

A soul's plea for help

by

Gerasimos Rozis

33 Iou Street
26335 Patras, Greece
+306932482829
mrozis@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - SOMEWHERE OVER AFRICA - NIGHT

Illuminated by the eerie red glow of the low flying chopper's night lights, six COMMANDOS, fully armed, painted faces dominated by adrenaline and determination, make last minute adjustments to their gear.

ALEX MURPHY (30s), the big boss, chews his gum like he's just two seconds away from killing someone.

PILOT's voice, on radio.

PILOT (V.O.)
Three clicks from drop zone.

ALEX MURPHY
(radio)
Roger that.

Alex Murphy stands up.

ALEX MURPHY
OK boys, we go in, secure the
package, we move out in no time.

Beeping lights suggest they're close to target.

ALEX MURPHY
Weather stinks tonight, but marines
do not care about the night, cold,
rain or fear. Stay close, stay
safe, do your job, watch your six,
and tomorrow we'll be back home for
our beers.

Determined faces, the commandos bolt upwards, stretch bodies. Weapons lock on their backs..

The helicopter hovers, rappelling lines deploy, dive through the trees, crash to the ground below. It's their stairway to hell..

The moonlight glows strong, the rain eases its wrath.

The first two commandos pivot on the skid, jump out.

Their descent looks flawless, no jerky stops, they have done this a thousand times.

A textbook rappelling.

(CONTINUED)

TO THE GROUND

They touch the ground, feet land deep into the mud.

Perimeter is secured.

Rest of the team follows suit.

They swiftly clear the ropes, storm away in the dark.

The chopper flies away.

EXT. JUNGLE - SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA - NIGHT

A tiny gps screen turns on.

Whisper mode is on.

The team lies down to the ground, a huge tree trunk provides all the cover they need.

COMMANDO #1

Half a click north-east. No heat signatures anywhere close boss. Looks clear.

ALEX MURPHY

Make no mistake gentlemen, this is no green beret. He's trained, he's prepared and he's expecting us.

COMMANDO #2

However, we ask questions first, shoot later?

ALEX MURPHY

If he refuses to come along, we call it in, wait for further orders. Is that clear?

The commandos silently agree.

Alex Murphy turns on his helmet's camera.

They sprint towards the target area.

INT. DOMCORP - CONTROL ROOM - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

Huge monitors, computers, communication gadgets, and various other high-tech equipment infest the surroundings.

To the middle of the room, a BOY (18) in a mild acne face and a soldier's uniform, looks in control of everything. He looks like playing a computer game, however this is not some cheap hardware, this is the real deal.

Like a vault, the huge steel door at his back, suggests this is also a highly restricted-top secret facility.

Headphones on, he rocks his keyboard unstoppably.

BOY
(to his microphone)
Fifty meters to target. Moving in.

Satellite images follow the commandos. Six dots moving towards a small house.

Linked to Alex Murphy's camera, one of the monitors broadcasts the ongoing operation.

EXT. CABIN - SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA - NIGHT

A small wooden shelter stands impossibly at the edge of the cliff. At first sight it looks deserted, but the smoke coming out the chimney suggests otherwise.

The commandos get ready to break in.

Alex Murphy gives the green light.

One by one the commandos storm inside.

INT. CABIN - SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA - NIGHT

No doubt this is some farmer's cabin from the forties; the only thing that doesn't really fit in such a place, is the laptop next to the fireplace, working overtime, thousand lines of code rolling like crazy.

Within the sofa in front of the fireplace, a man in a tank top smoking his cigar, glass of wine next to him.

The commandos develop silently around the sitting duck.

(CONTINUED)

Meet MARTIN BARNS (40s), a grave face with a huge scar below his eye, a bear of a man who doesn't simply give a fuck about anything. His thousand yard stare at the fire says all you need to know about him.

The commandos pause. Six guns against Martin's skull.

ALEX MURPHY

Commander, I'm major Alex Murphy,
United States army. I have orders
to take you back home with me..

Martin, is really more of a machine than just a human, or an animal. No sneaking upon him, no stealth, no surprise, nothing actually works on him.

MARTIN

It doesn't matter who you are
major.

Martin gently kills his cigar.

He stands up. Slowly.

Highly alert, the commandos are ready to open fire.

MARTIN

You and your boys will be dead
shortly.

Murphy wears his silliest grin.

ALEX MURPHY

I don't think so.

Martin shakes his head. Looks sad. That's the only emotion you will ever get from this guy.

Martin shoots a look at his laptop.

MARTIN

I'm not coming with you Major. That
means, you have sixty seconds to
call it in, and then, run for your
life. Else, you will die, I assure
you.

The commandos trade worried looks. Is this guy for real?

Alex Murphy goes for his radio comm. Before he speaks a single word..

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN
(mumbles)
That was a big mistake.

Unimpressed, Alex Murphy speaks to the radio.

ALEX MURPHY
(radio comm)
This is Red-six. Have confirmation
on the package. Unwilling to
comply. Please advise.

SOLDIER (V.O.)
Red-six confirm. Please standby.

Arms to the face, Martin rubs his eyes in despair.

MARTIN
You just lost forty.

ALEX MURPHY
Forty?

MARTIN
Seconds.

A beeping noise from COMMANDO #3's communication device,
disrupts the increasing tension. A check, and another.

Alex Murphy, curious, shoots a look at Commando #3.

ALEX MURPHY
What?

Commando #3 nearly leaps off his skin.

COMMANDO #3
(worried)
Major, we lost comm.

ALEX MURPHY
So, get it back.

Commando #3 retires his rifle, furiously punches buttons on
his comm device.

COMMANDO #3
Nothing, it's dead!

Utterly worried faces trade looks.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

Told you.

INT. DOMCORP - CONTROL ROOM - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

The soldier's chair slides to another desk. A fighter jets' control panel, joysticks and everything, a black and white pilot's display, the view of the cabin within. This is the flight control panel of a military drone, probably a reaper.

The Boy controls the reaper. Target is locked.

BOY

(radio comm)

Locked on target, requesting
authorization.

Soldier takes him moment. Toggles switches.

No matter his young age and the consequences of his actions, this is just a game for him. Or just his duty.

BOY

(radio comm)

Hellfires fired away.

A couple of missiles dive down the cabin.

The countdown begins.

BOY

(radio comm)

Ten, nine, eight..

INT. CABIN - SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA - NIGHT

The incoming missiles' WHOOSH draws everyone's attention. Guns lower, heads snap upwards.

MARTIN

Who gave you the order?

Commando #1 looks stunned by the increasing hissing noise. Like he can actually see the incoming missile..

COMMANDO #1

AGM one-one-four. It's ours!

Alex Murphy eyes Martin, studies his face, burns it into memory. He is curious.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX MURPHY

Who are you?

Martin looks at Murphy in shame, with the realization of what it's going to happen.

MARTIN

Who gave you the order?

EXT. CABIN - SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA - NIGHT

A huge explosion turns night into a day.

Missiles do their job. Fire, death and destruction.

A cloud of smoking debris and mud follows the deafening noise of the explosion.

Even the trees hundred meters away stagger to the blow. There is no way anyone in there survived.

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

With the serenest of faces, EVE (20s), her mouth a straight line, eyes wide shut, sits deep into her couch in her red fancy dress, in what appears to be a state of the art safe room, or just some hi-tech prison cell. Her pale and innocent black face indicates that she's not someone 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, suggest that someone is always watching.

The steel blast door opens firmly, KATE (30s), white lab dress, porcelain skin, lips as red as a nineteen fifties movie star, skinny legs, carries a plastic food serving tray, 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.

(CONTINUED)

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?

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 change theme.

Various sketches of the galaxy and numerous scientific data
rock the first screen, pictures of Greek mythology blast the
second. The images slash across the screen, information
flashes faster than we read.

The only thing clear enough, is a progress bar. 1%.

A moment later.. 2%.

Eve shuts her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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 on 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 COLLINS (40s), utterly relaxed, pets her keyboard. Another day at the office.

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

They speak over the radio.

COLLINS
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!

(CONTINUED)

PEAKS (V.O.)
Two more minutes.

DOE
Take your time Jean Paul, 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?

COLLINS
Twenty seven minutes.

Brooks' worried face does not match his sarcasm.

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

EXT. SPACE - ZEUS - DAY

Jean Paul pauses. Eyes his camera.

He performs like an actor, drinks a pint of beer.

PEAKS
Yeasty and cold? Sure!

INT. SPACE - ZEUS - DAY

Doe checks his screen, stares at Jean Paul's drinking
imitation. He breaks his serious face. A smile?

BROOKS
Perhaps some music too?

On the console, a blinking green light.

COLLINS
Incoming message.

(CONTINUED)

DOE
Punch it.

Collins punches a couple of buttons.

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

Why do I live, why do I die

The three astronauts share a rare moment without words.

Why do I laugh, why do I cry

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

Here is the S.O.S. of an earthling in distress

Collins wears her silliest grin.

COLLINS
What song is this?

I've never had my feet on Earth

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

I would rather be a bird, I feel bad in my own skin

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

I would like to see the world upside down

If it could be more beautiful

BROOKS
French? Wow!

More beautiful from above!

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

EXT. SPACE - ZEUS - DAY

I've always confused life

Jean Paul's hands come to a stop. What is happening?

With childish fantasies

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

I feel the need for a metamorphosis, I sense something strange

PEAKS

French opera?

That pulls me, pulls me, pulls me upwards!

PEAKS

That song.. Where did you dig that up?

In the big lottery of the universe

BROOKS (V.O.)

It's not us, it's NASA!

I didn't pull the right number

PEAKS

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

INT. SPACE - ZEUS - DAY

I feel bad in my own skin

Collins punches some buttons.

COLLINS

Thank you Houston, but Peaks is done already!

If it could ever be more beautiful, better from above

No response from the other side of the radio.

From above!

Collins looks worried. Toggles switches, one more try.

(CONTINUED)

COLLINS
Houston this is Major Collins. Do
you receive?

Still nothing.

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

DOE
This is flight Commander George
Doe. Houston do you receive?

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

Why do I live, Why do I die

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

Why do I laugh, why do I cry

Dazzling sparks fly around the crew.

COLLINS
The music?

INT. NASA - MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

The Nasa Guy grimaces.

NASA GUY
Music, what music?

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, t-shirt with an alien logo, 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.

I think I'm receiving waves coming from another world

(CONTINUED)

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

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

Collins is already up to it.

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

Brooks dives away.

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

Collins rocks her controllers, toggles switches.

INT. NASA - MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

I never had both feet on earth

The Nasa Guy is shocked.

If it could ever be more beautiful

Full of amazement, he stands up, eyes EDWARDS (60s) at the back seats; he's a lonesome gent, face clean shaven, salt and pepper gray hair, utterly serious. This is the Director.

