

Retrovirus

by

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SUPER: **Fifteen years ago.**

AN INDEX FINGER

slowly scans down a page of CRYPTIC ENTRIES. The finger stops at one entry in particular. Taps it.

PRIMATE EXTENSION-SIGMA - USDOD, USAMRIID, FDA, DARPA .. \$288M

CUT TO:

A SURGICAL ROOM - cold, bright, and sterile.

We find a black, furry arm - out-stretched on stainless steel. It wears a wristband labeled:

PRIMATE EXTENSION-SIGMA

The arm belongs to a sedated CHIMPANZEE whose face and skull are curse-kissed by hideous tumors and runaway scar tissue.

A gloved hand holds a syringe over the chimp's arm. Then jabs the needle deep into its forearm. Plunges in a blue liquid.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - "BEAST VISION"

We are this beast. We are chimpanzee, yet changed. THE CAMERA IS OUR POV. And we hear: -our own breathing -our own stomach growling -our own savage heartbeat.

We're high in a tree. We take to a vine and swing across a wide gap in the foliage to a tree on the other side.

OTHER CHIMPANZEES just like us swing as well. THEY'RE PURSUING US, armed with spears and pikes and clubs.

CUT TO:

INT. LEGAL CHAMBER -

Two Marine Corps guards usher DR. TIMOTHY J. HARTER - handcuffed and in his Navy Commander's Dress White uniform - towards a closed door.

As the door opens to the COURTROOM, the jury box is visible: a sea of white Navy uniforms, officer and enlisted.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - "BEAST VISION"

We drop to the ground and scamper to the hide-away in the brush. Ears to our LEFT: Movement in the treetops above.

A DIVERSION! The SWOOSH of AN ARROW fired from our RIGHT! We look down to find: AN ARROW firmly imbedded in our hairy ABDOMEN. Then TWO MORE arrows.

Glimpse our PRIMATE EXTENSION-SIGMA wristband as we snap all three arrows off at the skin.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM -

DR. TIMOTHY JAMES HARTER, Commander, U.S. Navy Medical Corps, stands FIRMLY AT ATTENTION while his sentence is read:

ASSOCIATE JUDGE #2

And Two; For the charge of Wrongful
Use of Controlled Substances - ten
years, the maximum allowed under the
Uniform Code of Military Justice.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - "BEAST VISION"

We land on another tree branch. And turn to see a FLYING FIST. The PUNCH snaps our head. Severs our SPINAL CORD. Stops all pain and sensation, except our myogenic HEARTBEAT.

We free-fall in ANESTHETIC BLISS. Good thing because the FORTY-FOOT DROP breaks our spine in two other places.

We're on the ground. On our back. Looking up at the trees. The last thing we see are a half-dozen HIDEOUS AND DISFIGURED CHIMPANZEE FACES gathering over us. Looking down at us.

ONE raises a rock high above his head. Slams it down on our -

CUT TO:

AN OBSERVATION DECK

over-looking an IMMENSE INTERIOR FOREST JUNGLE built behind a thick glass wall deep inside a mountain or underground.

A small delegation (TWO SENATORS and two aides) in the presence of THREE MILITARY OFFICERS:

SEN. PHIL BIRKETT (50, gray, successfully pudgy, face beet-red) puts a handkerchief to his mouth. He abruptly stands.

SENATOR BIRKETT

Dr. Harter, I have seen enough!

SEN. CARL FISHER (Birkett's junior carbon-copy) mechanically follows suit.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM -

DR. TIMOTHY HARTER, well-decorated, a thousand-yard stare through the American Flag hanging behind the bench.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE #1

And Five; For thirty counts of Abusing an Animal - ten years, the maximum allowed under the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

CUT TO:

OBSERVATION DECK where we find

One military officer - Commander TIM HARTER, MD (white, late 40's), U.S. Navy - approaches:

HARTER

Senator, custom-tailored gene weapons
for our ethnic enemy *du jour*. Arabs..
Pashtuni tribesmen..the Han Chinese..
(whispering)
Even inner-city youth, if ever -

Birkett locks eyes with Harter.

SENATOR BIRKETT

You are a disgrace to your uniform,
Commander.

The TWO OTHER MILITARY OFFICERS present are caught off-guard by the senator's verbal assault:

Dr. JASON D. MASON, Army Captain (AFRICAN-AMERICAN, bookish and handsome and OUR PROTAGONIST, 35) is second-in-command.

And Dr.-candidate DAN DHARMASIRI, Lieutenant, Air Force (Indian-American, hot and he knows it). A PhD-in-training.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM -

The jury eyeballs Dr. Harter like he's lower than a primate.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE #3

And Nine; For the charge of Wrongful
Appropriation - ten years, the maximum
allowed under the Uniform Code of
Military Justice.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE #4

Lastly, for the charge of Conduct
Unbecoming an Officer and Gentleman -
ten years, the maximum allowed under
the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

The COURT SENTENCING continues OVER as we

CUT TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

and a recent snow. A 4x4 civilian Jeep carefully follows previous tire tracks up a WINDING ROAD. A moose is surprised.

LEAD JUDGE (V.O.)

Commander Harter, due to the secret nature of this court and its proceedings -

The Jeep finds a COTTAGE at trail's end. Chimney's on.

COURTROOM

LEAD JUDGE (CONT'D)

- it is this court's decision that you shall not be permitted access to the general prison population.

COTTAGE

The Jeep stops at a shoveled-out clearing.

The DRIVER steps out with a small, heavy package.

LEAD JUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All ten sentences, as passed down - which shall be served concurrently - shall be served under house arrest. This court is adjourned.

The SOUND of a GAVEL-STRIKE becomes

A KNOCK

on the cottage door. Another, harder knock. The DRIVER looks for a doorbell. Finds none. Sets the package on the porch.

The driver turns to leave. Standing between him and his jeep:

DR. TIMOTHY HARTER

a long-haired, bearded lumberjack and a far cry from the Medical Officer and Gentleman he was before.

Not a trace of a smile anywhere.

INT./EXT. 4X4 JEEP - DARK ROAD - NIGHT - MOVING

Harter scans the FM dial. Finds the news, the sports segment.

INT. MAIN ROOM, HARTER'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

A candle flickers on the floor. The DRIVER from earlier sits upright in the only other item in the room - a wicker chair. His eyes are bulged open. His face is purple. His tongue protrudes.

A GPS ANKLE BRACELET

is also strapped - impossibly tight - around the driver's neck, blinking a friendly and reassuring green.

FADE OUT TO:

EXT. EL PALACIO QUEMADO -

Outside the residence of Bolivia's chief executive...

SUPER: **La Paz, Bolivia. Today.**

We PUSH PAST the palace's uniformed security layer. Breeze through metal detectors...ghost by another layer of plain-clothed security. Past offices, officers, security, law-makers, more security, dignitaries. And step into an

ELEVATOR

and out to a different floor. Deep inside the palace now. And down a corridor that ends in two plain-clothed security men - their M-16's on pause - flanking a thick wooden door. It opens for us as well. And into this room - which is the

CLINIC

on-site. EL GENERALISSIMO - portly, pompous, macho, sits in his treatment chair.

BG a nurse on stand-by and a security man watch with different purpose. FG EL Generalissimo's over-decorated uniform jacket hangs from a rack. *El Doctor*, El Generalissimo's personal physician, works his stethoscope. (Spanish/English SUBS)

EL GENERALISSIMO

Figure it out, or you'll join your father.

EXT. CROWDED MARKETPLACE, LA PAZ, BOLIVIA - SAME

Market-place Spanish in the air. Market-place Bolivians in the stalls. DR. JASON D. MASON, OUR PROTAGONIST, early-50's now, wears a Polo, jeans, blazer. Oddly, he blends right in.

ACROSS THE MARKETPLACE

Two officers of the *Policia Nacional* glance right through him. ON MASON as he: -casually glances back -spies exotic fruit -and also spies the rotating hourglass icon on his SMARTPHONE.

INT. BATHROOM, EL PALACIO QUEMADO -

El Generalissimo holds the empty pee cup. He strains. He grunts. He farts. But only a trickle of pee.

ZOOM INTO the wall-mounted SOAP DISPENSER.

ZOOM INTO the MANUFACTURER'S LOGO. And find a tiny PINHOLE CAMERA HEAD embedded inside the logo. The PINHOLE CAMERA is aimed right at El Generalissimo's peeing privates.

INT. PRESS POOL READY-ROOM, BASEMENT, EL PALACIO QUEMADO -

Cubicle-town for the employees of the state-run news outlets. Reporters and techies ready their approved stories and e-copy.

ONE CUBICLE finds AGENT PANPHIL (female, 30, bombshell brunette, suit-pant - could be from anywhere BUT Scandinavia).

Her macho-bearded arrogant official GOVERNMENT CENSOR is her cubicle mate. He stands over her, checking out his beard in his pocket-mirror.

CU PANPHIL - around her neck, her Canadian Broadcasting Corp. PRESS BADGE. Nationality: Dual Canadian/Uruguayan.

CU PANPHIL'S PRESCRIPTION EYEGLASSES to find a tiny knob on the side of the frame. She toggles the knob like it's a joystick while staring straight ahead (think "Google Glass")

POV THROUGH HER EYEGLASSES we see through the pinhole camera -

INT. BATHROOM, EL PALACIO QUEMADO - PINHOLE CAMERA VIEW

POV SOAP DISPENSER as Panphil the Voyeur watches El Generalissimo the Hairy try to pee. He's all bush, no penis.

INT. PANPHIL'S CUBICLE - PRESS POOL READY-ROOM

Panphil - a thousand-yard stare - to herself:

PANPHIL
Jesus, shave whydoncha?

The Government Censor reaches for his beard comb.

GOVERNMENT CENSOR
(offended)
¿Mande? You don't like my beard?

BATHROOM

El Generalissimo strains. More drops of pee. Some blood.

MARKETPLACE

ON MASON'S SMARTPHONE the hourglass spins...

MASON
(into throat mic)
C'mon man, just six ounces and we both retire, whether you like it or not.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MASON AND PANPHIL

PANPHIL'S CUBICLE

Panphil in a thousand-yard stare. We notice she's wearing a tiny ear piece. Presume it's how she talks with MASON.

PANPHIL

(staring into space)

You must suck *con las damas*.

The Government Censor grows suspicious now of Panphil's behavior, as he applies LIP BALM in his vanity.

GOVERNMENT CENSOR

(beyond offended)

Watch it, *Asshole Perrita Gringa*, or you'll be out on your fucking ass!

PANPHIL

Relax, sorry. Have a seat.

The Censor eye-balls her suspiciously as he takes his seat. He sits in something...

BATHROOM

El Generalissimo fights. Pushes. A few more drops. He wipes his forehead. Pushes again. A weak stream fades to a trickle.

PANPHIL'S CUBICLE

WE'RE TIGHT ON PANPHIL, so we don't see the Government Censor.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

(to nobody)

Your prostate sucks!

MARKETPLACE

MASON

Push, man, push for that magic six.

PANPHIL'S CUBICLE

PANPHIL
Hamilton, make it comfortable.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, DOWNTOWN COMMERCE PARK - DAY

SUPER: **Tailored Access Operations (T.A.O.), Austin, Texas.**

Establishing shot of the ultra-secret NSA directorate.

INT. DARK OFFICE (T.A.O.) -

This OFFICE is almost a cell - lit only by three computer monitors in an array. Nearby sits a coffee mug emblazoned:

The Tao of T.A.O.

And on the workstation, a hand-stenciled name placard:

Hamilton, Tech Support

who we only see from BEHIND as a computer geek with a pony-tail pulled too-tight. He executes keyboard commands.

SCREEN: a digital temperature control with labels in Spanish quickly drops from 28°C to 27...26...25...24...°C.

BACK TO:

EXT. MARKETPLACE, LA PAZ, BOLIVIA - DAY

Mason's SMARTPHONE: the hourglass spins...

BATHROOM - A BIT LATER

6.1 ounces of frothy, amber-golden pee in a cup. El Generalissimo, victorious, sets the cup on the counter.

PANPHIL'S CUBICLE

PANPHIL rubs a part of her eyeglass frame.

PANPHIL
Stand by.

BATHROOM

A LASER BEAM shoots from the soap dispenser's logo. Strikes the urine cup. The beam: -widens -lases the cup from top to bottom and from left to right, analyzing it.

BATHROOM - PINHOLE CAMERA VIEW

as the laser beam repeatedly interrogates the urine sample.

MARKETPLACE

Mason's SMARTPHONE: Hourglass gone. Status bar...25%..50%..75%...Complete.

A READOUT of the Generalissimo's urine levels (sodium, glucose, etc.) The PSA value stands out...22.

MASON

(whispering)

His prostate's clamped tighter than -
Wow, he's my last diagnosis and I
don't even get to meet him.

SCREEN: Mason opens an app called "GDU - Genomic DNA Upload."

PANPHIL'S CUBICLE

Panphil pushes another hidden button on her glasses.

PANPHIL

Zapping!

BATHROOM

Now a blue laser. It zaps the cup. The cup SMOKES a bit. El Generalissimo is too busy putting himself back together.

MARKETPLACE

MASON'S SMARTPHONE SCREEN: PSA level now reads ... 3.

MASON

Bingo. Tha's a one-way ticket to
Switzerland for his second opinion.

And me to Knob Hill.

CORRIDOR

Agent Panphil walks briskly - courier bag over her shoulder - when the ALARM SOUNDS.

PANPHIL

Vamos, Doc. We're not clear yet.
And nobody retires to San Francisco!

MARKETPLACE

Mason hops on his parked *moto*. Hops on. Kick-starts the *moto's* engine. Peels out, but nobody moves out of his way.

PANPHIL'S CUBICLE

A crowd has formed. People work to free the Government Censor, who is firmly affixed to his arm-chair by a powerful epoxy glue. His LIPS are super-glued shut. He's immobile and mute. His un-capped LIP BALM has fallen to the floor.

INT. STAIRWELL, EL PALACIO QUEMADO -

Panphil dashes up the stairs. Passes security men. Her PRESS CAMERA in one hand. PRESS CREDENTIALS in the other.

PANPHIL

¿Dónde están!?

Panphil takes five steps with the security men; she needs this story!

SECURITY MAN

(pointing)

Par'acá!

The cops run ahead. She follows them for a few steps, before turning around and leaving. She looks back as they run on.

EXT. AVENIDA POTOSI, LA PAZ - DAY

Mason's *moto* speeding as fast as the tiny motorcycle can go. Police cars pass him up.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR, PALACIO QUEMADO -

Ahead of Panphil a security gate comes down. She dives. Slides beneath in the nick of time. BEHIND her, her eyeglasses get crushed beneath the fallen gate. She's clear.

EXT. AVENIDA POTOSI -

Mason spins the corner to find the entire front of the building barricaded by police.

MASON

You ain't coming out the front,
sister!

PANPHIL (V.O.)

(radio; filtered)

Pick me up on the corner.

ABOVE

A second-story corner window SPIDERWEBS into a mosaic. Then the window is yanked INWARD and collapses into shards.

Panphil: -emerges from the window with courier bag strapped across -steps onto the balcony -onto the railing -and leaps to the lightpole feet away! She snags the pole quite forcefully and slides to the pavement fireman-style.

Panphil spies Mason from behind. Runs up. Hops on the back of his idling *moto*.

They pull off, merging with mid-day traffic just as police rush the main entrances.

EXT. RUNWAY, INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A Gulfstream V executive jet - sleek, fast, and with charter markings - departs. Wheels up. Airborne.

The JET gains altitude. LA PAZ drops. MOUNTAINS rise.

INT. PASSENGER COMPARTMENT, GULFSTREAM V -

Mason reclines his chair. Panphil: -stows her leather travel bag -sits -pops her briefcase -shuffles papers, gadgets.

MASON

My last op, a complete let-down.

Panphil removes her blazer. Pokes two or three fingers through apparent bullet holes.

PANPHIL

It was all you, Mr. Academic. I just pulled the trigger, as it were. When's it gonna be sequenced?

Mason closes his eyes. Pretends to check his watch.

MASON

His genome? Done.

PANPHIL

Jesus, not again, Mason. Grad students can *not* know what medical intel Langley collects on world leaders!

MASON

Wendy and Solomon think you're from the Coroner's Office. Besides, the Generalissimo freely spreads his top secret DNA all over Bolivia. State Policy, True Fact.

Panphil - pissed but placated - turns outward to enjoy the VIEW. The MOUNTAINS, gorgeous. The SKY, a deep jewel.

PANPHIL

(back to Mason)

Thanks for the assist.

Mason throws a weak thumbs-up. Reaches into his blazer. Pulls out a COLT .45, butt-end, first. Holds it like poison.

MASON

Yeah, I'm an academic, not -

PANPHIL

- a field agent.

Panphil: -relieves the pistol from Mason -clears it -makes
it safe -sets it in her briefcase -returns to the WINDOW.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

But serious business, Mason. Nobody.
Retires. To San Francisco. The
Agency's gonna stop that craziness.

MASON

Not even the President can stop that
craziness. Unless it's to Hawai'i -
the Big Island. Better diving there.

Mason throws an arm over his eyes to block out any light.

MASON (CONT'D)

Agent Panphil, it's been a pleasure.
But really I'm an academic, not a
field agent. And soon to be retired.

PANPHIL

Biopreparat's in a month...you wanted
to see the Urals.

MASON

I'll let you know: I could've had
CDC. Surgeon General. I picked
Medical Intel because Harter's still
on the lam and you minored in Harter
in college, but really I'm an
academic, not a field agent.

PANPHIL

He's not my obsession, Mason. It's a
collateral. We had to pick two, like
college electives.

Mason blindly tosses a wallet. Lands in Panphil's briefcase.
CANADIAN ID slides out - MASON'S PHOTO, different name.

