEW METERS AWAY THE MAIN GATE - DAY

Martin and Adam stand stoic on the sidewalk.

Lots of people walk by them. Like time has paused, they don't care about them. Martin stares at the gates.

Martin moves his palm, grabs Adam's hand.

Adam feels Martin's touch, responds.

Adam eyes Martin.

ADAM

I'm feeling weird.

Martin counters Adam's look.

MARTIN

Greater love has no one than this;
to lay down one's life for one's
friend. Or one's son.

ADAM

John fifteen thirteen.

MARTIN

Promise me. Don't get caught.

Adam, worried face, nods an OK.

MARTIN

And I hope I don't die again.

ADAM

Not to worry. I hacked your
deactivation protocol.

Martin smirks, bolts to the gates.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - DAY

Everyone looks fascinated by the music. It's like a travel
into the surreal.

EXT. ATKINSON CORP - MAIN GATE - DAY

The alarm sounds. The guards and the FBI agents shoot
curious and worried looks at the building.

Martin walks through the agents. Gets to the gates.

Guard One spots him, lets him go through. Rest of the guards
part like the red the sea in Martin's presence.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - LOBBY - DAY

Lobby is nothing but guards.

Evacuation is in progress.

Martin poses for a moment as a flower delivery boy. Eyes the
guards, their weapons, the people running left and right,
the available space in between.

He winds his way through the armed guards, "shoulder
surfing", watching them getting ready for war or something.

Martin cruises through the beeping metal detector.

Guard Two, ready to say something..

Martin shoots a '*do you know who the fuck I am*' look at him.

Guard Two chokes his frustration, says nothing.

Martin heads to the elevator.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - MAIN ELEVATOR - DAY

Keys are in place. The guards await Martin's command.

MARTIN

Boss.

The two guards turn their keys. GUARD FOUR (40s) does not.

GUARD FOUR

Underground floor is in lock down
sir. I need authorization.

Martin's fist explodes, crashes his face.

MARTIN

Anyone else need authorization?

The two guards still standing, want nothing of this. They run away.

Martin turns the third key, door shuts.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

Phone rings.

Scientist One answers the call.

ROB (V.O.)

He's hacking us from down there.

Scientist One freezes.

Stands up. Eyes Eve's room.

SCIENTIST ONE

Down where?

ROB (V.O.)

It's Eve!

Phone slides off his hands. Scientist One is paralyzed with fear. He got it.

SCIENTIST ONE

No fucking way!

Through the glass, Eve gazes at Scientist One, like she's able to see through.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - OUTSIDE THE SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

Martin stands by the door. His face, determined. Eyes dart left and right between the surveillance room and the door to Eve's room.

MARTIN
 (to the scientists in the
 surveillance room)
 Open it.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - DAY

Decryption completed.

/END MUSIC

Mary, eyes wide shut, stills sways to the song's rhythm.

ATKINSON
 What's the message about? Where is
 it?

Kate eyes Eve.

KATE
 Eve?

Eve shoots a sly look at Atkinson.

EVE
 Message says..

Atkinson is all ears.

EVE
 The show must go on.

Curious faces turn utterly worried, the moment the door unlocks, opens slowly.

ATKINSON
 Show? What show?

It's Martin!

LAMBERT
 What is this?

ATKINSON
What the hell?

MARTIN
(to Eve)
Time to go.

ATKINSON
Go? Go where?

Mary eyes Martin. Martin nods a *thank you*. She responds with a smile.

Eve does not hesitate, gets next to Martin.

Lambert grabs Eve's arm, tries to hold her back.

A ferocious body kick from Martin blasts Lambert against the wall. Monitors shatter.

Shocked faces follow.

Martin offers his palm to Eve. She gladly accepts it.

MARTIN
(to Mary)
Get out.

Mary bolts away. Martin and Eve follow.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

Monitors go crazy. Someone is hacking them. Everything is being deleted.

No one is present to even try and stop this.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - OUTSIDE THE SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

The door to Eve's room shuts behind Martin and Eve. Locks.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - DAY

Atkinson thrusts his fists upon the glass.

ATKINSON
Open the door! Sound the alarm!

LAMBERT
Help! Somebody help us!

ATKINSON
Don't let them out!

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

/MUSIC CUE: DIMASH KUDAIBERGEN'S COVER OF SHOW MUST GO ON

Martin walks inside.

A red button on the wall.

Martin punches it.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - UNDERGROUND - EVE'S ROOM - DAY

Smoke erupts from the walls.

Chaos and desperation dominates those inside.

EXT. ATKINSON CORP - MAIN GATE - DAY

Anger and frustration fades away, as the thundering noise of two choppers approaching alerts the instincts of both the guards and the CIA agents.

TO THE DISTANCE

Two Blackhawks appear out of nowhere, hover sixty feet above Adam's place.

Rappelling ropes deploy from both the choppers.

Rangers prepare. Legs swing, knees flexing. They jump.

AT THE GATES

Parker eyes Adam stunned. He recognizes him. Eyes bulge!

TO THE DISTANCE

Four rangers secure Adam's perimeter. M4s deploy.

Another four rangers storm towards the gates.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - MAIN ELEVATOR - DAY

Martin and Eve side by side, trade joyful looks.

Martin gets a full face mask out of his pocket. His lips form a *trust me* whisper.

INT. ATKINSON CORP - LOBBY - DAY

Smoke is everywhere.

Chaos runs around the lobby following the armed guards and the rest of the people still evacuating the building.

Eve with the mask on, Martin pushes her behind him.

Martin takes a step forward.

Few of the guards spot him through all that smoke.

Hesitant at first, they attack!

Martin, unconcerned, storms over them with punches and kicks. Enraged, breaks arms and skulls.

A handful of guards go for Eve, fail miserably. Martin blasts them away.

More and more guards are knocked down unconscious.

Martin and Eve proceed to the building exit.

The first bullet launches away.

And another.

Martin hugs Eve, protects her with his body.

Some of the bullets find their way to Martin's back. He looks in pain, but his face is so determined, he pays no attention to the bullets whatsoever.

EXT. ATKINSON CORP - MAIN GATE - DAY

Bleeding badly, Eve into his arms, Martin exits the building.

TO THE DISTANCE

Adam eyes Eve, smiles.

AT THE GATES

Parker, furious, screams right and left, finger-points at Martin and Eve. Shouts orders.

An M4's butt shuts his mouth.

Rangers get to Martin, escort him all the way to the chopper.

None of the CIA agents look willing to engage the battle-ready rangers.

Rangers push through the crowd.

Martin and Eve get next to Adam.

They all hop into the chopper.

TO THE CHOPPER

Murray sits there, stoic, helps all three to get in there.

Rotor blades to the max. Blackhawks fly away.

Clinging to the ropes, the Rangers winch up to the helicopter.

EXT. SOME BEACH ON AN ISLAND - FEW DAYS LATER - DAY

A tiny isolated island.

A single beach house surrounded by cliffs and lots of soft white sand.

To the shore, two kids run left and right, enjoy the turquoise colored water.

NEXT TO THE BEACH HOUSE

Murray and John, happy and calm faces, stare at Adam and Eve playing like usual children.

TO THE DISTANCE

Martin, Hawaiian outfit, approaches John slowly.

NEXT TO THE BEACH HOUSE

Murray spots Martin.

A big smile and a handshake follows with John.

Murray paces away.

John eyes Martin.

TO THE DISTANCE

Martin increases pace. Beelines for John.

NEXT TO THE BEACH HOUSE

John looks stunned. Recognizes Martin.

The brothers get next to each other. A strong hug!

/END MUSIC

FADE OUT.