Their eyes meet.

Instinctively, the Nasa Guy toggles a switch. On speaker.

More beautiful seen from above, from above!

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

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

If it'd ever be more beautiful

Every single face snaps backwards, stares at Edwards.

Hush, child, sleep.

/END MUSIC

Edwards bolts away, disappears.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - VIRGINIA - FEW DAYS LATER
- DAY

Drops of rain bigger than colossal hailstones, coming down just as hard..

Rifles target the sky, MARINES brave rain.

Shots fired.

Other than that, the funeral is a PREACHER (70s) and JOE MURPHY (40s), Alex's brother. Hopeless grief in a black suit, military haircut, Joe holds a gaze more fearsome than a tiger.

Joe waits patiently for the preacher to finish his job.

A flag changes hands, Joe lowers head, out of respect.

Marines eyes the coffin, formally salute the fallen.

This is the end.

Joe walks away.

TO THE DISTANCE

Two black jeeps stoically anticipate Joe.

HELEN MANDS (40s), a stunning redhead with a devilish look and a flawless skin, men's suit, FBI badge on her waist, hands crossed in front of her with a paper file in them, stands next to the first jeep, stares at Joe. Just like Martin, another too good to be true human.

Joe closes the distance. He heads for the second jeep..

Helen intercepts Joe.

HELEN
Joe Murphy?

JOE
Who's asking?

HELEN
Helen Mands, FBI.

Helen swings the paper file, draws Joe's attention.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN
Have a minute?

Joe's eyes dart back and forth between Helen and his brother's grave.

JOE
Not really.

HELEN
This will only take a moment.
Please follow me.

JOE
Listen, agent. I just buried my
brother. And I need a drink. Maybe
later.

Helen spares no time. So straightforward..

HELEN
How did he die?

Joe, stunned, trades looks with Helen. A rare moment without words. At least she got his attention.

JOE
(curious)
Who's asking? You or the FBI?

HELEN
Me.

JOE
You knew my brother?

HELEN
No.

There's a clumsy pause as if Joe challenges himself to say something, but he sets his jaw, says nothing.

HELEN
But I know who killed him.

Dazzling sparks fly around Joe.

JOE
What did you say?

HELEN
You heard me.

Anxious, Joe nears Helen.

(CONTINUED)

Rain eases its wrath.

HELEN

Let's have that drink, I'm buying.
Then we talk.

Helen jumps in the driver's seat.

Joe shoots a curious look at her, follows her to the car.

EXT. DOMCORP - WASHINGTON - DAY

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

Heavily armed GUARDS in Kevlar vests and black limos all around, suggest serious business and big money.

Lots of SUITS and LAB ROBES pour in and out of the main entrance; it's evident that a dress code applies.

INT. DOMCORP - FIRST FLOOR - WASHINGTON - DAY

Glass and marble dominate the walls. Domcorp logo everywhere around. Luxury beyond compare.

The whole floor is a long corridor, a handrail ramp and three UNARMED GUARDS.

A YOUNG MALE (25), buzz cut and sad face, build of a former athlete, prepares for his long walk on the ramp. At first sight, his short pants do not reveal his 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 (30s) laptop, that lies on a high-tech steel trolley next to him.

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

NURSE

One step at a time. You can do
this!

The Young male 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.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

It's not your body that fails, it's
your mind. Shut 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.

TO 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.

The Young man opens his eyes, a tear escapes his eye.

NURSE

Let's finish this.

He nods in affirmation.

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

First two, the Young guy waddles left and right, a lot.

Nurse punches buttons.

(CONTINUED)

Next two, less waddling.

One more button.

Last three steps, look flawless.

One of the Guards rolls a wheelchair.

The Young guy sits.

NURSE

Two more days, and you're going home.

The Young guy is out of words. He grabs the nurse's palm, a kiss follows.

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

NURSE

Don't thank me.

Nurse points to the company's logo on the wall.

NURSE

He always takes care of his men!

The guard drives the wheelchair away.

INT. BAR - WASHINGTON - DAY

Square tables with glass tops, Picasso-like prints framed on the walls, slow turning ceiling fans. The absence of any patrons, plus the bored-to-death BARTENDER (50s) reading the news, suggests the bar is not open, at least not just yet.

Helen and Joe walk inside.

HELEN

(to the bartender)
Scotch on the rocks.

Helen's fingers, signal two of them.

Bartender retires his newspaper, eyes his wristwatch.

BARTENDER

Sorry, we have not opened yet.

With a brisk move, Helen shows off her badge.

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

Oh, I'm sorry ma'am. Right away.

Helen chooses the most isolated table in there, sits down.
Joe follows suit.

The paper file slides over the table. Joe's eyes bulge.

HELEN

What did they tell you about your
brother's death?

Joe chooses his words carefully. He looks like he doesn't
trust Helen yet. Hesitant at first, he opens the file.

JOE

Some classified operation. Iran. He
fell into a trap. Killed on site.

Helen shakes head.

HELEN

You saw the body?

JOE

No. A bullet crashed his skull.
They didn't let me..

Drinks arrive.

Helen reaches for her drink, bottoms up.

Scotch burns her throat, a grimace, Helen hates scotch.

HELEN

(to the bartender)

Another.

Both Joe and Bartender are stunned.

Bartender paces back to the bar.

Helen extends her arm, grabs a picture from the file.

HELEN

No bullet to the skull can do this.

A black and white photo of six burned to death bodies,
almost turned to ashes, no sign of skin anywhere upon them.

Joe eyes the photo. Can't really tell if he's just
frustrated, or really angry.

(CONTINUED)

JOE
(mumbles)
Where was this photo..

Helen interrupts Joe abruptly.

HELEN
Somewhere in Eastern Africa, Kenya
I think, two days ago.

Joe is speechless.

Helen stuffs her palm in her inner pocket, a dog tag reveals. She hands it over to Joe.

HELEN
You can trust me, Joe.

Joe rubs the tag with his fingers, reads the name on it. With a trembling voice..

JOE
Alex Murphy.

Helen's second drink arrives.

HELEN
(to the bartender)
Leave us.

Bartender nods in affirmation.

Helen drains her glass, one more bottoms up.

JOE
Tell me everything.

Helen takes a deep breath, gazes at Joe.

HELEN
Four years ago, one of the greatest marines ever lived, Martin Barns, went on a three-days mission in Egypt. It appeared to be a standard op, but all that returned from him, was a body dressed in a flag and a spine beyond recognition. Initial report stated that Martin's team was ambushed, no one survived. But I knew better, there was no trap, even the smartest brain on this planet wouldn't stand a chance against Martin. So, I did some research on my own.

(CONTINUED)

Joe tastes his drink. Looks interested in Helen's story.

HELEN

I knew all the boys in Martin's previous teams but I knew none of the guys who went on that mission. When I checked on them, they shared one thing in common. No wives, no kids, no families at all. They didn't even have any contact info in case they go missing, die.

JOE

What does this have to do with my brother?

HELEN

General Kron, has planned, supervised and executed fourteen missions during the last three years. All fourteen operations failed, seventy eight marines died in total. No one talks about this, no one ever will. And Kron is still a General.

JOE

Who's Kron?

HELEN

Alex's boss.

Joe flips through the pages. So much info in there, he looks like daydreaming.

JOE

What are you really implying?

HELEN

Kron sent those men to the meat grinder, I just don't know the reason, what they were after. But Kron is responsible for their deaths. And you, you can help me take him down.

JOE

You're the FBI. Why do you need my help?

HELEN

Last time I talked about this to my boss, I was suspended, sent behind

(CONTINUED)

HELEN
a desk, sitting all day long in a
windowless room, doing nothing.

Joe stretches his neck. Doesn't really know what to do, even
the whole story is for real.

HELEN
You can help me find what happened
to our men Joe. What happened to
Martin and your brother.

Helen's words ring something deep in Joe's brain.

JOE
What exactly are you asking of me?

Helen wears her silliest grin.

HELEN
I need access to Domcorp.

Joe flickers awake, disoriented.

JOE
Why Domcorp?

Helen grabs two black and white photos from the paper file.
They are surveillance camera shots, one with Martin, the
second with Alex.

Helen's finger pins the first photo.

HELEN
That's Martin. Four years ago.
Twenty four hours before he flies
to Somalia.

Second photo.

HELEN
That's your brother. Six days ago.

Joe stares at the photos.

HELEN
(confident and determined)
You are a former marine. You have
no family, no girlfriend, you can't
have kids.

Joe is curious.

JOE
How do you know all this?

HELEN
Doesn't matter.

JOE
And what does?

HELEN
Domcorp is recruiting as we speak.

JOE
Recruiting what exactly? These guys
deal with some kind of robotic
technology, prosthetic human parts,
for wounded veterans.

Helen's face turns serious.

HELEN
Do they?

EXT. US EMBASSY - NIGERIA - DAY

More than hundred PROTESTERS fifty meters away the gates.
Flags and bodies move in unison.

The EMBASSY GUARDS are in high alert.

Within the crowd, one man does not move; Martin, stoic, eyes
the embassy, watches every single move of the guards. The
absence of the scar on his face is far more strange than the
fact that he is alive..

Martin prepares for his move.

Draws his pistol.

Shoots in the air, twice.

He beelines for the embassy.

Chaos! The protesters sprint right and left for dear life,
part like the red sea at the sight of Martin's gun.

The guards raise their riffles, target Martin. They look
ready to open fire.

Guards scream their guts out; *On your knees, drop the gun,*
among many other orders.

(CONTINUED)

Martin obeys. He gently rests his pistol to the ground, lies flat on the ground, belly down.

The gates open, two guards storm outside, approach Martin. Martin places his palms behind his back, he looks aware of what is coming.

Knees land on Martin's back, handcuffs take position.

The guards carry Martin inside the embassy.

INT. NASA - MAIN BRIEFING ROOM - WASHINGTON - 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 rest in the middle.

A huge motorized screen deploys.

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

Senior analyst SOLOMON (40s), one of NASA's best, storms inside. He trades worried looks with Edwards.

Deafening 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 directly from this facility. However, we didn't really send such a message.

The high ranked MILITARY OFFICER (60s) wastes no time. He wants to show everyone else that he is in charge.

MILITARY OFFICER

Who did it?

(CONTINUED)

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 (50s) is stunned.

WHITE HOUSE ADVISER

Last time I checked, Opportunity fall 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. Mumbling restarts.

(CONTINUED)

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
was originally 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. 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. It's the CIA
GUY's (50s) turn to jump in.

CIA GUY

How did they gain access to the
rover?

(CONTINUED)

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), a
passionate alien-addict, screams her guts out.

SETI LADY

Gentlemen, listen! 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? Like a
comic book? In the great lottery of
the universe?