MASON

Three theses on "Genetic Fratricide in Modern Warfare," with nearly every reference a footnote to Harter's unclassified papers? Obsession.

Mason reclines.

MASON (CONT'D)

(analytically)

- You gotta find Harter.
- Wendy and Sol know everything I do.
- My work is done.

PANPHIL

The hunt's actually for my sanity. Johannesburg..another dead-end. This guy was his doppelganger from fifty yards, but -

MASON

- the DNA didn't match. Yep, they sequenced that one, too.

PANPHIL

Jesus Christ, Mason!

MASON

Let's write that up. One more year for a compound in Hawai'i.

PANPHIL

You'll end up in Leavenworth.

Panphil removes a ballpoint pen from her briefcase. Clicks the pen about fifty times for effect.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

Help with my obsession. Extend - and I'll try and keep you out of prison.

Mason's face says: *Nope.*

CUT TO:

INT. MASON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mason and wife VERONICA (African-American, late 40's, and a peer in accomplishment). She watches Mason produce a new up-scale hand-bag in a see-through boutique box.

VERONICA

So how was New York?

(examining the bottom)

Cool, even the little feet I like.

MASON

Yeah...meetings...met contacts. Never made it to Battery Park. Did see Liberty in the distance, though.

Mason: -plops onto the bed -falls onto his back -out cold.

EXT. TONY NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER THAT NIGHT

An older car with pizza delivery sign on top - slows. Stops between adjacent properties whose owners decided years ago that thick hedges make good neighbors.

The husky driver exits with a hand-held pizza warmer. He selects one house in particular. Walks up the sidewalk and up the long driveway to the

PORCH

and rings the bell. Porch light comes on. MASON: -answers the door in pajama pants -shakes his head *no* at the stack of a half-dozen pizzas -points to his HOUSE NUMBER stenciled nearby -closes the door, not politely.

The driver apologizes and DEPARTS with the stack of pies. Back down the long driveway, he goes. And down the sidewalk. And to the hedge shrubs. And back deep into the shadows.

Convinced he's not being watched, the driver sets the pizza warmer down. Waits a few heartbeats. Opens the pizza warmer.

Out comes an odd black and green camouflaged device, a TANK of sorts, the shape of six pie boxes stacked. A high-tech TANK.

The driver opens a panel ON TOP, revealing: a keypad, a digital timer, a red light. He keys in a sequence of digits. The red flips to green. A 2-hour countdown begins.

The driver: -closes the panel -lifts some of the shrubs heavy, lower branches -slides the camouflaged TANK deep into the shrubbery -pushes the device further in yet with his foot -covers his tracks by replacing the branches as they were.

And no witnesses. The driver: -grabs the empty pizza warmer -hops back into his car -turns over the motor -pulls away.

EXT. FRONT YARD - LATE NIGHT

EXTREME CU A TREE LEAF as a MOSQUITO lands on the leaf. Ten more join. Soon the entire

TREE

buzzes from mosquitoes. Follow the trunk down to a run of SHRUBS that might look familiar in the daylight. PUSH INTO the shrubs to find the BLACK AND GREEN CAMOUFLAGE TANK from earlier, lid opened. The timer blinks **00:00:00**. Mosquitoes continue to emerge.

INT. FOYER, MASON'S HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C. - MORNING

Wood-paneling, thick rug, family photos, spiral stairs, etc. O.S. A NEWS BROADCAST plays from another room, interrupted by BUZZING. Extremely high-pitched, needle-like in intensity, so close that it drowns out the TV from the other room.

MASON enters from outside, sweaty from yard work.

MASON

Jason! You need a ride or not?

EXTREME CU MASON'S NECK a tiny mosquito alights. Mason moves.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MASON'S HOUSE -

finds JASON DAWSON MASON III, 17, "Jay-Jay" to his mom, game controller in hand, soccer cleats on foot. A real soccer ball nearby. XBox Soccer on the BIG SCREEN. Jason is losing.

He plays on MUTE. Eyes dart to the hallway. The NEWS BROADCAST runs in a small window over the MAIN SCREEN: the FORMER SENATOR, NOW-PRESIDENT PHIL BIRKETT - with wife Paula - waving at the cameras.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

- the President's last town-hall visit with his so-called Visceral America to discuss his controversial plan banning federal stem cell research, before heading back to Washington late -

Jason III: -notices a shadow approaching from the hallway - kills the XBox Soccer game -switches back to TV MODE -stuffs the game controller down into the sofa cushions -resumes tying his soccer cleat.

To Jason's dismay, SOCCER still plays in a SMALL WINDOW.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Opponents to the ban argue that certain stem cell lines could be used to research cancer cures, as well as research into generating new organs from scratch.

Enters Mason, toweling off sweat. Glances at the TV.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's Texas, so -

Mason: -clicks off the TV -checks the time -doesn't notice that XBox Soccer now accidentally runs on the MAIN SCREEN.

MASON

He can stay in Texas.

He ignores the TV. He grabs car keys. Heads out. Jason's as pale as a black kid on restriction from PlayStation can be.

FOYER

Mason grabs a last few items as VERONICA, dressed the power executive, descends the spiral staircase putting in earrings.

MASON

Let's do late-lunch after class today.

(to the other room)

Jason, six seconds!

And you better not be on that XBox, or

I'll tack on another two weeks!

Enters Jason III, soccer ball spinning on a finger. Cleats cleating on hardwood. He slaps at..something bit his leg.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANDAR ABBAS, IRAN - DAY

SUPER: **Bandar Abbas, Iran.**

Establishing the port city: The skyline. The docks. Autos in congestion. A bustling bazaar. A mosque. It's name: Mosque Imam al-Shaybani. Across the street from the mosque

AN APARTMENT BUILDING

under construction. And find on its ROOF-TOP a certain handsome laborer, KAZEM SALAHI (early-20's, the kind of guy women part their veils at). Kazem: -drops his nail-gun - chugs from a water bottle -stares across the street at Mosque Imam al-Shaybani -spies three certain Arab males entering - reaches into his pocket -presses a hidden TRIGGER.

GROUND-LEVEL

PUSH INTO a pile of demolished bricks to reveal Kazem Salahi's HIDDEN CAMERA aimed at the mosque.

CAMERA POV

The ZOOM LENS finds the trio entering the mosque. Twenty-four clicks of the shutter. Twenty-four high-speed shots. Like magic, the LAST PHOTO pixelates, scrambles, and is digitized to ONE'S AND ZERO'S. The numbers compress into a data packet.

AND FOLLOW

this pixelated packet of data as it is BEAMED from the CAMERA to a RELAY DEVICE INSIDE Kazem's LUNCH PAIL a few feet away.

Signal-boosted, the DATA PACKET rockets into SPACE, bounces off a WEATHER SATELLITE and off a MILITARY SATELLITE and to a DOWN-LINK that ends at an office building.

EXT. OFFICE BLDG., TAILORED ACCESS OPERATIONS (T.A.O.) - DAY

Re-establishing the super-secret NSA directorate and a CUT TO:

INT. DARK OFFICE (T.A.O.) -

where our DATA PACKET journey terminates. A FOURTH MONITOR comes to life before Hamilton. ON SCREEN: the PHOTO of the trio. Hamilton's keyboard magic: The image zooms. Enhances.

CU IMAGE - the man at the center is DR. TIMOTHY HARTER.

EXT. BED OF PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

A husky mummy wrapped in bloody sheets is pushed into the truck bed by four sets of hands. Tailgate - slammed shut. One hand pulls back the sheet briefly. Recognize the face as that of last night's pizza driver, before it's covered again. The PICKUP TRUCK drives off. BG a trailer. A trailer park.

SLAM TO:

EXTREME CU of a JACKHAMMER...

...pulverizing a section of road. A repair crew. Nearby a

EXT. STAGNANT CREEK BED -

and a STAGNANT POOL of litter-water. Bobbing in the junk, a CAMOUFLAGED TANK (like earlier) - lid open. Timer **00:00:00**.

Behind the stagnant creek bed - THE PENTAGON.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CU A TIMER

blinks **00:00:00** on yet another TANK. This one stuck in the Potomac's muck. BG the White House, the Washington Memorial.

EXT. CRYSTAL CITY SHOPPING HUB/TYSON'S CORNER, ARLINGTON, VA -

Consumer America - hard at work shopping. Some pass a

PICNIC AREA

where a FAMILY of five has taken a quick rest. MOM tends to her baby. It's face - tiny black dots - MOM inspects closer...

...and recoils with FRIGHT! MOSQUITOES! She slaps 'em off! Soon find the family of five fighting off the vampire flies, fending for their lives! PUSH INTO the SHRUBS behind them a WELL-CONCEALED CAMOUFLAGED TANK. **00:00:00** on the timer.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHNS HOPKINS PUBLIC HEALTH INSTITUTE -

Establishing shot of the WORLD-RENOWN MEDICAL CAMPUS.

MASON (V.O.)

CRISPR genome engineering -

INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - DAY

Dr. Mason before seventy surprisingly-interested students. Powerpoint up and running.

MASON (CONT'D)

- the latest in genome cut and paste, like Microsoft Word. CRISPR stands for Clustered Regularly Interspaced Short Palindromic Repeats.

MASON (CONT'D)

CRISPR/Cas is geek-speak for a microbe's immune system. Just as CRISPR/Cas can remove foreign DNA that has invaded the microbe, we can harness CRISPR technology to splice out unwanted DNA from our own genomes.

MASON'S LECTURE continues OVER as we

CUT TO:

EXT. MERCY GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Establishing our Level-One Trauma Hospital. O.S. ALARMS BLARE.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Paleogenomics teaches the longer a species has been around, the more evidence of genetic scar tissue to be found within that species' genome.

INT. BUSTLING CORRIDOR, MERCY GENERAL -

Nurses, docs, transport teams with gurneys. Urbanity's best, bum-rushed by cops barreling through racking their shotguns.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Each viral infection you get leaves genetic scar tissue in your DNA. Every retroviral attack wreaks havoc to your genome.

INT. ISOLATION WARD - STROBE LIGHTING

Find the source of the NERVE-JOLTING ALARM. It blares out of sync with the STROBE LIGHTS.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Luckily most of our genome has evolved into what was once called "junk DNA," endless repeats that absorb retroviral attacks, minimizing the actual genetic damage done.

INT. CORRIDOR, MERCY GENERAL - STROBE LIGHTING

And quickly find one ROOM in particular. TEN COPS at the ready. TEN PISTOLS AIMED at the steel door. Patient's name: Chivers, Theodore.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Sometimes this viral scar tissue
 overwrites - or mutates - crucial
 genes.

INT. LECTURE HALL -

MASON (CONT'D)
 With CRISPR technology, the mutations
 that differentiate us from chimps -
 the mutations that make us human, so
 to speak - can be corrected.

INT. OUTSIDE TED CHIVERS ROOM, MERCY GENERAL - STROBE LIGHTING

SOMETHING FROM INSIDE TUGS on the door. Stresses the frame.
 Each tug closer to opening... The cops brace themselves.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Old genes, restored. Fangs, fur, even
 gills. Every trait lost through
 evolution - brought back through
 CRISPR gene-splicing technology.

INT. ISOLATION WARD, MERCY GENERAL - STROBE LIGHTING

The door is ripped clean off its hinges from inside. THE COPS
 OPEN FIRE. Thirty, forty shots easily.

SOMETHING FROM WITHIN holds the door up like a shield.
 Bullets ricochet. The door is tossed aside.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Primate strength and dexterity.
 Animal reflexes. All that.

Under STROBE LIGHTING: glimpses of a muscular humanoid beast.
 Patches of dense black hair. Bleeding tumors ooze all over.
 The fanged monstrosity's war-cry! It leaps and swipes Cop #1
 in the throat, decapitating him. Cops #2-4 empty their clips.

The bleeding-hairy beast: -lunges at Cop #2's chest -rips
 off his shirt -tears off his kevlar vest -tears open the
 cop's rib cage -tears out a lung -flings it across the room.
 The monstrous beast doesn't flinch before engaging Cop #3...

A RINGTONE interrupts the bloodbath and BACK TO:

LECTURE HALL

Mason's checks his phone.

MASON (CONT'D)
Class...adjourned.

Explosion of books slamming shut and backpacks being zipped.

EXT. SUBURBAN D.C., VARIOUS -

A PRETTY-PRINCESS TEA PARTY

appropriately pink for a four-year old princess, who scratches a rising welt on her arm while serving tea to her friends.

SOCCER FIELD

A SWARMING HORDE upon the *futbolistas*, but they barely notice. CU COACH'S NECK as a needle-sharp mosquito proboscis pops tender skin. Coach: -slaps his neck -finds no bug.

A COMPANY PICNIC

The grillmaster slaps the back of his neck. So does another picnicker. And then others. Soon everyone is running for cover - slapping exposed necks, arms, and legs as they go.

APARTMENT

HEAD-BANGING NICK (heavy-metal, over-sized headphones) angrily packs a suitcase. Mother stands in the doorway glad this little A-HOLE of a son is leaving!

INT./EXT. MASON'S MINIVAN - DAY - MOVING

Mason in Capitol gridlock. Ahead the exit for

MERCY GENERAL HOSPITAL

Two AMBULANCES SCREAM past on the shoulder. Two cop cars too.

MASON (V.O.)

A kid so ugly, Langley thinks he's a
terrorist attack?

CUT TO:

INT. LONG HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, MERCY GENERAL -

Mason and Panphil. Ahead, two agents in fatigues - armed with
M-4 carbines and surgical masks - secure the morgue.

MASON (CONT'D)

Better be my surprise going-away
party.

She passes PHOTOS of the hospital-room massacre: BLOOD, BLOOD-
SOAKED UNIFORMS, LIMBS, LINEN - all bloody, all strewn about.

PANPHIL

Surprise.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM, MORGUE, MERCY GENERAL - LATER

Stainless and cold. Mason and Panphil in BIOHAZARD SUITS. On
the table, a bagged cadaver. Mason works a set of forceps.

PANPHIL

Any knowledge or intelligence gleaned
or extracted from this encounter shall
not be shared with or made
discoverable by any member, agent, or
representative of any foreign -

MASON

I could wait and see it on *Discovery*..

She quickly UNZIPS the bag, stopping just below the neck.
Mason stares at the unexpected form before him: Man-like, but
hair in thick patches all over his face. Bleeding tumors ooze
fluids that cake his runaway hair growth.

Where there's no hair, there are red tumors capped in pus-
filled sores. Its mouth hangs open. Chimpanzee-like canines
for fangs.

MASON (CONT'D)

'the hell's this?

PANPHIL

Theodore Chivers, delivery driver.
"Ted" to his peeps. All this in about
twenty-four hours.

Half of the beast's face has been blown off. Bone, black fur, tumors, and clots are all that remain. He rotates the head to the less-damaged side. Stares right into the eye of last night's PIZZA DRIVER.

MASON

The rest?

He opens what's left of the jaw. Runs his index finger over a THREE-INCH FANG. Shines a pen-light into the gaping maw.

PANPHIL

He's it, Professor.

She snaps photos of ape-man cadaver head. Camera flashes. More camera flashes. Mason: -closes the beast's mouth -un-zips further -stops at its robust abs -pokes the pectorals -rotates the shoulder in ape-like swinging fashion.

MASON

Extensive skeletal remodeling.

PANPHIL

Whaddya think?

MASON

We're in deep shit. Sure as shit
there's more. Sasquatch here -

PANPHIL

- um, Sasquatch is orange -

MASON (CONT'D)

- is the alarm case.

Panphil affixes a lens onto a camera.

PANPHIL

Care to tell the President? Like Harter's paper, *National Insurrection on the Primal Level*?

MASON

Let's slice'n'dice some Sasquatch, first. Then we'll do your talking points. First, I need their best Zeiss microscope, PubGen access..

PANPHIL

Oh, no, no, no, Doc. We're partying at USAMRIID. More secure, mad cooler.

MASON

You better get your prescription refilled.
We're chop Sasquatch right here.

PANPHIL

Bigfoot.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD -

The Georgetown Colony *Bluedevils* in practice. One lad - JASON MASON III - is having a bit of a time of it. COACH, concerned.

COACH

Mason! Look alive!

Multi-tasking Coach averts his gaze. Turns back. Jason Mason III has collapsed on the field.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS, CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL, ATLANTA - DAY

Establishing the CDC's main campus.

CDC ANALYST (V.O.)

They're all in D.C., sir.

INT. CDC - EMERGING DISEASES SURVEILLANCE CENTER - U.S. DESK -
Cubicle-town. A MANAGER enters an ANALYST'S workspace.

CDC MANAGER
All of 'em?

CDC ANALYST
Dropping like flies. Take a look.

The Manager leans over his SCREEN: A DIGITAL MAP of Greater Washington. Hospital icons blink a lethal RED. More join in. The manager punches an extension on the telephone.

CDC MANAGER
Straight to the boss.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, CDC, ATLANTA -

DR. DAN DHARMASIRI, now CDC Director - fifteen years older, be-speckled, handsome as ever. His ear - glued to his secure phone. His eyes - glued to his computer screen.

CU REFLECTION in Dharmasiri's eyeglasses: A DIGITAL MAP of DC glowing increasingly red by the moment.

INT./EXT. AMERICAN AIRLINES FLIGHT 2026 -

Head-banging NICK wears a hoodie sweatshirt (hood over his over-sized headphones). Suddenly he's PISSED OFF by a HEAVY METAL track. NICK: -stands in a sweaty, angry, heaving RAGE -yanks off his hoodie -reveals a blood-soaked mat of hair with patches missing. Nick: -steps into the aisle -finds someone to vent on. Be right back.

SWIPE TO:

INT./EXT. COURTYARD, BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

A place to RELAX and find our INNER CHI and stuff.

