

ATOM 'n' EVE

Original Screenplay

written by  
M.L. Zimmerman

26321 Ibeza Road  
Mission Viejo, CA 92692

949 439-9089  
[InOtherWords@msn.com](mailto:InOtherWords@msn.com)

Genre: Romantic Action Comedy

LogLine: The Science Of Human Cloning Brings Back A  
Family - Except For One.

Number of Pages: 119

"Atom 'n' Eve" ©2021 M.L. Zimmerman - All Rights Reserved

FADE IN

SUPER: "1904"

EXT - TRAIN WRECK SHOWN ON WORN SEPIA - DUSK

Rail cars are crushed and strewn like spent beer cans. Among the smoldering rubble, an occasional fireball erupts.

FIREFIGHTERS unravel flat canvas hoses from horse-drawn wagons.

A woman of mid-life, MADELEINE FOYSTT, in a shredded summery pinafore, bends her head in disbelieving sorrow.

Slumped in the crook of her arm, she holds a wilted freckle-faced young boy, stroking his charred hair.

To her bosom, Madeleine presses the withered body of a teenage girl whose pigtails are scorched.

A furry animal's limp body lays across her lap, its front paw missing.

From her ashen tear-streaked cheeks, Madeleine sweeps away a lingering tear.

MADELEINE FOYSTT (VO)

They're all I had.

(sighs)

They're too young to be gone.

She strokes the sagging black cowlick of a grown young man slumped at her feet.

MADELEINE (VO)

Oh, Atom. I promise I'll do all  
I can, son.

(begins to walk off, lifts her  
(begins walking, her head slumped,  
she takes a deep breath and perks up)  
I can do this. I shall bring them back.

INT - U.S. GOVERNMENT COMPOUND / FOYSTT FAMILY QUARTERS -  
PRESENT DAY

Of a pair of Foystt family framed portraits, on either side of their dresser, one is a frayed-at-the-edges black and white photograph. Taken at a time before the train accident, all the Foystt family members smile brightly.

On the other side of the dresser is a color photograph of the Foystts wearing prodded smiles. Atom's wife is not in the picture.

Between the portraits is a cluster of Mason jars. Their contents range from baby teeth and balls of hair to a small animal's paw. The jars are labeled for each of the once-dead Foystt Family member's, except for a lone empty jar tagged, "STEPHANIE".

EXT - U.S. GOVERNMENT COMPOUND / FOREST - DAY

With its whirling blades CLATTERING, an American military helicopter slowly descends through a tight clearing of treetops, touching down on a rooftop helipad.

EXT - U.S. GOVERNMENT COMPOUND / HELIPAD - DAY

The CHOPPER PILOT scoops some personal things into a duffel bag.

Another helicopter lifts off, revealing the sprawl of domed buildings, sharply angled steeples of acrylics and glass. Connected by tubular passageways, the facility looks like an architectural blend of a space station and a biosphere.

EXT - HELICOPTER OVER MAIN HIGHWAY - DAY

Chopper swoops by the interstate alongside the compound. The whirlybird passes an Idaho State signpost, an "Atomic Radiation" warning and a scorching red-lettered "Keep Out / Skull and CrossBones" placard, then rises fast.

EXT - CAMPGROUNDS - DAY

Without warning, a THUNDEROUS POUNDING and an EARTH ROLLING RUMBLE, shakes the ground. At a nearby campsite, whipping winds toss Vacationing Campers like ants in a blender on turbo.

EXT - U.S. GOVERNMENT COMPOUND / HELIPAD - DAY

Forcing a walk against the HOWLING GALE, the once-collected Chopper Pilot, makes a harried dash for the rooftop door.

The helicopter teeters in the gusting winds.

EXT - FOREST - DAY

The ominous hood of a mushroom cloud grows malformed.

INT - U.S. GOVERNMENT COMPOUND - DAY

Beneath the forest floor, GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES scurry through a webbing of passageways leading to a Central Laboratory, the size of a football stadium.

A homey, embroidered welcoming wreath hangs above the Central Lab's swinging doors and proclaims, "Anyone Who Lives, Or Works, Here Is Already @hOme @Project GenOme".

LABBIES and SCIENTISTS person their workstations in a robotic routine.

A FEMALE SCIENTIST's electric-red fingernails race across her keyboard. She kneads the last of a Twinkie stuffed in her mouth until gone. She flicks a couple cake crumbs from her carved nameplate, Helga VonVolks.

Watching the disfigured plume, she flips a series of switches.

Responding, giant wall-mounted gate valves labeled, "Thunder" and "Wind" spin open.

HELGA VonVOLKS  
Just another tug this a way.  
(leans to the right,  
then to her left)

And a pull that a way.

An electric generator marked, "Lightening", holds a thick electric current as it arcs between its poles.

Needle gauges quiver and strain to reach their goal.

EXT - FOREST / PLUME - DAY

Fierce winds shove, then tug at nearby scattered cloud masses to shape a more characteristic atomic mushroom.

INT - CENTRAL LAB - DAY

On her viewing screen, behind Helga's malformed mushroom is an outline image of Los Alamos' original nuclear test plume.

HELGA

Come on. Match up, damn it.

Her finger twitches and a facial tick flares as the weather's elements seem to have a mind of their own.

EXT - LAKE - DAY

Near an adjacent campsite, the lake rises. The sandy shoreline disappears.

INT - GOVERNMENT COMPOUND - DAY

On a ceiling-mounted video screen, in the Central Lab, a caricature of a chagrined Oliver Schnell, is perched atop the skewed plume. Printed across the brim of his animated fishing hat is "Human Genome Bureau Chieftain". Like Humpty Dumpty, Oliver's likeness teeters.

INT - FOYSTT LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

In an oval room, the size of an acre lot, the fuzzy outline of three sleep capsules is clumped together. Though somewhat unrecognizable, TWO YOUNGSTERS and a FURRY PET begin to rustle.

On the lid of the fourth sleep capsule, a nameplate reads "ATOM FOYSTT - Project: Reinherit The Earth".

The thirtyish Atom awakens as if roused from a deep dream. Groggy, he POUNDS on his sleep compartment's lid.

Atom notices an antique schoolroom wall clock, the size of a truck tire and glowers. It displays only a quarter hour. Around the clock's margin, its inspirational phrase reads, "A Place Where Fame Lasts Beyond 15 Minutes".

ATOM  
The time is now, Oliver.

INT - CENTRAL LAB / ANIMAL LAB - DAY

In a room of caged mammals, amphibians, insects and plants, most appear normal, unchanged.

One conspicuous exception is a part human, part primate CREATURE. From head to toe, it is covered in long droopy iridescent orange curls. In a ceiling to floor steel cage, the bigfoot Creature paces.

In a single leap, the Creature soars across its cage and SQUEALS like a wild banshee. Its expressive face reveals it would rather be anywhere but in the hands of Uncle Sam's bungling sci-fi bureaucrats.

INT - FOYSTT LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Some distance from the Animal Lab,

INSIDE ATOM'S SLEEP COMPARTMENT,

he lies awake. The Creature's FAINT CRIES continue.

ATOM  
That poor mutated soul.

Wailing HOWLS transcend to pleas of FAINT WHINING.

ATOM  
When we're out of here . . .

Atom pushes up on the sleep compartment's lid. It doesn't open. The wall clock reads 6:50AM. The timer setting is 7:00AM.

ATOM

. . . and it will be soon.  
Somehow I'll free you, too.

EXT - FOREST - DAY

As the earth rocks and rolls, walls of lush woodlands bordering Uncle Sam's compound are forced to their break point.

Campers struggle against the fierce gale. Scared and bewildered, their bodies severely angled as they head for cover.

Minivans and RVs bear out-of-state-plates.

A family of frightened Vacationers huddles around the protection of an eighty year old redwood. Its treetop SNAPS with the ease of a breaking matchstick. The falling limb crashes at their feet.

EXT - LAKE - DAY

Once silky smooth picturesque lake waters heave into a sea of swells. The surf drowns early morning campfires and floods fields of sleeping bags.

Boat moorings SNAP.

Small, light crafts become beached.

Like missiles launched, a rack of canoes stacked at the shoreline whistles across the campgrounds.

One smashes into the thick of a tree's trunk. The air fills with an explosion of splinters.

A kayak careens into a tent the size of a four-bedroom condo. Its metal framing bends like pretzel dough.

INT - LUNCHEONETTE - DAY

In a rural township near the test site, Local Residents and Diner Employees wear dark glasses, shielding their eyes from the blinding light.

The townsfolk meet for their ritualistic morning breakfast.

From a ledge under a cluster of warming lights, the Waitress gathers an armful of hot plates. Each heaped with bacon, mounds of steamy eggs, toast drips of real butter.

The Waitress spins to find her customers, then waddles down a row of Locals seated on stools at her worn Formica counter.

A sign hangs below a ceiling-mounted TV, "No Sissy Lattes or Cool Cappuccinos Served At Any Time Of Day".

On the diner's TV, a local program is interrupted with a news bulletin.

A map of the state of Idaho fills the TV screen.

TV NEWSCASTER (VO)

(points to a  
dot on the map)

Uncle Sam's pulling the same ol' shenanigans on this town's regular folk. Why don't they fess up and quit testing nuclear weapons in our back yards. Hasn't anyone told this federal, of the people's, government the Cold War's over?

INT - CENTRAL LAB - DAY

The measuring gauges maintain their programmed settings. A pleased Helga glows.

HELGA

(commands)

Slow the blowers. Quiet the thunder. Cut the glare. Let's not over do the special effects.

Her face lit with a satisfied power-hungry grin.

HELGA

Except for an occasional touch -up, that's a wrap.

DEFIANT LABBIE

(hollers)

What about the families looking for a stressless holiday in the wilderness?



Answering to no one in particular, Helga sneers.

HELGA

So long as they know we're here  
and think this is still the big-  
bomb test site, and nothing more  
or less, Mission's Accomplished.

(pauses)

Can't worry about the vacationing  
outdoor suburbanites.

(laughs)

It only matters that Oliver's The  
Happy Camper around here. And that  
Operation DisInformation continues.

DEFIANT LABBIE

When Madeleine ran things she  
never allowed any . . .

HELGA

Oliver Schnell's been in charge  
for the last two dozen years.  
Get used to it.

EXT - LAKE - DAY

A wider view of the campsite shows cautious families emerging  
from their protective cover as wild winds shut down on cue.

Vacationing Children laugh and frolic as the lake's surf calms,  
then recedes.

In a khaki safari hat and shorts

A PRETTY WOMAN

swims strongly. Her dark bangs cover her eyes. She is unaware of  
the spinning waters of a whirlpool ahead of her.

INT - LUNCHEONETTE - DAY

Through the diner's large plate glass window, the intense glare  
blinks off.

Customers, as if rehearsed, remove their shades at the same  
moment to find a picture-perfect gargantuan mushroom.

The plume looms over the forest as if the trees were seedlings.

Indifferently, the luncheonette's early morning eaters reopen their newspapers and start to MOS.

Standing inconspicuously in a corner, a lone cross-eyed MILITIA MAN, in field-battle fatigues, watches a newscast on the diner's overhead TV.

WHITE HOUSE

CORRESPONDENT (VO)

Once the President signs this proclamation, Human Cloning will be prohibited.

At a formal table on the White House lawn, a woman, Madeleine Foystt, hands the President a pen.

The President smiles and, with a nod, thanks her.

REPORTER (OS)

(shouts)

Isn't the pen porter Madeleine Foystt? And doesn't she work on just such a program, Mister President?

The President smiles and readies to answer, when Madeleine tugs at his elbow. Politely, he steps back.

MADELEINE (VO)

(to the Press)

We were never in the business of copying humans.

Her audience LAUGHS cautiously.

MADELEINE (VO)

The scientific project on which I worked involved some genetics. But only to prepare the human race to survive an atomic mishap short of a . . .

(chuckles)

. . . a direct hit in the back pocket of your least favorite politician on the Hill.

REPORTER (VO)  
And your scientific outcomes were?

MADELEINE (VO)  
Inconclusive.

Madeleine waves her hand. In it is a plane ticket penned,  
"Destination: IDAHO."

Stepping backwards, the Militia Man slithers from inside the  
diner.

EXT - LUNCHEONETTE / REMOTE TV BROADCAST VAN - DAY

Militia Man hops into an awaiting van. A rear door flops open.  
Broadcast paraphernalia jostle in the truck's open bay.

Behind the wheel, a MILITIA WOMAN in a camouflage tutu, drives  
off wildly.

INT - CENTRAL LAB - DAY

A gathering of Scientists hover over the video monitor's image  
of the lab's homemade mushroom, comparing it to the template of  
the Los Alamos A-Bomb blast.

BELLS RING, WHISTLES TOOT in harmony with a flashing on-screen  
alert, EXACT MATCH. Oliver's cartoony likeness sports a goofy,  
but triumphant grin and no longer teeters on his brick wall.

In a brisk trot,

A CLIP-ON PHOTO BADGE FLIP-FLOPS

against a man's open-jacketed vest pocket. It identifies him as  
OLIVER SCHNELL, Human Genome Bureau Chief.

Pointing to the Los Alamos mushroom plume on the computer  
screen, Oliver's eyes gloss over with self-adulation.

OLIVER SCHNELL  
No harm in tinkering with Mother  
Nature's meteorology to clone  
this masterpiece.  
(smirks)  
Wait till Madeleine gets wind of  
this work of art.

As an orchestra conductor, Helga leads dozens in a GROUP CHEER.  
In a toast, EVERYONE lifts beakers of frothy chemical brews.

OLIVER  
(bows acceptingly)  
Another award winning toadstool.  
(pauses)  
All we have to do is keep fooling  
the fools.

INT - FOYSTT LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Oliver's words leaked into their room.

ATOM  
There's no fool like one who  
believes his own tomfoolery,  
Oliver.

end set-up

EXT - IDAHO INTERSTATE / TV BROADCAST VAN - DAY

Miles from the luncheonette, the TV broadcast van races toward a dirt side road.

The WHIRLING ROTARY BLADES of a pair of military helicopters grow louder. They blister by the treetops of a ridge of mountain peaks. Only a wisp of road dust is witnessed by the pilots as the TV van disappears into the dense forest.

EXT - IDAHO INTERSTATE / RED PICK-UP - DAY

A battered little red Ford pick-up truck tools along a rural roadway as it passes an Idaho State signpost.

INT - PICK-UP'S CAB - DAY

An attractive mid-life, Madeleine Foystt whistles a tune of the Roaring 20s. She shakes her head, with a slight grimace, as she notices the ATOMIC ENERGY warning symbol below the Idaho State insignia.

INT - GOVERNMENT CHOPPER - DAY

CHOPPER CO-PILOT  
What do we tell Oliver?

CHOPPER PILOT  
We tell him to send a search party.

Chopper Pilot holds in a small laugh.

CHOPPER CO-PILOT  
Dogs 'n' all. I'll radio it into  
Security Command and . . .

CHOPPER PILOT  
Don't bother. Schnell won't do  
anything. Not this budget year.  
Hoped he'd get lucky in an air  
to ground sighting of the militia.

A SPRAY OF AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE rips through the forest's canopy as  
government choppers turn and head away from the search site.

CHOPPER CO-PILOT  
Those were . . .

CHOPPER PILOT  
Blanks.

CHOPPER CO-PILOT  
Why?

CHOPPER PILOT  
Cost. Oliver's business decision  
of the week.

EXT - STATE HIGHWAY - DAY

Through her red pick-up's windshield, Madeleine spots the  
choppers heading back to the compound.

MADELEINE  
Oliver must've brought back his  
Blanks-Are-Cheaper-Than-Bullets  
war on spending plan.

EXT - FOREST / BEAR CAVE - DAY

From inside the clammy darkness of a thought-to-be-deserted Bear's Den,

FIVE FRIGHTENED PAIRS OF EYES GLISTEN, NEVER BLINK.

As the HUM of the assault choppers fade, a bear's good morning GROWL ECHOES off the rock walls.

The terrified five trample over one another in a harried dash toward the sunlight of cave's mouth.

EXT - FOREST / TV VAN - MORNING

The doors of the parked remote TV broadcast van open and slam.

Even though the former cave dwellers are safe and inside, the incident carries a residual fright that leaves the truck a quiver.

INT - FOYSTT LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Jogging past the Workout Equipment arena on his way to check on the others in like sleep enclosures, Atom's ebony cowlick wiggles like a fisherman's lure.