The 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 on!
It's them!

Another round of speechless and shocked faces.

SETI LADY

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,

(CONTINUED)

SETI LADY
everything about it! And now, they
decided to answer back to us! 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!

The CIA GUY shuts her down.

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

SETI LADY
Where does it say robot? Where..

The Military Officer interrupts her abruptly.

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 by 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.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - FIVE YEARS AGO -
DAY

Eve's room looks unchanged since the first time we were in
there. The only difference is 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.

Martin sits in the second chair.

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

(CONTINUED)

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 turn off.

KATE
Good morning sunshines!

EVE
Good morning Doctor.

MARTIN
Good morning Doctor.

KATE
You both did great last night.

EVE
Thank you Doctor.

MARTIN
Thank you Doctor.

KATE
Hungry? Thirsty?

EVE
Always.

MARTIN
As always.

Eve and Martin grab the pills, slide them down their throats. A taste of water clears their throats.

KATE
So, what follows an impeccable job,
is always a prize. Time for you to
collect it.

A screen turns on, a list with the alphabet's twenty six letters appears.

KATE
Choose anything.

Eve and Martin trade looks; like they're able to talk with their eyes instead of their mouths..

MARTIN
Perhaps let luck decide for us this
time?

Eve keeps her poker face on.

EVE
I can't seem to comprehend what
luck actually is. Various
definitions, multiple theories,

(CONTINUED)

EVE
even more testimonies. Both
overlapping and conflicting at the
same time.

Kate looks curious.

KATE
(to Eve)
Care to elaborate please?

EVE
Luck is a purposeless,
unpredictable and uncontrollable
force that shapes events favorably
or unfavorably for an individual,
group or cause. I cannot sense that
force.

MARTIN
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.

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

Eve looks skeptical. Looks unable to process Martin's words.

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

MARTIN
Eve cannot identify the difference
between chance and randomness.

Kate catches Adam's smirk. She grimaces.

(CONTINUED)

Eve apathetic..

KATE

Martin wins, wheel of fortune it
is.

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

Eve and Martin shut their eyes.

Kate looks dubious, eyes the screen.

ON TV SCREEN

The screen flashes.

A list of songs pour 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 that no one is ever
getting out.

END FLASHBACK.

INT./EXT. CAR - OUTSIDE DOMCORP - WASHINGTON - DAY

Parked a hundred meters away the gates, Helen's jeep lurks; Helen and Joe have a vivid chat.

HELEN

Ten years ago, this company was nothing. Since Atkinson took over, its contracts with the government skyrocketed not just the company's income, but also its prestige. Today, when the military has a problem, first name on their list, it's Atkinson. High tech weapons, IT support, black ops with the involvement of mercenaries.

Joe's eyes dart left and right between Helen and the Domcorp building.

HELEN

But nothing of these would ever happen, if it wasn't for their *Edem* project.

JOE

Edem?

HELEN

Artificial intelligence. They actually built it.

A funny grimace, Joe is all ears.

HELEN

A human robot, a cyborg, an actual living organism with access to the most powerful computer systems. An entity with no limitations, but also none of the deficiencies of human kind. No sadness, no fear, no anger. She's fast, intelligent, effective. More powerful than anyone's wildest dreams. And everything else, is just a cover.

Joe is not a believer.

JOE

Fascinating theory. Still, what about my brother, or your guy? Martin.

A paper file, labeled FBI comes to surface.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Just before Martin goes on that mission, there was an incident in Domcorp. Something went terribly wrong, alarms went crazy, local police, FBI, the army, they all came to the rescue. Atkinson said that there was a fire and they contained it somehow, but, there were no fire trucks. I was there, no smoke, no nothing. Just multiple gunshots, I could hear them, it was a war zone in there. And when they ceased fire, Kron entered, his team came out with a single body bag, and they disappeared before we go in. We found no blood, no bullet shells, no nothing.

JOE

You didn't answer my question. What about my brother?

HELEN

Since then, Kron and Atkinson work together, they execute missions around the world, they're obviously looking for something. In one of those missions, your brother died. In vein. Because no man has ever returned alive from these.

Joe shakes head.

JOE

So, you want me to go in, apply for a job, and join one of their missions?

HELEN

Exactly. Once they tell you where to go, you let me know.

Joe grins, loves the challenge.

JOE

So, where do I apply?

HELEN

You have already applied. Your interview starts in ten minutes.

Joe looks surprised.

(CONTINUED)

JOE
OK, let's just say they take me in,
what happens next?

HELEN
I'll handle it.

JOE
You will handle it?

Joe and Helen trade looks. A rare moment without words.

Joe, grave, opens the door. Gets out.

He looks over and catches Helen's eye.

He walks off, shaking his head.

Helen looks struck by the image of Joe, strong and resolute,
hammering away. She shuts her eyes, rubs them with her
fingers.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - FIVE YEARS AGO -
DAY

Martin and Eve have their usual meal, a pill and a glass of
water and that is all.

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

KATE
So, what would you like to learn
today?

EVE
Anything is acceptable.

MARTIN
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.

(CONTINUED)

Human behavior wedge.

Progress bar. 5%.

15%.

40%.

Bar sprints like never before.

BACK TO SCENE

Door locks.

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S CONTROL ROOM - WASHINGTON - FIVE YEARS
AGO - DAY

Lots of computer screens monitor Martin and Eve.

FIVE SCIENTISTS, lab suits, watch everything.

Kate walks by them.

SCIENTIST #1 (40s), a workaholic who constantly seeks for
recognition, moves his head forward, brings it closer to the
screen. He dares to speak a couple of words.

SCIENTIST #1
That's interesting!

Kate amazed by the scientist's behavior..

KATE
What's interesting?

SCIENTIST #1
Specimen one. He is going through
the restricted categories.

The other scientists exchange looks in disbelief.

KATE
Did you change the learning
protocol?

SCIENTIST #1
No Ma'am I did not!

Kate eyes one of the surveillance camera screens.

ON SURVEILLANCE SCREEN

Martin sleeps.

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO SCENE

KATE

Show me.

Scientist #1 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 #1's screen and the surveillance screen.

ON SURVEILLANCE SCREEN

Martin sleeps.

BACK TO SCENE

Kate's eyes flicker away, disoriented.

KATE

Which database are these loaded
from?

Scientist #1's fingers work overtime. Another screen loads.

SCIENTIST #1

Seven slash two.

KATE

Can't be, that's locked.

SCIENTIST #1

No, it is not.

SCIENTIST TWO (40s) points at his screen.

(CONTINUED)

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

Martin gazes straight at the camera.

A devilish look.

And a smirk.

BACK TO SCENE

Kate looks terrified. Martin's look gives her the creeps.

SCIENTIST #1 (V.O.)
Honesty and integrity?

SCIENTIST #2
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

(CONTINUED)

Martin'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 #1

Emergency protocol activated.
Locking down now.

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

KATE

Secure specimen two.

SCIENTIST #2

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

KATE

(furious)

Punch it!

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - FIVE YEARS AGO -
DAY

Alarms scream enraged.

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

No mask deploys for Martin who slowly stands up.

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

Martin turns to Eve. His breathing struggles.

Eve wakes up, their eyes meet.

A tear escapes Martin's eye.

(CONTINUED)

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

MARTIN
I will not forget you daughter, I
promise.

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S CONTROL ROOM - WASHINGTON - FIVE YEARS
AGO - 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. Seven
minutes for the attack.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. NASA - EDWARDS' OFFICE - WASHINGTON - DAY

A pile of papers on the desk; Edwards and Solomon go through
them, look lost in all that chaos.

General MATTHIAS KRON (50s), a few too many stars and
ribbons decorate his uniform, authoritative looks and
manner, followed by Chief of Staff SINCLAIR (40s), leather
briefcase that matches his formal black suit, bolt inside.

No introductions take place, just worried stares shoot left
and right among the four.

Kron and Sinclair sit down.

SINCLAIR
So, what do you think? Is it us, or
our friends from another planet?

Edwards, confident, stretches body, cuts to the chase.

EDWARDS
This is man made. Undoubtedly.

SINCLAIR
President has more than ten reports
from various agencies suggesting
you're wrong. Pentagon, SETI, CIA,
NSA, even RIAA sent us a two
hundred page report stating

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR
that this is some otherworldly
voice.

EDWARDS
They're all wrong. We're right.

Sinclair is not an alien-theory believer.

SINCLAIR
OK then, elaborate.

Edwards eyes Solomon. It's the latter's turn to talk.

SOLOMON
Someone hacked us sir. The Chinese
and Russian satellites, our DSN
communication system. All of us.

SINCLAIR
How did he do it?

SOLOMON
Regarding our system, he just used
the Mars uplink. He uploaded a
malware a long time ago, that
pretty much just stayed in the
rover inactive, until he decided to
activate it. Once he did, that
message was transmitted down to us,
and then forwarded to Zeus. We
never killed the uplink to the
Opportunity.

SINCLAIR
But the rover is dead, isn't it?

EDWARDS
It was dead, but not anymore. We
have re-established the uplink.

Kron engages.

KRON
That means whoever did it, he
planned it long ago, was familiar
with the Opportunity's system and
now, he's using it.

EDWARDS
Exactly. Like all spacecrafts,
Opportunity has a main computer
that monitors the health of the

(CONTINUED)

EDWARDS

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.

SOLOMON

That means, when we lost contact with the rover, someone actually shut it down, cut off all communications, and planted a timer for the restart.

SINCLAIR

OK, let's just say that I'm buying this. What about the encrypted message?

EDWARDS

That, is a true piece of art. Both of my men and a team in JPL are working on this, but I make no promises. It will take some time.

KRON

We have no time. That's why we'll pass it to someone else to decrypt it.

Edwards and Solomon are shocked.

EDWARDS

Who?

KRON

Domcorp.

Sinclair silently agrees.

Solomon, frustrated, takes his stand.

SOLOMON

(to Sinclair)

You don't seriously consider this, do you?

Edwards grabs Solomon's hand, tries to calm him down.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARDS

General, I can't tell if Atkinson does a fine job for the military, but this is NASA's job, not the private sector's. This is such a sophisticated and unique piece of code, do you really want to hand it over to them?

SOLOMON

Gentlemen, you're talking about a man who's black, thinks green and acts white. He's just another penguin who doesn't know when enough is enough. He'll screw us up first chance he gets. We cannot trust that guy!

Sinclair quickly kills any doubts. He stares at Kron.

SINCLAIR

Why them?

KRON

Domcorp delivers every time. They have the manpower, the skills and all the resources they need to do the job in no time. They're also familiar with NASA and JPL's coding, they did some projects a few years back. They're the best in the field, and I personally vouch for their integrity and their efficiency.