Idyllic and serene - a temple of worship. Birds chirp. A shallow brook trickles. Maybe a soft lyre, too, as tree-filtered sunlight falls on SIX MONKS in blissful solitude.

AND BACK TO:

INT./EXT. AMERICAN AIRLINES FLIGHT 2026 -

and a PASSENGER'S FACE - mauled to a pulp by bloody-faced Berserk Nick. Two passengers rise up in response. In a flurry, Nick: -punches #1 right into his chest -awkwardly yanks his fist free as the stunned man stands impaled -pulls a few ribs out along-with said fist.

Then Berserk Nick: -slam #2 to the floor -pins him down with every limb -tooth-tears off the man's shirt -bites DEEP into his abdomen -eviscerates him with three-inch CANINES as the passenger screams for his life.

GUNSHOTS

SUBSONIC BULLETS (with their own unique sound) ring out. Fired from the AIR MARSHALL - standing behind Nick, who: -flinches like they're bee-stings -pounces into a flying tackle -aims straight for the air marshall's throat.

INT. COCKPIT, AMERICAN AIRLINES 2026, SOMEWHERE OVER VA -

CRAMMED IN are: the Pilot, Co-Pilot, Flight Engineer, three Flight Attendants, someone pregnant, and two others who shouldn't be there. O.S. muffled screams from the cabin.

AIRLINE CO-PILOT

Mayday! Mayday! Reagan National! We are under attack! We're attempting an emergency landing!

The wrenching of steel and suddenly the cockpit door is gone. Replaced by a Berserk Nick with a savage appetite.

EXT. COCKPIT, AMERICAN AIRLINES 2026 -

and THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD see the subsonic slaughter in complete silence, leaving the windscreen soaked in red.

INT. CORRIDOR, WHITE HOUSE -

President Birkett and three others: 1) Carl Fisher, now National Security Advisor 2) SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR EGGELS 3) SECRET SERVICE AGENT CARDENAS, Birkett's protection.

They walk with purpose. Urgent purpose.

EGGELS/SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR

Until we know more, it's best we get you to Camp David, Mr. President.

INT. LAB, MERCY GENERAL -

In one corner: Mason and Panphil. Mason, glued to the Zeiss microscope, swaps out slides. Adjusts the image.

COMPUTER MONITOR

A stock image of a band of PILL-SHAPED CHROMOSOMES. Below it reads: ***Homo Pan troglodytes (chimpanzee)***. Mason executes a command. The STATUS BAR slowly ... marches toward completion. Panphil impatiently checks her watch.

PANPHIL

Must be on your bucket list?
Never to return to USAMRIID?

SCREEN:

HOXA1 Gene Comparison Results: (Specimen #1 H.S. sapiens/#2 H. P. troglodytes): 99.887% similar / 00.112% dissimilar / 00.001% unresolvable DNA nucleotides. [Error Margin +/- 0.0005%]

LAB

MASON

You should've nabbed Harter in Vienna.

PANPHIL

I was in high school. All I wanted to nab was Dustin Hoffman.
Yes, that was his name.

MASON

Well, Harter and Sergeant Spumavirus are raising an army by un-fixing our humanity. State Policy -

PANPHIL

Your model retrovirus for gene therapy and gene warfare.

MASON

Harter's succeeded in engineering a provirus that fixes the mutations that make us human. Normal house-keeping creates real-life updates - runaway muscle growth, skeletal remodeling, et cetera, 'cuz the beast in us ain't buried so deep.

Mason: -stands -removes his security badge -pockets it.

MASON (CONT'D)

But much worse, this Chivers guy didn't produce antibodies to fight it off. Helicopter up to Knob Hill, keep me posted.

PANPHIL

Come again?

MASON

It's dodged this poor guy's adaptive immunity. Our adaptive immune system produces antibodies that lock-on to germs. Target them for destruction. Here, Ted's immune system gave *Spumavirus* the keys to the city. No antibodies. Gotta check on my family. We're leaving tonight.

Panphil stands in reponse. Mason heads for the door.

PANPHIL

You can't just be all *Spumavirus and antibodies*, and then bounce. The President's expecting you.

MASON

You brief him.

PANPHIL

He asked for you personally.

MASON

I saw.

Mason exits. Door almost closes. Panphil's foot stops it.

HALLWAY

Mason doesn't break stride. Panphil in pursuit.

PANPHIL

Mason! It's bio-terror. This is all you.

MASON

This is all Dharmasiri. It's his playbook.

Mason annoyed that: -she catches up -matches his stride.

PANPHIL

The North Koreans trying to weaponize Ebola...Ebola itself still in Africa..
 .the Russians still deny Biopreparat.
 Gotta bust that.
 And now Harter and *Spuma*? Bolivia's off our list, but Jesus, man, have a friggin' heart!

He stops on a dime. A thousand-yard stare.

MASON

It's all President Birkett's doing. He created Harter. Drove him underground. Let him figure it out.

PANPHIL

I don't understand.

INT. LEGAL CHAMBER - FLASHBACK

Two guards usher DR. HARTER - hand-cuffed and in his dress white uniform - towards the door. As the door opens to the COURTROOM, the jury box is visible: a sea of white uniforms.

MASON

Senator Birkett was chair of the Armed Forces Committee. Means he held the purse-strings to a lot, including top-secret research projects. He used his power to settle personal prejudices. He created an enemy in Harter along the way.

INT. LAB, MERCY GENERAL - PRESENT

MASON (CONT'D)

Spuma likes African great apes, gorillas, etc. Check zoos. Importers. Collectors.

MASON continues OVER with a

CUT TO:

EXT. VARIOUS, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Clouds of mosquitoes. Blood-thirsty AIR ARMADAS - dividing and conquering...

MASON (CONT'D)

CDC should screen all warm-blooded hosts as a precaution..horses..pigs - no fleas, mosquitoes, nematodes, nothing like that - in case it's jumped species. Already in Dan's playbook, though. State Policy, True -

EXT. TIDEWATER, VIRGINIA - DAY

Tidal-marsh land. Bluecrab sanctuary. Seagull haven. Small fires burn around an impact crater - already flooded over with oily marsh water. Inside the murky, flooded crater, the TAIL of Flight 2026 barely visible. Otherwise, an eerie silence.

CHOPPER BLADES interrupt Nature's serenity OVER as we CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED RETREAT - DAY

A sprawling classical American hunting lodge in the woods...

SUPER: **Camp David Presidential Retreat, Maryland.**

The CHOPPER BLADES belong to MARINE ONE - the Presidential helicopter - landing under heavy guard. Ambulance nearby. The helo's door opens. President Birkett is rushed out - in a BIO-SUIT. Along with wife PAULA.

INT. SITUATION ROOM, CAMP DAVID -

President Birkett and National Security Team watch the MONITOR:

A SATELLITE VIEW of MOSQUE IMAM AL-SHAYBANI

ON ANOTHER MONITOR, Dr. Dharmasiri, CDC Director is beamed in via video conference. Lastly, a TV SCREEN scrolls headlines.

O'DOWELL/SEC DEF

Here's the skinny, Mr. President. We got all their black sites in the Nuclear Deal. There's no bio-weapons lab in Bandar Abbas.

PRESIDENT BIRKETT

Rock solid?

CLEMENTS/CIA DIRECTOR

This site popped up six months ago while watching wire-money transfers.

Nasser Heritage Holdings has connections to Mosque Imam Al-Shaybani and to the shadowy Jihad Science Branch, catch-phrase "Science in the Struggle."

The MONITOR shows a STILL of DR. HARTER under surveillance.

CLEMENTS/CIA DIRECTOR

A day ago Dr. Harter literally walked right into the place. We think he's been abroad.

TV SCREEN: Headline banners scroll: "Mosquito-geddon!"
Missing airliner! Face masks! DEET! Fly swatters!

FISHER/NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

(off the TV)

Here it comes..

TV SCREEN: Cuts to: Hooded men holding Kalashnikov rifles, speaking Arabic. English subtitles.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Science Branch. It's official.

Birkett: -grabs the remote -mutes the goddamn TV -wipes a sweaty brow. His National Security team watches in worry.

CLEMENTS/CIA DIRECTOR

President Sirhaz denies knowledge of Jihad Science Branch. We think they're telling the truth. Our source reports negligible security at the site. That's their stealth profile. Hiding in plain sight from the Iranians - beneath a mosque.

SCREEN: The face on the right is digitally enhanced. An e-dossier appears to the side.

CLEMENTS/CIA DIRECTOR

Jibril Nasser - of Nasser Heritage Holdings.

Nasser's daughter spent her entire five years in a French hospital before losing to bone illness. Heritage donates to science and Nasser back-channels funds to Science Branch. That's how we caught him.

SCREEN: Third face digitally enhanced.

CLEMENTS/CIA DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
This schmuck's a driver or bodyguard.

PRESIDENT BIRKETT
I want warheads on foreheads twenty-four hours ago, gentlemen. Especially if we already got this, goddammit!

CLEMENTS/CIA DIRECTOR
We're prepping a package as we speak.

PRESIDENT BIRKETT
(to Dharmasiri)
And the CDC?

DHARMASIRI
(video conference)
All Tiger Brigades are in West Africa on Ebola duty or in mandatory quarantine, Mr. President. Brigade Two can't re-enter the States for another four days still.

PRESIDENT BIRKETT
CDC's out. Full military quarantine then. Martial law in the outbreak area. Perimeter around the whole goddamn metropolitan area. Whatever the goddamn contingency is. And goddamn bring in Harter. Or kill the goddamn neo-Nazi sonuvabitch.

TV SCREEN: Scrolling headlines...Science Branch...Garbage bag clothes...National Guard...Zombie-gate...The Rapture! Birkett snatches up the remote. Kills the TV.

EARNESTINE/HOMELAND SECURITY CHIEF
 It's called 'CONOP 8888,' Mr.
 President. The Government's response
 to a zombie-like outbreak -

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. NETWORK NEWS TRUCK - LIVE

MALE REPORTER reporting from inside the news truck. Out the window - the E.R. entrance.

MALE REPORTER
*- name was Theodore Chivers, half-
 human, half-beast, and succumbed to a
 sleeping sickness. Hang on -*

NEWS CAMERA moves off the reporter. Zooms to the E.R.
 Entrance: People carry comatose loved ones in every manner
 possible (even wheelbarrows) through its automatic doors -

MALE REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*We cut live to Reporter Lori Mumma
 standing at one of the dozen or so
 identified "Ground Zeros" around the
 nation's capital.*

- as National Guardsmen nervously keep the peace outside a
 hospital bursting at the seams.

INT. WAITING AREA, MERCY GENERAL - SAME

Mason steps around dozens of anxious loved ones.

REPORTER MUMMA (V.O.)
*Thank you, Stan. Here I am in the
 historic Georgetown Colony
 neighborhood -*

Mason stops on the TV SCREEN. Reporter Mumma in FULL
 BIOHAZARD GEAR. A wire microphone just over her lips.

BG MASON'S HOUSE.

ONE LONG VIBRATING RING from Mason's pocket. Checks his
 phone. 11 new voicemail messages.

INT. NURSES STATION, EMERGENCY ROOM, MERCY GENERAL -

Dr. Mason skids to a halt. Security badge back on.

MASON

Where's my son? Mason. Jason. Jason
Mason. The Third!

INT. ROOM 8-A, I.C.U., MERCY GENERAL -

Mason finds Veronica at the observation window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

JASON III. A sheet covers his head. Breathing tube protrudes. Veronica faces Mason. Eye-to-eye. Mascara no more. A black woman's fury instead.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -

A team of PHYSICIANS confers with Dr. Mason. He listens, but Mason secretly turns inward as they merge into monotone:

PHYSICIAN #1

Unlike the others, he's generating
excess heat-shock proteins -

PHYSICIAN #2

- the proteins are literally holding
his blood together -

PHYSICIAN #3

- his temp - well past lethal. No one
else has passed 106 -

PHYSICIAN #2 activates his computer SCREEN: monitor view of
Jason III. VITALS displayed: CORE TEMP: **110°F / 43.3°C**.

PHYSICIAN #1 (CONT'D)

- we biopsied some of your son's
muscle cells -

The SCREEN is now on a PETRI DISH (1000x mag.). Individual cells are packed together. Actively dividing...

PHYSICIAN #2

- in less than twenty-four hours,
these telomeres will exhaust
themselves. New muscle synthesis will
cease - the whole thing will.

PHYSICIAN #3

And frankly, Doctor, given what's down
in that morgue, I'm afraid of what
that'll look like.

INT. LAB OFFICE, MERCY GENERAL -

MASON

(into phone)

Pick me up in thirty.

INT. ROOM 8-A OBSERVATION WINDOW, MERCY GENERAL -

Veronica watches through the window. Jason III covered.
Breathing tube exposed. CORE TEMP: **111°F / 43.9°C.**

ON DR. MASON as he heads out. Stops at the door.

MASON

Keep a close eye on Jason. Do not
let that child out of your sight. I
can't stress it enough, Veronica.

Veronica covers her ears. Too, too much. Mason opens the door.

MASON

Listen to me. Veronica? I gotta go.
They're re-opening my lab.

He steps out. Stops. Veronica's in tears. Hands over her
ears. Mason needs an acknowledgement.

VERONICA

Go, dammit!

MASON

(as the door slams)

I mean it, Veronica! Don't let that
child outta your sight!

EXT. PARKING GARAGE, MERCY GENERAL - TWENTY-NINE MINS. LATER

Panphil's car screeches to a halt. Mason, covered head-to-toe
(bandana, hat, gloves) and personal bag dives into

INT./EXT. PANPHIL'S CAR -

which now makes haste out of the parking garage.

PANPHIL

Cute outfit.

Mason glances into the back seat. He spies Panphil's leather
travel bag.

MASON

Let's get this show on the road.

She flips the undercover police grill lights ON.

MASON (CONT'D)

What, twelve? Fifteen hours?

The car picks up speed. Now fifty-five in light traffic.

PANPHIL

To the lab? Yeah, twelve, fifteen
minutes more like in this traffic.

Sixty on the dashboard. Easy-cheesy.

MASON

You know I'm going with you, Agent
Panphil.

She feels his forehead.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

To USAMRIID? That's where I'm going.
Bigfoot's already en route.

MASON

(outburst)

Mr. Chivers delivered a goddamn pie
right to my fucking house, Agent
Panphil! You need my assist.
Kazakhstan? Somalia?

Mason's instantly relieved, rational, scientific.

MASON (CONT'D)

(analytical)

- They found a tank in my bushes.
- My son's sick.
- It's personal. Beyond personal.

Panphil checks her watch. Shakes her head a defeated *no*.

PANPHIL

You are seriously screwing up my time-
table. This ain't gonna be Bolivia,
Mason.

She swings a crazy U-turn in the nearly-empty streets.

PANPHIL

Iran. You're on as Subject Matter
Expert. Wheels-up in ninety. Mission
brief's in Bahrain in eighteen hours.

Now SEVENTY on the dash as we head the other way and

CUT TO:

EXT. FLIGHT LINE, ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE, MD - DAY

A C-17 Globemaster III military cargo jet roars into the sky.

MASON (V.O.)
We don't have that long.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL, WASHINGTON, D.C. - LIVE

FG LORI MUMMA, NEWS REPORTER - in BIO-SUIT. BG ROADBLOCKS going up. DEFIANT PATRIOTS protest with a NATIONAL GUARD UNIT.

REPORTER MUMMA
With little resources to deploy to the D.C. area, the CDC has deferred to FEMA and Homeland Security, with the President calling for stepped-up quarantines to protect his red-blooded Visceral America -

EXT. THE WATERGATE HOTEL -

Guests in SNEEZE MASKS stand aside as a NATIONAL GUARD UNIT IN MILITARY BIO-SUITS - storms the iconic landmark's lobby.

INTERCUT OF VARIOUS RADIO BROADCASTS

RADIO REPORTER 1 (V.O.)
- with all its efforts focused on Ebola in West Africa, the CDC has little remaining resources -

INT. BUREAU OF PRINTING AND ENGRAVING -

MONEY-PRESSES in full operation. Behind one, a SWAT TEAM has a beast-freak cornered. A volley of TASER VOLTS. Beast down!

EXT. HOUSE -

A containment team works a mosquito-victim into a REINFORCED STEEL SARCOPHAGUS (these stylized sarcophagi appear throughout the narrative as simply "SARCOPHAGI").

RADIO REPORTER 2 (V.O.)
- as the CDC steps aside in the fight against this Spuma-Virus..

CITY PARK

A containment team hoists a sarcophagus onto a FLAT-BED TRACTOR TRAILER (already half-full).

RADIO REPORTER 3 (V.O.)
 - controversy with the President's
 quarantine without oversight -

D.C. BELTWAY

CU flat-bed TRACTOR TRAILER. Heavy National Guard escort. The trailer: laden with HEAVY STEEL SARCOPHAGI, like caskets.

REPORTER MUMMA (V.O.)
 - *giving the President near-unlimited
 power to stop this African Affliction.
 I'm Lori Mumma, Capital Cable News.*

EXT. REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT - EVENING

and a government Gulfstream III landing at the now-militarized airport. BG over-sized Air Force transports unload cargo.

EXT. GULFSTREAM III - TARMAC - PARKED

The door opens. Dr. Dharmasiri, CDC, emerges with an aide. Both are in military uniforms, with sidearms and protective masks hanging from their belts. They carry duffel bags.

A WHITE SUV awaits Dharmassiri at the bottom of the steps.

EXT. BELTWAY, WASHINGTON, D. C. - EVENING

Dharmasiri's SUV heads into the city.

EXT. THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND FEET - MOONLIGHT

Our C-17 GLOBEMASTER III transport flies through thick clouds.

INT. COCKPIT, C-17 - PILOT'S POV

from the clouds emerges the tail of another aircraft. This is a KC-10 TANKER, capable of refueling other planes in mid-air.