The teenage MARASCHINO FOYSTT awakens. Her sleep capsule's lid lifts, a greenish mist seeps from around its edges. She tugs to free a pigtail trapped beneath her shoulder.

In baggy PJs, Maraschino double summersaults to her father for a good-morning hug.

As if ritualistic, Maraschino then makes a beeline for a wall of books and periodicals, the scope of small library. Pushing back her dark horn-rimmed glasses against the bridge of her nose, she buries herself in a volume from a set of encyclopedias.

While the brightly lit room appears as day, their windowless confinement links the Foystts to the outside world only by computer-generated images. Walls of motion-murals CRASH with the sounds of summer seas SLAPPING the shore of lush steep cliffs.

Distracted by the clouds moving across their domed ceiling, Maraschino rotates her neck, like a curious chameleon, and watches.

MARASCHINO

Wonder if Oliver's plans for  
a serene night at home  
includes a virtual totally  
full moon, Dad?

ATOM

Only if it's a fifty percent off.

In the Workout Area,

ATOM MOUNTS AN EXERCYCLE.

The slow WHIRLING HUM of its wheel builds. An eye on his  
daughter reading.

ATOM

You have the same learning ethic  
as your Grandmother Madeleine's,  
Maraschino.

Maraschino smiles with a proud little blush.

Atom watches the last of the ghoulish green haze dissipate from  
Maraschino sleep cabinet as she flips through a science journal.

ATOM

Is that the nighttime conditioner  
Oliver ordered?

MARASCHINO

That's right, Dad. A girl can't  
start to look her made-up best  
too soon.

The pre-teenage, HORACE FOYSTT, his face round, jovial and thick  
with freckles, leaps from his sleep compartment, then darts to a  
slumber chamber in miniature. He finds the restless ferret, who  
licks the inside of the capsule's acrylic cover, panting.

On the keypad recessed in the outside of the capsule's cover,  
little Horace codes up a command. Excited, he watches the lid  
open. An

ENGRAVED METAL LABEL READS, NEAPOLITAN, THE FOYSTT FAMILY  
FERRET.

Holding an empty leash, Horace watches the hyper-Neapolitan  
race, then jump into his arms.

A DREADFUL HOWL interrupts Atom's workout cadence. Vaulting from the exerciser, he passes an elaborate set of weight lifting gear. His ear against the door.

ATOM

I'm going for a closer look.  
Won't be long.

MARASCHINO

This time we want to go, too,  
Dad.

ATOM

It's too risky. Been some close  
calls with Oliver's watchdogs.  
Wouldn't want all of us to get  
kitchen duty.

HORACE

We're a family and . . .

MARASCHINO

. . . and you won't even know  
we're there with you.

INT - CENTRAL LAB / CORRIDOR - DAY

Maraschino, Horace and a leashed Neapolitan trail behind Atom. The Foystts cling to the hallway walls. They look in all directions.

MARASCHINO

Isn't this is off limits, Dad?

ATOM

If it were up to Oliver all but  
the air in our lungs would be under  
his command.

A PAIR OF ARMED SENTRIES walk the corridor. Chit-chatting, they don't notice the

FOYSTTS PEERING FROM BEHIND A UTILITY ROOM DOOR

as the men pass them.

Another CHILLING HOWL quickly subsides.



Atom cringes.

INT - ANIMAL LABORATORY - DAY

An ANIMAL CARE TECH lays down a spent syringe in a metal instrument tray. She watches the Creature wobble and drop to its knees. Satisfied, she leaves through a door marked, "Animal Genome Project".

As the door closes, the Foystts, led by their father, tread lightly.

HORACE  
(in a loud whisper)  
That was close, huh Dad?

In a cage the size of a condo, Atom watches the sedated primate. He notices the

EMPTY HYPODERMIC

on the work bench and mouths an understanding "ah-ha".

The closing

CREATURE's EYES

finds the Foystts. Excited, the lanky Creature musters a last burst, launching itself into a rage of NOISY CAGE RATTLING. With an awkward CLUNK, the primate falls to the floor.

INT - CENTRAL LAB / CORRIDOR - DAY

MARASCHINO  
When we get out of here, Dad,  
we have to figure a way to fix  
that creature and set it free.

Horace notices a cute little WHITE LAB MOUSE scurry by him and huddle in a corner next to them.

HORACE  
Can I keep him, huh Dad?

Atom smiles with a nod.

Gently, Horace reaches for the White Lab Mouse when it takes off for their quarters and squeezes the last of its flattened body beneath their door.

In hot pursuit, Neapolitan dives through the pet door's rubber flapper.

INT - FOYSTT LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Chased by a hungry ferret, the White Lab Mouse dashes across a dresser-top and artfully scurries between family mementos.

In a leap onto the dresser's top, Neapolitan slides and knocks down a cluster of Mason Jars with a RAIN OF THUDS. Amazingly, none breaks.

The White Lab Mouse leaves the same way it arrived.

Feeling guilty, Neapolitan cowers.

Each of Foystts gathers the jar containing their own genetic keepsake.

A raven-colored cowlick, the same as Atom's, droops at the bottom of the jar he tosses in air.

Jostling the loosened scorched braid of hair in her jar, Maraschino plops it onto the dresser top.

Mimicking his father, Horace tosses a jar of baby teeth. The other glass container stores Neapolitan's foot and a clump of fur.

In both hands, Atom carries the last jar are stickered, MOM's and STEPHANIE's. It's empty.

ATOM  
Glad Grandma Madeleine's just  
obsessive enough to have saved  
these and . . .

Atom draws his thumb and index finger together, leaving a space between them to hold a pinch of salt.

ATOM  
. . . and came this close to  
becoming an in-patient.  
(tosses a jar in air)

She never threw away even the  
smallest genetically-rich  
family remembrances.

Maraschino eyes the jar with Horace's hair.

MARASCHINO

Nana even saved the ones I  
tore from my little brother's  
head the summer all of us spent  
at Nana's.

HORACE

But why, huh Dad?

ATOM

Something sentimental grandmas do.

MARASCHINO

Guess all our lives turned on a  
dime when that train did, Dad.

Atom spins one of the jars on a table.

ATOM

The accident took every Foystt  
but Grandmother Madeleine's.

HORACE

Left Grammie, He did, 'cause God  
knew she'd figure a way to bring  
us back, huh Dad?

ATOM

And that your Gramma did, little  
man.

Atom rustles a hand through Horace's mane.

ATOM

His science - Her way.

HORACE

(wide-eyed smile)

Even brought back Neapolitan.

(thinks)

That's the summer Grammie found  
him in the trapper's trap. And  
fixed him good as . . .

(winces)  
 . . . as . . . almost new.  
 (a sad look)  
 Except for his front paw left in  
 that metal trap.

Neapolitan looks at each of his four in-tact paws and rolls over  
 with a smile.

MARASCHINO  
 Wish Nana could have done the  
 same for Mom.

Atom hugs his kids.

ATOM  
 (sighs)  
 Your Mom went straight into  
 heaven. Every last beautiful  
 bit of her.

Atom bear hugs the Foystt siblings.

HORACE  
 How'd you know that, huh Dad?

Before Atom answers, Maraschino does, embracing a violin case.

MARASCHINO  
 This is all we have left. It's  
 what Mom loved. And she promised  
 to teach me to play just before . . .  
 (her voice cracks)  
 Thought they found a tinny  
 tiny . . .

ATOM  
 Gramma Madeleine did, too.  
 But it wasn't Mom.  
 (faces Horace)  
 After four days of searching,  
 son, no one could find Mom.  
 Or a whole lot of others.

HORACE  
 If we ever get out a here, Dad,  
 We won't be much of a family.  
 (sulky)  
 Not without Mom.

ATOM

I miss her, too. I'll be as good  
a Mom as I am a Dad once we're out  
of here.

(gazes skyward)

In the real world.

HORACE

But Uncle Oliver and Grammie  
promised.

MARASCHINO

(grumbles)

Uncle Oliver, my bu . . .

ATOM

Gramma figured it'd be best, after  
she left the project, to grease  
the political skids by calling  
Oliver, uncle.

MARASCHINO

A term of endearment he couldn't  
begin to earn.

Horace cinches up his baseball mitt, striking it awkwardly with  
a small fist.

HORACE

I want be part of a family like  
the one's in Uncle Oliver's  
videos. Like the Cleavers or the  
Nelsons or the Bradys. . .

(searches his mind)

. . . or the Mansons.

Atom and Maraschino mask a laugh through a forgiving grin.

MARASCHINO

Dad, we've been down here since  
we were . . . were two-celled.

Holding Neapolitan, little Horace nods.

HORACE

Yeah, Dad, that's way too cruel  
and unusual a punishment. Got to  
stunt any young man's development.

(stares at Maraschino)  
Being stuck down here with your  
sister. eeeeYucko.

ATOM  
Gramma will be here anytime now.

Looks at his wrist watch.

ATOM  
The meeting begins in less than  
an hour.

A feisty Maraschino shrugs off her father's words with a  
promises, promises turn of a shoulder. A crooked ventilation  
grille catches her interest.

MARASCHINO  
We should just make a break  
for it, Dad.

INT - CENTRAL LAB - DAY

With a hand on the gate valve labeled WATER VOLUME / PRESSURE, a  
Labbie waits, sweats.

On a video screen, Helga watches the lake begin to rise.

HELGA  
(yells to Labbie)  
One quarter turn.

The Labbie obeys.

INT - FOYSTT LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

The ground churns, then splits open.

INT - CENTRAL LAB - DAY

The floor trembles. Labbies and Scientists freeze at their work  
stations.

HELGA  
(shouts at Labbie)  
Not a turn to the right.

Despondent, Helga cradles her head in her hands. Parting her palms, she lets her head fall to her desktop with a CLUNK.

INT - FOYSTT LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

The churning water beneath the floor builds. Spidery cracks appear.

MARASCHINO  
(hollers)  
This is our chance!

Horace grabs his sister's arm and points to a camera lens, no bigger than a thimble. Its eye sweeps the room.

A discouraged Maraschino pulls back.

INT - CENTRAL LAB / OLIVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Oliver studies the Foystts on his CCTV monitor.

Maraschino's last words are overheard. Her enthusiasm is witnessed by the electronic eavesdropping Oliver.

OLIVER  
(smiling, he mumbles)  
I don't think so.

At his desk, Oliver's pudgy fingers press a series of alphanumeric buttons. Nothing happens.

INT - FOYSTT LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

The floor fissure widens.

OLIVER  
(yells at Helga)  
Who deployed that chasm?

HELGA  
No one, sir. It's the facilities relief valve when the lake rises too fast.  
(thinks)  
Can't be overridden, sir. Your

orders, sir.

                  OLIVER  
Just fix it.  
                  (grumbles)  
Almost had a mutiny in there.

EXT - FOREST - DAY

In the treetops, video cameras survey the lake's flooded shoreline.

INT - CENTRAL LAB - DAY

Incoming images reveal a roped-off land parcel, submerged.

EXT - FOREST / LAKE - DAY

Small wooden-handled digging tools and fine-bristled brushes bob in the rising waters.

At the waters edge, an unearthed placard floats. It denotes the archaeological dig managed by the Kennzington Natural Museum Of Prehistoric History - The Kennzington Tar Pits - and a permission statement to excavate by the area's local Indian tribe.

An assembly of wind-blown NATIVE AMERICANS stand guard over the immersed excavation site. Their arms folded, headdresses disheveled, bewildered as they watch the waterline rise to the bottom of a dedicated plaque secured to a gargantuan tree trunk. It identifies the lake site as, The Sacred Pools Of Lake Knot So Sure About This Place.

INT - CENTRAL LAB - DAY

On a big screen monitor, a forest video camera follows a Safari hat as it floats on the lake's swells. Fastened to its ridged brim, an ID name plate reads, YVETTE PIQUFURD - Property of the Kennzington Tar Pits.

No one notices, except Oliver Schnell who does a double-take.

                  OLIVER  
And what the hell's that floating



jungle hat doing out there? Don't remember requisitioning that prop. Hope it's not an original. Can't hardly afford the knock-offs.

OLIVER  
(shouts to Helga)  
Close it.

Peeling the electric red acrylic finish from her fingernails, Helga hustles to a bank of gate valves. She tries to spin it closed.

HELGA  
(strains)  
Stuck. Open.

Indicator dials bounce, max'd out.

INT - FOYSTT LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Through the

FLOOR FISSURE,

water gushes. Levels climb a foot up the concrete pillars of the Foystt's MadMax warehouse motif.

The floor's jagged gorge inches closed. As it does, the GURGLING RUMBLE OF RUSHING WATER builds.

Like a champagne cork, the gorgeous, YVETTE PIQUFURD in her twenties, POPS through the floor's jagged hole. Her arms aflail, Yvette balances atop the foamy geyser. Her khaki outfit drenched, her tee shirt clingy.

Yvette's wavy bangs, wet and flat,

MASK HER EYES.

INT - CENTRAL LAB - DAY

On his video monitor, Helga catches a glimpse of a drowned tree trunk, at the roped-off dig site, at the lake's shoreline.

HELGA  
(screams)

Cut the volume.

Several Labbies meander to their posts.

HELGA  
Immediately!

The Labbies hustle to ratchet-down a gate valve marked, "Emergency".

Straining, the indicator needles fall back.

Video monitors show the return of the lake's original sandy shoreline.

INT - FOYSTT LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Sloshing waters recede. The fountainhead falls, dropping the pretty intruder into Atom's arms as the gorge slowly closes.

A small ID badge, from somewhere on her, sails across the room. It lands face up and identifies her as, YVETTE PIQUFURD, Behavioral Paleontologist, Kennzington Natural Museum Of Prehistoric History, Kennzington Tar Pits.

The ID card goes unnoticed by all the Foystts, except Neapolitan, who retrieves it, then hides it in his sleep compartment.

Yvette searches her head and neck.

YVETTE PIQUFURD  
Another hat lost.

Uncomfortable in Atom's arms, Yvette wriggles, but cannot keep from researching his every muscle.

A pleased-as-punch Atom tightens his lean muscular arms to secure his fresh catch-of-the-moment.

MARASCHINO  
(her face in Yvette's)  
Uncanny.

Maraschino strains to see through Yvette's wet bangs covering her eyes.

ATOM

(awestruck)  
I know.

HORACE  
Mom?

MARASCHINO  
If it's not -- it's her clone  
with a bad dye do, Dad.  
(to Yvette)  
Would you mind brushing your  
bangs away from your eyes. Miss?

Yvette watches Atom's cowlick jostle as if spring-loaded and smiles.

YVETTE  
Don't think Stanley would approve  
of this.

ATOM  
(mouths)  
Stanley?  
(mumbles)  
You're my Stephanie . . . I  
think.

Yvette leaps from Atom's arms. Her eyes follow the floor's crack as it narrows to the thickness of a car's tire.

YVETTE  
It's really not that bad.  
(energized)  
There's air pockets all through  
those caves between here and  
the lake.

Even though unfamiliar, Yvette surveys the advanced scientific equipment and the nuclear warning postings.

YVETTE  
I don't have the clearance to  
be in a place like this.

With a goodbye wave to the bewildered Foystts, and just enough room, as the fissure readies to slam shut, Yvette dives back through it.

EXT - FOREST - DAY

Through the

OUTLINE OF BINOCULARS,

Yvette is observed.

Like a cork, she pops through the lake's center. her hat floats by. She grabs it, shakes the excess water from it and plops it on. In a twist and a spin, she regains her navigational bearings and she swims strongly to the fenced-off dig site where the Indian watchdogs wait with folded arms and a tad of disdain.

EXT - FOREST / BEAR'S DEN - DAY

In a tight clearing, the Militia Man lowers his binoculars on Yvette. The flesh below his crossed-eye twitches. Surrounded by his wife and two children, garbed in pajama fatigues, crouch under the mushroom plume gobbling down a canned breakfast.

Nestled in a dense stand of pines at the mouth of

THE BEAR'S DEN,

the broadcast panel truck is smeared with a mix of pine needles stuck in dried mud.

SYBIL SYNOFF, multimedia News Reporter emerges from the rocky mouth of the bear's den. Her hair rolled in brightly colored curlers.

INT - CENTRAL LAB - DAY

On her video screen, Helga watches an unexpected wind gust tear off a cloud chunk from the once perfect Los Alamos facsimile. She freaks when an emergency SIREN WAILS. Her monitor displays, Exact Match Lost. An animated Oliver Schnell reemerges, chagrinned.