SINCLAIR

OK then, let him know, all they get, is three days.

Edwards grins teeth, he is furious.

Kron stands up, already heads for the exit.

He is out. Door shuts behind him.

SINCLAIR

Before you say anything, I don't trust Atkinson either, but the order comes from the President himself. He offered Kron three days, do your best to do it faster.

Solomon and Edwards are speechless.

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR

However, I'm positive that your team will do its magic and alter something, so they won't be able to take advantage of it. Just in case.

Sinclair walks away.

Solomon and Edwards talk with their eyes. They confirm Sinclair's suggestion.

INT. US EMBASSY - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGERIA - NIGHT

A US SOLDIER (30s) next to the door.

Martin, expressionless, hands chained on the table, stares at the empty chair across him.

The EMBASSY MAN/JOSH (50s), pen-pusher written all over him, slim paper file in hand, enters. He tries hard to present himself as the man in charge.

EMBASSY MAN

So, you're American?

Not a single word from Martin.

EMBASSY MAN

Do you speak English?

Martin locks onto the Embassy man's gaze; a piercing eye contact forces the latter to break the stare.

EMBASSY MAN

I cannot help you, if you don't help me.

Martin's intense eye lock seems to work. The Embassy man looks intimidated; checks his notes.

EMBASSY MAN

No fingerprints, no id, no nothing. Who are you mister?

MARTIN

The right question would be, what do I need from you.

The Embassy Man gains confidence.

(CONTINUED)

EMBASSY MAN

OK, I'll play along. What do you need from me?

MARTIN

I need to use your computer.

EMBASSY MAN

There are plenty of internet cafes around here you know.

MARTIN

Indeed, but none of them has access to both PRISM and LEEP.

The Embassy Man's stupid face turns serious.

EMBASSY MAN

Can I ask why?

MARTIN

Of course you can, Josh.

Another devilish look shot, Martin's stare freaks the Embassy Man out.

MARTIN

But you better don't.

The Embassy Man grows a pair of balls.

EMBASSY MAN

How do you know my name?

MARTIN

I know everything about you, your redhead wife, your autistic son, the size and color of your daughter panties. Wanna know more? Josh?

The Embassy Man bolts upright, gets in Martin's face. The duos proximity alerts the US Soldier's instincts.

EMBASSY MAN

Listen to me fuck-face, no one talks like this for my family. Test me once again, and you'll end up in the cage for months to come.

Martin's tone and manner remain stone cold.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

The cage. Is this where your
computers is?

The Embassy Man is stunned. His finger rises, closes the distance on Martin's eye..

With a brisk move Martin raises hands, chains break.

The US Soldier rises his riffle..

Martin grabs The Embassy Man from his neck.

His other arm grabs the riffle.

Martin's overpowered arm spins the riffle.

The US Soldier's head snaps backwards, crunched with the butt of his own gun. He's floored unconscious.

Martin lifts the Embassy Man up, the latter's feet fly away the ground, his body flounders like a fish out of the water.

Neck snaps, a lifeless body is thrown to the floor.

Martin turns, apathetic, stomps on the US Soldier's head, crashes his skull.

Martin punches the door, fails to open it.

A second attempt, a front kick. Martin yanks the door open.

He grabs the soldier's riffle..

Alarm goes off.

Smoke bombs and flash bangs deploy, this is a war zone.

Shooting begins.

INT. DOMCORP - ATKINSON'S OFFICE - WASHINGTON - DAY

A luxurious office, dressed in gold and ivory; triple-glazed yet so clear, that the panorama is like a high definition screen at a movie theater.

ARNOLD ATKINSON (50s), so black as rich, impeccable dressed, a billionaire's attitude, sits stoic behind his desk.

A knock on the door.

(CONTINUED)

ATKINSON

Enter.

Kron, civilian outfit, black briefcase, rushes in.

ATKINSON

My friend! What a surprise!

Atkinson breaks his eccentric billionaire attitude, retired his desk, runs to Kron's arms. A man hug!

KRON

Mr. Atkinson!

Atkinson establishes eye contact with Kron. It feels like one of those up close and personal moments.

ATKINSON

I trust we decided to let bygones be bygones a long time ago. So, it's Arnold for you and you know it.

KRON

Appreciate it, Arnold.

The briefcase draws Atkinson's attention.

ATKINSON

And what have you brought for me today?

KRON

Something that will blow your mind.

Atkinson, intrigued, nods Kron to sit down.

They sit down.

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

KRON

Before everything else, I need to ask you something, as a friend.

Atkinson turns serious.

ATKINSON

Go ahead.

(CONTINUED)

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

Atkinson is speechless. This looks new to him.

A rare moment without words.

ATKINSON
OK, you've got my attention.

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

Kron stands up, walks away.

ATKINSON
I owe you for this.

Kron marvels. Before he exits..

KRON
Then we're now even.

Atkinson nods in affirmation. Kron retires.

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

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. SOME JUNGLE IN ASIA - SIX YEARS AGO - DAY

The dense, lush rain forests of the most hostile jungle ever seen, meets action for the first time. A group of ten GREEN BERETS under heavy fire, rush backwards through a narrow trail towards the safe zone.

Squad leader DUKE (45), an albino war junkie, his anger gives an indication of his own fears, leads the retreat, screams his guts out.

(CONTINUED)

DUKE

Fall back! Fall back now!

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

Just one man holds position and does not fall back. He's Martin, down on his belly, head shoots the enemies, counts corpses. This seems to be the only thing that actually slows the incoming threat down a bit.

Duke gets next to Martin, takes cover.

DUKE

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

This is not Martin's first combat; besides his non-existent adrenaline rush, his killer eyes suggest that they have seen more death than everyone else in that group.

MARTIN

Someone is missing Serg! Someone is missing.

Martin keeps firing, breaks skulls.

DUKE

This happens when you send a *brass* behind enemy lines. He got shot, his spine is fucked up, he can't walk, fuck that nigger. I'm not going back for him. Move now, that's an order!

MARTIN

Where?

DUKE

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

MARTIN

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

Martin trades looks with Duke.

Duke marks the spot.

(CONTINUED)

DUKE

Fifty meters straight ahead.

MARTIN

Give me seven minutes Serg. Seven minutes. If I don't make it to rendezvous, go!

Duke takes his moment, nods an 'OK'.

DUKE

Seven minutes.

Duke sprints away.

Martin checks ammunition, reloads.

He gets up, advances toward the enemy lines, rolls like a ninja among the trees. Not a bullet wasted.

He spots Kron, to the ground, in pain, unable to move.

A couple of enemies approach Kron's position, a napalm explosion follows nearby, blows up everything in between. Kron is literally on fire from the strike, he cannot do much to survive this.

Martin jumps on him, kills the fire with his bare hands. Kron screams in pain, but this is the least of his problems. His face is half burned, he can't walk, can't talk or even breathe and the enemies are coming. He is ready to pass out.

Martin grabs a lollipop out of his back pocket, stuffs it into Kron's mouth.

MARTIN

You need sugar pops. Stay awake.

Kron nods in despair, tries hard not to lose consciousness.

Martin lowers his gun, uses all of his muscles to lift him up, load him on his back.

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

The Guerrilla takes the shot.

Bullet meets Martin's lower back.

Martin and Kron crash to the ground.

The Guerrilla approaches the fallen duo, his finger moves closer to the trigger by every step of his..

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

(heavy breathing)

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

The Guerrilla pauses, he understands what Martin said.

Nevertheless, his riffle closes up on Martins' skull.

Martin braves pain; reaches for his survival knife.

With a brisk move he turns.

Knife flies away, stabs the Guerrilla in the throat, who
chokes on his own blood.

Martin takes his moment, checks his wristwatch.

MARTIN

We're running out of time. We have
to move.

Martin bleeds badly, however he doesn't seem to care.

He stands up, loads Kron on his shoulders, paces away.

Martin struggles with the weight, but he's not a quitter.

TO THE DISTANCE

The fire from the napalms is almost out.

The enemies march forward in full speed.

TO MARTIN

Martin and Kron get to the chopper, which is full as hell,
ready to fly away, engine smoking.

DUKE

Second bird is down, we're out of
space.

Martin and Kron trade worried looks.

MARTIN

(to Duke)

Take pops, I'll make it.

DUKE

We're overweight, nigger won't make
it anyway. Drop him now.

(CONTINUED)

Martin unloads Kron, rests his body to the ground.

Draws his pistol. Target is Duke. Face so serious..

MARTIN

You'll take him, I'll manage.

Shots fired from the distance.

Duke acknowledges. He jumps out of the chopper, helps Martin carry Kron inside.

DUKE

What about you?

Rotors screaming, the chopper flies away.

Martin stares at his way out disappear.

He turns to his wound, things don't look promising.

INT./EXT. CHOPPER - OVER SOME JUNGLE IN ASIA - CONTINUOUS

Duke stares down at a group of fifty or so guerrillas closing the distance on Martin. So does Kron.

KRON

(mumbles)

What's his name?

DUKE

Whose name? The lollipop guy that saved your ass?

Kron nods in affirmation, shuts his eyes.

DUKE

Barns. Ma..

Duke continues to talk while Kron drifts into unconsciousness. He didn't listen to Martin's whole name.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. FBI - HELEN'S OFFICE - WASHINGTON - DAY

For an FBI HQ office, this is the place for the forgotten or the exile. Lots of papers litter the floor, Helen's desk is all about a computer and paper files.

A pen rolls back and forth between Helen's fingers. This is the most thrilling action this office has ever seen.

(CONTINUED)

A YOUNG FBI AGENT (30s) breaks Helen's focus.

YOUNG FBI AGENT
Someone attacked our Embassy in
Nigeria.

Helen looks neither curious, nor interested.

YOUNG FBI AGENT
It was just one man. Seven died. In
and out in twenty minutes.

Still no emotions upon Helen's face.

YOUNG FBI AGENT
He was after our PRISM and LEEP
databases.

HELEN
And I'm still suspended.

YOUNG FBI AGENT
Yeah, I know.

A smirk escapes the Young agent's lips.

HELEN
That means, I don't care.

YOUNG FBI AGENT
Fair enough.

The Young agent paces away.

YOUNG FBI AGENT
For the record, he made three
queries. Martin Barns and Eve Mands
in Leep. Plus your EDEM file
through PRISM.

Dazzling sparks fly around Helen. She is stunned.

YOUNG FBI AGENT
At least now I know you're not
crazy.

HELEN
Why is that?

YOUNG FBI AGENT
Breaking into the embassy and
killing seven. Unless you're crazy,
you don't sign your death warrant

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG FBI AGENT
for some crazy ass conspiracy
theory.

HELEN
Thanks. Appreciate this.

YOUNG FBI AGENT
You didn't hear this from me.