EXT. THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND FEET - MOONLIGHT

The C-17 lines up behind and below the KC-10, which extends a refueling line from its tail toward the thirsty C-17. The boom (fuel line) connects the tanker aircraft to the C-17. Mid-air refueling now underway.

INT. C-17 CABIN -

ON Mason and Panphil. Only a handful of people on this military flight. Half-eaten turkey sandwiches, dark coffee, and carrot sticks. Standard Air Force travel fare. Panphil fakes sleep. Watches Mason from one eye. He's in a puzzle.

CU Mason's CROSSWORD PUZZLE. Words like "CHIMP," "DNA," "FIELDAGENT," "GENE WARFARE," and "VIRUS" fill the boxes.

EXT. THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND FEET - MOONLIGHT

The KC-10 aerial tanker disengages from the C-17. The C-17 banks steeply to the right and steers clear of the KC-10.

INT. C-17 CABIN -

CU on Mason's crossword. He writes in the name "HARTER." It fits perfectly. He slaps the crossword puzzle book shut.

PANPHIL

Call him. Nobody bothered to tell the President your contract's up.

MASON

Do you believe in coincidences, Agent Panphil? Thirteen years of hunting for Harter, he attacks my son, and they find him

(snaps his fingers)

like that? My first day of retirement.

PANPHIL
I'm sorry about your son. But it's
bigger -

Panphil's tablet SIGNALS a message. A welcomed distraction.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)
(checking her tablet)
Sweet Jesus, thank you, Hamilton. The
floor plans. I was afraid it was
gonna be a blind B&E.

MASON
How big is Bandar Abbas Station?

PANPHIL
Two.

MASON
Hundred?

PANPHIL
Al's a hundred. If you need into
Iran, you go through him. The other
is Field Agent Kazem Salahi. Twenty-
four from the Peace Corps.

MASON
I raise your Sweet Jesus with a Sweet
Moses in a Basket.

PANPHIL continues OVER with a

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BAZAAR, BANDAR ABBAS, IRAN - NIGHT

Kazem Salahi pushes a cleaning cart. Spies the now-familiar
ARAB TRIO approaching the mosque.

PANPHIL (V.O.)
Relax. Bandar Station's too small to
be compromised.

Salahi reaches into his pocket. Depresses the hidden trigger.

HIDDEN-CAMERA POV

Twenty-four high-speed shots of the TRIO. All of which are now digitized and beamed to Tailored Access Operations (T.A.O.).

HALF A BLOCK AWAY

two MEN with binoculars-for-eyes watch Kazem Salahi from an UNMARKED SEDAN. (Farsi/English SUBS):

SAVAK AGENT #1

One-man cell. Let's put a technical team on him. See what comes up.

SAVAK AGENT #2

Yessir.

They're the local SAVAK guys. Iranian Counterintelligence. Ferreting out foreign spies like Kazem Salahi, CIA.

EXT. FORESTED MOUNTAINSIDE, VIRGINIA - DAY

A convoy of tractor trailers with police and Humvee escorts. The trailers - loaded with SARCOPHAGI of the afflicted.

COLOSSAL STEEL DOORS built into the mountain open to accept the speeding CONVOY. The U.S. Parks Service sign reads:

Thirsty Mountain National Park

INT. TUNNEL -

The convoy stops under artificial lighting. A ring of guards carrying stun weapons await. These sarcophagi ain't leaving.

INT. SITUATION ROOM, CAMP DAVID -

President Birkett & Co. Current topic:

EARNESTINE/HOMELAND SECURITY CHIEF

And Thirsty Mountain brings us to -
 (off her notes)
 - ninety-eight percent capacity.

PRESIDENT BIRKETT
Hospitals - and that fuck-up??

EARNESTINE/HOMELAND SECURITY CHIEF
It causes real problems when Bob the
Cop refuses to load his own infected
daughter off to who-knows-where.

EXT. CITY STREET, METRO WASHINGTON - DAY

A cop in sneeze mask holds back angry family members as a
HAZMAT CREW slides an unconscious child into a sarcophagus.
Neighbors - all in face masks.

EARNESTINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
People don't understand. Half the
city's thinks a mask is all you need.

INT. SITUATION ROOM, CAMP DAVID -

MARQUEZ/FEMA CHIEF
Good thing for future Bob-the-Cops...
Thirsty's it for doomsday bunkers.

PRESIDENT BIRKETT
It's America. Find more goddamn
space. And empty those goddamn
hospitals. They're breeding grounds!

A secure phone rings.

AIDE
(checks the phone)
For you, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT BIRKETT
Intercom.

The aide reluctantly presses the intercom button.

INT. HEAD (RESTROOM), C-17 CABIN -

Mason...sits. Satellite phone to his ear.

INT. SITUATION ROOM, CAMP DAVID -

PRESIDENT BIRKETT
 (as a statement)
 Dr. Mason. Do we have a cure yet.

MASON (V.O.)
 (intercom; filtered)
 I hold you responsible. You fucked
 up. We'll discuss later.

INTERCOM: -BG a toilet flushes -the line goes dead.

Birkett in beet-red silence. A cough highlights the tension.

SWIPE TO:

INT./EXT. COURTYARD, BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

SIX monks in solitude. Modified lotus positions all around.
 A faint INSECT BUZZ adds to out the tranquility. A mosquito
 or two drifts on the air currents. One bug finds a monk as we

FADE OUT TO:

EXT. U.S. NAVAL STATION - MORNING

SUPER: **Tomorrow.**

BG the C-17 unloads onto the RIPPLING-HOT tarmac. Pure heat
 and noise as Mason and Panphil make for an awaiting sedan.
 Mason squints against the sun of all suns. Panphil, at his
 side, is decked out in dark shades and boonie hat. No sweat.

BG - block-stenciled across the front of the AIR TERMINAL:

WELCOME TO U.S. NAVAL SUPPORT ACTIVITY BAHRAIN

COLONEL PESSANO (V.O.)
 Ladies and gentlemen, this is a joint
 CIA-Pentagon op.

CUT TO:

INT. PLASTIC ROOM, U.S. NAVAL BASE, BAHRAIN -

A specialized room for sensitive discussions. Impenetrable to eavesdropping devices. The furniture: made of clear plastic.

COLONEL PESSANO, solid jawed and un-decorated ("Pessano" probably isn't his real name), with two LIEUTENANTS (THOMPSON and O'GRADY, equally anonymous). Three spooks in uniform.

Mason and Panphil sit across from the three officers-of-sorts. (BG a TABLE full of weapons, NV goggles, foreign currencies, outfits, weapons, weapons, medical devices and weapons.)

Behind Colonel Pessano - a digital MAP OF IRAN.

COLONEL PESSANO (CONT'D)

We're burning every asset in the area
to pull this off. Ain't many to burn.

MAP zooms into BANDAR ABBAS and to MOSQUE IMAM al-SHAYBANI.

COLONEL PESSANO (CONT'D)

Jihad Science Branch runs a secret
laboratory in a basement beneath
Mosque Imam al-Shaybani in the heart
of Bandar Abbas here on the coast.

He switches to the building's blueprints, labeled CLASSIFIED.

COLONEL PESSANO (CONT'D)

The lab - we believe - is in the
basement - three stories down. A bomb
shelter in case the Nazi's ever came.
Bomb-proof, but not commando-proof.
Dead or alive, Dr. Harter's coming
out. And hopefully with him the key
to this.

COLONEL PESSANO (CONT'D)

Iran denies knowledge of Jihad Science
Branch. We think they're telling the
truth. With the Nuclear Deal, we
cannot Desert-One this. Soft take-
down. Simple snatch-and-grab. No
shots fired.

Panphil rolls her eyes off Pessano. Mason: -senses her snark
-keeps eyes glued on the Colonel.

COLONEL PESSANO (CONT'D)

No drone coverage. They're fish in a barrel over Iran. But our man-in-place says Harter's home right now.

And COLONEL PESSANO'S briefing CONTINUES OVER with a CUT TO:

INT. ARAB HOOKAH LOUNGE, BANDAR ABBAS -

Four Arab men in a corner-booth. One jokes. Two others laugh. One doesn't. All four, deep-cover U.S. soldiers. Somehow, we just know they're American. They are designated DELTAS 1 through 4.

COLONEL PESSANO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Local station has gotten a boost from a small Army Delta Force unit.

PLASTIC ROOM

Panphil is enjoying this tidbit.

COLONEL PESSANO (CONT'D)

They're already in-country waiting your signal, Agent.

...AND A CUT TO:

EXT. GULF OF OMAN - NIGHT

The USS John C. Stennis - an AIRCRAFT CARRIER - cuts through the night under BLACKOUT CONDITIONS - invisible in the dark.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK, U.S.S. JOHN C. STENNIS - NIGHT-VISION

SEALs rush to TWO ANGULAR-SHAPED HELICOPTERS (Stealth Blackhawks for sneaking around behind enemy lines).

COLONEL PESSANO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And SEAL Team 6 is partying, too. Sunbathing in the Gulf of Oman as we speak.

Even with mid-air, you got 'em for ten minutes max.

The two Stealth Blackhawks (call-signs SABER 1 and SABER 2) lift-off from STENNIS'S deck.

INT. CABIN, SABER 1 STEALTH BLACKHAWK - DIM RED LIGHT

SEAL Team 6 - FOUR FACES: High-speed, low drag, professional shit-kickers. Locked on. Ready to go. All darker-skinned...

CU SEAL Team 6 in the combat uniform of the IRANIAN REVOLUTIONARY GUARD. No rank. No insignia. Iranian weapons.

COLONEL PESSANO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In case Uncle M.* shows up, Team Six will be wearing the uniform of their Revolutionary Guard. Packin' their heat, too. All firearms, unregistered. Untraceable.

(* Murphy's Law - If it can go wrong, it eventually will.)

COLONEL PESSANO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They're your top cover, the blocking action if things go ape-shit, and your ticket out. Bad fucking pun, I know.

BACK TO:

INT. PLASTIC ROOM -

COLONEL PESSANO (CONT'D)

At op's end, Six will do a roof-top extraction with you and Harter and that sonuvabitch will stand trial in Lower Manhattan and I'll pull the fucking electric-chair switch myself.

Colonel Pessano passes a COLT .45 AUTOMATIC to Mason.

COLONEL PESSANO (CONT'D)

You're operational, Major. No Hippocratic Oath here.

Mason accepts the pistol and its accompanying holster.

COLONEL PESSANO (CONT'D)
 Questions? Good. Everything's in
 place, but you. Al's old. Don't keep
 him waiting.

EXT. PIER, BAHRAIN - (LATER THAT) NIGHT

One FISHING BOAT out of a hundred others. Moored. Panphil
 and the ship's captain talk. Mason loads duffel bags.

COLONEL PESSANO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Happy hunting.

EXT. PERSIAN GULF - NIGHT

The FISHING BOAT chops the dark sea. Panphil on deck. Night-
 watch duty. Night vision goggles. Mason chums the seas with
 his puke. The FISHING BOAT stops briefly. The crew launches
 a small ZODIAC inflatable boat over-board.

IN THE ZODIAC

Mason and Panphil lay low in tactical black-out gear. Panphil
 checks her watch. Guns the motor. Mason enjoys the ride.

The ZODIAC: Full-speed ahead. Right for us.

LONG SHOT

the ZODIAC powers through the waves, leaving little for wake.
 Another BOAT emerges from the darkness...

THE ZODIAC

motors toward an awaiting BOSTON WHALER-type boat, flying
 Iranian colors. Panphil kills the motor. The two boats drift
 towards each other. A line is thrown. Panphil grabs ahold
 and ties alongside the larger vessel.

A Persian seaman, a hundred years old (but HUNDREDS of years
 strong), leans over the boat's rail. Looks down. This is AL.
 Al gives a nearly-toothless smile and extends a brawny hand of
 assistance downward. Panphil passes duffel bags up to him.

Mason climbs aboard first. Panphil takes up the rear.

As for the ZODIAC: it's pulled aboard. A half-crate goes over top. And fishing traps over that, completely hiding it.

They hurry beneath-decks. The whaler turns toward the distant lights on land (the Iranian port city of Bandar Abbas).

INT./EXT. RENTAL VAN, METRO BANDAR ABBAS - NIGHT - MOVING

Kazem, Mason up-front, full beards. Arab garb. Dressed as electricians. Panphil in the rear in full burkha. She passes high-tech throat microphones to Kazem and Mason, who promptly don 'em (each with a green light indicating).

Panphil produces a can of shaving cream. Unscrews the can in half. Inside: a MINI-SATELLITE DISH in a neutral position. She activates the dish. The dish spins on servos and automatically aligns to its parent satellite high above.

She carefully replaces the top back onto its base.

PANPHIL

Comms check. Mason, put this on the dash. Arrow toward that housing block.

Panphil passes the shaving cream can up to Mason. Kazem reaches behind and intercepts it.

KAZEM

(looking at the can)
'the fuck's this?!

PANPHIL

You didn't get the memo? We're going into a bomb shelter. It's called a relay. Just give it the line-of-sight it needs, the arrow there.

KAZEM

A can of shaving cream in the goddamn Bearded Republic?!

INT./EXT. COURTYARD, SA'DABAD PALACE, TEHRAN, IRAN - NIGHT

MAHMOUD SIRHAZ - IRAN'S PRESIDENT - and THREE ADVISORS walk the grounds. Security men move in the periphery.

PRESIDENT SIRHAZ

Still a team on this Salahi?

SAVAK CHIEF

Currently a technical team, yessir.
He vacated his flat, but at last
update, he's not headed to any known
points-of-entry.

INT./EXT. RENTAL VAN, BANDAR ABBAS - NIGHT - MOVING

Kazem driving. Mason, shotgun. On the dashboard sits a TAKE-OUT BAG from MashDonald's (Iran's "McDonald's") - where the SHAVING-CREAM CAN should be placed.

REAR

Panphil consults her tablet.

PANPHIL

Outage in -

PANPHIL'S COUNTDOWN INTERCUT

INT./EXT. COCKPIT, SABER 1 STEALTH BLACKHAWK - NIGHT-VISION

Pilot's POV: -a sea of dunes beneath the stars -the lights OF BANDAR ABBAS drawing closer.

PANPHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Three.

EXT. NARROW STREET ONE BLOCK FROM MOSQUE, BANDAR ABBAS - NIGHT

Delta 1 works on his disabled pickup on the one-way street.

PANPHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Two.

INT. SITUATION ROOM, CAMP DAVID -

President Birkett with National Security Team. Digital map of IRAN on the DISPLAY. Panphil's VOICE over the INTERCOM:

PANPHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

One.

INT. DARK OFFICE (T.A.O.) -

Hamilton's hack-job on SCREEN: an industrial control menu in FARSI. Hamilton: -types a password -presses...ENTER.

PANPHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Zero.

INT./EXT. COCKPIT, SABER 1 STEALTH BLACKHAWK -

PILOT'S POV - like a master light switch being thrown, BANDAR ABBAS GOES DARK - in sections at a time.

INT./EXT. RENTAL VAN, BANDAR ABBAS - MOVING -

A long pause that drags on. Finally the mosque's few lights die. Actually the entire neighborhood goes black.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

Let's go.

The van squeals to a HALT a half-block away.

EXT. MOSQUE IMAM AL-SHAYBANI, BANDAR ABBAS - NIGHT

Kazem, Mason, and Panphil (in full burkha) make their way to the simple entrance. Each with an ELECTRICIAN'S KIT. Each with credentials of the Pasargadae Utility Company.

They pause at the large wooden front door. Panphil reads Mason's face. He nods. She grabs the door handle. Accidentally yanks open the surprisingly light door. So far..

INT. MOSQUE IMAM AL-SHAYBANI - NEAR DARKNESS

...so good. One emergency light shines feebly from the *musallah* prayer hall.

Mason is instantly in awe of the mosque's MOSQUENESS, even in the weak light.

They cross the FOYER. A quick glimpse into the *musallah* prayer hall as they pass the FAITHFUL, prostrate in prayer and oblivious to the outage.

Panphil's tablet says LEFT, but Kazem stops her. Takes them instead to an

ALCOVE

to the RIGHT - where the FAITHFUL deposit their footwear (sandals, sneakers, etc.). Kazem kicks off his boots. Our two infidels follow his example.

PANPHIL

(into throat mic)

Cocktail in place.

Immediately, SHADOWS fall over them. They turn to the doorway: THREE ARAB MEN silhouetted by the emergency light.

LEAD ARAB

(to Panphil)

Allahu Akhbar.

The leader opens his tunic. We glimpse a cut-down Kalashnikov submachine gun. It's the DELTA UNIT from earlier (minus Delta 1). Delta 2 retrieves two duffel bags stashed in the alcove.

Dr. Mason, Agent Panphil, Kazem Salahi, and the three Delta operators switch on flashlights.

INT. HALLWAY, MOSQUE - SOON LATER

The fellowship walks past CLASSROOMS. As Mason peeks inside of one, the door abruptly OPENS. The IMAM steps out. He's as startled as they are. He also holds a FLASHLIGHT and shines it on their mugs - (Farsi/English SUBS):

KAZEM

Good evening, Imam!

- then he shines the FLASHLIGHT on their duffel bags -

IMAM

Did something blow?

- then shines the beam to their feet in socks. Imam: -seems pleased -shines his flashlight back on a birkha'ed Panphil.

Panphil clears her throat.

KAZEM

Apprentices...so eager, except in the middle of the night.

IMAM

(pointing away)

But the breaker is -

KAZEM

Nope. I go with you to explain.

(pointing down)

But they're going down to the dusty colonial-era wiring. Their first time solo.