EXT - FOREST - DAY

Sybil squints as a brilliant electric bolt of lightening CRACKLES to reform atomic plume. Her cavernous YAWN closes around an unlit Virginia Slims.

The teenage MILITIA BOY frantically rubs two sticks together.

A flash of fire erupts. Grinning, the Militia Boy rushes to ignite Sybil's smoke.

After a long delicious drag, Sybil bears the pleasurable grin of a climactic experience.

SYBIL SYNOFF

There's only one way to know  
if that mushroom is real.

(thinks)

Or merely a faux-fungus.

In a clearing, Sybil observes the Militia Family's partially inflated transport balloon.

MILITIA BOY

(eyes the  
same balloon)

Dad's the only one who can fly  
it. Doesn't take too long to blow  
it all the way up.

(a dubious glare)

But you have to stay here. And if  
you really help us, Dad says you'll  
get more POW privileges.

(pauses)

Mom did.

From loosely tied ropes, Sybil wriggles a wrist free.

MILITIA BOY

Like getting those cuffs removed.  
Dad says it's all written in the  
some ehrrr warring accords --  
Honda, I think.

Through a smirk, Sybil slips a hand free of the roomy shackles and, in the dirt, snuffs out her smoke.

SYBIL

Bet Patty Hearst was treated  
better.

EXT - MILITIA BALLOON - DAY

Militia Mom strains, forcing the hand-operated air pump's plunger to fill the family's transport balloon. The slow-to-inflate balloon bladder is of conventional U.S military camouflage.

MILITIA MOM

If only things could be like  
they were, dear.

(pauses)

If only you'd've stayed on with  
GM. By now you'd've had that  
office on the top floor.

(weepy)

And we'd be in our home. And I'd  
still be part of the steno pool.

(teary eyed)

and . . .

MILITIA DAD

. . . and if it weren't for you . . .  
(grins)

. . . my little mermaid from the  
secretarial pool, being downsized  
at forty-four would have hit me a  
lot harder, dear.

The balloon fills as both Militia Parents huff and puff, red-faced.

MILITIA DAD

Someone's got to keep tabs on  
this government's irresponsible,  
anti-prudent spending habits.

(thinks)

It's the only way we can keep the  
little we have left from . . .

(he points to the plume)

. . . them.

EXT - GOVERNMENT COMPOUND / MAIN GATE - DAY

Uniformed Security Gendarme, at the government compound's main gate, inspect vehicles in a military protocol. A bold billboard warns of the dire consequences of unlawful entry.

EXT - IDAHO INTERSTATE - DAY

As she tools by in her pick-up, Madeleine's eyes follow the ever-growing line of stagnant supply trucks, official government cars and an occasional limo.

EXT - IDAHO INTERSTATE / MADELEINE'S TRUCK - DAY

Sprays of flickering light and wind gusts, at the mushroom's edges, keeps the cloud's canopy shaped and aglow.

With an elbow on her open truck's window ledge, Madeleine watches the atomic plume, grimacing.

MADELEINE FOYSTT

(mumbles)

Another cruel hoax -- at the very least -- a bad joke on the locals in Oliver's Land Of Odds.

EXT - FOREST / TV TRUCK - DAY

Seated in a canvas beach chair next to the open-door of the broadcast van, Sybil inventories the remote apparatus.

The MILITIA GIRL, the Militia Family's pre-teen daughter, stays close to Sybil with an eager-to-serve smile.

SYBIL

Where's your brother?

Sybil watches Militia Girl shrug.

SYBIL

Need both of you to help get ready for today's telecast.

The Militia Girl steadies the field video camera.

SYBIL

And the rest of your family?

Through the windshield, the Militia Girl points to a speck in front of the hooded plume.

MILITIA GIRL

Dad's up there.

(thinks)

Mom, too, I'll bet.

Both watch the balloon drift toward the cloud's epicenter.

SYBIL

Why?

MILITIA GIRL

To get evidence, my Dad says.

SYBIL

That close to Hiroshima's  
likeness?

MILITIA GIRL

It's the only way Daddy can be  
sure just how radioactive it is.

(sighs)

Mom wishes we were back in Detroit.

Sybil looks around as if she's lost a friend.

SYBIL

And your brother?

MILITIA GIRL

Danny Boy?

(gazes to the  
balloon)

Probably stowed away, again.

Like the pull of a strong vacuum, the mushroom inhales the vessel.

EXT - FOREST - DAY

Another blast of crooked lightening penetrates deep into the cloud mass.

The plume spits out the Militia family's dirigible.

Like a party balloon set free by a ten year old, the paramilitary craft darts in and out of Uncle Sam's mushroom.

SYBIL

We'd better try to meet up with  
them before their not-so-soft  
landing.



The TV van revs, then peels off in a cloud of road dust.

EXT - FOREST / MADELEINE'S TRUCK - DAY

On the backside of the government complex's main entrance, Madeleine spins her pickup sharply off-road ignoring Uncle Sam's Skull and CrossBones notice.

EXT - FOREST - TV VAN - DAY

In her side-view mirror, Sybil draws a bead on Madeleine and her red pick-up as it bounces by the Do Not Enter detour warning.

SYBIL  
(turns to Militia Girl)  
Hold on.

She spins the van's steering wheel.

INT - MADELEINE'S TRUCK-UP - DAY

Unaware she's being followed, Madeleine's pick-up bounces onto a steep downhill dirt road.

Not until a couple of nimbly negotiated twists in the road, several dastardly dips and an unexpected fallen log does Madeleine stumble upon the familiar tree stump. She jams on the brakes and slides into the petrified tree stump. Neither is severely wounded.

MADELEINE  
Don't remember the road being that  
rough 'n' tumble.

INT - TV TRUCK - DAY

Unaccustomed to ridding the terrain, Sybil fights to keep her van from rolling.

Chunks of dried earthen camouflage fly free.

Sybil catches only an occasional glimpse of Madeleine's red truck, at rest, as she THROTTLES UP for a closer look.

INT - MADELEINE'S TRUCK - DAY

Parked alongside the hollowed-out tree stump, Madeleine leans out her window. Affectionately, she strokes the tattered old-world woman's boot fixed to the tree's trunk and marked with dab of red fender paint. She twists each of the untied shoe laces to form a set of rabbit ear antennae.

MADELEINE

So glad technology's come so far.

(a sparkle in her eye)

Still get to keep my private entrance.

(hesitates)

Now to pray its still operational.

Lifting the weather-battered leather shoe tongue, Madeleine simultaneously squeezes the heel's sides, exposing a keypad. A solitary light blinks the words, 'Ready - Insert'.

Riffling through her purse, Madeleine yanks a bar-coded ID passcard. She turns it face-up, then stuffs the embossed fingerprint into the reader slot between the shoe's sole and its worn heel.

The flickering light freezes. Madeleine rolls up the truck's cab window, cinching it tight.

Beneath her tires, Madeleine feels the forest floor rock a bit, then swallows the truck, whole.

EXT - FOREST / TV VAN - DAY

Turning from a bend in the road, Sybil comes upon the tree trunk and does not notice boot's antennae and heel pad retract. A bit mystified, she stares at the tire tracks which end abruptly. The spot of red car paint leaves her scratching an ear.

Saddened, the Militia Girl, too, scratches an ear.

From inside her TV van, Sybil reaches through an open window and fingers the worn shoe.

A flustered Sybil leans on the steering wheel. About to set the van in gear, she feels the impact of THREE CONSECUTIVE THUDS atop the van's roof.

With the downed Militia Family balloon draped in a tree, it's threesome of occupants roll down the windshield and bounce off the van's hood, soft-landing onto a bed of leaves and pine needles. They, and their field fatigues, are fatigued. Their faces charred, their clothes shredded and scorched.

MILITIA DAD

See anything unusual out here?

Sybil scrutinizes the Militia family trio with a glare that screams, 'say what?'

SYBIL

All aboard.

Three car doors slam. Sybil's van peels off.

INT - CENTRAL LAB / CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Scientists outnumber the few in suites.

On a blackboard behind Madeleine, scribbled words read, Project Genome - Foystts To ReInherit The Earth First.

MADELEINE

When I turned things over,  
Oliver, you assured me Atom,  
Maraschino, little Horace and  
Neapolitan were only months away  
from being released into the next  
phase.

(a hand on  
her waist)  
Not years away.

Oliver nods to Helga VonVolks who nervously coughs.

HELGA

Madame ex-Bureau Chief Foystt,  
we simply need more time.

(hesitates)

Time to study their reactions,  
their behaviors -- to so many  
elemental changes since your  
retirement.

MADELEINE

(winces)

Those kids have spent enough time in those sleep capsules -- more like time-served jails. Let me remind you, Oliver, those incubation chambers were intended for short-term use only.

OLIVER

Your kin are still in them, my cute little ex-Bureau Chief, because their new biology remains only half-baked.

Her anger dissolves when Madeleine sees herself on the back wall where a gallery of portraits honor former bureaucratic chiefs. Her likeness, decades earlier, appears as she is now. She grins proudly.

HELGA

We are not only unsure of the stability of their fragile synthetic chromosomal groupings to keep them nuclear-holocaust-ready, but . . .

MADELEINE

Anyone tell you the Cold War's over?

HELGA

We've had to engineer, reengineer even reverse engineer genome puzzle pieces now a part of every Foystt down here that . . .

OLIVER

(interrupts)

It is simply too soon for them to strut their genetic stuff.

Unzipping a leather-bound portfolio, Madeleine plucks a large manila envelope from it.

MADELEINE

Look, Oliver, it's not about you and me any longer. It's about Atom and his family.

Oliver holds his ground with a smug grin.

OLIVER

They haven't paid their scientific  
dues.

Madeleine grits her teeth, tightens her grip on the envelope.

MADELEINE

They've over-paid them.

As she RIPS OPEN the sealed envelope, Madeleine plants her thumb  
firmly next to the embossed White House insignia.

MADELEINE

Figured you'd be too damn  
stubborn to listen to reason.

Madeleine flaps the government document under Oliver's nose.

MADELEINE

These are my family's release  
papers, Oliver. Signed by none  
other than the . . .

Oliver presses a red silent alert button under the table.

A SECURITY TEAM of THREE MEN and a WOMAN file into the meeting.  
They take up positions around the conference room's periphery.

Oliver winks at the Guards. Wearing an indignant grin, he turns  
to Madeleine.

OLIVER

Don't forget, Madeleine, I'm in  
charge. I don't care how many  
presidential committees you  
sit on.

Oliver BANGS his fist to the conference table.

OLIVER

And I don't give a damn,  
who in the White House, signed  
that paper.

With the sly grin of Alice In Wonderland's Cheshire, Madeleine  
leans into Oliver and waves the document.

MADELEINE

It's the President's John  
Hancock, Oliver.

OLIVER  
(a blink of  
surprise)  
I'm amazed you didn't produce  
Mister Hancock himself. His  
entire genetic profile is archived  
on Level Four, refrigerator one.

MADELEINE  
Been up to your old extra-  
curricular tricks? After-hours  
grave robbing? Huh, Oliver?  
Grant's tomb next?

Madeleine tosses the White House document Oliver's way. It  
slides across the long table and stops in front of him.

The ploy reignites Oliver's ire. He pays no mind to the official  
looking papers and sails them back to his former boss lady.

MADELEINE  
My work here is done.  
(stands ready to leave)  
With or without your permission,  
Oliver, Atom, my grandkids and  
Neapolitan are leaving.

Madeleine rolls up the White House document, caresses it as if  
it were a sacred scroll, then tucks it under an arm.

MADELEINE  
Now, let my people go.

Oliver's snarly grin and a nod signals his TROUPE OF UNIFORMED  
SECURITY.

Simultaneously, the CLATTER OF ASSAULT WEAPONS are cocked and  
held threateningly at-the-ready.

OLIVER  
You leave me no choice but to  
have you escorted out, Madeleine.

Madeleine presses the Presidential papers to her bosom. The  
White House insignia faces Oliver.

MADELEINE

This is not a Presidential  
suggestion, Oliver.

Oliver's defiant glare is the signal which drives the armed  
SECURITY CAPTAIN to seize the former chief.

MADELEINE

Unless your Security Team backs  
off, they'll be in contempt of  
this Executive Commandment.

The corners of Madeleine's mouth teem with fury.

MADELEINE

And their act of defiance will  
not go unpunished, Oliver Schnell.

The Guards look at one another, doubtfully.

The Security Captain relaxes his rigid stance. He reholsters his  
armament.

The other Guards do likewise.

Oliver seethes through an ornery grin.

SECURITY CAPTAIN

I am sorry, sir, but I'd rather  
suffer the humiliation of a bad  
performance review, than jail  
time. You see, Mister Bureau  
Chief I know all about performance  
anxiety. I'm married to your  
daughter, Sir -- Oliver.

The Security Captain and his gendarme march out of the  
conference room door.

OLIVER

(to Madeleine)

No surprise. Sounds just like her  
mother, my forth ex. See, what  
happens when an ex-loved one is  
freed from my control too soon.

With her briefcase in hand, Madeleine squelches a broad grin.

MADELEINE

Time to get my little zygotes.

INT - FOYSTT LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Emptying wardrobes and dresser drawers, Atom, Madeleine and the Foystt kids stuff cartons and suitcases.

Carefully, Atom packs the mason jars of biological remembrances. His long reach grabs a plaque above their doorway, You Are Now Entering, And Won't Be Leaving Anytime Soon, EDEN PARK ESTATES.

MARASCHINO

Now, Nana, this isn't one of those long test weekends Uncle Oliver's been promising?

MADELEINE

This is the real thing, sweetheart.

An eager Maraschino bubbles with enthusiasm.

MARASCHINO

Can't wait to go to my very first non-virtual, totally interactive 3D party.

INT - OLIVER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

With the flip of the intercom switch, Oliver barks at his secretary.

OLIVER

Get me the White House.

EXT - MOUNTAIN PEAK - DAY

Overlooking the government compound, the Militia Kids dilly-dally setting up the remote TV broadcasting gear.

SYBIL

Hurry, you two. Only two minutes to airtime.

With a



PANORAMA VIEW ON THE GOVERNMENT'S SPRAWLING COMPOUND,

the Militia Girl kneels out of camera view. She holds a mike to Sybil's robust lips.

Leaning into the mike and after a smile, Sybil grows serious.

SYBIL

This is Sybil Synoff, whose  
journalistic words sting like a  
bee and set the guiltiest of  
public servants to flutter their  
money-grubbing wings and fall  
to the ground like a butterfly on  
its last day.

Smiling, Sybil stretches her neck and prances like a proud barnyard bird.

The Militia Boy steadies the bulky shoulder-mounted video camera and follows Sybil's display.

SYBIL

I am the truth.

With a pointing finger, Sybil directs the Militia Boy to pan the compound's expanse.

SYBIL

Today's L.A Perspective Journal  
is from an isolated, inaccessible,  
secretive, godforsaken government  
facility just off this main  
Idahoan highway below us.

Through the camera's lens, the Militia Boy views the roadway. With a mischievous twinkle in his eye, he swings the lens to Sybil's nearly-snug sweater.

Committed to the broadcast, Sybil is unaware of her admiring prankster.

SYBIL

Very early this morning a massive  
explosion shook this little  
Idahoan town. The only statement  
government officials are making  
is 'what blast?'

(laughs pretentiously)

Must've been what the Kremlin  
told the peasants, right after  
Chernobyl.

The Militia Boy fills the camera's view finder with Los Alamos'  
perfect plume.

SYBIL (OS)  
Anyone in L.A believe that?

INT - ANY FAMILY ROOM ANYWHERE ON LOS ANGELES' WESTSIDE - DAY  
Gen X AGING ADOLESCENTS watch Sybil's broadcast.

A half-empty beer bottle is parked against the Too Cool Dude's  
groin.

TOO COOL DUDE  
(to TV)  
We believe, good looking news  
dudette. We are the people --  
and we believe you.

Too Cool Dude turns to slacker colleague, Dullard Dude.

TOO COOL DUDE  
Aren't we, dude?

Sporting a backwards ball cap, DULLARD DUDE, with an IQ of half  
his age, appears energized, mesmerized by Sybil's image on his  
giant screen TV.

DULLARD DUDE  
Yo, we are the voters. Count our  
numbers. Watch us grow, man.  
(confused)  
Vote? Don't we need like a job?  
And like a car to register?