HELEN
Of course.

Before he retires, the Young agent takes this one step
further.

YOUNG FBI AGENT
Out of curiosity, who's Eve?

Helen shoots a scary look at the Young agent. That's more
than enough to make him go without an answer.

INT. DOMCORP - THE CELL - WASHINGTON - DAY

An office cage dominated by high end technology.

Wall mounted monitors and cameras infest the walls.

A countdown timer reads forty four hours, thirteen minutes,
twenty seconds, and counting.

Two computer desks facing opposing directions, two marker
boards next to them; ROB (40s), the true king of computer
geeks behind the first, MARY (40s), elegant and introverted,
headphones on, behind the second. They sit back to back,
like staring at each other is strictly prohibited. Other
than that, this is the duos' personal playground.

Rob's eyes dart left and right between his computer screen
and his whiteboard;

ON ROB'S WHITEBOARD

Seven programming languages. Check.

Malware. Check.

Worm>Link file>Rootkit. Check.

MITM verified. Check.

Zero days. 7????

(CONTINUED)

User-mode and Kernel-mode rootkit. Check.

BACK TO SCENE

Rob punches a few buttons at his keyboard.

He stands up, turns to his board.

He adds a line.

ON ROB'S WHITEBOARD

Unable to compile

BACK TO SCENE

Mary's skull sways to the melody.

Her whiteboard is dominated by various music notes, terms and symbols, randomly placed across the board.

ON MARY'S WHITEBOARD

F#5 / D6 / E6

belting in falsetto

C#6>E6 jump

Texture+Timbre checked

Vibrato-Legato(mixed) / male + female

Soprano+Mezzo+Countertenor

Mix to mask > whistle?

Vocal fry

Staccato checked

BACK TO SCENE

Mary mumbles.

MARY

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

Mary removes her headphones. She looks skeptical.

(CONTINUED)

MARY
(mumbles)
That range! Are you boys just
showing off?

INT. KINSHASHA AIRPORT - CONGO - DAY

A not so busy day at the airport.

The only exit really active, the USA flight, Kinshasha to
Washington DC.

A single line of PASSENGERS before the metal detector.

Passport check is underway. AIRPORT STAFF is cautious, not
alert nevertheless.

It's Martin's turn. His luggage goes through.

Ticket and passport check. Martin's face looks so familiar
and friendly.

Everything looks in order.

Martin gets to the other side, he is cleared to fly.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SINCLAIR'S OFFICE - WASHINGTON - DAY

A pile of papers on the conference table.

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

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

EDWARDS
There is no sign of a breach from
the outside.

SINCLAIR
So that was an inside job?

EDWARDS
Yes, the signal came from us, but
no one on our payroll could have
done it.

Sinclair looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR

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

EDWARDS

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

A knock on the door.

Sinclair, lost in thought, stares at the door, like he's
expecting someone.

SINCLAIR

Yes?

It's Kron.

SINCLAIR

Have a sit General.

Kron and Edwards trade looks. You can tell, they don't like
each other.

KRON

(to Edwards)

So, any progress? Did you find
anything?

EDWARDS

All we found so far is ten thousand
different ways to say no.

KRON

No worries, Atkinson will make it.

Edwards's tone and manner change, he turns serious, even
angry a bit.

EDWARDS

How much do you trust that guy?

KRON

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

EDWARDS

How many other in your contractors
list have an impeccable record?

Sinclair seems to enjoying this.

(CONTINUED)

KRON
I can think of a couple.

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

KRON
What's your point?

Sinclair steps in.

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

KRON
No such matter ever required our
single best, never before.

Edwards gazes at Sinclair. Kron catches it.

KRON
(to Sinclair)
Is it me or him, the one you really
don't trust?

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

KRON
So, it's Atkinson.

SINCLAIR
No, no! Atkinson is just a
businessman. It's his baby toy I
don't trust.

Kron flickers awake, disoriented.

EDWARDS
Eve!

SINCLAIR
I'm not naive Matthias.

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

Sinclair turns to Edwards.

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR
Give us the room.

Edwards nods in affirmation, retires.

SINCLAIR
I know all about *Edem*. Both the
project and the incident.

Kron knows what Sinclair is talking about.

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

KRON
Solomon was in charge of the Edem
project not so far back, 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
took the dead body. And then lost
it.

A deep breath.

SINCLAIR
If you actually lost him.

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

SINCLAIR
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?

KRON

Crystal.

SINCLAIR

So even if Atkinson uses all of his toys to break that code, if that girl really exists, you won't interfere, will you?

KRON

So many if's in there. But I I won't.

SINCLAIR

Then we understand each other.

Kron springs up, walks away.

He throws open the door..

SINCLAIR

However..

Kron freezes like a statue.

SINCLAIR

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

INT. FBI - HELEN'S OFFICE - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

Blinds are down, the computer's monitor is the only source of light.

Wearing mirror shades indoor and at night like some wanted hacker, Helen rocks her keyboard.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Multiple overlapping windows.

Various lines of code, roll down like crazy.

A bunch of flight numbers blast one of the windows.

Access denied message somewhere else.

More windows pop up.

A list of names.

(CONTINUED)

It's impossible for the human eye to follow the speed of the rolling data.

Another message pops up; Access granted.

A new window appears.

Another list of names, rolling like crazy.

BACK TO SCENE

Helen retires her hands from the keyboard.

Leans back.

She removes her shades.

Her eyes don't look human anymore. It looks like they're able to follow the computer's speed and actually read everything up there.

Someone is outside the office.

Helen is aware. Eyes the door.

It's Joe, slightly hesitant, enters.

JOE

Can I?

Helen blinks once or twice. Her eyes are back to normal.

HELEN

Yes, of course.

Joe sits.

JOE

They hired me alright, but they said nothing about any kind of operations abroad.

HELEN

What's your post?

JOE

Freight elevator.

Helen marvels.

HELEN

Perfect!

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Sorry?

HELEN

That will be our way out.

Joe wears his silliest grin.

JOE

Why? Are you're planning in
breaking in?

HELEN

Yes.

Joe turns serious.

JOE

And our target is to extract
information, correct?

Helen remains silent. She trades looks with Joe.

Joe gets it; it's not just information what Helen is after.

JOE

Correct?

A computer beep breaks the silence, draws Helen's attention.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

A flashing window.

A flight number.

Kinshasha-Washington.

Date and time.

BACK TO SCENE

A smirk escapes Helen's lips.

HELEN

Two will go in, three will get out.

JOE

Who's the third?

Helen shoots a devilish look at Joe. Joe is not impressed.

(CONTINUED)

JOE
Who's the third?

HELEN
A young friend of mine.

Joe is stunned.

JOE
A friend? He works there?

HELEN
No. She does not.

Joe, utterly worried, shakes head in despair.

INT. DOMCORP - THE CELL - WASHINGTON - DAY

Over the door, a beeping red light draws Mary and Rob's attention.

In Atkinson's presence, Mary removes her headphones.

Mary and Rob stand speechless before Atkinson.

ATKINSON
(to Mary)
What do you think?

Mary looks frustrated.

MARY
I don't have my report finished yet sir.

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 are professional singers..

Atkinson interrupts Helen abruptly.

(CONTINUED)

ATKINSON

These guys?

MARY

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

ATKINSON

So, you're saying that..

It's Mary's turn to interrupt Atkinson.

MARY

I think they're just showing off sir. Yes, they're humans.

Atkinson moves right and left. Looks troubled. Turns to Rob.

ATKINSON

What's your opinion?

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 talking 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 doesn't get it.

Rob grabs a paper, hands it to Atkinson.

ROB

NASA or DoD probably.

Atkinson reads it.

(CONTINUED)

ATKINSON
Fucking Edwards.

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

A rare moment without words.

ROB
There is still something else that
baffles me. How did someone manage
to restart the rover? NASA couldn't
do it all these years, but it looks
like it was them who did it.

Atkinson looks intrigued.

ATKINSON
What are you saying?

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

ATKINSON
Go on, speak.

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

ATKINSON
Don't look at her, tell me!

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.

ATKINSON
Get to the point.

Rob's breath looks like depleting.

(CONTINUED)

ROB

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

Mary mumbles uncontrollably. Her body struggles to hold its weight; she looks ready to pass out.

MARY

NASA. The Mars Rover.

ROB

(to Mary)

Are you OK?

MARY

The one man scenario.

Atkinson comes back to his senses.

ATKINSON

(to Mary)

One? What man?

Mary regains footing.

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 or something! That's their language!

(CONTINUED)

Atkinson looks highly interested in the alien scenario.

ATKINSON

A moment ago you were certain that
someone was just showing off!

Mary's passion sky rises.

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.

ATKINSON

That doesn't mean that such a man
may not exist. Perhaps he's a
professional singer..

MARY

A professional singer and a message
hidden within the song? Sit, the
placement of the 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.

ROB

That's crazy, just..

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

I can't tell, 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.

(CONTINUED)

ATKINSON

Rob? What do you think?

ROB

(hesitant)

Mary has a point. That code is the key sir, maybe that's what everything is all about. I cannot think of anything else.

ATKINSON

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

ROB

No sir, I don't think so.

Atkinson eyes Mary.

MARY

No sir, no. But I guess we won't find out in time. We need more computer power to break the code. The deadline..

Atkinson drops the bomb.

ATKINSON

Do you think Eve could help?

Rob is shocked.

ROB

Mr President, are you willing to connect her to the mainframe?

Atkinson doesn't care.

ATKINSON

(to Mary)

Answer the question.

MARY

Load her the song and music 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.

(CONTINUED)

ATKINSON

(to Rob)

Log her in. If Mary is right, I want this message decrypted before NASA does it.

ROB

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

Atkinson's voice sounds absolute. He wishes to hear nothing more.

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, upload her the code.

INT. MARINE BARRACKS - KRON'S OFFICE - WASHINGTON - DAY

Hands behind his back, Kron stands stoic next to the window. It's not clear if he just stares at his marines training, or he just daydreams.

Mobile rings; it's a message.

Kron reads it; eyes bulge, grins teeth, face more determined than ever.

He shuts his eyes; chin rises, neck stretches. His chance for redemption is coming.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. DOMCORP - CORRIDOR LEADING TO EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - FOUR YEARS AGO - DAY

Fully armed MARINES, US tags, oxygen masks, storm through the rooms. At the far back, Kron and Atkinson follow short.

Not a soul is present anywhere around, however all the electronic equipment, computers and such, are still on. Who ever was there, got away in a hurry.

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

The leading Marine throws the door open, proceeds to the middle of the room. Two more enter.

Ready to open fire, the marines stare at Martin who lies dead in his chair.

Martin's eyes are wide open, but his body remains motionless, just like the handcuffs around his wrists.