EXT. ONE HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE MOSQUE, BANDAR ABBAS - NIGHT

The STEALTH BLACKHAWKS circle overhead like vultures. Their blades - QUIET WHIPS - like muffled weed-wackers.

EXT. NARROW STREET ONE BLOCK FROM MOSQUE, BANDAR ABBAS - NIGHT

Delta 1 tinkers under the hood. Watches the non-traffic.

INT. DARKENED HALLWAY, MOSQUE IMAM AL-SHAYBANI -

Delta Force and Mason follow Panphil's lead. Her TABLET'S digital map points the way. They stop at a solid door with no windows, and guarded by a security camera and a high-tech door lock. Both are powered off. They check. Nobody coming.

Panphil twists the door handle. It doesn't budge.

Panphil: -breaks open her KIT -removes a DEVICE (black spec-op box with miniature LED TOUCHSCREEN) -mounts the DEVICE on top of the electronic door lock -powers the DEVICE on. The

LED TOUCHSCREEN

runs an app displaying a 3-D virtual replica of the LOCKING MECHANISM. Panphil's fingers work the TOUCHSCREEN.

The virtual replica of the locking mechanism moves in 3-D as she manipulates it from the touchscreen. A CLICK and the real locking mechanism suddenly retracts. The door unlocks.

Guns safeties off. Hand-signals all around. Delta 4 has rear security. Panphil twists the handle. Throws the door open.

INT. DUSTY ROOM, MOSQUE - NIGHTVISION

Delta 2 storms in and sweeps high and right. Delta 3 follows, low and left. Targeting lasers sweep across a DUSTY ROOM: a dusty desk and chair, a dusty PC eternally drawing sewer pipes. A desk stacked with worn prayer mats.

DELTA 2/DELTA 3

Clear!

HALLWAY

Mason and Panphil - pistols drawn - move into the room. Delta 4 checks the hallway one last time before slipping into the

DUSTY ROOM

Panphil consults her tablet while Mason moves to a

WALK-IN CLOSET

A few worn blue bio-suits on hangers. He checks them out.

MASON

East European. Not worth the dye -

- and notices light flooding in from behind more bio-suits.
at the rear of the closet.

MASON (CONT'D)

Over here.

Panphil: -moves to the closet -pushes the bio-suits aside
Back there. Towards the rear. Another ELECTRONIC LOCK, but
newer with a back-lit keypad.

Her device easily defeats this second, newer lock. Panphil
twists the handle. The door opens to a whispering darkness.

PANPHIL

Sergeant, secure this room.

Delta 2 posts behind the desk. Mini-Kalashnikov aimed at the
door.

SWIPE TO:

INT./EXT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE COURTYARD - DAY

Six monks. A FLY lands on one's face. Joins the TWO flies
already there. And..those..damn..flies..won't..stop..bugging!

BACK TO:

EXT. NARROW STREET ONE BLOCK FROM MOSQUE, BANDAR ABBAS - NIGHT

Delta 1 and his DISABLED PICKUP. Eerie quiet. Then:

A POLICE CAR silently rolls up. Motor killed. Officer #1 -
the passenger - hops out. Mag-light shines up Delta 1 and the
pickup truck. Delta 1 steps from behind the hood, nervous,
apologetically greasy and clutching a fist-full of tools.

INT. STAIRWELL, MOSQUE IMAM AL-SHAYBANI - NIGHT-VISION

Deltas 3 and 4: -lead the way -step cautiously -descend into eternity, landing by landing. Mason and Panphil follow. Three stories down...steady...until they get to a

DOOR

at the bottom. Delta up front. Mason and Panphil behind. Delta 3 throws the door open. Both troopers toss out flash-bang stun grenades into the darkness beyond, exploding like a strobe-lit Fourth of July: chest-pounding noise, thick smoke.

Delta 3 sweeps high and right. Delta 4, low and left into

INT. DARK CAVERNOUS ROOM (HARTER'S LAB) - NEAR DARKNESS

The Delta operators invade with tactical precision. Twin laser beams penetrate the smoke, scanning for targets. The two troopers cover each other as they move. Panphil and Mason move behind. Pistols drawn. NV goggles on.

BG white LED lights penetrate the smoke revealing rows upon rows of: -glass cages? -or glass tanks? -terrariums? The FOUR move with purpose. They can't stop to look. Not yet.

Panphil's tablet leads them to a simple office door. She twists the handle. Unlocked. Panphil throws the door open. Deltas 3 and 4 toss in stun grenades. The troopers storm into

INT. HARTER'S OFFICE, MOSQUE - NIGHT-VISION

Delta 3's POV - a tidy berth, less an office. Folded laundry. Neat bed. Sandals. Rolled-up prayer mat. But no Harter.

DELTA 3/DELTA 4

(in unison)

Clear!

Panphil and Mason enter. Panphil: -produces a lantern - yanks off her NV's (and so do the others) -activates the lantern. TOO BRIGHT at first, but then dims.

Mason's chest heaves. He's thoroughly disgusted.

MASON
 Dammit! Sonuvabitch!

PANPHIL
 (into throat mic)
 He's gone, Landlord. Just missed him.

INT. SITUATION ROOM, CAMP DAVID -

Birkett w/National Security Team. Exasperation throughout.

PANPHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (intercom)
 In fact, I can still smell his fart
 down here.

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - DIM RED LIGHT

A control center for combat operations (monitors, charts, people, computers, telephones, etc). Here we find Colonel Pessano and a technician. Colonel Pessano takes the radio:

COLONEL PESSANO
 Cocktail, we are still black. Repeat,
 we are still black. Secondary mission
 is intel gathering. Maintain Comm
 Sec. No unnecessary transmissions.
 Ten minutes, Landlord, Out.

EXT. NARROW STREET ONE BLOCK FROM MOSQUE, BANDAR ABBAS - NIGHT

A team of SAVAK TECHNICIANS pours over Kazem's VAN careful not to leave any trace of their snooping. One technician: -moves the Mash-Donald's bag from the dashboard -discovers the shaving cream can inside -twists the cap off -discovers the satellite dish hidden inside.

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - DIM RED LIGHT

Colonel Pessano with technician. The technician: -works his keyboard -frowns at bad news from his screen.

TECHNICIAN

We lost Cocktail's signal, sir.
Terminated at the source.

INT. SITUATION ROOM, CAMP DAVID -

Birkett and his National Security Team. Dharmasiri patched in via video.

DHARMASIRI

(video conference;
static interference)

Still .cure.this...give .fo-..results.

PRESIDENT BIRKETT

You're breaking up.

O'DOWELL/SEC DEF

Mr. President, this is a severe
national security incident.

FISHER/NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR (V.O.)

I think he says give 'em more time.

PRESIDENT BIRKETT

- that we don't have.

KELLOGG/ATTORNEY GENERAL

Everyone infected turns against us,
Mr. President. They're all a risk.

The round-table DISCUSSION continues OVER as we

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A police tactical squad on the front porch preps to assault.
The bomb-handler affixes a brech charge to the front door.

Suddenly a FIST punches through from within! Punches the DEMO
MAN clear out of FRAME. The brech charge detonates early..

KELLOGG/ATTORNEY GENERAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Already established - American-born
 enemy combatants can be lawfully
 targeted without due process.

Blown-up limbs of tactical troops lay everywhere. A BEAST
 leaps through the shattered front door. It launches itself
 right at his second victim...

KELLOGG/ATTORNEY GENERAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Plus, technically, this African
 bacteria is a foreign entity. Closes
 remaining loopholes, Mr. President.

BACK TO:

INT. SITUATION ROOM, CAMP DAVID -

PRESIDENT BIRKETT
 It's a virus. And I know the law. I
 goddam wrote it. Harter's a Nazi
 madman!

PRESIDENT BIRKETT continues OVER - very irate - with another

CUT TO:

INT. FALLOUT SHELTER, THIRSTY MOUNTAIN COMPLEX -

and - moving through a service tunnel - witness: -a forklift
 moving a sarcophagus -and another sarcophagus being loaded
 into a different HOUSING UNIT -and workers sealing off yet a
 different UNIT. Rows of housing units now prison cells.

PRESIDENT BIRKETT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Executive Order "Capture to
 Quarantine" is "Capture to Kill."
 Clean out those damn bunkers, too.
 The African Affliction got em.
 Casualties of war, get it?

BACK TO:

INT. SITUATION ROOM, CAMP DAVID -

EARNESTINE/HOMELAND SECURITY CHIEF

Got it.

PRESIDENT BIRKETT

Good. No cure. No space. And no
goddamn humane reason to let 'em live.

EXT. MERCY GENERAL HOSPITAL - AERIAL VIEW - DAY

A robust National Guard presence now dominates the campus. They stand opposite protesters who want their loved ones to remain.

REAR LOADING DOCK

where OUR TRACTOR-TRAILER is parked. A fork-lift exits the hospital. Carries a steel sarcophagus onto the trailer - itself nearly full of sarcophagi.

As the tractor trailer and convoy pull away, a

HUMAN BARRICADE

has materialized from the crowd of protesters. The convoy must first contend with the human-barricade that has effectively blocked their departure. Picket signs, chants, slogans, human shields.

A sad eternity as the convoy chooses their orders over the lives of their countrymen.

Just as the inevitable happens, we quickly move past this hurtful image and head to the other side of the hospital complex. Find ourselves in the

PARKING GARAGE

and on one car parked among the many. An AUDI. Its headlamps FLASH. The alarm CHIRP-CHIRPS. Veronica Mason slips inside.

Few heads turn as Veronica's AUDI jams out of the garage.

STREET

Veronica's Audi in pursuit of OUR CONVOY (which has a decent head start with police and National Guard clearing the way).

INT./EXT. EAST-BLOC "JEEP," IRANIAN WASTES - NIGHT - MOVING

A dust cloud lags behind the "jeep."

Inside - a driver and next to him - JIBRIL NASSER.

NASSER

Our timing's off. Better to enter the Tribal Lands at night.

BACKSEAT

DR. TIM HARTER. Complete with beard and *keffiyah*.

HARTER

Either way -
 (off his watch)
 - they should be hungry.

Harter raises a PISTOL to the back of the driver's head. BANG! Driver's brains blow across the front windshield. Nasser grabs the wheel. Harter: -reaches the door handle -opens it.

OUTSIDE

the driver's body falls out. The "jeep" hardly slows.

INSIDE - SHORTLY LATER

Nasser drives. Harter - now up front - wipes clean the window. Nasser - still in shock at what just transpired.

HARTER

(off Nasser's reaction)
 Lightens our load.

EXT. NARROW STREET ONE BLOCK FROM MOSQUE, BANDAR ABBAS - NIGHT

Delta 1, the Police Officer and the disabled pickup. Both men hear it: a metallic whipping - like a large, muffled weed-wacker - from...above? The officer's MAG-LIGHT reaches up.

Both men see it: a helicopter - oddly-angled, with paint that absorbs the officer's light beam - and subdued U.S. INSIGNIA! Both men react: Officer #1: -drops his tools -engages his radio. Delta 1 double-taps Officer #1, who falls mid-word.

Officer #2 leaps out with PISTOL pointing. Delta 1: -turns -pops-off twin silenced rounds. Now Officer #2 is down.

INT. HARTER'S LAB, MOSQUE, BANDAR ABBAS -

THE LAB IS ILLUMINATED by several powerful portable lamps deployed for the occasion.

As the Americans toss drawers, load up duffel bags, take photos, etc., we see the layout of Dr. Harter's lab:

A cavernous room three stories deep. ABOVE - cat-walks, pipes, and conduits criss-cross. GROUND LEVEL - ROWS of GLASS TANKS. Some filled with brown fluid. Some empty. Work tables run throughout. The room's periphery - in deep shadows.

PANPHIL

Six minutes. Anything you can find!

INT./EXT. POLICE SQUAD CAR, NARROW STREET NEAR MOSQUE - NIGHT

Delta 1 slides Officer #2's body into the back seat. Shoves it right on top of Officer #1's dead body...

SIRENS incoming. Delta 1 makes a run for it, but POLICE CARS slam in from *both* directions, skid out, and screech to stops.

More officers appear. Weapons drawn. Delta 1: -skids to a stop, too -shows his hands. But an over-eager officer OPENS FIRE. Delta 1 falls in the street.

INT. HARTER'S LAB, MOSQUE -

Panphil and Mason photograph journals and documents / while /
Delta 4 discovers a box of memory cards in a drawer.

DELTA 4
Transmission series?

MASON
Bring it.

Delta tosses the whole box. Mason: -catches it -roots
through the box -finds one in memory card in particular:

"Transmission Studies - Genetic Adam Candidate"

-and inserts the card into his MISSION TABLET. NSA software
instantly decrypts the garbledly-encrypted text.

MASON
Son. Uva. Bitch. Genetic Adam.
He found one.

PANPHIL
(pronouncing the same)
Genetic *Atom* or Genetic *Adam*?

MASON
As in Adam and Eve, but not quite.
Every male has a father. And that
father had a father.

PANPHIL
I'm tracking.

Panphil huddles with Mason over his MISSION TABLET. SCREEN:
Adam candidacy - Cameroonian Y-Haplogroup Analysis

MASON

Go back in time far enough and Genetic Adam was the genetic father of all males alive today. We males all have his Y-chromosome. He lived about sixty thousand years ago, give or take.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIED-UP PLAINS, 60,000 YEARS AGO - UNDER A BLAZING SUN

The Great African Plains - but unrecognizably dead, cracked, and barren - stretches to the horizon.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Before early modern man ever left Africa, climate change occurred. Lasted too long. Almost wiped us out as a species.

In the distance - A MAN - sprints across the wastes. Leaps any obstacle like a gazelle. Heads in our direction. He passes the carcass of a human...the carcass of a vulture...

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Humanity was down to fewer than a thousand souls scattered in pockets across West Central Africa.

He's much closer. Little for clothing. Well-armed, -well-equipped: -spears -sling-shots -bladders of water strapped tight. Zero fatigue. Then the man: -stops -bends down - examines a wildebeest carcass -looks up -looks to the horizon -looks oddly like Mason. It's *Genetic Adam*.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This Genetic Adam had it all: Mojo. Fitness. Brains. Whatever.

INT./EXT. CAVE, 60,000 YEARS AGO - EVENING

Adam with five of his strapping sons. All taller than he. All stronger. They don war paint. Ready sophisticated weapons.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
His sons had it, too.

EXT. TRIBAL HUTS, 60,000 YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Adam and his warrior-sons DECIMATE a clan of eleven...

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Adam's bloody legacy: All males
encountered, killed. Females,
impregnated.

BEHIND THE HUTS

the spoils of war go down. Each son waits his turn...

BACK TO:

INT. HARTER'S LAB, BANDAR ABBAS -

ON PANPHIL snapping photos:

PANPHIL
OK, three minutes, Professor.
We got a cure or not!?

Mason sniffs the air suspiciously.

MASON
Three problems, though.
First, that fart -

A DEEP REVERBERATING PURRRR from outside lanterns' reach.
Delta 3 yanks on his NV goggles and scans the SHADOWS.

MASON (CONT'D)
- waaay too strong.

Something massive separates from the shadows. It moves into the light. Not seen since the last ICE AGE, and three times your typical tiger: A SABER-TOOTHED CAT - but not quite - pounces right in.

The CAT grins four sixteen-inch daggers that curve inward.

Mouth opens wide to reveal a second complete inner mouth - perpendicular to the first - and lined with RAZOR-SHARP TEETH. The inner mouth - in sync with the outer mouth - but snaps shut from left-to-right like a steel trap. Dinner, served.

PANPHIL/DELTA 4

Holy! Shit!

The saber-toothed cat promptly: -pounces Delta 3 to the ground -maw-grabs his torso -flings him across the room right into a LARGE GLASS TANK - one of many in this row. Hits back-first. Shatters the tank AND Delta 3. Mosquitoes escape.

Mason and Panphil dive in opposite directions, both beneath lab tables and work benches. Delta 4 opens fire point-blank.

BULLETS

impact on super-dense cat fur. EACH BULLET angers the enormous CAT.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MASON AND PANPHIL AND DELTA. The team keeps in contact via throat mics as they are no longer face-to-face.

PANPHIL

Duck!

DELTA 4: -reloads -DUCKS, just as

CAT 2 (with an almost-crocodilian crammed with wicked-curved saw-teeth that gouge its own jowls): -sails in from behind mosquito tanks -careens just over Delta 4's keffiyah - destroys another bank of mosquitoes on impact -rolls to within striking distance of PANPHIL - crouched beneath a desk. CAT 2, reporting for duty.

PANPHIL

That the second problem?

CAT 2 lunges at break-neck speed at Panphil crouched beneath the desk.

Panphil: -kicks herself out from beneath the desk -slides out on her back, a pistol in each hand -and pumps bullet after bullet into a too-slow-to-react CAT 2

Mason: -leans out -lines up a shot -unleashes a salvo dead-on with Panphil's shots. CAT 2 cat-laughs it off.

MASON

Still the first problem - just getting worse!

DELTA 4 reloads. Fires point-blank at CAT 1 just as AN ANGRY PAW swipes his gun away. CAT 1 pounces. Delta 4 is mauled.

INT./EXT. VERONICA'S AUDI, D.C. BELTWAY - EVENING - CRAWLING

through traffic as EVACUATION TRAFFIC thickens. Veronica fights to see as far ahead as possible.

BLAZE PAST her Audi (and past an APOCALYPSE OF GRIDLOCK that is way too long) deep into the rolling Virginia countryside - we find OUR CONVOY and its National Guard escorts. Unimpeded.

INT./EXT. TRACTOR CAB - MOVING -

Truck driver and National Guard Captain enjoy the countryside.

NATIONAL GUARD CAPTAIN

Absolutely breath-taking.

INT. HARTER'S LAB, BANDAR ABBAS -

INTERCUT BETWEEN MASON AND PANPHIL

ON MASON on a LONG LAB TABLE. He watches as CAT 1 circles the table and stares and licks its chops.