TOO COOL DUDE  
(smiles knowingly)  
I'm going to make my dad proud  
and politically affiliate like  
he and all his doctor pals do. I'm  
joining the Hippocritical Party.

DULLARD DUDE  
Dude, now we can party down and

have the physicians and sturgeons  
pay the tab.

EXT - MOUNTAIN PEAK - DAY

Camera searches the government complex below.

SYBIL  
(paces)  
Can't get any government officials  
to confirm or deny what might be  
the goings-on behind that sprawling  
retreat down there for which we  
tax payers are footing the tab.

Sybil taps the Militia Boy on his shoulder while pointing a  
finger at the plume.

Militia Boy pans to it.

SYBIL (OS)  
Could this sight be our  
government's unholy Armageddon? Is  
it genuine? Or just an overgrown  
fraudulent fungus?

The Militia Boy aims the camera back on Sybil, zooming in on her  
chest.

Sybil sees her reflection in its lens. With an annoyed smirk and  
an elbow to the Militia Boy's chubby chest, she redirects his  
attention.

Militia Boys pivots back to the mushroomed cloud.

Bending down, Sybil reaches into a medical emergency kit and  
grabs a handful of cotton balls.

SYBIL  
This story's sooooo big, Los  
Angelinos.  
(to herself)  
I just know it'll be the career  
maker for Sybil Signoff.

One by one, Sybil carefully stuffs the cottony tufts into her  
bra.

SYBIL  
 (to herself)  
 Have to be all I can -- naturally.

The Militia Boy swivels himself, aiming the lens back to Sybil just beyond her peripheral view.

Still focused on reshaping herself, Sybil resumes her broadcast.

SYBIL  
 Now who can you believe? Me? Your  
 own eyes? Or Uncle Sam.

She smoothes the cotton balls under her shirt, unaware the camera is on her.

SYBIL  
 Sybil Synoff has no reason to  
 inflate this story.

INT - SAME FAMILY ROOM ON LOS ANGELES' WESTSIDE - DAY

DULLARD DUDE  
 Hey, man, if only that boob of  
 a sister of yours could've waited  
 for this totally new white  
 fuzzy-balled technology, she'd  
 have saved a whole lot of your  
 Mom's finances for that bad girl  
 boob job.

TOO COOL DUDE  
 Wasn't my mom's dough, dude. It was  
 my Dad's.

DULLARD DUDE  
 The upside of divorce, huh, man?

Dullard Dude delivers a that's-totally-OK grin and high-fives Too Cool Dude.

EXT - MOUNTAIN PEAK - DAY

Too concerned with her on-camera image to notice, Sybil continues to strategically place touch-up tufts.

SYBIL (VO)

You might say this random unkind  
act of government over-spending  
is the ultimate insult to  
over-worked, over-paying  
taxpayers.

Quickly, the Militia Boy pans back to the plume as Sybil raises her head.

A bit annoyed, she pokes him again.

SYBIL  
(in a loud whisper)  
You're supposed to pay attention  
to where I am in my report.

He spins the camera to her with a so-sue-me shrug.

SYBIL  
(her tee shirt  
stuffed to the max)  
So, we must ask. Is that puffy  
cloud mass just buoyant balls of  
cottony cumulus?  
(hesitates)  
Let's not panic out there, dears.  
After all this mushroom may be as  
simple and harmless as some weird  
weather happening.  
(snickers)  
And if you believe that, you can  
believe my fiancée and I are  
registered at Wal-Mart.

On a narrow dirt road, the Militia Dad ROARS up in a battered 4x4. He hands Sybil his binoculars and points to a distant corner of the government compound.

Peering through the binoculars, Sybil finds the activity of bustling MEN and WOMEN directing a caravan of government and commercial moving rigs.

SYBIL  
(crows into the mike)  
While this project is cloaked in  
secrecy and well-guarded against  
tax-paying intruders like you and  
me . . .  
(her voice ebbs)

. . . this is no Area 51.  
 (thinks)  
 My journalistic instincts tell me  
 something very odd is going on.

EXT - GOVERNMENT COMPOUND - DAY

TRUCKERS load the last of their cargo onto a crowd of eighteen wheelers.

Tailgates are lifted and SLAMMED closed.

Throw-bolts are locked into place.

As if choreographed, Truck Drivers climb into their cabs in a time step rhythm.

In sync, they HURL SHUT their doors.

The convoy rolls out.

SYBIL (VO)  
 Ah ha, the ants . . .  
 (in a sinister voice)  
 . . . are about to move the nest  
 -- above ground.

ppl/\*\*

EXT - LOS ANGELES / INTERSTATE ROADWAY - SUNRISE (2<sup>nd</sup> DAY)

Driving Madeleine's pick-up, Atom Foystt leads the convoy of moving vans, government cars and military cargo trucks.

In the rear seat of the caravan's caboose, a black stretch limo, Oliver Schnell presses his quivering jowls to the car door's window.

The motorcade passes the Los Angeles county limits roadway sign.

Moments later the armada whistles by a hand-crafted placard. It sports a happy face overwritten with, Enter The Wilds Of L.A. @ Your Own Risk.com.

OLIVER (OS)  
 (mutters)  
 Why me?

INT - MADELEINE'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

The Foystts notice the same sign Oliver has and breaks out into a group SHRILL OF A CHEER.

INT - OLIVER'S LIMO - DAY

With an embroidered initial hanky, Oliver pats his moist brow.

OLIVER  
Somehow, I'll beat them at their  
own game.

EXT - LOS ANGELES / EDEN PARK ESTATES - DAY

The Eden Park Estates neighborhood marquee glistens in the morning sun.

INT - RED PICK-UP - DAY

MARASCHINO  
Is this a bad dream, Dad?

Maraschino spins herself and stares out the red pick up's rear windshield as the Eden Park Estates community signage shrinks in the distance.

MARASCHINO  
Have we actually left Idaho?  
For good? Is this really L.A?

Smiling, Atom tools by the upscale tree-lined streets of the old Los Angeles neighborhood.

ATOM  
Look around, Maraschino. All  
around. Why do you ask?

Atom turns a corner and notices a smaller neighborhood marquee bearing the "Eden Park Estates" logo.

ATOM  
Uhhmmm.

The

"EDEN PARK ESTATES" WALL PLAQUE

slides across the truck's bed.

Madeleine's cell phone rings. She answers it wearing a frown.

OLIVER (VO)

You don't all have to thank me  
at once. Nice touch, huh? Wasn't  
easy finding a transition-friendly  
neighborhood. It even bears the  
same spelling.

From the truck's back seat, little Horace dangles a butterfly  
net his side window, sweeping the air.

A roadster of TEENS cruises alongside the Foystts.

Its DRIVER sports a dangling shark's tooth from the middle of  
his lower lip.

Sticking his head out the window for a closer look, Horace's  
ball cap is swept onto the roadster's windshield.

Horace spins for a double-take as Two of the Teens MOON the  
Foystts.

MARASCHINO

(a dramatic sigh)

Our first mooning.

(rolls her eyes)

This must be what Uncle Oliver  
warned us about -- the downside of  
big city diversity.

She records the experience in her journal.

HORACE

Was I out with the virtual flu

when we studied . . .

(chortles)

. . . the split-cheeked moons of  
the galaxy of Bare Butts.

INT - MADELEINE'S TRUCK / BACK SEAT - DAY

On her cell phone, Madeleine listens patiently to Oliver's  
scathing stream of orders.



OLIVER (VO)  
 . . . and that's the price you  
 pay for political forgery.  
 Presidential Order -- His John  
 Hancock -- my -- hhhhrrumph.

MADELEINE  
 I didn't have the time to wait.  
 Would've missed my flight. You  
 know the President would've signed  
 it, Oliver. The Man's plate is a  
 bit full, that's all.

OLIVER (VO)  
 So's his lap and . . .

Madeleine hangs up, disconnects Oliver in mid-sentence.

MARASCHINO  
 If everything we own is in the  
 back of this truck, Nana, then  
 what's in those rolling buildings  
 behind us?

MADELEINE  
 Not to worry. Just some of your  
 Uncle Oliver's scientific  
 knick-knackers. His security  
 blanky. A way for him to stay  
 in-touch.

ATOM  
 If your grandmother hadn't agreed  
 to all this we'd still be back in  
 the concrete cave.

MARASCHINO  
 (eyes trucks)  
 Uncle Oliver, better not be  
 tracking my every move, Nana.

HORACE  
 Me, too, Grammie.

EXT - EDEN PARK ESTATES / FOYSTT'S NEW HOME - DAY

A Realtor plucks a thin SOLD SIGN from the top of a planted signpost.

A real estate Helper unearths the signpost and dumps into his truck bed as Atom pulls up and parks.

Wearing a bright smile, Maraschino studies TWO strapping, but NERDY BOYS who stop and look at her. They turn and walk off with a nah-she'd-never-give-us-a-second look, look.

The CHANT OF HISSING AIR BRAKES slows, stops the convoy behind Atom.

Hours Later:

The ECHOES OF POUNDING HAMMERS and the BUZZ OF POWER SAWS WHINE as dozens of teams of Construction Workers labor doggedly.

The Foystts roam their surroundings, each wearing a perpetual smile.

MADELEINE

You'll be pleased with some of the upgrades provided by your Uncles' Oliver and Sam. Inside and out.

A satellite dish the size of a '49 Buick is carried by a Twosome of uniformed Movers, a pair of business-suited Government Supervisors at their heels mouthing orders.

Others scurry wearing ATOMIC RADIATION patches on their shirtsleeves.

A Nosey Neighbor cowers behind her

HEDGE,

adjoining the Foystt's place. The woman watches the Foystts carry their bags of belongings.

Along with his duffel bag and butterfly net, Horace clutches Neapolitan. Atom is at his side.

HORACE

(to Neapolitan)  
Sure glad we don't have to share a room with my sister.  
(to Atom)

And don't have to sleep in a  
shoebox anymore. Huh Dad?

Crates, the shape of caskets, are marked, "DORMANCY CHAMBERS".  
Off-loaded, the wooden boxes are stacked curbside.

ATOM  
(an arm around  
his son)  
Batting five-hundred isn't anything  
to be ashamed of, my little man.

A grimace spreads slowly across Horace's face.

EXT - FOYSTT HOUSE / NEXT DOOR (WEST) - DAY

Crouched behind a hedge of camellias, an agile IVORY shoos her  
ten year old SON in the direction of the community park.

Brushing away an unruly dangling curl from above an eye, she  
peers though a nearly-undetectable spyglass aimed at the  
Foystts.

EXT - FOYSTT HOUSE / NEXT DOOR (EAST) - DAY

The round-faced HUNNY, with the skin of a newborn, wheels a baby  
buggy. It bounces recklessly as she navigates between piles of  
crates and boxes on the Foystt lawn on her way to Ivory's.

EXT - FOYSTT HOUSE / NEXT DOOR (WEST) - DAY

Hunkered behind the bush, the abundantly attractive women watch  
a CREW thread cable through a conduit in an open trench leading  
to the satellite platter in a corner of the Foystts' back yard.

Emerging from their shrubbery cover, the Nosey Neighbors  
nonchalantly wheel a baby carriage. Not paying attention, Ivory  
hits a pothole. A scruffy-faced doll wrapped in a blanket shoots  
out like a human canon ball. Before any one sees the doll  
spread-eagled, Ivory tosses it back into the buggy.

Casually, the women rock their bent-wheeled hooded carriages as  
they stroll by their newest neighbor.

HUNNY  
(eyes their buggies)

Haven't used these in years.

IVORY

It makes for great cover for the  
covert neighborly snoopin' we do.  
Gives us more the homey fertile  
look, Hunny.

The women take an interest in Atom as he screws on a mailbox  
nameplate, "The Atom Foystt Family".

IVORY

With that cutesy little name,  
they must be part of Hollywood's  
jet set.

Ivory sees Atom's biceps throb, bulge about to rip through his  
skin.

IVORY

Maybe he's single.

HUNNY

You thought that the last time  
someone new moved into Eden Park  
Estates.

(sheepish)

I am very happy with who I am,  
Ivory. I don't know why a happily  
single woman artificially  
inseminated can't be left to her  
own convictions?

Ivory snickers, then moves a hand to her hip, replacing her glee  
with a frown for Hunny to witness.

IVORY

Not to worry, Hunny, no one will  
convict you for your convictions.  
It's not against Man's law to  
procreate solo with none of the  
fun of tryin', Hunny.

Bent over her buggy, Ivory holds a spyglass, focusing on Atom's  
maritally-telling finger. She smiles.

IVORY

(the lens to her eye)  
No tell-tale evidence of any

blissfully wedded ring-around-the-finger in this man's life, Hunny. Looks like Atom is certifiably single.

HUNNY

Remember the last neighbors who moved onto the street.

IVORY

It was a simple oversight. Ripped a contact. Can't blame me for the Herbert and Skippy identity error. Couldn't tell if they were pro-creative material. Not till after I saw them walk. We could learn from those two, woman.

Both Nosey Neighbors GIGGLE.

Hunny points to Madeleine's pick-up truck as Madeleine carries a violin case, a couple rifle sheathes and some beach umbrellas.

IVORY

Maybe they're the modern-day Beverly Hills Hill Billies.

HUNNY

More like the Beverly Hills Road Warriors.

IVORY

Don't want to loose this photo op.

With Polaroid camera in hand, Ivory rushes to where Atom finishes screwing-in the family mailbox name plate.

IVORY

Hi. Mister Foystt?

ATOM

(smiles)

Atom.

Ivory pedestals the camera.

IVORY

It's for the Eden Park Estates

community scrapbook.

She shoots him, smiles and leaves.

A bit bewildered with the odd welcoming ritual, Atom, too, walks off.

EXT - FOYSTT FRONT YARD - DAY

A Moving Crew stacks the last of the coffin-formed crates, curbside. The ever-curious Ivory, Hunny in tow, tippy-toes to a Female Mover.

IVORY  
(points to the crates)  
What's in those?

Female Mover shrugs, her mouth forms a playful little grin.

FEMALE MOVER  
Pretty obvious. Don't you think?

Ivory shrugs.

MOVER  
(motions to  
Foystt house)  
Their sleep quarters, I'm  
told.

IVORY  
A whole family of them? Bedding  
down in sarcophagi?  
(blurts)  
Vampires?

Startled at the sudden insight, Ivory bears an uneasy gummy grin.

IVORY  
Hunny, could it be?

In a jerky lurch, Hunny finds the "Atom Foystt Family" mailbox nameplate.

HUNNY  
I'm afraid it is so.  
(pretentiously)

serious)  
 Except for the typo, it's the  
 Addam's Family reborn.

IVORY  
 Now don't be play'n on my  
 superstitions.

Hunny shakes her heads, hiding a smile.

Loaded on steel-slatted gurneys, Ivory KNOCKS on one of the  
 wooden crates as if expecting an answer.

IVORY  
 Lurch? Uncle Fester? Thing?  
 Any of you in there? Cousin Id?  
 Morticha?

INT - FOYSTT HOME / UPSTAIRS BEDROOMS - NIGHT

As Madeleine Foystt readies for bed, she passes through a  
 swinging door marked, Environmental Sleep Chambers.

Separate bedroom doors are marked for each of the young Foystts.

INT - FOYSTT HOUSE / COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

With his head cocked and an eye pressed to a viewing portal,  
 Oliver watches a pleased Atom tuck-in little Horace.

INT - FOYSTT HOUSE / HORACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Atom keys-in a code to close his son's sleep capsule.

A bit restless in his sleep chamber, Neapolitan leaps out and  
 into Atom's arms. The Ferret greets him with a lick on the chin,  
 then jumps from Atom's arms into Horace's Sleep Capsule just  
 before the cover closes.

About to leave Horace's room, Atom notices a small clip-on ID  
 badge in Neapolitan's empty bed. Next to Yvette Piquifurd's  
 slightly burred photo is her nickname in quotes, "EVE". He slips  
 his find deep into his pants pocket.

In a few lighthearted dance steps, an elated Atom bounces from  
 the room.

INT - FOYSTT HOUSE / COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

On his CCTV screen, Oliver watches Atom pull Horace's bedroom door closed behind him, but does not see Yvette's ID tag.

EXT - EDEN PARK ESTATES - DAY (3<sup>rd</sup>)

The new day returns the Foystt's street as it was before the mayhem of move-in day.