A radiation check of some kind, one of the Marine #2 nods Kron that everything is fine.

Kron removes his mask, approaches Martin.

ECT equipment is on the way, Kron signals Marine #3 to go on. Atkinson notices..

ATKINSON

No! You'll fry him you idiot.

Kron is puzzled. He orders Marine #3 to back down.

Marine #3 obeys. He performs a physical check instead.

Nothing, Martin is dead.

Kron is pissed.

Atkinson feels that he's in charge.

ATKINSON

Download everything, and take care of the body.

Kron is furious. Nevertheless he plays along; he signals an Ok toward his men.

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

Downloading data.

Kron gets in Atkinson's face.

KRON

(to his men)

Clear the room. Leave us!

Marines storm outside.

(CONTINUED)

KRON

Just you and me now.

Atkinson doesn't look intimidated at all by the General.

KRON

That boy almost gave his life for me. You promised you'd fix him. Not turn him into one more of your soulless soldiers.

ATKINSON

That was the only way.

KRON

You promised me you'll offer him peace. Not send him back to another mission.

Atkinson's tone and manner turn offensive.

ATKINSON

That was the only way. You came for my help, I saved his ass. He is a soldier, and I made him even better. I'm not gonna apologize for it.

KRON

Get out!

ATKINSON

You can't just throw me out. This is my own company.

Kron screams his guts out.

KRON

Get the fuck out now!

Two marines raise riffles, target Atkinson.

That's more than enough to make Atkinson rush away.

KRON

(to the marines)

Close the door.

Orders confirmed. Door shuts.

Kron's face as sad as death itself.

He pets the cables connected to Martin's body. Eyes the laptop furiously working, downloading data.

(CONTINUED)

Kron's palm feels Martin's.

KRON
I'm sorry. I didn't ask for this.

His beeping mobile draws his attention. SMS.

He checks the message.

Stunned, Kron flicks glances at Martin. Nothing has changed upon the latter's face. Still looks dead.

KRON
Yes.

Another beep. Another SMS.

Kron reads it.

He nearly leaps out of his skin, his eyes playing over..

A deep breath..

KRON
(whispers)
Deal.

Laptop crashes; a blue screen? It shuts down.

KRON
(aloud)
Major!

Marine #1 bolts inside.

KRON
Take him home.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. BUILDING NEAR DOMCORP - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

A block away Domcorp.

Kron, civilian outfit, leather gloves, highly alert, stares at a five floor building. He scans the perimeter, burns it to memory.

The neighborhood looks extremely peaceful.

He walks inside.

INT. BUILDING NEAR DOMCORP - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

No lights are on, elevator is out of service; it's probably the absence of electricity..

A flashlight turns on.

Rats and spiders look like the building's sole residents.

From half broken doors to no doors at all, most flats are fully accessible to the intruders.

Kron takes the stairs.

FIRST FLOOR

Same story. It appears the place is abandoned for ages.

More stairs.

SECOND FLOOR

Contrary to the first, this floor clean and tidy. Still no sounds no nothing, besides..

A flat with a newly installed door.

A wall mounted camera over that door.

Kron approaches..

Camera moves, follows Kron's movement. Someone is watching.

Kron stands before the door, clenches his fists. He is ready to break it down.

Hidden in the shadows, Martin lurks.

Kron eyes the lock, he's on to something..

Martin leaps forward. His face is unclear to Kron.

Caught by surprise, Kron's fist lands brutally in Martin's face. The punch is powerful but Martin looks both unaffected and unimpressed by that.

One more punch, and another.

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

Kron shocked by Martin's resilience to the beating, takes a step backwards.

(CONTINUED)

Martin attacks. His fist targets Kron's face.

Kron leans backwards, parries the blow.

Martin's fist does not stop its course.

Keeps traveling until it meets the wall.

BANG! a huge crack on the brick wall.

Kron attacks like a wrestler, tries a double leg take down. He fails miserably; Martin looks like a million pounds heavy human being or just the final boss of a computer game.

Martin thrusts his elbow downwards, an uppercut follows.

Kron's face is busted pretty badly, after just a single punch. It's looks like terminator actually hit him.

Kron crashes to the floor, he's unable to get back up.

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

Kron loses all hope.

KRON

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 halts the attack; hand shake, like some force prevents his knife from exploding forward.

Martin's eyelids collapse, body follows, crashes to the ground. He's unconscious. Or just dead, can't really tell the difference.

Helen, non existent adrenaline, some kind of a police taser in hands, reveals behind Martin's falling body.

HELEN

(to Kron)

You'll carry him inside.

Kron exhales in relief.

Helen, apathetic, unlocks the door. Disappears inside.

Kron, running on fumes, stands up.

(CONTINUED)

He grabs Martin from the shoulders, tries hard to drag him inside the flat. That's strange, Martin's weight feels like is can match the weight of a mini van!

Kron gives everything left in him...

Succeeds.

INT. NASA - EDWARDS' OFFICE - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

A furious Solomon, paper file in hands, storms inside. He beelines for Edwards' desk, slides the file on it.

EDWARDS

What's this?

SOLOMON

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.

Edwards looks puzzled.

SOLOMON

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.

Edwards's eyes dart up and down between the paper file and Solomon.

SOLOMON

We were curious, thus 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.

EDWARDS

Sophisticated?

SOLOMON

Yes, however not unfamiliar to us.

EDWARDS

What this means?

(CONTINUED)

SOLOMON

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

Edwards looks more curious than surprised.

Solomon looks hesitant.. Chooses his words carefully.

SOLOMON

As part of two of our IGO projects
to be precise.

Edwards is shocked. He knows what Solomon is talking about.

EDWARDS

One of them is Stux..

SOLOMON

Exactly sir.

Solomon regains confidence.

SOLOMON

All this time, it wasn't
active, until it finally popped up
to life.

EDWARDS

Let me get this straight. It was
one of us, or someone just planted
it there..

SOLOMON

At least four years ago. There is
no doubt sir, we were a part of it.
So I went through all of our
personnel files, every single
person who worked in stuxnet and
opm, but none of them did it. I'm
absolutely sure.

EDWARDS

I'm confused.

SOLOMON

Then I checked all our private
sector contracts who worked on
them.

Edwards flips through the pages, stops. Eyes bulge, as if
he saw a ghost!

(CONTINUED)

SOLOMON
Exactly.

EDWARDS
Domcorp.

SOLOMON
Check on these dlls.

Edwards gazes at a page.

SOLOMON
Same names and dates with the dlls
used for the rover's restart
sequence.

Edwards clenches his fists, he is angry.

EDWARDS
Shut them down.

Solomon wears his happy face.

SOLOMON
Yes sir!

INT. BUILDING NEAR DOMCORP - HELEN'S FLAT - WASHINGTON -
NIGHT

The tiny apartment is an old wooden desk with a laptop on top, a state-of-the-art restraint chair and a bunch of cables attached to it.

Helen, surprisingly enough, lifts Martin up with ease, the latter's body fits in the chair like a glove.

Kron is stunned by Helen's power. How did she do that?

Metal cuffs lock around Martin's wrists. Ankles are next.

Helen connects the cables to her laptop.

She punches a button.

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

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

The 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.

(CONTINUED)

He grins uncontrollably, looks in despair.

Martin's eyes catch Helen's.

Martin stops moving. Does he know her?

HELEN

Hello stud. I'm Helen. Helen Mands.

The name rings no bells to Martin's brain.

Helen comes closer.

HELEN

Remember me?

Helen smirks; that's a fake, forced smirk.

HELEN

(points to her lips)

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

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

HELEN

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

Helen winks.

HELEN

(points to her eyebrows)

That certainly fit like a glove.
Yes? No?

Kron is puzzled.

KRON

(to Helen)

What's this all about? We had a
deal for this man!

HELEN

Patience General. Patience.

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

Multiple progress bars dominate the monitors.

Hands behind her back, Mary looks unconcerned. Next to her, Rob, the exact same opposite; utterly worries.

Atkinson stares at the screens, looks excited.

Kate, stands next to Eve, works on her laptop.

Eve, eyes wide shut, eyelids shaking, breaks the code.

KATE
(to Atkinson)
We're ready sir.

ATKINSON
Go.

ON MONITORS

Mapping..

1%.

3%.

5%.

BACK TO SCENE

Atkinson marvels.

ATKINSON
That's pretty damn fast!

KATE
Yes sir, indeed.

ON MONITORS

Overlapping windows. Code lines roll down like crazy.

Another window.

Building algorithm.

10%.

20%..

BACK TO SCENE

(CONTINUED)

Faces full of excitement.

KATE
She's breaking it sir.

Kate points to another screen.

KATE
Already half way there.

Atkinson grins teeth. Mumbles a *yeah!*

ON MONITORS

A long mathematical equation flashes, some algorithm.

BACK TO SCENE

Kate is stunned.

KATE
She's got it sir! Decrypting!

ON MONITORS

Decrypting..

0,1%..

Estimated time for decryption: 7 Hours 16 minutes 32 seconds.

BACK TO SCENE

Atkinson takes a step forward.

ATKINSON
(to Mary)
You were right. That's a whole new language. From a whole new world.

MARY
Of course I was right.

Rob shoots a look at Kate's laptop.

ROB
Sir, working load is at hundred per cent. The mainframe..

ATKINSON
Shut up!

(CONTINUED)

ROB
Sir, Eve draws every resource
available. Mainframe's auxiliary
functions won't work..

Atkinson doesn't care. His tone sounds absolute.

ATKINSON
I said shut the fuck up! I don't
fucking care!

Deafening silence. All eyes on the monitors.

INT. BUILDING NEAR DOMCORP - HELEN'S FLAT - WASHINGTON -
NIGHT

Helen's eyes connect with Martin's; no words are spoken, but
you can tell by their looks that they're able to chat with
their eyes alone.

A computer beep draws Helen's attention.

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

Helen checks her laptop, a few clicks on the keyboard.
Rolling screens.

HELEN
Seven hours. She's already on it.
They took the bait.

Kron is curious.

KRON
What are you talking about? Who
took the bait? What about Martin?
We had a deal!

HELEN
Of course we had.

Martin breaks his silence.

MARTIN
What kind of a deal?

HELEN
The one that includes me resetting
you.

(CONTINUED)

Martin shoots an angry look at Kron.

MARTIN

You failed to kill me so many times, yet you're still after me. Why?

KRON

Kill you? I sent my best men to bring you back home. Instead, you killed them all! I told you I could fix you!

MARTIN

Fix me how?

KRON

You don't remember me, do you?

MARTIN

I remember you alright. You got me out of the lab.

KRON

Is that all?

MARTIN

There is nothing else.

KRON

You weren't the Martin I once knew. You weren't the man who saved my life. They changed you to something else. You were the one who fooled me. You made me get you out of there and then you just disappeared.