MASON

Second problem: My Y-chromosome is unchanged.

CAT 1 slowly steps onto Mason's table. The cat's weight lifts Mason's end into the air.

MASON (CONT'D)

I'm sub A0 of Y-haplogroup A00!

Mason slips but quickly regains his footing as CAT 1 becomes startled and backs off.

MASON (CONT'D)

I'm the Cameroonian basal lineage!

ON PANPHIL as she slides under another table.

CAT 2 collides with it. Nearly flips over the table - with her beneath.

PANPHIL

Hold on, Professor, let me get out pen and paper!

MASON and CAT 1. CAT 1 is clearly thinking, calculating.

MASON

I'm saying - I'm Genetic Adam!

ON PANPHIL as CAT 2: -chomps her leg -yanks her out by the calf. Her Colt .45 now far, far away.

PANPHIL

We are *not* sacrificing your son!
'the hell's wrong with you!?

CAT 1 stands his front paws on the edge of Mason's table. CAT 1 presses down with its great bulk. The table lifts again.

MASON

What? Different story, dammit!

MASON slips again in his socks, slides down the table - and right toward a hungry CAT 1'S double-maws snapping shut.

SWIPE TO:

INT./EXT. COURTYARD, BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

FIVE MONKS destroyed. One monk - gone. Red flesh, orange robes, and sandals everywhere.

BACK TO:

INT. HARTER'S LAB, BANDAR ABBAS -

INTERCUT BETWEEN MASON AND PANPHIL

ON MASON. SLOW MOTION. In mid-tumble and sliding down the long WORK TABLE toward a DOUBLE-MOUTHED CAT 1, test tubes, glassware. All that. Double-cat-maw snaps in anticipation. Oh, Cat's gonna get that ass!

Mason's MISSION TABLET slowly tumbles into CAT 1's fully-extended outer maw, wedging it open. The INNER MAW snaps uselessly at the tablet, jammed just out of its reach.

FULL MOTION

Mason drops into CAT 1's propped-open mouth a half-second later. He foot-jams his mission tablet down CAT 1's throat.

MASON: -awkwardly exits CAT 1's propped-open maw -scampers across the floor to someone's COLT .45 -grabs it -rolls onto his back -scans for CAT 1. But CAT 1 is gone!

MASON

He based the provirus on my genome,
since I represent all men alive. And
most women.
The ultimate self-replicating killer.
Virtually zero target discrimination.
Survivors spread the virus.

ON PANPHIL dragged by the leg to a feeding spot by CAT 2.

PANPHIL

Sacrifice you then?!

MASON
 (radio; filtered)
 Also means Jason's gonna do a perfect
 conversion.
 Third problem -

PANPHIL - behind a work table, nursing her bleeding leg.

PANPHIL
 I swear that's five already!

MASON pursues CAT 1 through the wrecked lab equipment. CAT 1
 spies CAT 2 - and Panphil - an easy meal for the taking.

MASON (CONT'D)
 - Harter has sero-converted!

Mason: -aims for a fleeing CAT 1 -empties a clip into the
 beast while running -reloads.

CAT 1 feels the sting and turns to confront MASON. Mason
 skids to a stop dead in his tracks.

PANPHIL produces a UTILITY KNIFE from her bosom and plants
 said knife somewhere in CAT 2'S face. A deafening roar as the
 beast returns her leg.

She bolts for cover. Any cover. Another work table will do.

PANPHIL
 Sero-con-whatted?!

As PANPHIL moves, CAT 1 pouncing her to the ground. Panphil
 on her back. Kitty on top.

INT./EXT. VERONICA'S AUDI, D.C. BELTWAY - EVENING - CRAWLING

VERONICA'S AUDI stuck in a TRAFFIC JAM! Radio blares:

REPORTER MUMMA (V.O.)
*Code Zombie has taken an ominous turn
 tonight -*

The RADIO BROADCAST continues OVER with a

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S SECTION, DEPARTMENT STORE - NEAR DARKNESS

and a child-monstrosity deftly leaping from rack to clothing rack. Taunting the SWAT TEAM hunting for it.

REPORTER MUMMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*- as the President now considers the
 African Affliction un-curable -*

The child-beast - *he? she?* - comes out of NOWHERE. Right at the last SWAT trooper. The terror-borne child rips off his helmet and mask. Bites deeply into his face.

REPORTER MUMMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*- with shoot-to-kill orders now issued
 -*

Three comrades turn and - in a spray of panicky automatic gunfire - MOW DOWN their buddy (and the child-beast, too).

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL, WASHINGTON, D.C. - LIVE

REPORTER LORI MUMMA in her BIO-SUIT. Running with cameraman!

REPORTER MUMMA (CONT'D)
 There's one right behind us!

BG it sure is! One leap! And the beast cuts our LIVE FEED!

INT. HARTER'S LAB, BANDAR ABBAS -

ON MASON. CAT 2 has cornered him behind two MOSQUITO TANKS. Mason is pancaked against the wall. A thin gap between the two tanks separates him from CAT 2.

MASON (CONT'D)
 Harter's developed antibodies to
Spuma. I'm the problem, he's the
 cure. And he ain't here!

CAT 1 (bleeding eye socket) stands ON TOP OF Panphil. Holds her down by the limbs. Cat's bleeding eye-socket and all.

Panphil's MISSION TIMER BEEPS.

PANPHIL

Ok, Doc, time to go!

CAT 2's hellishly-long snout: -slides between the tanks - readies to bite a cornered Mason.

MASON

Lemme ask this tiger if he has a chopper. Or knows someone.

Mason tries to reload while keeping his limbs away from CAT 2 / meanwhile / CAT 1 violin-rubs its saber-fangs across Panphil's throat. Panphil: -dislocates both shoulders - rolls free.

ON MASON. Cat-maw snaps shut amazingly close to MASON'S FACE, which gets slobber-slapped on the rebound. But he reloads -

MASON

They've neomorphic mutations under mitochondrial control. Just nix their ability to -

- and again fires!

MASON (CONT'D)

- hollow-points suck on cat fur!

A BOOM!

that blows CAT 2 to smithereens! Mason: -stares at the smoking barrel of his COLT .45 -wipes the slobber off his face.

MASON (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

KAZEM (O.S.)

All they're fucking good for!

CU Kazem Salahi: -holds a shaving cream can (a different brand than earlier)

KAZEM (CONT'D)

I thought exactly this was happening,
minus the Thundercats part!

He: -takes it like a hand grenade -pulls the pin -tosses it at something moving behind him. CAT 1 takes hit full on. Cat 1 gone!

MASON: -peers out -moves out from behind the tanks -spies the stairwell. He sees Salahi. They see each other.

MASON

Salahi! We still got choppers overhead?

KAZEM

Well, we don't got the van no more..

MASON

Then let's - the hell out!

MASON: -makes for the stairwell - -stumbles over Panphil's body.

EXT. ROOFTOP, MOSQUE IMAM AL-SHAYBANI, BANDAR ABBAS - NIGHT

The top door is suddenly thrown open. Mason pops his head out. Looks around. He emerges first, then he works with Kazem to lift Panphil's body out.

EXT. NARROW STREET ONE BLOCK FROM MOSQUE, BANDAR ABBAS - NIGHT

Iranian police and SEAL Team 6 exchange gunfire in the street below, outside the mosque. The SEALs retreat toward the mosque while they return fire. More cops down.

The Stealth Blackhawks swoop in for the evac: SABER 1 above the street. SABER 2 hovers above Mosque Imam al-Shaybani's

ROOF-TOP

Kazem and Mason rush Panphil into SABER 2, assisted by the crew. Lastly they board SABER 2.

The SEALs affix themselves to SABER 1's rappelling lines. Instantly they're whisked airborne as the helos climb into the pre-dawn sky.

EXT. TWO STEALTH BLACKHAWKS, AT ALTITUDE, IRAN - NIGHT

that roar with a WHIPPED WHISPER away from the darkened city of Bandar Abbas that's now just regaining its lights.

INT./EXT. CREW AREA, SABER 2 STEALTH BLACKHAWK -

Panphil: -on her stomach -near topless -near bottomless - covered in blood. We think she's infected until a corpsman removes a three-inch piece of shrapnel with forceps. Drops it into a pan holding more shrapnel. Mason - amazed at how much.

MASON
(to Panphil)
Pan's filled.

PANPHIL
Thanks for the assist.

Mason passes her a radio handset.

MASON
Repay the favor.

Panphil rolls over to read his eyes. She sees the icy coldness of a father protecting his offspring.

MASON (CONT'D)
I'm still in this.

She takes the radio headset. Toggles it.

PANPHIL
(into mic)
Hamilton..real-time eyes..

INT. DARK OFFICE (T.A.O.) -

A DIGITAL MAP of Bandar Abbas. Real-time display of all vehicular traffic on roadways in and out of Bandar Abbas. Courtesy of the J-STARS aircraft's side-scan radar.

As usual, we Hamilton from behind, behind the keyboard. PANPHIL continues OVER the INTERCOM:

PANPHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (radio; filtered)
 All traffic..leaving Bandar Abbas...
 two-hundred mile radius.

Hamilton types a command:> **Mission cross-link @J-STARS**

EXT. 44,000 FEET OVER THE PERSIAN GULF - NIGHT

A military airliner (with a CANOE-SHAPED RADAR DOME fused along its fuselage) turns to line up with the Iranian coast.

SUPER: **Joint-STARS Ground Surveillance Platform**

The canoe radar dome crackles visibly with energy.

INT. CREW AREA, SABER 2 STEALTH BLACKHAWK -

PANPHIL (CONT'D)
 Optimize your search for off-road
 traffic.
 (to Mason)
 Anything else, Doc?

MASON
 Yep. Get Wendy and Solomon to
 USAMRIID yesterday. That's it. Give
 them access to everything. My old
 blood samples, everything. That's
 all. And CRISPR access -

PANPHIL

You're not retiring then.

MASON (CONT'D)

- and tell the pilots the mission's changed. That's all.

PANPHIL

I'm serious, Mason! After this -

MASON (CONT'D)

- and patch me through to Dharmasiri. And I'll need the President soon, but not yet. That's it.

INT. DARK OFFICE (T.A.O.) -

Hamilton executes commands:

SCREEN: Major roadway traffic is scrubbed out. Then side streets - deleted. Lastly - all remaining traffic on paved surfaces into and out of Bandar Abbas - digitally erased.

The SCREEN is now on PANPHIL'S TABLET taking us

BACK TO:

INT./EXT. CREW AREA, SABER 2 STEALTH BLACKHAWK -

PANPHIL'S TABLET SCREEN - one blip stands out. It moves ASKEW TO the NS/EW grid of Bandar Abbas far to the SOUTH.

PANPHIL

Off-road. Jeep or truck.
Thank you, Hamilton.

MASON

(into sat phone)

Dan.

EXT. CITY STREET, WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

A Dr. Dharmasiri's white SUV patrols the city. People everywhere wear face masks.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (radio; filtered)
 Who do you know in the Forestry
 Service?

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT WASTES, IRAN - NIGHT

Harter and Nasser's "jeep" seemingly plunges off a cliff.

DEEP RAVINE

The "jeep" - careening down the ravine's face.

INSIDE

Nasser has the wheel. Harter scared shitless.

INT. CREW AREA, SABER 2 STEALTH BLACKHAWK -

PANPHIL'S TABLET SCREEN: The BLIP of the JEEP moves against the ghostly landscape. Then...GONE.

INT./EXT. J-STARS SURVEILLANCE JET, 44,000 FEET - DAWN

TECHNICIAN'S SCREEN: the BLIP that is HARTER/NASSER vanishes!

TECHNICIAN
 Target vanished.
 Terrain's masking him!

INT. CREW AREA, SABER 2 STEALTH BLACKHAWK -

MASON

Captain, put us in a holding pattern.

INT./EXT. COCKPIT, SABER 2 STEALTH BLACKHAWK - NIGHT

CU DISPLAY PANEL - a digital map of the battlespace. And a new warning - LOW FUEL.

PILOT

Bingo fuel, ladies. Sucking hot, time to trot.

COMMANDER

Negative, Major. Execute the critical fuel plan. Let's check out this mad-scientist thing.

EXT. FIVE HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE IRANIAN WASTES - DAWN

It only takes a second for SABER 2 to mid-air steal SABER 1's last drops of fuel. The two aircraft disengage. Part ways.

INT./EXT. EAST BLOC "JEEP" - IRANIAN WASTES - DAWN

bounding through the widening gulley. Harter can't believe it. Ahead: a skeletonized airliner? An old fighter jet? A broken helo. A rusted crop-duster. An airplane graveyard.

NASSER

Soon I'll open the museum.

Nasser stops his East Bloc "jeep" and hops out. Harter follows Nasser to a large ROCK-LIKE BUNKER centered amidst the scrap planes. Up-close it's a

MILITARY-GRADE HANGAR

aluminum construction and disguised like the surrounding rock - meant to deceive spy-satellites, drones, and casual observers. Nasser opens a side door. Enters.

INSIDE THE HANGER under bare lightbulbs: Barrels of jet kerosene. A work table.

And an MI-1 HARE - a Korean-era Soviet utility helicopter.
It's shiny dark green and pristine. Rotors folded back.
Brand-new rubber tires.

Harter takes it all in from the doorway.

INT. CREW AREA, SABER 2 STEALTH BLACKHAWK -

Panphil - ever the trooper (while being bandaged up):

PANPHIL
- and this Hunger?

MASON
The virus tricks the brain into
thinking it's a glial product,
something that's supposed to be there.

MASON continues OVER with a

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, SOMEWHERE IN D.C. - DAY

A teenager - in blood-soaked boxers - cowers in the corner.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The brain lets it right in.

His girlfriend: -flat on her back -and under the sink. Her
lower half hangs out, completely exposed. She's in tattered
cowboy boots, but otherwise naked with fur and bleeding tumors
here and there.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You crave anything abhorrent. Rotten
garbage. Carcasses. Filth. Human
flesh. The stress spawns virus spawns
rage spawns virus. Wash, rinse,
repeat, you're mad.

BENEATH THE SINK, girlfriend (mouth covered in fresh blood):
 -yanks loose a clogged pipe -opens wide -guides the THICK
 GREY PIPE SLUDGE right down her throat as we CUT TO:

RAMEN NOODLES (college-style in a microwave container) sliding
 right into a guy's mouth. And now we're

INT. SOLOMON THOBURN'S BEDROOM, WASHINGTON D.C. -

The RAMEN NOODLES are Sol's. Gone in a slurp! A MAN-IN-BLACK
 watches. We're now in a nerd's bedroom. Einstein, Big Bang
 Theory, and sci-fi everywhere.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(cell phone; filtered)

Sol, Dr. Mason. Get ready. Use my
 frozen specimens. We're gonna CRISPR
 this, okay?

SOLOMON THOBURN

(into cell)

Sure thing, Dr. M. *Mazel tov.*

A Man-In-Black watches as: -Solomon grabs his backpack and a
 Pepsi and leaves -stops short -runs back to his nerd desk -
 unplugs a DEVICE the size of two standard laser printers
 stacked -awkwardly hauls the bulky device out the doorway.

INT./EXT. DHARMASIRI'S SUV - EVENING - MOVING

along ILLINOIS AVENUE, D.C. Indistinct government radio
 chatter over the radio:

DHARMASIRI

(off of radio chatter)

The weapons plant?!

(to his driver)

Get there!

Dharmasiri's driver: -activates lights and sirens -swerves
 across several lanes of traffic to an interstate on-ramp.

EXT. MILITARY-CONTROLLED STREET, SOMEWHERE IN MARYLAND - NIGHT

We HOLD on the marquee

USAMRIID
United States Army Medical Research Institute for Infectious
Diseases

as TWO POLICE CARS - fully-activated - fly past.

As the first passes, backseat: Wendy Cho. In the second backseat: Solomon Thoburn. Two grad students - deer in headlights, speeding through the heavily-guarded gate.

INT. READY ROOM, AIR FORCE SQUADRON -

SUPER: Joint Base McGuire-Dix-Lakehurst, New Jersey.

Men in flight suits receive a briefing. OVERHEAD DISPLAY: military flight routes from New Jersey into D.C.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
 Tankers on stand-by, General.

INT./EXT. COURTYARD, SA'DABAD PALACE, TEHRAN, IRAN - DAWN

President Sirhaz confers with advisors. An AIDE approaches:

AIDE
 Mr. President, we have reports of an
 American helicopter downed in the Lut!

EXT. AIRPLANE GRAVEYARD, IRANIAN WASTES - DAWN

The HARE helo rises from a dusty vortex and into the A.M. sun.

INT. COCKPIT, SABER 2 STEALTH BLACKHAWK -

The commander's RADAR SCOPE: A bright green BLIP appears.

COMMANDER

Contact! Airborne! Seventy knots on
the deck! Heading zero-niner-one!

PILOT

I got 'em! Eighty-eight miles!
Vectoring to intercept!

EXT. FIVE HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE DESERT -

SABER 2 banks to the right. Swoops down to intercept...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL BEDROOM, CAMP DAVID - NIGHT

Rustic, expansive, and modern. Rain pelts the window. Paula
Birkett - a fetus afloat in the king-sized. A LOUD THUD at the

WINDOW

A LEG - still in camouflage pants, thigh holster, and a combat
boot - has SLAMMED against the window. The leg slides down
in a smear of blood. The ALARM sounds. Paula bolts upright!

INT. SITUATION ROOM, CAMP DAVID -

Birkett and Company. President Sirhaz on BIRKETT'S SCREEN:

PRESIDENT SIRHAZ (V.O.)

(video conference)

A simple question, Mr. Birkett, yes or
no. Are American commandos currently
operating on Iranian soil?