EXT - EDEN PARK ESTATES / FOYSTT HOUSE - DAY

Across the street, a carved nameplate, "The Jones Family", hangs from the jaw of a brass lawn lion. The svelte teenage JONES BOY shoots hoops. A shiny black antique Bentley boasts of fame and excessive fortune parked in the Jones Family driveway.

INT - FOYSTT HOUSE - DAY

Through the front bay window, Atom sees the classic car at the Jones'.

                  ATOM  
                  (laughs)  
                  Too high a price to pay to keep  
                  up with any Jones'.

INT - FOYSTT HOUSE / RED PICK-UP - DAY

Climbing behind the wheel, Atom rolls down the window and motions for Horace to come along.

Neapolitan pants eagerly.

Atom nods his OK. Both climb into the cab.

EXT - FOYSTT HOUSE - DAY

Maraschino watches the Jones Boy at play as the red pick up pulls up, blocking her view.

                  ATOM



Ready for a day of sight seeing,  
sweetheart?

Reaching. Stretching. Bending herself contortionistically for a better angle on the Jones' Boy, an irascible Maraschino balks.

MARASCHINO  
No thanks, Dad. I'll, ehrrr  
uhmmm, keep Nana company.  
(breathes)  
So little bonding time.

With a view through the truck's sideview mirror, Atom sees the Jones Boy's interest his daughter.

Through the kitchen window, so does Madeleine.

ATOM  
Bonding?

Atom and Horace look at one another. A smile on their mouths.

ATOM  
(laughs)  
To whom, Maraschino?

Maraschino shoos them off with an irked wave.

Atom hesitates as Madeleine waves him on with a smile and an eye on Maraschino.

As the pick-up peels off, Horace sticks his head out the car window and shouts to his sister.

HORACE  
Don't bondo our Grammie to just  
anywhere.

EXT - EDEN PARK ESTATES / REMOTE TV BROADCAST VAN - DAY

Parked behind the neighborhood marquee, Sybil Synoff and the Militia Family take cover. They duck down deeper as the red pick-up passes them.

SYBIL  
(pokes Militia Dad)  
That's the truck that vanished.

MILITIA MOM

Is that the last of the puzzle pieces, Ms. Signoff? Can we go home now?

Sybil shakes her head. Through binoculars, she watches Maraschino cross to the Jones Boy who hoses down the family Bentley. Hormone-laced smiles and muted neighborly pleasantries are exchanged, observed.

Militia Dad waves a legal brief in front of Sibyl's eyepieces.

MILITIA DAD

That Maraschino girl - she doesn't look very dead to me, Missus Signoff.

SYBIL

Put those Death Certificates away. My contact at the County Records Office wants those back by morning.

Sybil hands off the binoculars to the Militia Dad and forms a devilishly ambitious grin.

SYBIL

This story will be Sibyl Synoff's journalistic coup de grâce.

MILITIA DAD

Bringing back the dead, at taxpayers' expense, should not be this government's mission.

MILITIA MOM

That's right, dear.  
(mimics her husband)  
Resurrecting its citizenry proves our government will do anything to unearth more taxpayers, dear.

Sybil pales.

SYBIL

This isn't just about that Toadstool in the sky. It's about guaranteeing the survival of

future generations of Americans.  
Or is it?

Anxious, the Militia Dad's questioning eyes flare red.

pp

MILITIA DAD  
(commands)  
When do you plan to expose the  
whole scheme with your story,  
Lieutenant Commander Signoff?

SYBIL  
When all the pieces fit, General.  
(mumbles)  
Motors.

EXT - JONES' PLACE - DAY

The Jones Boy bounces the basketball to Maraschino. She catches it awkwardly, but pretends she's played the game before. She looks the ball over as if unsure of what to do with it all the while her eyes flirting.

Jones Boy extends an open hand.

JONES BOY  
Ireland.

Maraschino, too, extends an arm to meet his.

MARASCHINO  
I'm from Idaho.

His hand falls away with a condescending cackle.

JONES BOY  
No, that's what I'm called.

Blushing, Maraschino lowers her hand.

MARASCHINO  
(blushes)  
Maraschino.

JONES BOY  
(bounces the ball)  
Let me give you a few pointers,  
Maraschino.

Jones Boy bounces the ball hard to the novice protege. The ball climbs beyond her grasp.

In a long tall stretch, Maraschino grabs it. A quick peripheral glimpse finds a startled Jones Boy. Deliberately, she lets it slip from her fingers.

MARASCHINO

Let's, ehrrr uhmmm, play ball.

Maraschino continues to play the game submissively, missing most of the easy throws.

MARASCHINO

Wish Mom were here.

(mumbles)

Not sure which is worse. To  
fake a twisted ankle or to  
bruise the boy's ego.

Another throw misses it's mark.

JONES BOY

You play about as well as those  
four-eyed nerds who were eye'n  
your uhmmmm great pair of brrrrr  
-- your bod.

Trying not to show embarrassment, or contempt, Maraschino pretends to have forgotten that nerdy-boys-meets-girl incident the day before.

JONES BOY

The guys who walked like . . .  
(ogles her chest)  
. . . like two-a-breast.

The Jones Boy laughs through a condescending smirk.

Teary-eyed, Maraschino darts back across the street.

EXT - BEVERLY HILLS / RED PICK-UP - DAY

Atom, Horace and Neapolitan cruise by the famous shop-lined streets in the kingdom of wealth.

A turn onto the main drag attracts Horace's attention.

HORACE  
Look, Dad.

Atom pulls closer to a life-size Woolly Mammoth and a T. Rex.

HORACE  
(points, excited)  
It's DinoSawerous Tex.

The prehistoric beasts loom ominously over the Kennzington Museum and Tar Pits.

ATOM  
That's Tyrannosaurus Rex, son.

Atom clutches Yvette's ID tag.

EXT - KENNZINGTON NATURAL MUSEUM OF PREHISTORIC HISTORY - DAY

In regulation museum khaki-wear, a young woman, Yvette Piquifurd and Stanley Sniffel, a male colleague set up an archaeological dig exhibit at the edge of the viscous tar pool.

In hand, Atom sneaks a peek at the nametag. He's not sure this woman is Yvette.

An overhead page blares, STANLEY SNIFFEL.

Yvette's Male Colleague flips open his cell phone.

STANLEY SNIFFEL  
Stanley Sniffel, here.

Horace loses his grip on Neapolitan's leash.

Chasing a field mouse, the ferret shoots between Yvette's legs.

Spinning around, Yvette sees Neapolitan, his leash trailing. Artfully, she grabs it.

YVETTE  
A domesticated ferret?  
(whispers)

Imagine that, Stanley. A wild animal allowed to be kept as a pet.

(in a shout)

To whom does this animal belong?

Yvette looks right through Atom.

The ferret breaks free and jumps into Horace's arms.

YVETTE

(sweetly)

Hello, young man. And what's your name?

HORACE

(sheepishly)

Horace.

YVETTE

Well, Horace, . . .

Yvette knells to meet his eyes.

YVETTE

. . . don't you think it would be a good idea to let the little guy go free? Back to the wild? From where he came?

Atom stands alongside his son and knowingly smiles.

HORACE

(frowns)

That's where he was when he got himself into so much trouble. Caught in a hunter's steel trap meant for a fox or a bear or a . . .

YVETTE

Sometimes bad things happen to good creatures, Horace. But, in the end, mother nature prevails.

With scrutinizing eyes, Yvette examines the ferret.

YVETTE

Little rascal doesn't' seem too worse for the mishap.

HORACE

Neapolitan was found dead, ma'am.  
It took my Grammie Madeleine a  
hundred years to bring him back.

Horace watches Yvette eyes squint with doubt.

HORACE

Not only Neapolitan, ma'am.  
Grammie brought all back from  
the d-d-d-d.

Atom clasped a hand over his son's mouth, then playfully rustles  
his long fingers through Horace's mane.

YVETTE

I know your Grandmother must be  
very special to you, Horace.  
(looks up at Atom)  
Your son?

Atom nods.

YVETTE

Must be nice to have a son with  
so overactive an imagination.

Wearing the smug grin of grade school teacher, Yvette turns to  
Horace.

YVETTE

Don't you think it would be best  
for the cute little mammal to be  
returned to her Mom and Dad?

Horace holds his Dad's supportive arm.

HORACE

Neapolitan's a he, ma'am. And we  
are his Mom and Dad. We're the  
only family he knows, ma'am.

YVETTE

(faces Atom)  
You ought to teach your son the  
way nature works.

As Atom and Horace walk off to another exhibit, they hear Yvette's last words fade.

Neapolitan lingers behind, sniffing for the mouse that got away.

With her hands cupped to form a megaphone, her words nip at the departing Foystts.

YVETTE

Your son will have the respect  
wild animals deserve and . . .

From out of nowhere, TWO PITBULLS gallop in what appears a playful chase until one GROWLS and bears a jaw-full of menacing teeth. Unprovoked, both Dogs take off after Yvette's Archaeological Colleague.

Stanley side-steps the attack dogs and takes refuge behind a shed.

Angrily, the Dogs SNORT and GROWL. Like a roulette wheel in motion, the PitBulls spin themselves looking for a new victim.

Yvette loses her footing in the soft dirt and slides into a shallow pond of goop, landing on her derriere. At the gooey pond's edge, the dogs grow more furious.

One lunges and grabs onto Yvette's khaki shirtsleeve. The persistent tugging pulls Yvette to her feet.

Resisting the tow of the dogs, Yvette loses her footing. Losing her footing, she slips and falls, face-to-face with the snapping open-jawed Dogs, SCREAMING.

A sniveling Stanley watches uncertain of what to do.

Attracted by the commotion, Atom and Horace run toward the PAINFUL SHRILLS.

In a metamorphous caught only by the advancing Foystts, Neapolitan's head changes into a JAW-SNAPPING GATOR.

HORACE

That must be what Uncle Oliver  
meant by Neapolitan's unstable  
gene blend. Huh, Dad?

ATOM

And the reason why his time in



the capsule is longest.

EXT - KENNZINGTON MUSEUM / ANCIENT ROCKS - DAY

From behind the cover of an ancient stony display, a

LONG TELEPHOTO CAMERA LENS

is honed on the Foystts.

The Militia Dad grins.

Sybil activates the camera's rewind. Shaking her head, she pops out the completed roll of film.

SYBIL

That furry little guy is one  
helluva quick-change artist.  
Must be part chameleon.

EXT - KENNZINGTON MUSEUM / TAR PITS - DAY

Neapolitan's BITING JAWS freaks the Dogs.

A trail of FAINT YELPS stream as the scared-off PitBulls retreat.

In an instant, Neapolitan reforms to his ol' ferret self. With a head jerk, the genetically-correct animal shoots his long leash to Yvette as Atom skids to the tar pit's edge.

Atom reels in Yvette. His foot sinks deeper into the black pond. Instantly, he struggles with a weakness that buckles his knees. Woozy, he shakes it off not to draw attention to himself.

HORACE

You okay, Dad? You look like  
you've been dunked in a vat  
of Kryptonite.

Covered in the goeey tar from her waist down, Yvette sees Stanley emerge from behind the cover of the storage shed. She flashes a welcoming smile.

Dragging a garden hose, Stanley runs to her, then breaks abruptly. He looks to where the PitBulls were, then resumes his run.

At Eve's side, Stanley fumbles with the garden hose sprayer. Inadvertently, he sets the nozzle on high pressure and douses his colleague.

With her drenched bangs covering her eyes, Atom now recognizes her. He grabs some towels from a passing utility cart and wraps them around her.

She smiles gratefully, but returns to Stanley.

HORACE  
I hope you feel differently  
about Neapolitan now, ma'am.

Soaked and speechless, Yvette has no come-back.

ATOM  
Eve? Don't you remember?

Atom's chest swells with excitement, then quells when he realizes Yvette's interest is with Stanley.

Stanley helps Yvette into an electric cart. They disappear into a small cluster of bungalows.

EXT - BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

In front of the museum, Atom and Horace walk back to the truck.

HORACE  
Hey, Dad that was fun.  
(hesitates)  
That lady back there -- she was  
the one who visited us back at  
Uncle Oliver's, huh Dad? Is  
she a clone of . . .

ATOM  
She is the dead ringer for . . .

HORACE  
. . . Mom.

EXT - FOYSTT HOME / RED PICK-UP - DUSK

The front yard is peppered with decorative groupings of party balloons and sprays of inviting Open House placards as Atom and Horace drive up.

INT - FOYSTT HOME / GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Ivory and Hunny, each with a SON about Horace's age, mingle, introducing themselves around. The young mothers wriggle their way closer to Atom.

Uninterested, Atom vanishes.

A bit solemn, Ivory consoles Hunny.

IVORY  
He'll come 'round, sweetie.

From her handbag, Ivory pulls out a spyglass.

Hunny forces Ivory's hand back into her purse.

HUNNY  
We're inside, Ivory. Its okay now.

Maraschino writes out stick-on name tags, handing them to incoming neighbors.

Horace polarizes to Hunny and Ivory's Boys.

Through the front bay window, Madeleine watches Oliver exit the back door of his limo, scamper up to the house, then flies through the front door.

OLIVER  
(to Madeleine)  
You crazy, lady?

MARASCHINO  
Neither, Uncle Oliver. She's  
our Nana.

MADELEINE  
Thank you, Maraschino.

Madeleine grabs Oliver's arm and leads him into a quiet corner.

MADELEINE  
Simmer down, Oliver.

(a hand on his  
shoulder)  
Never too soon to fit in. Have  
you no neighborly manners?  
(her voice ebbs)  
You want to cast aspersions by  
behaving as a family of recluses?  
Raise suspicions unnecessarily?

Oliver's blood pressure settles to the usual sixty points above normal.

In a corner of the Great Room, Horace and the Neighbor Boys play with a Hot Wheels track. Their conversation is light until Horace hears Ivory and Hunny scheme.

HORACE  
(to the boys)  
Adoption? What's adoption?

Madeleine hears the concern in Horace's voice and spins to him. She is quickly distracted when Oliver's cockles come to attention as a stand of new guests enter.

In full-fighting field fatigues, the Militia family bypasses the reception line.

With a cocked eyebrow, Oliver casts a worried glance.

OLIVER  
(nudges Madeleine)  
This is still a level four  
security operation, Madeleine.  
What are they doing here?

MADELEINE  
(consoles)  
I'm certain they're not who  
they appear to be.

Oliver tracks the Militia Family as they huddle together in a human clump.

MILITIA BOY  
Where's Miz Synoff?

MILITIA DAD  
Miz Signoff is too well known, my  
boy. She's a big time TV personality.

Think, son . . .  
 (pauses)  
 . . . Who'll ever notice us?

A room-full of prying eyes lands on the Militia foursome.  
 The Militia Dad's confronting squint repels their stare.

MILITIA DAD  
 Miz Signoff just asks we listen  
 for clues.

MILITIA MOM  
 (looks at her husband)  
 Then can we go back to Michigan,  
 dear?

Madeleine leads Oliver to the punch bowl, his eyes fixed on the  
 Militia family's fatigue fashion statement.

MADELEINE  
 I'm sure they're only curious  
 neighbors, Oliver. There's another  
 party down just the street.

OLIVER  
 Costume?

INT - FOYSTT HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Through a side door, Sybil tiptoes through the Foystt's kitchen.  
 In shades and a simulated leopard-skin one piece outfit, she  
 goes unrecognized. Sliding her shades to the petite bulbous tip  
 of her nose, she winks at the Militia Kids.

Surprised to see Sybil, the Militia Family grabs a handful of  
 finger sandwiches and follows the rogue reporter to the foot of  
 the stairway.

INT - FOYSTT HOUSE / GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

A mean-spirited KNOCK at the

FRONT DOOR

is followed by a dowdy SOCIAL WORKER in a long, matronly red  
 coat.

With a bright smile, Horace welcomes the frumpy female.

SOCIAL WORKER  
Hello, young man. Is the little  
woman of the house in?

HORACE  
Settle for the big man in  
charge of my own room, will ya?

After a small giggle, Horace points to his grandmother.

Nose to nose, the Social Worker looks Madeleine's way, then into  
Horace's eyes, doubtfully.

SOCIAL WORKER  
Isn't that woman a little old  
to be with the man of this  
house?

Cupped in her hand is a Polaroid of Atom alongside his mail box.  
Two pairs of

BLACK AND BRIGHT RED BUXOM LIP PRINTS

personalize the photo.