MARTIN

Saved your life? Disappeared? I believe you're being dilutional General.

Helen gets in there..

HELEN

It's not too hard to see that his (points to Martin) memory has been reset and he remembers nothing, and your (points to Kron) desire to change him back to whatever he was a long time ago, is just impossible.

(CONTINUED)

KRON
But you said..

HELEN
I know what I said. It's
impossible unless we break
into Domcorp and retrieve
his memory module.

KRON
That's bullshit. I can't give such
an order. I cannot authorize an
official operation. There are
active contracts with Atkinson..

HELEN
Yet, he was the one who killed your
men, not Martin.

KRON
What?

HELEN
Every time Martin refused to
cooperate, boom! He was trying to
kill him, but he didn't care about
your men.

KRON
That can't be true.

HELEN
Anyway, you don't need to do much.
I'll go. And he will (points to
Martin) come with me.

KRON
(to Helen)
Who are you?

MARTIN
She's just like me.

Helen shakes head.

HELEN
Not even close.

A deep breath..

HELEN
I'm the prototype. You're just a
copy of the initial project.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN
Or just a better version of you.

HELEN
You're in chains, I'm not. So I
guess, your updates, are not as
efficient as you think.

Martin grins, Helen notices.

HELEN
I see you hacked the db-nine before
they shut you down?

MARTIN
Yes. Db-ten too.

KRON
What's that?

HELEN
Domcorp has fourteen databases
AI can learn from. Some of them
are available to us, three layers
of data however, they are not.

Kron trades looks with Helen.

KRON
(to Helen)
What about our deal?

HELEN
In approximately seven hours, just
before Eve completes the
deciphering, alarm will go off. (to
Kron) Get your team and make an
appearance near the gates. Me and
him (Martin) we'll go in first. His
brother will wait for us there,
Martin gets Eve, I get his memory
module. We get out, I take Eve, you
take the module, everyone is happy.

MARTIN
(frustrated)
What brother?

KRON
(curious)
Who's Eve?

Helen punches a button to her laptop.

Martin's eyes flicker; looks like data uploads in his brain.

Done, Helen eyes Martin.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

Alex.

HELEN

(to Kron)

My daughter.

Helen stretches her neck.

HELEN

So, now you both now, we have a new deal, yes? No?

MARTIN

We have.

Helen rocks her keyboard.

Martin's body trembles, he is able to move!

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

Kron takes a step backwards, a bit scared..

HELEN

And you General?

Martin stands up, his strength and control over his body is back. Cables attached to his back break away one by one..

Martin clenches his fists, eyes Kron.

HELEN

What say you?

KRON

(to Helen)

Atkinson was the one that killed my men, not Martin?

HELEN

Everything is on tape. And you'll have your own copy, very soon.

Kron silently agrees.

INT. NASA - MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Early morning.

NASA BOYS and GIRLS slowly take their places.

The control room slowly gains life.

The most exciting thing in there, the coffee cups changing hands.

NASA GIRL #1 rubs her eyes. Her night shift is over, time to pack it up, go home.

Not!

To her monitor, hundreds of racing columns of random data rolling down the screen screaming for attention, alert her instincts. Eyes bulge..

Back down to her chair, double checks everything.

She moves to a nearby computer, performs another check.

Frustrated, she screams her guts out.!

NASA GIRL #1
Someone call Dr Solomon! Now!

All eyes on her. No one moves...

NASA GIRL #1
What are you waiting for? Call Dr
Solomon! Hurry!

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

Like no one left the whole night...

All eyes on monitors.

ON MONITORS

Decrypting..

99,5%..

Estimated time for decryption: 13 minutes 20 seconds.

BACK TO SCENE

Atkinson stares at the monitors stoic. No sign of fatigue, contrary to everyone else in there.

(CONTINUED)

Atkinson checks his wristwatch. Mumbles.

ATKINSON
Come on, come on.

Kate stares at her laptop. Nothing out of the ordinary.

Mary, hands behind her back, tries hard to keep her eyes open. Back against the wall, she daydreams.

INT. BUILDING NEAR DOMCORP - HELEN'S FLAT - WASHINGTON - DAY

The flat is empty. No desks, no chairs, no kind of evidence that anyone ever lived there, ever!

Just Helen's laptop placed on the floor to the middle of the flat, on and working..

ON LAPTOP

/Uplink established.

A progress bar. Half full.

Uploading.

Bar races to the finish line. It's almost there..

EXT. DOMCORP - WASHINGTON - DAY

A white unmarked van, black tinted windows, near the gates.

Engine is off.

A trigger happy GUARD approaches the driver's window.

A female arm hops out, a pack of papers changes hands.

The Guard checks papers, stares at the duo inside the van.

INT./EXT. VAN - DOMCORP - WASHINGTON - DAY

Helen grins, her smile looks so natural.

At the far side, Martin, motionless, doesn't spare a single blink.

EXT. DOMCORP - WASHINGTON - DAY

The Guard nods in affirmation. Everything looks in order.

Gates rise, engine is on, van moves inside..

INT. NASA - MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Solomon has a vivid chat with NASA GIRL #1.

A frustrated Edwards storms in the control room, beelines for Solomon.

EDWARDS
What's happening?

SOLOMON
We just received fifty gigabytes of
data from surveillance cameras
within Domcorp.

EDWARDS
What?

SOLOMON
And it's still downloading.

EDWARDS
Domcorp? By whom?

SOLOMON
From the same person who hacked us.

Edwards is shocked.

NASA GIRL #1
He used the same backdoor..

SOLOMON
I have twelve people
currently looking at the
files, but it's nasty I can
tell you for sure.

EDWARDS
I don't understand..

Solomon gets close to Edwards, like he doesn't want anyone else to listen to their conversation.

SOLOMON
Atkinson was using Kron's men to
bury the EDEM project. All this
time the male specimen wasn't dead,

(CONTINUED)

SOLOMON
but lost somewhere in Africa or
Asia.

EDWARDS
All this time.. All that alien
crap. That transmission came from
earth. By someone who was after
Atkinson.

SOLOMON
Or something else inside Domcorp.

The two men's eyes drift up and hold. Triumph.

EDWARDS
Eve!

SOLOMON
Eve? She's real?

EDWARDS
It's one of those Kron projects,
what do you think?

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S CONTROL ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

A bunch of computers, Technician #1 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 #1
(mumbles)
Fuck!

He explodes away.

INT. DOMCORP - LOBBY -DAY

Lobby is nothing but guards.

Evacuation 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.

Two steps behind Martin, Helen, carrying two huge black gym bags follows short.

Martin and Helen wind their way through the armed guards, shoulder surfing, watching them getting ready for war or something.

Martin gets to the metal detector.

His palm touches it gently.

He shuts his eyes.

No sound, he's clear to go through.

Helen cruises through the beeping metal detector. Her bags appear to have nothing metal in them. Or the detector doesn't work anymore..

No sound, no nothing. She's cleared too.

Martin and Helen beeline for the elevator.

INT. DOMCORP - COMPUTER FLOOR - WASHINGTON - DAY

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

Technician #1, like a sprinter, storms through the desks, his eyes dart left and right like looking for someone. Yeah, there's Rob, Technician #1 spots him!

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

Technician #1 leans over Rob, catches his breath.

Rob gazes at him, highly concerned.

TECHNICIAN #1
How did you fix that part of the
code that DoD sent us?

(CONTINUED)

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

TECHNICIAN #1
What library did you use?

ROB
CR-3. Root.

Technician #1 looks angry.

TECHNICIAN #1
You compiled as root while on
Delta-three?

Rob gets it. Remains calm nevertheless.

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

TECHNICIAN #1
Of course not! But what about from
the inside?

ROB
Say again?

TECHNICIAN #1
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 #1
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 #1 looks at Rob in shock, with the realization of
what he just heard.

(CONTINUED)

TECHNICIAN #1
Or, it's the girl herself!

Rob springs upwards, they both run to the exit.

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

A beeping screen reads *Decryption completed*.

Anxious faces all around.

ATKINSON
What's going on? Where is it?

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

Kate, all over her laptop..

KATE
Give her a moment sir, it's coming.

ATKINSON
I don't have another moment! I
wanna talk to them!

All monitors shut down and restart.. Was this a glitch?

INT. DOMCORP - OUTSIDE EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

Multiple massive-sized SENTRIES, police-type batons attached to their waists, protect the entrance to Eve's room.

Rob and Technician #1 sprint to the door, the sentries get on their way. Yeah, no one enters.

TECHNICIAN #1
Open the door!

Nope, not gonna happen.

ROB
(frustrated)
We need to inform the boss! Open
the door!

None of the guards looks impressed. SENTRY #1 (50s), leader of the pack, takes a step forward.

SENTRY #1
The room is sealed. No one enters
without authorization from Mr.
Atkinson himself.

(CONTINUED)

TECHNICIAN #1
You can't be serious! I'm the
fucking administrator! I have
fucking clearance! Open the door!

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

SENTRY #1
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 #1 turns to Rob nods him a
let's-get-out-of-here look.

TECHNICIAN #1
(to Rob)
Follow me!

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S CONTROL ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

Technician #1 and Rob storm inside, take their seats.

TECHNICIAN #1
I'll reset the system!

ROB
Go!

Both men rock their keyboards.

Technician #1 utterly frustrated..

TECHNICIAN #1
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 #1 shoots Rob a worried look.

(CONTINUED)

TECHNICIAN #1

What?

ROB

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

Technician #1's rolling chair slides to another computer.

TECHNICIAN #1

Keep trying, stay on him!

Technician #1 types something, then explodes outside.

TECHNICIAN #1

Shit! That's Eve's IP!

Rob attacks the wall, punches a huge red button.

Alarm is off..

EXT. DOMCORP - WASHINGTON - DAY

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

Guards are not impressed.

Kron and his MEN storm out of the cars.

Guards bring their riffles forward.

Kron's men respond accordingly.. Riffles rise.

GUARD #1

What's this about General?

KRON

Open the gates!

GUARD #1

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

KRON

Open the fucking gates or my men will run over them.

GUARD #1

You can try, but you will fail.

More guns ready to engage, approach the entrance. This looks like a soon-to-be war zone.

INT. DOMCORP - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - WASHINGTON - DAY

Martin and Helen wait stoically for the door to open. Two huge gym bags accompany them.

No one else is around.

Doors open wide... Joe stands there.

Joe eyes Helen, he was expecting her. He grabs her bag throws it in the elevator.

He turns to Martin..

JOE
(to Helen)
Who's he?

HELEN
Martin.

Joe is stunned.

JOE
Wait, what? Your Martin? The one
who's dead?

Martin, apathetic, hands Joe his bag.