The OTHER END of the conversation as we CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, SA'DABAD PALACE, TEHRAN, IRAN -

President Sirhaz and Company. Birkett on SIRHAZ'S SCREEN:

PRESIDENT BIRKETT (V.O.)
(video conference)

A helicopter has strayed hunting
insurgents and ran out of fuel. As
friends of the Nuclear Deal, full,
immediate access to the crash site -

INT. SITUATION ROOM, CAMP DAVID -

An ALARM!

Everyone freezes. AGENT CARDENAS - the President's bodyguard:
-draws his service pistol -grabs Birkett by the arm.

AGENT CARDENAS
(from ear-piece report)
Security breach, Mr. President!
Let's go!

INT. HALLWAY, CAMP DAVID -

A HUMAN HUDDLE of secret service agents hustle Birkett down
the hallway. He: -clutches his heart -catches a glimpse of
Paula being hustled behind. We can guess what's behind them!

INT. KITCHEN, CAMP DAVID - DARKNESS

Lights pop on. The door bursts open. Agents pour into the
commercial-sized kitchen. Inside the human huddle - President
Birkett. In the middle of the kitchen (and in their way) - a
beast-freak.

Agents unleash an indescribable amount of firepower in a
violent reaction measured in seconds. The man-beast flinches.
Then begins its attack...

EXT. DESERT WASTES, IRAN - DAY

WIDE-SHOT a robust combat chopper in a slow-speed pursuit of a
puny helo. The (Black)hawk chasing the hare through a canyon.

INT. HARE -

NASSER

The slower we go, the more gas they
burn.

The HARE banks around a sharp bend in the canyon wall that the Stealth Blackhawk can't negotiate! The American helo flies up and over the canyon rim. It recovers and then dives back into the canyon in pursuit of the Hare.

INT. KITCHEN, CAMP DAVID -

A first-class ass-whooping in progress! 180° firefight! Twelve Secret Service agents fighting (and dying) behind islands, ovens, and counters in the enterprise-sized kitchen:

The agents' fire is split two ways. One beast leaps from the hallway into withering small-arms fire. It loses a limb and another, and still launches into an agent. Rips it to shreds.

The first beast grabs another agent and yanks him apart. The torso - ripped transverse from navel to shoulder blade.

(BG Paula and her protective detail: mauled, shredded.)

Birkett and Agents Cardenas and Witberger remain. Zero ammo. Surrounded by two beast-freaks. One in the kitchen, the other at the doorway behind them. The President and detail bolt to a TINY PANTRY while one beast is distracted by a fresh corpse.

Cardenas produces a THERMOBARIC GRENADE (fuel-air explosive).

AGENT CARDENAS

Mercy plan, sir?!

PRESIDENT BIRKETT

Goddammit, no!

AGENT CARDENAS

Mercy on them, then. Get down, close your eyes, cover your ears, open your mouth, cross your legs, and squeeze your ass tight!

The two comply. Cardenas throws the grenade through the kitchen and into the hallway. Shuts the pantry door.

The EXPLOSION: -so loud, it doesn't register -so blindingly WHITE it fries our ultra-expensive RED Scarlet movie cameras's digital optics. The over-pressure wave sears the air, igniting a plasma on orders of magnitude in heat-intensity.

OUTSIDE IN THE DOWNPOUR

a fireball reaches into the night sky illuminating the grounds. Scattered about are mauled remains of Secret Service agents and Marines.

KITCHEN

no more.

EXT. IRANIAN WASTES - DAY

A helicopter canyon pursuit as both choppers: -skim cavern walls -clip rocky outcroppings. The HARE up front. SABER 2 behind.

INT. COCKPIT, SABER 2 STEALTH BLACKHAWK -

COMMANDER

What's your endgame, Doc? They have the longer legs.

MASON

(to Panphil)

I need your tablet.

(to the Corpsman)

I need your boots.

(to the aviators)

Get closer. Extend the probe!

EXT. SABER 2 STEALTH BLACKHAWK -

Like a phallus, SABER 2'S mid-air refueling probe extends past the kill radius of the chopper blades. SABER 2 pulls alongside the HARE...a hair away.

EXT. WOODED FIELD, CAMP DAVID - NIGHT - DOWNPOUR

Agents Cardenas and Witberger - badly burned with blood oozing from every orifice - struggle to carry Birkett's limp body toward the distant tree line.

INT. CREW AREA, SABER 2 STEALTH BLACKHAWK - DAY

A crewmember assists Mason into a rappelling harness. Mason works his satellite phone:

MASON

The President! Now!

INT./EXT. VERONICA'S AUDI, VIRGINIA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

stuck in a sea of autos. OUR CONVOY long gone.

EXT. CLEARED FIELD, CAMP DAVID - NIGHT - DOWNPOUR

Ahead of the agents, machine gun fire erupts from within the woods. A man's brief scream. Then a wet, juicy ass-mauling - audible even over the downpour.

AGENT WITBERGER

Other way!!

AGENT CARDENAS

(under the portly load)

Mother fucker! *He's* visceral America!

Under the burden, AN ENCRYPTED RING TONE.

AGENT CARDENAS

(into throat mic)

Auto-authenticated, sir, but now's not the time!

INTERCUT BETWEEN MASON AND AGENT WITBERGER

EXT. SABER 2 STEALTH BLACKHAWK, IRANIAN WASTES - DAY

and the side door slides OPEN. Mason: -enters the slipstream
-reaches across the helo's skin -grabs a latch -then an
antenna -then a rivet. He pulls himself fully outside now.
His rappelling line is his life-line.

MASON

Don't tell me about not the time!

AGENT CARDENAS (V.O.)

(radio; filtered)

The president's incapacitated, sir!
Succession's activated!

EXT. FIELD, CAMP DAVID - NIGHT - DOWNPOUR

Agent Cardenas: -drops the President -grabs a dead agent's
machine gun -sweeps the area behind him. Beast gone.

INT. COCKPIT POV - SABER 2 STEALTH BLACKHAWK - DAY

The "A-MASON SPIDER MAN," now on SABER 2's windshield - slides
onto the nose cone. Death-grip on the life-line.

MASON (V.O.)

I'm a doctor. I'll hold the line!

INT. COMMUNICATIONS SHED, CAMP DAVID -

The door swings open. Enter the agents with Birkett.
Cardenas: -locks the door -blockades it with furniture.
They start CPR. Cardenas: -assesses his vitals -finds
Birkett's chest, blood-soaked. Witberger: -administers
rescue breaths -finds a lopsided trachea -POTUS's face PALE.

AGENT CARDENAS

(into throat mic)

We got a deviated trachea, Doc!
Possible punctured lung!

INTERCUT BETWEEN MASON AND AGENT CARDENAS (CONT'D)

EXT. SABER 2 STEALTH BLACKHAWK, AT ALTITUDE, IRANIAN WASTES -

Mason scoots out onto the fully-extended re-fuelling probe. Immediately SLIPS OFF! Grabs onto the PROBE...just barely.. and just by one hand. Then - quickly - two hands. Then two legs. Then hauls himself up.

MASON

Tension pneumothorax. We're operating!

Mason: -reaches into a pocket -pulls out his Colt .45 - accidentally DROPS his Colt .45 pistol -watches it fall away.

MASON (CONT'D)

Fucking asshole you don't deserve it!

AGENT CARDENAS (V.O.)

(radio; filtered)

Come again, Doc?

SABER 2 maneuvers the probe within feet of the HARE.

MASON

Collapsed lung. Gotta relieve the pressure!

Mason seizes an opportunity to leap to the HARE. He grabs ahold of the landing strut, which causes the Hare to suddenly dip under the increased load. He disconnects the rappelling line to SABER 2.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS SHED, CAMP DAVID -

Cardenas tosses Witberger a straightened coat hanger. Witberger's knife: -slices the hanger's end to a sharp tip...

MASON (V.O.)

(radio; filtered)

C'mon, ball-point pen! Anything!

INT. HARE -

Nasser: -checks the side mirror -spies Mason standing on the helo's landing strut -slides open the window -pulls out a PISTOL -aims using the side-view mirror.

HARTER

Fly, dammit!

NASSER

I am, I am! Shit!

INTERCUT BETWEEN MASON AND AGENT CARDENAS

EXT. HARE, AT ALTITUDE, MASON'S POV - DAY

as terrain, wind, everything, whips by. The passenger window slides open. A PISTOL pops out - crazily aiming right at him.

MASON

(to Agent Cardenas)

Pop a hole over the affected lung.

POP! POP! POP! Nasser's PISTOL discharges. Mason: -ducks
-slips -falls -catches the strut -holds on by sheer grit.

MASON (CONT'D)

Half a fist-length below the clavicle!

INT. COMMUNICATIONS SHED, CAMP DAVID -

Cardenas pops the sharpened coat hanger into Birkett's chest, a fist-length below his shoulder blade.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(radio; filtered)

Now the barrel!

Using the coat hanger as a guide, Cardenas: -takes the barrel of a disassembled ball-point pen -slides the barrel down the coat hanger and into the wound. The pen's barrel holds the hole open. Coat hanger removed. Instantly, air rushes out like a deflating balloon. Color returns to Birkett's face.

INT./EXT. HARE, AT ALTITUDE - DAY

The HARE clips another cliff-side. For a moment loses control. Harter yanks the pistol from desperately multi-tasking Nasser. Nasser regains control. He glances

OUTSIDE

Mason hangs from the LANDING STRUT like a baby orangutan.

MASON

(into throat mic)

Once that piece of shit's awake, beat
his fucking ass! Doctor's orders!

AGENT CARDENAS (V.O.)

(radio; filtered)

No, sir!

HARE COCKPIT

Nasser pushes the collective DOWNWARD.

OUTSIDE

The HARE drops to the deck! Mason's backside skims feet from the desert floor! Electricians' coveralls RIP OPEN from the jagged terrain. His back rips open to a deep laceration.

HARE COCKPIT

Air-speed Indicator: 193 km/h! (105 knots, indicated!) Both look out NASSER'S WINDOW. Neither see Mason anywhere -

INT./EXT. HARE, AT ALTITUDE -

Dr. Mason: -crouches on the passenger-side landing strut - removes his rappelling harness -SWINGS the harness (latch-side first) at the plexiglass window. A crack in the plexiglass. He glances in.

HARE COCKPIT

Harter swings the PISTOL around. Fires POINT-BLANK through the plexiglass at Mason. A SPRAY OF RED paints the outside of the canopy. Mason drops from sight.

Harter presses his FACE to the plexiglass window and looks -

- directly into MASON'S FLYING BOOT! MASON'S BOOT and HARTER'S FACE briefly connect between the thin plexiglass. Harter recoils from the IMPACT. His face, a MESS of RED.

OUTSIDE

Mason is about to kick again, but turns the door handle.

INT./EXT. HARE, AT ALTITUDE -

A VIOLENT RUSH OF AIR inside the cockpit as the passenger door OPENS. Mason squeezes in. Cold-cocks Harter's busted-up nose. It erupts anew. Harter's *keffiyah* falls off. We scarcely notice as we stay on

MASON'S FACE - a bleeding mess. Right ear lobe shot off
Cheek shot through!

NASSER'S POV - two men with bloody faces duking it out next to him in the cramped cockpit. Mason wins. He gets the pistol.

Mason pauses not. Swiftly, he: -grabs Harter's bloody-fucking face -smashes it into NASSER'S LAP -puts a death-chokehold on Harter with one hand -pistol-presses the Russian sidearm against Nasser's neck meat.

MASON
(to Nasser)

Fly!

NASSER
I am, shit! I am, I am!

Now for Harter's BALD HEAD: DEEP CREVICES OF SCAR TISSUE criss-cross his skull - remnants of tumors long healed.

Ignoring it, Mason: -produces a vacutainer syringe -jabs it into Harter's femoral (thigh) artery. The vacutainer quickly fills with blood.

Mason abruptly rolls from the cockpit.

EXT. BENEATH THE HARE, AT ALTITUDE - DAY

Mason hangs from the landing strut. Like a pro, he docks the vacutainer into the tablet. Swipes a command.

TABLET SCREEN: The blood sample: -sequencing... -
digitizing... -uploading..10%...25%...44%...

INT./EXT. VERONICA'S AUDI, VIRGINIA HIGHWAY - NIGHT - STOPPED

Veronica pounds the steering wheel in frustration.

REPORTER MUMMA (V.O.)

With mass euthanasia already planned -

INT. LABORATORY ROOM, USAMRIID -

Solomon, Wendy, and two Men-In-Black chaperones. They stand back and watch: ON SOLOMON'S COMPUTER SCREEN the DNA bases (A's, C's, T's, and G's) flood across as they're being sequenced remotely. The STATUS BAR...20%...30%...40%...50%...

Solomon turns to Wendy, waves his hand like a mystic:

SOLOMON THOBURN

(Jedi mind-tricks)

You will marry me.

She waves back.

WENDY CHO

At gunpoint or...?

EXT. BENEATH THE HARE, AT ALTITUDE - DAY

MASON'S TABLET in mid-transmission...50%...58%...

THWACK!

From ABOVE, a whip of a blur: -swings down -strikes the tablet -SHATTERS THE TABLET INTO A THOUSAND PIECES.

Now HARTER looms overhead, hanging from the door. The attack came from HARTER'S PRIMATE'S TAIL, long, scarred, barely hairy, yet impossibly a part of him. Up Harter's sleeves: rampant, runaway scar tissue.

HARTER

Can't have that!

The tail calls out another attack. The blow hits Mason, center mass. Mason falls but snags the landing strut.

INT. LABORATORY ROOM, USAMRIID -

The satellite down-link abruptly terminates at 60% complete.

SOLOMON THOBURN

Uh-oh...

The men-in-black exchange concerned looks behind dark shades.
NEWSCAST OVER:

REPORTER MUMMA (V.O.)

*- those with the African Affliction
are being moved to the Army's -*

INT./EXT. VERONICA'S AUDI, VIRGINIA HIGHWAY - NIGHT - STOPPED

VERONICA'S RADIO:

REPORTER MUMMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*- it's not clear why Midvale, but the
Army's chemical weapons incinerator -*

Veronica: -kills the radio -exits the gridlock.

HER AUDI: -slowly grinds between two parked cars -gently
nudges another car aside -departs the highway.

HER AUDI: -blows through the chain-link fence -maneuvers
onto the SIDE ROAD -swerves into its traction -races up the
side road. Others follow!

INT. LABORATORY ROOM, USAMRIID -

Stunned silence all around. SCREEN: An hourglass at 60%...

SOLOMON THOBURN

Just an partial sequence from a
transient B cell. No antibodies.

EXT. HARE HELICOPTER, IRANIAN WASTES - AT ALTITUDE - DAY

Harter's tail whips again, snaps, wraps around Mason's neck.

HARTER

Genetic Adam. Good to see you again.
 Didn't think I'd get the pleasure of
 killing you myself, you rat-snitch!

(concerned while
 squeezing)

Did the delivery man not make it to
 your house then? He was my cousin.

HARTER leaps from the Hare, yanking Mason along-with by the neck. Harter and Mason tumble helplessly through the air like conjoined rag dolls.

SABER 2 doesn't notice and continues its pursuit of the Hare.

INT. LABORATORY ROOM, USAMRIID -

Solomon remembers the printer device he brought from home.

SOLOMON THOBURN

Wait! We get a B cell from Dr. M.
 from, like, 1937 -

SCREEN: Images of various blood components (RBC's, WBC's, platelets, etc.) shuffle past at high speed. The shuffle stops at one cell labeled "IgG B cell."

SOLOMON THOBURN (CONT'D)

Our reference B cell.

SCREEN: We zoom into the B cell's nucleus, and into the mass of DNA that unravels into a long double-helix strand of DNA.

SOLOMON THOBURN (CONT'D)

(serious typing)

Compare Dr. M's complete sample with
 the partial we downloaded...

SCREEN: Now two DNA genomes, side-by-side. One complete. One fragmented.

ROOM: Two Men-In-Black. Side-by-side. Both completely baffled.

SOLOMON THOBURN (CONT'D)

Feed both into the CRISPR...

MAN-IN-BLACK CHAPERONE #1

(concerned)

You're gonna crisp it?!?!?

SOLOMON THOBURN

(suspiciously familiar)

Clustered Regularly Interspaced Short
Palindromic Repeats. The latest in
gene editing technology. Genome
cutting and pasting, like Microsoft
Word. 'CRISPR' for short.

Wendy rolls her eyes.

SCREEN: ZOOM in to the individual A's, C's, T's, and G's on Harter's fragmented DNA strand.

SOLOMON THOBURN (CONT'D)

And Dr. M.'s universal DNA fills in
the blanks.

SCREEN: Extra A's, C's, T's, and G's: -flood into view -re-
arrange like puzzle pieces -fill in Harter's fragmented DNA
(A's fit to T's, and C's to G's).

INT./EXT. VERONICA'S AUDI, SIDE-ROAD, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

A BLUR of stalled headlights on the highway to Veronica's left
as she bends her Audi through a country-road turn at 90 M.P.H.

INT. LABORATORY ROOM, USAMRIID -

Solomon, *et al.* SCREEN: Harter's fragmented DNA - now fixed.

SOLOMON THOBURN (CONT'D)

Viola! Our reconstructed B cell.

Now, B cells turn into plasma cells,
then undergo clonal expansion to
create an army of factories that dump
antibodies into the bloodstream to
fight the infection.

Solomon's keyboard-fingers fly. SCREEN: The B cell now
displayed. An animated fly-over of the B cell's own DNA -

SOLOMON THOBURN (CONT'D)

We find the region of this B cell's
immunome that has recombined to fit
Spumavirus...

Wendy and the Men-In-Black watch as Solomon: -runs to the
side table -grabs his over-sized device from home AND -
Solomon: -lugs the device back to the desk -connects it to
the computer -hops back to the keyboard.