Across the room, Hunny and Ivory chit-chat with some guests. The  
same bold lipstick colors they don, match the photo's.

SOCIAL WORKER  
Oh, never mind.  
(mumbles)  
Must be one who's fond of the  
elder set.

Madeleine excuses herself from a conversation to meet the  
stranger in little Horace's face.

MADELEINE  
Can I help you?

The Social Worker shuffles through some papers in an unnamed  
accordion file folder, the price tag hangs from a string.

SOCIAL WORKER  
I understand two Foystt children  
live here.  
(pulls out a form)

And my case file reflects their  
parents do not.

With folded arms, Madeleine listens.

SOCIAL WORKER

I must establish who has  
irrefutable custodial  
responsibility. And I must meet  
the woman of the house. If there  
isn't one I can suggest, uhmmmm,  
I mean I'll have to report my  
findings. So?

(waits for a response)

Where is she?

MADELEINE

(wears a wide grin)

I am she.

SOCIAL WORKER

(gasps)

You are Missus Atom Foystt?

Madeleine shoos Horace away.

MADELEINE

I believe your question was, who  
is the woman of house.

The Social Worker studies Madeleine's stick-on nametag, then  
riffles through some other papers.

SOCIAL WORKER

Only the names of Atom Foystt and  
Oliver Schnell are listed as  
title holders. I certainly hope  
one of them is the mother, wife  
and rightful woman of the house,  
madam.

Madeleine's eyes wander, then a smile fills her face.

MADELEINE

If you reread the record you'll  
discover the typo.

(acts annoyed)

Should be Olivia. And she's not  
with us tonight.

SOCIAL WORKER

(skeptical)

I must warn you if I find no  
proof of -- of this Olivia's  
existence these children will  
be assigned temporary  
custodianship.

(thinks)

This agency does not look favorably  
on same-sex parental partners.

Tucked behind a curio, the snooping and bewildered Horace,  
having heard his fill, heads back to the Neighbor Boys  
cautiously.

The Social Worker steps back, wraps her coat around her stocky  
shoulders. She looks around the room as if expecting someone to  
be monitoring her visit. With a hand on the front door, she  
hears Madeleine bark.

MADELEINE

And next time you happen by  
don't. The Foystts are armed  
and do not take kindly to  
uninvited intruders.

Sipping some spiked punch, Ivory and Hunny smile as the three  
boys scamper about.

IVORY

Look at those boys at play. Now  
aren't they're more than friends?  
More like family.

(stares down Atom)

Us, our three sons and the  
gorgeous Mister Foystt.

HUNNY

Our three sons?

IVORY

Not for me. For you.

(a bit flustered)

You've never been married, Hunny.  
It's wonderful when you finally  
find Prince Right.

HUNNY



Hope he decides to pick a wife  
before the last of my eggs have  
reached the end of their  
shelf-life.

IVORY

When things get down to the wire,  
we'll have Doctor Finnerman,  
freeze-dry your last dozen, Hunny  
dearie.

INT - FOYSTT HOME / UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Unnoticed, Sybil, the Militia Kids in tow, snoop aimlessly.

Off the upstairs hallway,

A SET OF KEYS DANGLE

from a door marked, Do Not Enter: Controlled Holding Area. She  
cranks open the door.

INT - FOYSTT HOME / CREATURE'S ROOM - NIGHT

In a flimsy holding cage, the orange-haired Primate sleeps.

Tip toeing around the Creature's stall, Sybil finds a hanging  
clipboard on the cage's backside. The cover sheet highlights,  
MAINTAIN SEDATION. A tranquilizer injection scheduling grid has  
only one check mark.

Undaunted, Sybil whips out a pocket SLR. Repeated flash bulb  
blasts awakens the Creature. It churns with a subdued GROWL and  
groggy GRUNT.

SYBIL

(stirred, but  
not shaken)

Am I in the right place? Thought  
the costume party was down the  
street.

Through droopy eyes, the Creature sees Sybil move closer, the  
camera to her eye.

Without warning, the Creature throws itself against its cell.  
Rattling the cage over and over again, the door flies open.

Cowering under a desk, Sybil and the Militia Kids huddle as the Creature vaults over them and leaps from the open second story window.

INT - FOYSTT HOME / GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Downstairs, Madeleine holds onto Oliver's hand as he squirms.

OLIVER  
Why in the world would a Social  
Worker be calling here?

MADELEINE  
Not to worry. Everything's under  
Control . . ., Olivia.

OLIVER  
What?

At the back of the reception line, FLOE MAHONY, a flamboyant attractive woman in her preMediCare years, searches the Great Room.

FLOE MAHONY  
(shouts)  
Madeleine.

Plowing through the crowd, Floe and Madeleine's open arms grabs onto one another in a where-have-you-been-for-the-last-thirty-years bear hug.

Sandwiched between them, Oliver wriggles free, but doesn't stray.

LATER:

Seated in a cushy sofa, the friends reminisce.

MADELEINE  
How in the world did you find me?

Rustling through her purse, Floe pulls out an invitation.

FLOE  
That's how. This invite from  
a client four doors down. Couldn't  
help but notice your mailbox. Don't

know any Foystts west of the  
Mississippi besides my best gal pal.

MADELEINE

The first time I saw you we were  
freshman.

FLOE

More the fresh women of Syracuse  
U.

With a critical eye, Floe examines her friend.

FLOE

When did Suzanne Somers loan you  
her body?  
(wowed)  
You look marvelous.  
(suspicious)  
Have you perfected some youth  
potion, Madeleine? Or pay a  
visit to one of LA's elastic  
surgeons?

The women laugh.

MADELEINE

I have toyed with some  
experimental gene transference  
and regression to slow aging some.  
(beams)  
I'm afraid the rest I owe to  
Hazel Bishop.

FLOE

Neither of us needed too much help  
at the U.

MADELEINE

All the fun we had back then.  
And oh, how we partied.

FLOE

Till the icy chill of dawn. In  
the arms of the frat boys of  
I Felt A Thigh.

As a sorority ritual, together, the women slap a thigh and belt  
out a unceremonious chortle.

FLOE  
I haven't seen you since you  
changed majors.  
(thinks)  
Physics, Atomic Genes -- or where  
they Levis?  
(chuckles)  
Some sort of weird science.

Madeleine nods with a shy grin.

FLOE  
Can't wait to catch up. It's been  
ahhhh, thirty-two long years.

MADELEINE  
(smiles modestly)  
Tell me, Floe, what have you been  
up to since those days loose-leafs,  
bobby socks and rumble seats.

FLOE  
One, two, three or four husbands  
ago?

MADELEINE  
I'm sorry.

FLOE  
No need. After all those years  
of rejection and Tony Robbins  
CDs telling me failure is okay,  
I built Match Mates.

MADELEINE  
Match Mates?  
(wonders)  
The Match Mates, about two years  
Ago, featured on that - that  
entrepreneurial TV magazine show,  
that - that . . .

FLOE  
(she bats her  
proud eyes  
That's me. And my company.

Atom passes the chatty women. He notices Ivory step into his path and decides to double back. Sporting a smile, he kisses his mother on the forehead as the Nosey Neighbors look on.

Ivory gnaws on a red fingertip between her

BLACK PAINTED COLLAGEN-ENHANCED LIPS.

Hunny bears a lip-biting cringe, envious of Atom's display of affection. Her

BRIGHT RED PLUMPED LIPS

puckered for affection.

ATOM

This was a good idea, Mom.  
(winks to Floe)  
Everyone's having a great time.

FLOE

Isn't he a little old to be  
living at home?

MADELEINE

Not if it's his.

FLOE

Single?

Madeleine confirms with a regrettable nod.

Fumbling through the clutter in her purse, Floe frees a small note pad. She flips through its pages until a blank sheet appears.

FLOE

The lad's name?

MADELEINE

Atom.

FLOE

(writes ADAM)  
Do I have the perfect Eve  
for him.

At the foot of the staircase, Oliver reaches into a pants pocket. A quizzical look of forgetfulness pours over him.

OLIVER  
What did I do with those keys  
this time?

Sybil and the Militia Family slip out a side door.

INT - FOYSTT HOME / KITCHEN - MORNING

Madeleine looks to her brood seated around the breakfast table.

MADELEINE  
It was so quiet last night, you  
could hear an Atom fall.

Atom laughs.

At the breakfast table, bowls of untouched cereal before the stoic Maraschino and Horace become soggy. Propped elbows support their listless chins.

ATOM  
Thought for sure it would be several nights  
before the creature would settle in.

MADELEINE  
Oliver's new tranquilizer compound must've done  
the trick, Atom.

ATOM  
Hardly noticed the beast was  
even in the house.

MADELEINE  
Well, how was your first full  
day in the hood?

No one volunteers.

MADELEINE  
Couldn't be that bad.

Madeleine nods to Horace to encourage him.

HORACE  
Can I be adopted out?

He swivels to face his dad.

HORACE

Is there such a thing as a whole  
family of orphans? Huh, Dad?

Even Neapolitan takes notice, his head cocked, curiously.

INT - FOYSTT HOUSE / GREAT ROOM - DAY

Interrupted by a RAPITY-RAP at the front door drives Horace to  
it. On his toes, he peers through the peep hole.

HORACE

Who goes?

His view reveals the

DISTORTED IMAGE THE GRIZZLE-FACED SOCIAL WORKER.

SOCIAL WORKER (OS)

It's me. Your neighborhood Social  
Services counselor. I'm back to  
meet with the woman of the house.

Horace looks to his father, who covers his eyes with his hands.

HORACE

(faces the door)

I'm here alone, ma'am.

SOCIAL WORKER (OS)

Home alone, huh?

With a repeated and rapid flick of her hand, Madeleine signals  
Horace to blow off the uninvited guest.

HORACE

My Grammie told you, the last  
time, call before bustin' in.

Through the door's peephole, Horace watches the Social Worker  
fiddle with some papers.

SOCIAL WORKER (OS)

That spoils my surprise party,  
sonny. Be sure to tell the man of  
the house my records make no  
mention of a Miss Olivia.

From the corner of a bay window, the Foystts watch the Social Worker drive off in a rickety, sputtering old Mercedes.

EXT - MERCEDES - DAY

Out of the Foystts' sight, the Social Worker rips off her straggly-haired wig and tosses it into the car's back seat.

SOCIAL WORKER

Next time I do a Missus Hannigan,  
I'll insist on a little red-headed  
ten old to play off. And scale.

EXT - IVORY'S PLACE - DAY

From inside the house a disappointed, Hunny and Ivory wave a pathetically limp arm at the Mercedes as it shrinks from view.

IVORY

Next time we spend a little more  
and get Carol Burnet.

INT - FOYSTT HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

MARASCHINO

I'm having a problem, too, Dad.  
(sighs)  
Ireland had me thinking, too.

ATOM

Not about the free throws you let  
him have?

MARASCHINO

It's about Ireland and . . .

MADELEINE

Please, Maraschino, its not like the  
Irish don't have their hands full.

ATOM

Mom, Ireland's the Jones' Boy.

Atom motions to his daughter to go on.



MARASCHINO

All the Jones' look alike. Like they belong together.

Maraschino studies her father's face.

MARASCHINO

And you Dad -- you look more like a bro than our dad . . . Atom. And Nana doesn't look old enough to be anyone's grandmother.

Madeleine beams, smiling, until she hears chock back a sob.

HORACE

So who are we?

Through a stream of rolling tears, Maraschino tosses out a thought.

MARASCHINO

Our lives are not regular. They're like . . .  
(hesitates)  
. . . like being part of a bad movie with way too many special effects.

Neapolitan hiccups with an uncontrollable GROWL, then his tail shakes with RATTLE of a viper, then all quiets.

MARASCHINO

(sniffs in a tear)  
I rest my case.

Like a traffic cop would, Atom shoots out an arm.

ATOM

Whoa!

Atom watches the reformed Neapolitan pant.

ATOM

Sure there are times when we're not quiet the way we were.  
(thinks)  
But we're not an illusion. Or some hologram. We should be happy just to be alive, again.

(proudly)  
We are a real family.

With a dare in their eyes, the Foystt Kids, defiantly cinch-up their folded arms.

MARASCHINO & HORACE  
Prove it.

EXT - FUNERAL PARK - DAY

The gloomy early-morning mist hangs like an anchor grounding the Foystts.

MADELEINE  
Hoped it wouldn't come to this.

ATOM  
Had to, Mom.

Worn, chaffed stone grave markers for each Foystt documents their former lives. The carved dates are of a century ago.

MARASCHINO  
I didn't know.

ATOM  
You couldn't have, sweetheart.

Maraschino smiles through teary eyes.

Horace consoles his sister.

On his hind paws, Neapolitan leans against Horace's hip with a happy-to-be-above-ground pant.

Coming out of the weepy silence of the Foystt family embrace, Maraschino and Horace find their mother's artful, gracefully craved marker, STEPHANIE FOYSTT. Their demise dates match.

Saddened, the Foystt Kids watch Atom kneel before their mother's grave.

With Maraschino and Neapolitan at his side, Atom scoops up Horace. In his free hand, Madeleine presses a folded note.

MADELEINE  
It's time, Atom.

(whispers)  
 Time to find a wife for you --  
 And a mother for . . .  
 (motions toward  
 the kids)  
 . . . before Oliver does.

Atom's quizzical eyes widen.

MADELEINE  
 Don't think you want a made-to-  
 order bride from Oliver's scrap  
 heap of genetic spare parts.

INT - OLIVER'S LIMO - DAY

Oliver pats his wet brow, his cell phone propped by his ear.

OLIVER  
 Don't know why I gave in to those  
 fumbling Foystts. Knew they  
 wouldn't look after that beast,  
 responsibly.  
 (snickers)  
 Won't be a second escape.

INT - CENTRAL LAB - DAY

A signed internal lab document, Helga holds, in a shaky hand,  
 schedules the Creature's termination.

HELGA  
 It's all we have of her, Oliver.  
 (fretful)  
 If she's destroyed, there will  
 be no hope of ever bringing all  
 the Foystts back together.

INT - OLIVER'S LIMO - DAY

A foot-thick data print-out rests on the seat beside Oliver.

OLIVER  
 We've done all we could.

HELGA (VO)

Oliver, won't you please . . .

After disconnecting from Helga, Oliver leafs through the print-out.

OLIVER  
(wide-eyed)  
Appears the other Foystts are  
no longer exact copies either.

\*\*\*

EXT - OFFICE TOWER - MORNING (4<sup>th</sup>)

From inside the red pick-up's cab, Atom compares the address written on Madeleine's note with the building's.

ATOM  
This is it.

INT - OFFICE TOWER - DAY

Elevator doors open onto a penthouse floor. A disinterested Atom strides to an alcove. A door moniker reads, MATCH MATES. Below it is, FOUNDER: FLORENCE MAHONY, PRESIDENT.

INT - MATCH MATES / FOYER - DAY

As Atom enters the reception area, he finds an unpersoned desk. A pennant draped across the top of a wall grabs his attention. NO CLIENT'S TOO SMALL OR TOO TALL TO FIND LIFE'S PERFECT PARTNER - ONLY TOO POOR.

From the open door in her office, Floe watches Atom study Match Mates' wall of fame.

FLOE (OS)  
It's about the business of  
matching like-to-like to form  
a life-long loving union.

INT - FLOE'S OFFICE - DAY

On the

WALL BEHIND FLOE'S DESK,

Atom studies hundreds of wedding photographs. Couples of all shapes, sizes and ages are displayed in a as pictorial testimonial.

FLOE  
 (fumbles through  
 some folders)  
 If I'm going to help you, I'll  
 first need your name as it  
 appears on your birth  
 certificate, or . . .

Floe searches through a stack of telephone messages.

FLOE  
 . . . your driver's license  
 or Social Security card or never  
 mind.

From the pile, she plucks a single pink note.

FLOE  
 Ah, yes here it is. Sometimes  
 I can't even read my own  
 scribbling. Or your mother  
 gave it to me wrong.  
 (mouths)  
 A-T-O-M.

FLOE  
 Or I spelled it phonetically.  
 (giggles)  
 Or nuclearly.

ATOM  
 A-T-O-M is not a typo, Ms. Mahony.

FLOE  
 Leave it to that mother of yours  
 to put her fi-sci spin on a name.  
 (pauses)  
 You must be a computer chip off  
 the old dame.  
 (a plotting grin)  
 And you can call me Mothhh-  
 uhmm . . . Floe for now.