HELEN
Well, just a part of him to tell
you the truth.

Joe grabs Martin's bag.

Joe struggles to keep it off the ground. It's just too heavy for him..

JOE
How is this possible?

HELEN
I didn't lie to you Joe, you'll
soon find out the truth.

Everyone moves inside the elevator.

Door shuts.

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

One of the screens flashes uncontrollably.

Multiple beeping sound.

ATKINSON

(to Eve)

Where is it? Show it to me!

ON SCREEN

Requesting access to Alfa database.

Granted.

Disable lockdown sequence.

Release all safeties.

Main gate; Open.

Lobby; Open.

1st floor; Open

T-Cells; Open.

EDEM; Unlocked.

More bars.

BACK TO SCENE

Eve smirks.

Everyone else is shocked.

ATKINSON

What the fuck is this? What the fuck is happening?

KATE

I don't know sir, running diagnostics!

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S CONTROL ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

Scientist #1 and Rob gaze at the monitors. Identical views of the same list as the one in Eve's monitors.

The two men trade looks of despair.

(CONTINUED)

ROB
No, not again!

INT. DOMCORP - OUTSIDE EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

The freight elevator..

Martin gets out.

The two sentries stare at his.

Martin clenches his fists.

Still inside the elevator, Helen pushes Joe behind her, like protecting him.

Batons explode forward, Sentries are ready to fight.

Martin is not impressed.

Sentry #1 swings, Martin parries the blow.

Martin's fist meets the Sentry's face, crashes his skull.

Sentry #2 attacks, baton lands brutally on Martin's face...

Not!

Martin is just too fast... He catches the baton before it lands on its target, with a brisk move twists it sideways, cracks the Sentry's wrist.

Legs fail, down on his knees, Sentry #2 screams in pain..

Another punch for Martin, ends the guy's misery.

Helen and Joe come forward..

Joe stares at the two dead guys, looks stunned.

Martin trades looks with Helen; Helen offers her hand for a handshake. Martin does not hesitate. Palms connect.

A smile escapes Martin's lips.

The door to Eve's room.. A sudden CLANG! Unlocks!

Helen grabs Joe's arm, looks like it's time to run..

HELEN
(to Joe)
Follow me.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

And him?

Martin winks at Joe!

Helen surprised, paces away.

HELEN

(to Joe)

Let's move!

EXT. DOMCORP - WASHINGTON - DAY

Tension sky rises as the thundering noise of a chopper draws everyone's attention..

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) A Blackhawk appears out of nowhere, hover sixty feet above the gates.

B) Gate barriers elevate.

C) Rifles rise, the guards take hesitant steps backwards. They can't really tell who opened the gates.

D) Rappelling ropes deploy from the chopper. RANGERS prepare. Legs swing, knees flexing. They jump.

E) Kron orders his men to advance.

F) Guards retreat.. Military uniforms storm to the building.

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

Door opens.

Martin examines the people inside the room, one by one.

Deafening silence, out of fear obviously.

MARTIN

(to Mary)

Go!

Mary rushes away. She's allowed to leave..

Atkinson trades looks with Martin.

(CONTINUED)

ATKINSON
You?

 MARTIN
Me.

Kate freezes.

Martin takes a step forward, his insane strength forces the huge door to shut.

 MARTIN
 (to Kate)
Release her.

 ATKINSON
 (to Kate)
Don't you dare!

 MARTIN
 (angry)
Do it now!

 KATE
I can't! I don't have the access code.

Martin beelines for Kate's laptop.

Kate and Atkinson move against the wall.

Martin checks the laptop. Frustration dominates him.

 ATKINSON
You should know better Martin.
Everything changed since you run away. Had to take measures...

 MARTIN
Stop talking!

Martin moves next to Eve, eyes the cables attached to her chair. Looks skeptical.

 ATKINSON
If you do it, we will all die.

Kate freaks out.

 KATE
 (to Martin)
The system checks her dna every ten seconds. If that cable disconnects,

(CONTINUED)

KATE
mainframe will shut her down and
delete her memory backup. He's
(Atkinson) telling you the truth!

Martin finds this hard to believe..

ATKINSON
Plus, the room will be fire flushed
and her body won't survive.

Martin trades looks with Atkinson.

ATKINSON
You see, we learned our lesson.

MARTIN
We?

Atkinson is speechless.

MARTIN
Who's we?

Atkinson's lips are sealed.

EVE
Kron.

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S CONTROL ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

Helen and Joe rush inside.

Caught by surprise, Technician #1 and Rob stare at them frozen. They are not trained fighters, they are computer geeks, look and feel like unarmed peasants in the middle of the battlefield.

HELEN
Backup directory.

Rob extends his arm, finger points to one of the controls at the back. Scientist #1 looks unwilling to help..

TECHNICIAN #1
Wait, you're not auth..

Joe's fist lands brutally on the poor guy's mouth.
Technician #1 is floored.

Kate moves to the computer at the far back, a few keystrokes, data downloads.

(CONTINUED)

A usb stick gets in there, Helen copies everything.

ROB

How did you break the password?

Helen is expressionless. Download finished. She removes the flash disk, throws it to Joe.

HELEN

Everything you need is in there.
Your turn.

Joe is thankful, shakes head. Thrusts it in his pocket.
Sprints away.

It's now Helen against Rob..

ROB

Who are you?

Helen moves to another computer. Her fingers rock the keyboard, types impossibly fast for a human.

Rob eyes the monitor. Screen flashes '*reset, authentication required*'. Face shocked.

ROB

What are you doing?

HELEN

I can crack this, but I don't have
time. This is your code, isn't it?

ROB

I cannot do it, Atkinson..

Helen interrupts Rob abruptly.

HELEN

You have two kids Rob, Sharon and
Mary. Five and seven years old.
They're on their way home as we
speak. I will spare your life, just
to see them dead when you get back
home. Unless..

Helen moves to the side, nods Rob to enter his password.

Rob frightened and desperate, types in his password.

Reset initiated. Deleting everything..

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

Martin's palm feels Eve's face.

Can't tell if he's really able to feel anything, but..

With a brisk move yanks the steel bars around Eve's wrists.

Eve looks surprised, this feels like freedom.

Eve eyes Martin in sympathy, like she's aware of his next move. Eyes blink.

Martin pulls her up, helps her take a few steps.

KATE

What are you doing? You're gonna
kill us all!

Martin sits in Eve's chair!

KATE

That won't work! Dna is not the
same!

Eve gazes at Kate.

EVE

You think?

MARTIN

(to Eve)

Go.

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S CONTROL ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

Helen eyes Martin and Even through the surveillance camera.

She toggles a switch, the door to Eve's room opens.

Eve paces outside.

INT. DOMCORP - LOBBY - WASHINGTON - DAY

Smoke is everywhere.

Flash bangs deploy.

A mix of PEOPLE evacuating with incoming US SOLDIERS, makes
it extremely hard to identify who is who.

Among the people rushing out, Eve; her oxygen mask makes it impossible for anyone to spot her.

EXT. DOMCORP - WASHINGTON - DAY

Kron shoots orders left and right.

KRON
Double check everyone. I want her.
Dead or alive!

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S CONTROL ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

Through the surveillance camera, Helen eyes Eve; she's out of the building.

Joe retrieves her, they disappear.

Helen smiles.

Surveillance camera changes focus. Back to Martin.

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

Atkinson is furious.

ATKINSON
You failed, I got you now.

Martin turns, eyes the camera on top of the wall.

Like he's able to see through it..

INT. DOMCORP - EVE'S CONTROL ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

Helen clamps her eyes shut. A tear escapes..

With her eyes shut, few keystrokes..

Rangers rush inside.

Helen punches the enter key on the keyboard.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK: TEN DAYS LATER

(CONTINUED)

KRON (V.O.)
Twelve dead. Atkinson didn't make
it. Both specimens lost.

SINCLAIR (V.O.)
You fucked me again General. That's
twice you know. And I don't like it
anymore.

KRON (V.O.)
I did everything in my powers to
extract any of them. Wasn't my
fault.

SINCLAIR (V.O.)
And you're certain that no one, or
nothing survived?

KRON (V.O.)
Dead certain.

SINCLAIR (V.O.)
And the research?

KRON (V.O.)
All lost.

FADE IN:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SINCLAIR'S OFFICE - WASHINGTON - DAY
Sinclair doesn't trust Kron.

SINCLAIR
Did you retrieve their bodies?

KRON
Still trying to get my own men out.

SINCLAIR
That means you have not found them?

KRON
Nothing survived the flush. I'm
dead certain we will find nothing.

Sinclair grins teeth.

SINCLAIR
Well, thankfully the President
doesn't trust you anymore, nor do
I.

(CONTINUED)

KRON

So what?

SINCLAIR

That means, we no longer require or
need any of your services.

Kron shoots a devilish smirk.

KRON

Oh, I think otherwise.

SINCLAIR

Why so?

KRON

Eve escaped. And only myself can
track her down.

Sinclair looks unimpressed.

SINCLAIR

My dear General, If Eve actually
escaped, tracking her down would be
the least of your concerns.

Kron frowns, his mind spins with the realization of what
this really means.

SINCLAIR

Trust me when I say this, now that
she's free, she will find you
first.

EXT. SOME BEACH - UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

A tiny isolated island. Looks deserted.

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

To the shore, in her bathing suit, Eve runs left and right,
enjoys the turquoise colored waters.

NEXT TO THE BEACH HOUSE

Joe sits on the sand, Hawaiian outfit, laptop on his lap,
eyes dart up and down between Eve and his screen.

The usb stick. Plugs it in.

Three folders labeled KRON, MARTIN and HELEN respectively.

(CONTINUED)

The KRON folder opens. A bunch of video files.

TO EVE

Eve pauses. She eyes Joe, somehow she knows what Joe is looking at. Beelines for him.

NEXT TO THE BEACH HOUSE

Joe's face turns sad. Maybe angry.

Whatever he stares at, is not enjoyable.

Eve gets next to him.

EVE

Uncle Joe, do you need some help?

Joe permits himself a smile.

JOE

I guess so pretty eyes.

TO THE LAPTOP SCREEN

Video file disappears.

Back to the main directory.

A click on HELEN folder.

It's password protected.

BACK TO SCENE

JOE

These two folders are password protected. And I have no idea how to open them!

EVE

Mom and Dad.

How is stunned.

EVE

Yes, Helen and Martin.

Joe shuts the laptop. He kinda knows where this is going..

EVE

Don't you worry about them, they're safe for now. And we have plenty of time until their bodies reboot.

(CONTINUED)

Joe is speechless.

EVE

Come on now, let's have some fun!

Eve offers her arm, Joe grabs it. Smiles and happy faces..

Eve drags Joe all the way to the water..

FADE OUT.