EXT. DESERT WASTES, IRAN - DAY

The ground rushes up too quickly. Then - it's over.

Mason impacts with the side of a HILL. HARD. Harter hits
immediately after. Both men tumble down the rocky slope.

AT THE BOTTOM

Mason lays critically wounded. His leg, helplessly BROKEN and
nearly shorn off. Harter, not far away. Neither man stirs.

INT. LABORATORY ROOM, USAMRIID -

Solomon, *et al.* SCREEN: A stretch of B-cell DNA highlighted
in RED. It's where we stop.

SOLOMON THOBURN (CONT'D)

Bingo. Kappa light-chain region of
chromosome 22 - hyper-activated and
with markers pointing to chromosomes
14 and 2. Like the NSA, we're gonna
intercept a transcript. But on the
gene level.

SCREEN: The RED DNA double-helix unravels. The result: two complimentary DNA strands, both highlighted in RED.

SOLOMON THOBURN

The miracle of protein synthesis.

SCREEN: A new class of molecule (GREEN) floods the screen.

SOLOMON THOBURN

Messenger RNA...

SCREEN: The GREEN RNA's prefer one of the RED DNA strands to the other. These GREEN RNA's align to the RED DNA strand (A's to C's and U's to G's), like puzzle-pieces. The stretch of GREEN RNA is now called:

SOLOMON THOBURN

Our 'transcript.' It tells the ribosome what type of protein to build.

In our case, an antibody specifically to counter *Spumavirus*.

Feed it to our virtual ribosome here..

SCREEN: Sol drag-and-drops the green messenger RNA transcript onto a stylized icon of a factory, complete with smokestack. The factory icon opens. A virtual curtain drops over the transcript. The virtual smokestack belches smoke. A status bar works to 100%. The curtain lifts.

MAN-IN-BLACK CHAPERONE #1

Cute.

SCREEN: a YELLOW Y-shaped molecule behind the curtain. It symbolically rolls out of the ribosome factory's assembly line: a SYNTHETIC ANTIBODY.

SOLOMON THOBURN (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen...the antibody.

CTRL-P to print. Thank you, Dr. M.

MAN-IN-BLACK CHAPERONE #1

Did you say print?

Sol's printer device warms up. Beeps. He slides open the door on the front. Retrieves a VIAL of brown liquid, dispensed.

SOLOMON THOBURN (CONT'D)

Our target antibody..an IgG immunoglobulin, locked and keyed. Lethal against Spuma epitopes. I'll call it...Immunoglobulin-W, Wendy.

Solomon stares right at Wendy. He grins, ear-to-ear.

SOLOMON THOBURN (CONT'D)

You always need a 3D nano-printer.

Wendy almost blushes.

WENDY CHO

Okay, maybe Denny's..

Now Wendy's turn. She: -takes the vial -inserts it into her workstation -types out brainiack commands. A printer spits out a list of chemical compounds and functions (for example - **sodium bromide - antibody buffering agent**).

WENDY CHO (CONT'D)

Stabilize the antibodies with these amino acid precursors and dilute each vial, we make -

She: -recognizes she's speaking Geek -passes both the vial and the list to a Man-In-Black with a SILVER ATTACHÉ CASE.

WENDY CHO (CONT'D)

Mix this goo with this list. First batch stretches to 100,000 gallons - a field-ready antidote for the masses. Shelf-life, ninety minutes. Let Forces be with you.

SOLOMON THOBURN

So close.

INT./EXT. VERONICA'S AUDI, SIDE-ROAD, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

A purring, air-cooled kitten tearing up asphalt. Veronica: -
down-shifts -up-revvs -red-lines the motor. The Audi
rockets up the side road past the angry highway GRIDLOCK.

EXT. HELO PAD, USAMRIID, FORT DETRICK, M.D. - NIGHT

G-men in biosuits - one carrying the SILVER ATTACHÉ CASE - run
to an awaiting chopper (government, non-military).

MAN WITH ATTACHE CASE

McGuire then back to D.C.. Fifty-five
minutes tops! Move!

The helo lifts into the Maryland night.

EXT. VIRGINIA COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

ON OUR CONVOY. Our TRACTOR-TRAILER. Our STEEL SARCOPHAGI
stacked several high. Our convoy passes a highway sign:

Midvale Green Army Munitions Depot and Incinerator, 20 miles.

EXT. FLIGHT APRON, MILITARY AIRFIELD - DAY

The G-Men hop out of the government chopper. One carries the
SILVER ATTACHÉ CASE with the antibodies.

SUPER: **Joint Base McGuire-Dill-Lakehurst**

ACROSS THE TARMAC

TANKER TRUCKS bearing logos of chemical companies pull
alongside a row of parked fire-fighting aircraft.

Others are already being filled with precursor chemicals.

CUT TO:

INT. NEAR DARKNESS - PULSATING RED LIGHT - "BEAST VISION"

We are this beast. We are human, yet changed. THE CAMERA IS OUR POV. And we hear: -our heartbeat -our breathing.

We're on our back and bathed in PULSATING RED LIGHTS. OFF. ON. OFF. ON. OFF. We rock to and fro like we're afloat.

Our arm: Tendrils have penetrated us. VENOM flows in. An enemy attack! We try to yank out the tendrils. But we're restrained at the wrists. And we look: Something else around our wrist - runes on a plastic band. They carry meaning:

Inpatient ICU - MASON, III J. D. - male, 17 yrs.

but - to us - gibberish. We RAGE. We STRESS. We FLEX. And

TWANG! We break a wrist bond. Metal clangs onto the floor. A free hand! We yank the VENOMOUS TENDRILS clean from our other arm.

TWANG! The other bond fails. And soon we free our legs, but the awful truth sets in: we are completely entombed.

Instinctively a PRIMEVAL YELL; a adrenaline-fueled WAR CRY from deep within. This is us about to fuck some shit up.

EXT. SEMI TRACTOR-TRAILER, VIRGINIA COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

CU ONE STEEL SARCOPHAGUS on our trailer:

First punch: a THUD.

Second punch: a BULGE in the SARCOPHAGUS.

Third punch: the outline of a FIST coming through.

Fourth punch: KNUCKLE MARKS.

FIFTH PUNCH: A LARGE BLOODY FIST punches CLEAN THROUGH the steel container. The hand bends the steel back like aluminum. Jason III'S hand.

EXT. OVER FORESTED MARYLAND, AT ALTITUDE - NIGHT

C-130H FIRE-FIGHTING TANKERS flying in formation. Call-sign GOBLIN FLIGHT.

INT./EXT. CALL-SIGN "GOBLIN 3" -

PILOT

(into radio)

Washington I.D. Zone, this is Goblin Three. Four minutes to target.

INT./EXT. DHARMASIRI'S SUV, VIRGINIA COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Dharmasiri's on the radio:

DHARMASIRI

Divert a flight to Midvale. Under my direct command.

EXT. OVER SUBURBAN MARYLAND, AT ALTITUDE - NIGHT

A wing of C-130H firefighting aircraft. One C-130H in peels away on its own course.

EXT. DESERT WASTES, IRAN - DAY

Harter is first to his feet. He: -shakes off the fall - peels the SKIN off his face -tosses the latex mask aside - reveals his TRUE FACE beneath: a visage of HIDEOUS SCARS - years of genetic abuse and self-experimentation.

HARTER (CONT'D)

I had great plans for you, Genetic Adam. You were gonna help me depopulate the Americas. You and your son. Seventeen, perfect age for conversion therapy. And restitution for your sins.

Harter marches to a dormant Mason's eyes spring open. Harter's tail re-discovers Mason's neck and chokes him anew.

HARTER (CONT'D)

Pity that. It would've been poetic -
the son paying for the snitch father's
whistle-blowing.

Mason...fights...for...his...airway...as Harter tail-drags him
by the throat across the rocky ground and towards a cliff -

HARTER (CONT'D)

You know damn well what I'm talking
about, *boy*. You don't bite the hand
that feeds you.

EXT. MAIN GATE, MIDVALE ARMY INCINERATOR, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

Troops in biohazard suits stand-by as the CONVOY approaches.
O.S. the sound of high-performance German engineering inbound!

INT./EXT. TRACTOR-TRAILER CAB - NIGHT - MOVING

quite quickly toward the MAIN GATE to Midvale.

SIDE-VIEW MIRROR

shows STEEL SARCOPHAGI in the trailer behind. One-by-one...
being shoved off?

TRUCK DRIVER

'the hell?!

NATIONAL GUARD CAPTAIN

(off the mirrors)

Don't stop 'til inside the gate!

EXT. HIGHWAY, VIRGINIA COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Veronica cuts sharp-left. Blows her Audi THROUGH the chain-
link fence.

She's back on the highway. A sprint to the CONVOY dead ahead.

EXT. TRAILER BED - NIGHT - MOVING

Jason III: the hairiest of those seen so far. Few tumors,
enhanced musculature.

His jaw: four four-inch incisors, two upper, two lower. A "were-ape" of sorts.

He stands atop the bed of shifting sarcophagi. Punches into one. Rips back the metal. Sniffs the air inside. Tosses it off. Moves to another..

INT./EXT. VERONICA'S AUDI - DODGING

deftly in and out of the steel sarcophagi bounding across the highway like an active obstacle course.

Her Audi rips past the convoy so fast that nobody can react.

Approaching Midvale's main gate, Veronica: -floors the pedal -fish-tails -slides her Audi directly into the gate -skids out, perfectly blocking the gate CLOSED. She's amazed.

INT./EXT. TRACTOR-TRAILER CAB - NIGHT - MOVING

Outside, the car has blocked the main gate! A woman inside!

TRUCK DRIVER

Shit!

The truck driver spins the wheel. Induces skid.

The tractor trailer JACK-KNIFES. Humvees and police cars swerve to avoid the careening BIG RIG.

A FAILED controlled stop as the TRACTOR CAB: -flips onto its side -gets twisted beneath the speeding off-balanced TRAILER itself -and bursts into flames. And an inferno of wreckage slides across the road top directly for -

INT. VERONICA'S AUDI -

whose sole occupant is paralyzed with fear as the FLAMING WRECKED-OUT TRACTOR-TRAILER barrels down on her and the main gate.

Surreality: an impossibly V-shaped arch of burning TRACTOR-TRAILER combo slides neatly over the low-profile roadster, but engulfs it (and the nearby guard post, too) in flames.

VERONICA: -ducks down -kicks open the door -slides out amidst the heat and flames. She army-crawls to safety.

EXT. IRANIAN WASTES - DAY

Harter's tail chokehold released.

HARTER
Jihadi, whatever...

Mason crawls away with his good leg.

HARTER (CONT'D)
The true problem is man - the master
RNA virus cloaked in DNA that's
destroying the planet.
Well, what's one virus to another?
Too many fucking useless eaters
anyway.

MASON
Don't be like that.

EXT. MAIN GATE, MIDVALE ARMY INCINERATOR, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

Soldiers and Guardsmen maneuver around the FLAMING WRECKAGE, weapons at the ready. One soldier spots Jason III - or whatever it is.

EXT. MAIN GATE - "BEAST-VISION"

THIS IS US: The stench of burning oil. We SNIFF sniff sniff. Acrid smoke assaults our senses. But we still detect: -a squad of soldiers -unchanged living flesh -meal targets.

We leap right into the squad. Remove a life in one swipe. Then bite deep and hot. Almost devour our first meal, but his COMRADES COUNTERATTACK! Ripping-hot bullets pierce us. The pain takes us to another level.

We step outside our own body to watch us in action:

JASON III with full resources; all four limbs serve him equally. Four-inch fangs round out his arsenal. He stands on one limb (doesn't matter which - arm or leg - whichever is free) and he assaults with his other three limbs.

Methodically Jason III works through this mass of enemies, moving fluidly from foe to foe like a four-legged octopus before they get a chance to fire: -a bone-crunching snap of a forearm -a punch through another's pelvis -a disemboweling swipe here -a decapitation there.

He presses the attack with: -a fist through a chest -a foot through a rib cage -a kick that shatters a thigh-bone -a neck-breaking punch that sends a helmet flying -a clawed foot-swipe that severs an arm -a lacerating tear through an abdomen -a blood-red fang-attack on an exposed throat -a final throat-bite of a foe already fallen.

Soon his enemies are shredded. Not much left to eat...

Berserk Jason spies a certain Veronica Mason trying to escape!

EXT. MAIN GATE - "BEAST-VISION"

We spot our next victim. We leap to cover the distance.

MAIN GATE

Berzerk Jason grabs Veronica from behind. Stuns his prey by slamming her against a Humvee. Veronica drops.

AN SUV - blaring *Mary Had A Little Lamb* - incoming!

INT. DHARMASIRI'S SUV - ARRIVING

AT THE MAIN GATE. Dharmasiri's behind the wheel. The PA pumps out *Little Bo Peep* at just over 150 decibels. It's comically audible over the gunshots, sirens, and screams.

Dharmasiri spots one of those creatures. Beneath it - in his headlight beams - Dharmasiri recognizes Veronica.

The beast is about to take a bite.

Dharmasiri floors the pedal. Heads the SUV straight in.

EXT. MAIN GATE -

Dharmasiri's SUV plows into Jason III from behind, smashing him into the humvee.

Dharmasiri: -leaps out -rolls under the SUV -grab's Veronica's leg -drags her from beneath the SUV -hoists her up -carries her back to the SUV.

He glances back at what was once Jason III, smashed between two burning vehicles.

EXT. DUNES, IRANIAN WASTES - DAY

Mason crawls to the edge of a steep escarpment. Looks down. Loong way down.

HARTER

And, oh yes, *harterii* fully incorporates into the germ line. Survivors will bear the fruits of my labor, so it can't be eradicated. You self-righteous prick to try and stop me.

A PHONE rings.

EXT. OVER THE IRANIAN WASTES, AT ALTITUDE - DAY

Two Air Force F-35A stealth attack jets information.

INT. LEAD F-35A -

The pilot grins into her helmet.

PILOT'S POV - the world is displayed in her holographic helmet. A VIRTUAL TELEPHONE PAD shows a number dialing. We heard a phone RING.

EXT. DUNES, IRANIAN WASTES - DAY

Mason hangs his body over the cliff edge. Two arms, one leg, supporting. Almost quite dangling.

MASON

(looking down)

Birkett promised to cut funding, not
send you to jail.

Harter steps closer to appreciate the drop.

HARTER (CONT'D)

Your brilliance, Dr. Mason, is
eclipsed by your stupidity. You don't
bite the hand that feeds you. Boy.

The phone rings again. Mason yanks out his satellite phone -
pushes ANSWER.

MASON (CONT'D)

It's for you.

He tosses the phone over Harter's head. It lands right behind
him.

Two streaks overhead. Twin sonic booms. They blow past: The
two Air Force F-35A Lightning II's.

HARTER

Wha-?

Twin 500-pound satellite-guided bombs - dropped from the two
F-35's - home in on Mason's satellite phone and

DETONATION.

The escarpment rips open in twin thunderous explosions.

Mason - we hope - is shielded on the cliff-face, but who
knows? The entire escarpment is consumed by the massive
explosion.

EXT. MAIN GATE, MIDVALE ARMY INCINERATOR - AT ALTITUDE

Call sign GOBLIN 3 swoops in low. Aligns itself with the road below. Bomb-bay doors swing open. 3,500 gallons of deep-blue liquid cascades out of GOBLIN 3's belly.

Everything is doused by the deluge. EVERYTHING in sight - man, beast, all. As GOBLIN 3 passes overhead we - too - are DELUGED and WASHED

UNDERWATER

where we remain for several moments, completely submerged. Then we SURFACE - face-first.

Water droplets on the lens. Daylight. We realize that we've moved through TIME and SPACE to an

OCEAN

and ahead - a white, sandy shoreline. Beyond that, a tropical forest. Someone waves to us from the beach.

MASON

in SCUBA gear, head and neck above the surf. He lifts his dive mask. Two dive buddies surface nearby. They watch Mason paddle to shore.

EXT. BEACH -

Veronica watches Mason peel off his wet-suit: -amazing chest -hot torso -swim trunks -a real leg -and A PROSTHETIC LEG.

VERONICA

Dr. Sullivan from the Virology Department left a message about Jay-Jay. I listened. I didn't understand it, but it sounded like good news.

INT./EXT. 'OHANA AIRLINES REGIONAL SHUTTLE - AT ALTITUDE - DAY

Cruising between two Hawaiian islands. Mason works a crossword puzzle. Normal entries. Somehow he manages to fit "J-A-S-O-N-M-A-S-O-N" into a ten-letter field.

EXT. OAHU, H.I. - DAY

POST-CARD SHOTS of beautiful locations.

MASON (V.O.)

- and through the use of these so-called "active antibodies," we can remove the virus from the brain -

EXT. TRIPLER ARMY MEDICAL CENTER, OAHU, H.I. - DAY

The iconic coral pink Army hospital on the hillside.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

- over time, excess muscle mass and skeletal remodeling will atrophy on its own -

INT. LECTURE HALL, TRIPLER ARMY MEDICAL CENTER -

Mason in civilian dress addresses a room of military uniforms.

MASON (CONT'D)

- and remodel to a degraded state with this new genome therapy that Drs. Cho, Thoburn, and I have pioneered -

FRONT ROW - Wendy Cho and Solomon Thoburn - newly-minted doctors, dressed the part and sitting quite close together.

MASON (CONT'D)

- at which time life should return to normal to those affected by -

Mason's PHONE vibrates/rings on the lectern. He checks Caller ID: It's Agent Panphil. The students try to read his face.

MASON

Class..adjourned.

Controlled chaos erupts as relieved military students: -slam
notebooks shut -zip backpacks -chit-chat -head out, and we

-FADE TO BLACK.

The End.