Blushing slightly, Floe tackles her desk phone after it pumps only a single RING.

FLOE  
 (on the phone)  
 Yes, dear. But I'm with a client.  
 (pauses)  
 Yes, Evie dear, lunch it is.

ATOM  
 (mumbles)  
 Evie?

Seated at the edge of his chair, a smiling Atom appears eager, energized.

FLOE  
 (still on the phone)  
 And not to worry, I won't forget  
 to bring home the bacon.  
 (hangs up)

ATOM  
 I'm not here just for me, . . .  
 (hesitates)  
 Floe.

FLOE  
 I know. Your mother explained.  
 You're the all-American nuclear  
 Family -- minus one.  
 (reads her notes)  
 2.0 kids. And at the moment a  
 0.0 wife and mother.

Atom notices an

OFFICE CREDENZA

with framed PAIRED PETS, ordinary and exotic.

ATOM  
 Maybe Neapolitan can be a  
 future client.

She glances at another scribbled notation.

FLOE  
 Ah, yes, Neapolitan, the 1.5  
 family pet. With so impressive a  
 rating I may just be able to

find the furry one the mate of  
his dreams.

They laugh.

On her desk, facing her, Floe strokes the

FRAMED PORTRAIT

of her grown daughter, Yvette. Floe wears the smile of an  
ambitious pitch-person.

FLOE

She won't be an easy find --  
this all-in-one totally  
together mother and wife. But  
be assured not a one on my  
staff will rest till everyone of  
us has gone through each and  
every personal database file.

Besides Floe, nobody is in the office, nor are there any other  
cubicles.

A sullen, somewhat discouraged Atom stands ready to leave.

FLOE

Not to worry, Atom. I'll put  
my Match Mates finding team  
into emergency mode.

With a consoling arm around him, Floe escorts Atom out and  
closes the door behind him.

On

FLOE'S DESK

her finger points to Madeleine Foystt's phone number. Through  
her headset, Floe hears a phone RING persistently. An answering  
machine picks up. A BEEPTONE cues her.

FLOE

Madeleine, have I got a girl  
for your boy.

EXT - STREET SIDE CAFÉ - DAY

Seated on the terrace, Yvette nibbles fresh veggies.

From deep in her purse, Floe eases out a partially eaten candy bar. She peels down the frayed wrapper and nibbles from where she left off.

FLOE

(chews, crunches)

If you don't act now, Evie, all  
you'll have are the haunting  
memories of your dear old  
mother's ignored advice.

YVETTE

Mother, please.

FLOE

It won't be a pretty sight,  
Evie. Gravity is not a girl's  
best friend, you know.

With her arms tight to her sides, Floe hoists her breasts to make her point.

FLOE

And I know the man's mother  
so well.

YVETTE

Mother!

FLOE

You and Atom will be perfect  
together.

EXT - ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE STREET SIDE CAFÉ - DAY

Scrunched behind a parked Ford Focus, Sybil watches Floe and Yvette. Her camera is poised to shoot.

The Militia Kids sort out and place earlier photographic evidence into an album.

EXT - STREET SIDE CAFÉ - DAY

Floe rewraps her Three Musketeers bar.



FLOE

You could choose to find a man  
in your later-on years, dear.

(snickers)

He's bound to be some aged, slump-  
shouldered leftover hangin'  
'round the local Heidi Fleiss  
franchise.

In a huff, Yvette stomps off. Her heels CLATTER as she crosses  
the blacktop to her car parked in front of the Escort.

Sybil and the Militia kids drop to their bellies and watch  
Yvette's ankles pass their eyes.

After a loud THROTTLING, Yvette peels away.

INT - YVETTE'S CONDO - NIGHT

On Yvette's nightstand, an empty wine glass lays in the fold of  
an open book, serving as a bookmark.

Tossing vigorously, she becomes interminably tangled in her bed  
sheets. Another roll land her onto the floor. Groggy, she goes  
downstairs and brews a pot of tea. She quivers as she reads the  
microwave oven's clock.

YVETTE

One-forty.

(yawns)

In the AM.

EXT - CEMETERY - NIGHT

A wedge of eerie moonlight illuminates a grave marker. Kneeling  
before it, Yvette sniffs back a few tears.

YVETTE

Oh, Daddy, you know how persistent,  
(her voice ebbs)  
and determined Mother can be. Is it  
so wrong for me to want a simple  
uncomplicated life without . . .

(sulky)

. . . a man.

(thinks)

Wish you could give me a sign,

Daddy.

From behind several rows of headstones, Atom pops through a weave of shadows.

Taken aback, a startled Yvette rises to her feet.

YVETTE  
(cautiously bold)  
Who's there?

Frightened, unsure of who the shadowy stranger is in the black of night, she opens a

SWISS ARMY KNIFE.

Hidden in a hand behind her, the blade catches a moonbeam.

Boldly, but cautiously, she moves closer. As Atom passes through a sliver of moonlight, she sees his tame smile.

YVETTE  
Do I know you?

Atom beams.

YVETTE  
Have we met before?

His boyish smile comforts, disarms her.

YVETTE  
It was at the museum. The Pits.

Wearing his perennial smile, Atom offers a handshake.

ATOM  
Atom.

YVETTE  
(grimaces)  
Did Mother send you?

Disappointed, Atom drops his extended arm and motions to the headstone where Yvette stands.

ATOM  
Your husband?

YVETTE

My Dad.

(sighs)

I sure do miss him.

(pulls away, fearful)

Why are you here? You're not following me?

Strolling ahead of Yvette, who follows cautiously, Atom guides her to the cluster of Foystt Family burial plots some aisles over. A band of moonlight sets off Stephanie's tomb.

ATOM

I couldn't sleep either.

YVETTE

I am sorry.

(hesitates)

Has it been very long?

ATOM

Too long.

This time Yvette shakes Atom's open hand.

ATOM

Atom Foystt. And yes we have met before. And before that.

A hyper-mindful Yvette smiles, then rears back startled by a RUSTLING in the perimeter bushes. Her fingers tighten around the knife's handle.

The continuing CRUSH OF DRIED LEAVES under foot catches Atom's attention, too.

Yvette freaks and runs to Atom.

Pleased with an armful of Yvette, Atom holds her gently.

ATOM

Probably just a possum.

EXT - CEMETERY / BUSHES

Behind a cluster of bushes, a mammal, a dozen times larger than a possum, looms undetected, wearing a

BACKPACK OF BETSY ROSS'S STARS AND STRIPES.

INT - ALL NIGHT DINER - preDAWN

In a corner booth of the nearly empty diner, Atom and Yvette sit on opposite sides of the table.

ATOM

There's really not much more  
to tell.

YVETTE

The day of my splash-in, I would  
have seen you much clearer had  
one of my contacts not gone for  
a swim.

The WAITRESS refills their coffee cups and clears away a small plate with a half-eaten sweet roll in front of Yvette.

HOURS LATER:

A bedraggled Waitress brings them breakfast.

YVETTE

(a shy smile)

It would be nice to be a part of  
the first Nuclear-Ready,  
Genetically-Correct family.

(looks upward)

Seems Daddy approves.

(looks down)

I know Mother does.

Atom leaps to Yvette's side. Each raises a coffee mug. Atom intertwines his arm with hers and they drink.

Yvette pulls away. She gropes through the contents of her purse.

YVETTE

(a bit panicky)

Oh no.

ATOM

What's wrong?

YVETTE

Lost . . .

(thinks)  
 . . . maybe I just misplaced  
 them.  
 (hesitates)  
 My keys. Without them I have no  
 way to let myself into the  
 condomin . . .

Atom smiles. Yvette doesn't.

ATOM  
 When did you use them last?

A realization brings a smile to Yvette's lips.

EXT - CEMETERY - preDAWN

Leaning against

YVETTE'S CAR, HER KEYS HANGING IN THE IGNITION.

Atom's eyes explore, penetrate her deeper than any physical  
 touch.

Lightly, Yvette strokes the nape of Atom's neck.

Excited, Atom's droopy cowlick rises.

Dazzled by the horizon's first glow of daylight, the Foystt  
 couple is about to rejoice in their first open-mouthed kiss when

TWO PAIRS OF OUTSTRETCHED ARMS

grab them.

pp2

EXT - MILITIA FAMILY BALLOON - DAY (5<sup>th</sup>)

Yanked into the familiar Militia Family's air-filled balloon,  
 the Foystt couple is hog-tied by Oliver's Security Guards.

Quickly the craft rises. Its skin dotted with the patchwork of  
 Dessert Storm camouflage.

Too terrified to scream, Yvette trembles next to Atom.

EXT - CEMETERY - DAY

Behind the

FOYSTT FAMILY HEAD STONES,

Sybil Synoff video tapes the kidnapping.

The Militia Kids reload Sybil's patriotic backpack of Besty Ross's Stars and Stripes.

On the video camera's built-in screen, Sybil reviews film of Atom and Yvette about read to kiss, then waves a fist at the Militia Family's airship.

SYBIL

This time your father's gone  
too far.

(grumbles)

Providing the get-away for the  
enemy. I never . . .

MILITIA GIRL

The G-Men saw it in the back of  
my Dad's truck and just  
commandeered it, Miz Synoff.

Militia Girl fingers her brother, Militia Boy.

MILITIA GIRL

Ask Danny Boy.

MILITIA BOY

More like an offer Dad couldn't  
turn down. The fast-talking  
Schnell man, I think, told Dad to  
name his price. We needed the  
money to make this month's car  
payments.

On her cell phone, Sybil's fingers dial, criss-crossing the  
phone's keypad at lightening speed.

INT - FOYSTT HOUSE - DAY

The Foystt phone RINGS persistently. Dashing to it, Madeleine  
picks up. Listens. Flabbergasted. Her jaw agape as if unhinged.

MADELEINE

Meet me at hanger twenty-six in  
thirty minutes.

Grabs a worn leather pilots jacket and rips.

EXT - MILITIA FAMILY BALLOON - DAY

A dot against the sky.

INT - MILITIA FAMILY BALLOON - DAY

Oliver Schnell frantically flips through a foot thick data  
printout as the wind whips its pages.

With their weapons drawn on the Foystt couple, the Security  
Guards check Atom and Yvette's ropes with a jerk.

Yvette squeals after the tug.

OLIVER

I knew it all along, Atom.

Oliver slaps a two inch section of the datasheets to his  
shoulder. He points to it and scolds Atom.

OLIVER

These numbers make me right.

Yvette's eyes widen. Fear envelops her.

ATOM

Up to your old ways, Oliver?  
Draw blood when we were asleep?

OLIVER

Didn't have to. Every breath has  
been filtered, ID'd and analyzed  
by a miniature spectrometer  
inside every TV.

Oliver flips through the pages of the printout and warns.

OLIVER

And the manufactured genes  
woven into your own have come  
undone.

ATOM  
(flustered)  
The analyzers must be on the  
fritz. The heat high from the  
TVs must have thrown-off their  
calibration.

Atom breathes deep. He holds it. His chest filled to burst.  
Releasing the air, he coughs.

ATOM  
I've never felt better,  
stronger, Oliver. Let us go  
or . . .

He coughs again.

With an I-told-ya-so smirk, Oliver waves a finger.

OLIVER  
Doesn't sound like a cigarette  
cough to me, Atom.

Atom tries to loosen the bindings that hold him.

ATOM  
Untie me.

Yvette gives Atom a nasty look.

ATOM  
Both of us. Untie both of  
us. Now.

Oliver fiddles with the guidance controls. The craft veers  
farther out to sea.

The Los Angeles skyline in the distance.

Atom worries as the anxious Yvette grows exceedingly twitchy.

ATOM  
This isn't the way I wanted Eve  
to meet everyone, Oliver.  
(stares at a  
concerned Yvette)  
She doesn't belong here. Land this  
thing and let Yvette go.



Oliver glares with a not-in-this-lifetime smirk.

INT - CESSNA - DAY

In the cockpit, the goggle-clad Madeleine pilots a single-engine airplane and heads for the Militia Family airship.

MADELEINE

I'm glad you called.

SYBIL (OS)

Us women have to stand tall  
against those -- those out-of-  
control G-Men and the local out-  
of-their-minds militia.

Sybil nudges Madeleine. With a laugh on her lips, she hands off her binoculars. Both women smile as the

BALLOON's AIR-VALVE FILL-PORT

pokes through the craft's skin.

INT - MILITIA FAMILY BALLOON - DAY

The inflatable drifts to a small island.

ATOM

Why are we over Catalina?  
Expanding operations off  
shore?

Oliver makes a few guidance adjustments.

An electronic graphic changes.

The craft heads for the HOLLYWOOD signage.

So does the Cessna.

INT - CESSNA - DAY

Sybil's video lens points to document Atom's capture.

MADELEINE

You scoundrel, Oliver. You land

that rent-a-blimp or . . .  
(flails a saber)  
. . . or I will.

SYBIL  
(an eye glued to the  
camera's eyepiece)  
Film at six will make me, Sybil  
Signoff, a house-hold name. And  
it won't be too long before me and  
Geraldo are an item -- a competing  
news item.

SHOTS RING OUT.

Madeleine and Sybil bob.

Sybil drops her video camera.

A tiny splash in a downtown park's lake causes a ripple to  
radiate.

Sybil's face is paler than the sheets of a White Sale.

INT - MILITIA FAMILY BALLOON - DAY

The Security Guards fire again.

INT - CESSNA - DAY

As the airplane weaves, the women duck to dodge another spray of  
bullets.

Shots hit their aircraft. The fuselage pours smokes.

Trying to level out her airplane, Madeleine overcompensates. The  
plane rolls. Her saber falls from its sheath.

MADELEINE  
Oh shit. There goes my entire  
arsenal.

INT - MILITIA FAMILY BALLOON - DAY

Madeleine's blade slices through the balloon's skin.

OLIVER

What the . . .

Oliver punches his fist through the air as he sees the Cessna overhead.

OLIVER

That Madeleine.

Hog-tied, Atom backs himself into the glistening tip of the saber stuck in the basket wall.

As the balloon sinks, Oliver's Guards frantically tape the craft's wound. It stabilizes some.

In the basket, Atom dives, crashing into both Guards. After a few strategic blows and some well-placed kicks, the Guards are out cold. One is draped over the edge of the basket's rim.

Atom frees Yvette and hugs her. She pulls back, resisting his affection.

YVETTE

How could you, Atom?

Dangling outside the basket, the Security Guards SCREAM as the balloon strafes the tops of L.A's downtown skyscrapers.

A freaked Yvette leaps into a rant of SHRILLS.

Over the hills of Hollywood, Atom sees a pond of gurgling multicolored fluids. The balloon drifts downward. Only yards over the polluted pool, Atom watches a "No Fishing" warning sign move closer. Shiny bodies of dead fish float.

An in-charge, Atom turns to a frazzled Oliver.

ATOM

Aren't you glad I was designed to survive not only nuclear fall out but toxic waste. That field trip to the Valdez might just pay for itself.

OLIVER

No it won't. That's what I'm trying to explain. The DNA protection we engineered in has been compromised. Somehow,

worn off.

Oliver points to the bubbling pool of murky toxic waste, holding the data sheets under his arm.

OLIVER  
That's one of ours. It's the  
plutonium dump site disguised as  
a out-of-service fishing pond.

Atom flashes a doubting grin.

INT - CESSNA - DAY

With smoke streaming from the airplane's belly, Madeleine struggles to keep it from wobbling.

SYBIL  
They're headed for that little  
lake.

MADELEINE  
(stretches to see)  
That pond was supposed to be  
neutralized years ago.  
(her mouth taugt)  
Gotta land this. And quick.

INT - MILITIA FAMILY BALLOON - DAY

A strong gust lifts the balloon, spinning it erratically.

YVETTE  
(panicky)  
Atom, we're going to die.  
(whimpers)  
Why me?

With a consoling eye on Yvette's wide-eyed fright, Atom leans over the basket's edge. He checks the ropes holding the Security Guards when the balloon's basket smacks into a tree with jolt and knocks Atom from it. He grabs for a pull cord and misses.

EXT - POND - DAY

Atom splashes into the poisonous pond only yards below. He swims strongly. After a few yards, his arm strokes slow, weaken. He sinks.

OLIVER  
(into a two-  
way radio)  
Code 2 - Level 1. Attention  
all crafts in Zone 32.8. Full  
ER alert. CB your ETA. I  
repeat . . .

Like the dead fish, Atom floats belly up.

EXT - VACANT LOT - DAY

The nearly-flat balloon lands in a field alongside the pond.

Like a hoard of grasshoppers, government choppers WHIRL and kick sand into a dusty fog as they light next to the fishpond.

Oliver climbs from the downed basket with only a windswept do and mussed suit. With a commanding wave, he orders the helicopter pilots to him.

Like a pogo stick, the Cessna bounces a few times before it's nose dips to the ground and stops in the same lot.

Peering from a window inside one of the whirlybird transports, the Foystt Kids, and a shaky Neapolitan, are bewildered.

From her dumped Cessna, Madeleine runs to the copter and climbs in with the Foystt Kids. She notices Sybil standing alone, quiet. Madeleine jumps from the aircraft and gives Sybil an abundantly appreciative hug.

MADELEINE  
I'll arrange for a car to get  
you, Sybil.

The TV broadcast van pulls up.

SYBIL  
Thanks, Madeleine, but I have  
some loose ends to tie up. I'll  
be with you . . . and Atom.

Sybil boards the van.

On a stretcher, Atom's arms hang limp from under a blanket.

The RADIOACTIVE DETOX TEAM of silver suited rescuers loads him onto an ambulance chopper.

A Technician runs alongside Atom's gurney. She fans a wand from head to toe. The digital display on her meter box reads, "DEADMAN".

INT - GOVERNMENT COMPOUND / INFIRMARY - DAY (6<sup>th</sup>)

Outside Atom's room, Sentries stand at the ready.

A Medical Team collects around Atom's bed. Most of them shaking their heads, wearing quizzical frowns.

INT - INFIRMARY / WAITING AREA - DAY

Madeleine reads worry in the faces of the Foystt kids as she paces.

HORACE

How come we're back here,  
Grammie? There's big hospitals  
in the Above Ground, too. Are  
we coming back here to live?  
Huh, Grammie?

MARASCHINO

Uncle Oliver overreact again,  
Nana?

MADELEINE

I'm afraid not, Maraschino.  
(sighs)  
Not this time.

INT - INFIRMARY / ATOM'S BEDSIDE - DAY

Connected to a dense netting of fluids-carrying tubes and electronic cables, the top of Atom's bed appears as the criss-crossing grid of a street map.

A spike in a readout causes a monitor to ALARM. A doctor makes an adjustment in one of Atom's lead wires. The ALARM turns off.

The ON-DUTY NURSE hangs another IV fluids bag. Like a Christmas tree heavy with ornaments, Atom's IV pole drips with small and large bags of medial and decontam fluids. In despair, the nurse shakes her head at

ATOM'S QUIET ASHEN FACE.

DOCTOR (OS)  
I've never seen skin look like  
that. Not on anyone alive.

The Doctor presses a finger into Atom's sullen cheek, then releases it. No skin color change.

DOCTOR  
(to Oliver)  
His coma appears irreversible.

INT - INFIRMARY / WAITING AREA - DAY

HORACE  
Thought that nice woman Dad met  
in the Tar Pits would be here,  
too, Grammie. Sorta pretty. Like  
Mom -- a lot less though.  
(pauses)  
Will that lady be coming back?

Maraschino reads her Grandmother's frown.

MARASCHINO  
Not ever, I'll bet.

OLIVER (OS)  
And that's a good thing.

Oliver gathers the Foystts.

OLIVER  
(to Madeleine)  
Floe called to say how sorry she  
was. About your Atom. And her  
Eve.

An annoyed Madeleine shifts from one foot to another.

OLIVER

She not only apologized for her daughter's behavior, but for the attitude of the entire generation.

He drags Madeleine to a corner of the empty waiting room.

OLIVER

The biochemical team needs more time to run their tests. But Atom's coma -- it, it . . . he could . . . he might . . .

MADELEINE

Dying is not an option, Oliver.

INT - CENTRAL LAB / PROJECT GENOME - DAY

Oliver leans over the shoulder of the CHIEF BIOCHEMIST who mixes a frothy rainbow of a brew.

Madeleine looks on.

OLIVER

How much longer?

The Chief Biochemist works frantically.

CHIEF BIOCHEMIST

(shrugs)

Pressuring me, Oliver, is not going to make discovering the counteractant any easier. If you rush me, Oliver, we could lose . . .

OLIVER

(snaps)

Loosing Atom is not an option.

A haggard Madeleine wanes when she perks to a bit of pandemonium.

Oliver rushes to the bench.

OLIVER

(to Chief Biochemist)

Well? Well? What'd you find?



A color-stained slide of Atom's genome is projected onto a wall. The CHIEF BIOCHEMIST points to its color gradations.

CHIEF BIOCHEMIST  
We've identified the genome  
sectors where critical elements  
have been corrupted.

The remote slide changer in the Chief Biochemist's palm CLICKS. It advances to a blow-up of the first slide.

CHIEF BIOCHEMIST  
It is bizarre. Some DNA pieces  
are missing, gone. What we don't  
know is exactly which ones. Even  
with all the computers, it'll take  
weeks until . . .

MADELEINE  
We don't have . . .

CHIEF BIOCHEMIST  
I know.

INT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE GENOME LAB - DAY

The sad faces of the Foystt Kids', and Neapolitan's, peer through the lab door, ajar.

CHIEF BIOCHEMIST  
For that much genetic damage and  
(studies a  
chemical readout)  
so concentrated a mix of throw-back  
genes to a time before time . . .  
I, I -- Atom had to have been  
exposed -- and very recently --  
to some sort of an ancient strand  
of DNA.

Madeleine's eager eyes beg for more.

OLIVER  
So it wasn't the toxic pond.

CHIEF BIOCHEMIST  
Not the one he fell into today.  
(taps a pencil

on his desk)  
But how? And when? A Neanderthal?

OLIVER  
(to Biochemist)  
Can't you get started without  
identifying Homo erectus by name,  
rank and serial number?

CHIEF BIOCHEMIST  
I need that information before  
I can proceed.

With a chorus of nods, the Biochemists agree.

INT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE GENOME LAB - DAY

Neapolitan turns and faces the Foystt kids. Through the  
metamorphosed head of a T. Rex, Neapolitan mouths a ROAR.

Horace darts through the door, the others behind him.

MADELEINE  
Horace!

HORACE  
I think I know when things went  
wrong, Grammie.  
(become hyper)  
It started at the Museum of  
unNatural History. With that,  
that lady. And those giant dogs.  
And -- and when Dad went to help.

Oliver bears an I-told-you-do-so grin.

MADELEINE  
Go on.

The biochemists look on disinterested.

HORACE  
It was when Dad rescued her from  
the dinosaurous pond and . . .

Neapolitan sits melancholy.

HORACE

. . . and Neapolitan helped, too.

The ferret pants happily.

HORACE

And Dad slipped in that gooey goop.

MADELEINE

Goopy goop?

HORACE

The slurrappy black stuff,  
Grammie. You know. From the tar  
pits. Dad got sick -- sorta  
like . . .

(hesitates)

. . . sorta like Superman's  
Kryptonite.

(a hush)

It must've been then when Dad got  
Toxic Wasted.

MADELEINE

(smiles at Horace)

That's it.

Almost giddy, Oliver buzzes the lab.

OLIVER

All we need to do is to make the  
antidote for Atom's exposure to  
his Kryptonite.

MADELEINE

We don't have the time to fly  
back to L.A, Oliver. I hope you  
didn't destroy the inventory  
of samples from every  
genetically-important ancient  
site known.

OLIVER

Wasn't cost effective.

CHIEF BIOCHEMIST

(wrings his hands)

Let's get going. We're still up  
against the least forgiving laws  
of physics. Time and Matter.

OLIVER

And all that matters is we beat  
the clock.

INT - INFIRMARY / ATOM'S BEDSIDE - DAY

ALARM BLASTS OF DIFFERING DECIBELS blare. His respirator burps up a watery GURGLE. The slow HISS of a pressure valve signals Atom's flat-lined.

Oliver and the Foystts race through the infirmary door.

A collogue of fast-paced medical maneuvers revives Atom.

OLIVER

(to Doctor)

How is he?

DOCTOR

This save was a gift, Oliver.  
The next one will bury him.

INT - CENTRAL LAB / PROJECT GENOME - DAY

Several Biochemists carry beakers of churning liquid. One by one, they place their goblets onto a lab bench.

CHIEF BIOCHEMIST

(nods to the  
row of flasks)

Each of these, when combined  
into a single Genetic Cocktail,  
makes up the sum-total of Atom's  
core Genome.

MADELEINE

Isn't that risky?

CHIEF BIOCHEMIST

Doubling-up  
on the engineered genes already  
in him is hazardous, Madeleine.  
We haven't the time to figure  
exactly which of the bio-components  
will neutralize the effects of  
the prehistoric toxins.

Chief Biochemist puts an arm around Madeleine.

CHIEF BIOCHEMIST  
To do nothing is a death sentence.

INT - INFIRMARY / ATOM'S BEDSIDE - DAY

Atom's nurse attaches the syringe body, the size of fire hose, onto Atom's IV pole. Through the serpentine windings of medical tubing, the viscous multi-colored liquid flows slowly toward the IV rubber portal in the bend of Atom's arm.

Unexpectedly, Atom's body lifts. Like a wind-up toy, it spins in air as if possessed. His medical and monitoring tubes become tangled, wrapped around him like a gauze mummy. In a nanosecond, the jerky convulsions stop. He awakens. Rested. Smiling. Unaware of the ordeal, he looks around. At his room. His bed. The mangled cords that bind him. Then he blinks.

ATOM  
Eve.

Exhausted, his head hits the pillow.

Smiling, the Nurse tucks him in.

INT - CENTRAL LAB / PROJECT GENOME - DAY

A Biochemist finishes labeling a couple of vials as a Labbie waits his instruction.

BIOCHEMIST  
The Chief wants you to mix up  
two more batches.  
(gives Labbie a list)  
It'll be another forty-eight hours  
till the docs can be sure of Atom's  
stability.  
(warns)  
Store the loaded syringes in the  
Number 2 refrigerated vault in the  
Animal Lab.

LABBIE  
Now.

Biochemist nods with a do-it-before-your-next-breath-or-else look.

INT - INFIRMARY / ATOM'S BED - DUSK

Asleep, the rosy-cheeked Atom is connected to only a couple of monitoring leads.

The grinning Doctor finishes his exam. Looking up, he sees the Foystts peer through the plate glass window. He delivers a guarded thumbs-up.

INT - CENTRAL LAB / PROJECT GENOME - DUSK

Labbie slips the protective needle cap on each of the loaded multi-colored syringe tips, then ungloves. Carrying both hypodermics in his lab coat jacket, he WHISTLES a pop tune of the nineteen seventies as he strodes down the main corridor.

INT - ANIMAL LAB - DUSK

The Labbie follows a few deep SIGHS and a SNORT, leading him to the caged orange-haired Creature. A large red tag reads, "DESTROY - BE FOREWARNED OF SPONTANEOUS OUTBURSTS". The termination date on the placard matches the date on a metal wall calendar covered with a magnetic circle.

In the back corner of the cage, bowls of water and food are full, untouched as if the Creature knows its fate.

Empathy drives the Labbie for a closer look.

LABBIE

You should eat up, pal.

The Creature listens as if it understands.

LABBIE

Bet if they offered you a  
Carl's Double Western - Double  
Cheese Burger you'd woof it on  
down like it was your last meal.

Turning from the Creature, the Labbie bends over to tie a loosened shoe lace. The capped syringe needles stick out from his coat pockets.

## LABBIE

Wish one of these was the liquid  
hors d'oeuvres to rev up your  
appetite. Even you deserve a  
last meal.

The Creature behind him is unusually still.

The Labbie's eyes find the Refrigeration Vault Number 2. As he lifts the hypodermics from his coat pockets, a PRIMAL SHRILL doesn't warn him in time.

In a swift vault, the Creature's leggy arms envelops the Labbie, pinning him to the cage's bars.

Unable to free himself, the Labbie holds the syringes tight-fisted as from the Creature as he can.

The

PROTECTIVE NEEDLE CAPS

rock, loosen and fall to the floor.

The Creature spins the Labbie. Face to face, it rigorously rakes him against the bars.

The Labbie's arms flap wildly.

His eyes roll upward, disappear.

His arms become flaccid, but the Labbie manages to hold onto the syringes.

Another whipsaw pummeling forces the hypodermics into each of the Creature's muscular thighs.

The Primate GROANS and collapses in a heap.

Shaken and a bit dizzy, the Labbie collects himself and the spent syringes. After surveying the room making doubly sure no one has seen anything. His hand passes over a light switch, dousing the Animal Lab in total blackness.

INT - GOVERNMENT COMPOUND / FOYSTT LIVING QUARTERS - DAY (7<sup>th</sup>)

A band of morning sunlight catches Atom's cowlick in a buoyant bob. Rested and renewed, he climbs into a pair of new Calvin Kleins and Nikes.

Maraschino and Horace stuff their father's loose clothes in a duffel bag.

ATOM

Time to go. And pick up where we left off. Maybe . . .

MADELEINE

Atom, we all need to turn to a new, clean page. Some relationships have to die.

Atom nods knowingly.

HORACE

When something dies, something else is born.

ATOM

Or reborn, son.

INT - ANIMAL LAB - DAY

The uproarious commotion dozens of Oliver's bureaucrats surrounds the Creature's cage. The pandemonium brings a stampede of scores more through the network of corridors leading to the Animal Lab.

INT - FOYSTT LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

The ruckus reaches the Foystts. They rush toward boisterous fracas.

INT - ANIMAL LAB - DAY

In a fetal posture, at the bottom of the Creature's cage, lies the curvy form of a smooth-skinned human. Like a blanket, the Godiva-length curls of reddish-orange cascade to just above the former Creature's knees.

INT - ANIMAL LAB / WORKBENCH - DAY



The red termination notice has slid under a lab bench. Separated from its clip board, it lays face-down.

INT - ANIMAL LAB - DAY

With a wave, Oliver commands the Biochemical and Medic teams to enter the locked cage.

No one volunteers.

Atom muscled his way to the fore. His eyes are riveted on the reformed Creature. Without looking at Oliver, he and places a palm under the chief bureaucrat's nose.

Oliver hands Atom a set of keys.

Once inside the cage, Atom strokes the her soft flowing locks.

She awakens to his touch and turns to Atom, who HOWLS in disbelief.

The gathering releases a collective GASP.

SHE is nothing less than ravishing. Her skin, rose-petal perfect. The smiling face of an angel (looks exactly like Yvette without the attitude). She looks herself over, smiles, hoots a time or two, then leaps into Atom's arms.

ATOM  
(beams, whispers)  
Stephanie.

STEPHANIE  
That Carl's Double Western, Double  
cheeseburger sounds delicious.

INT - OLIVER'S LIMO - DAY

The Foystts, Oliver and his driver cruises by the same Los Angeles City Limits signpost they passed days earlier.

Thrilled, Madeleine drapes an arm around Stephanie.

MADELEINE  
So many scientific breakthroughs  
are happy accidents. Whether

it be mold on bread or a couple  
of unexpected hypodermic sticks  
-- you're back.

On either side of their mother, Maraschino and Horace nuzzle to her.

STEPHANIE  
(concerned, whispers  
to Madeleine)  
Did he love her?

In their mother's face, Horace and Maraschino put a finger to their lips. Each fires off a warning "Shhhhhhh".

MADELEINE  
(taken aback)  
You mean Yveeee . . . not for  
even half a heartbeat, Stephanie.  
Atom feels no different about you  
and he now than when you two were  
teasing and tickling the heck  
out of one another back in grade  
school.

Twirling a now shorter chestnut-tinted strand of hair,  
Stephanie's eyes wander.

STEPHANIE  
He didn't recognize me, Madeleine.  
(thinks)  
Even when I first jumped into  
his arms.

MADELEINE  
Atom hasn't seen your natural  
hair color since junior high,  
dear. You know how men are?

Stephanie grins.

EXT - EDEN PARK ESTATES / FOYSTT HOUSE - DAY

From inside Oliver's limo, the Foystts spill onto the front lawn.

A FEMALE FERRET waits on the Foystt's front porch with an eager yet respectable grin.

The bachelor Neapolitan, dashes to her. Animated Hearts & Pink Rose Petals flutter about the newest romantic Foystt family couple.

A gift card dangles from a string around the Female Ferret's neck. Engraved in platinum across the envelope is "Match Mates, Animal Division". It's signed "Floe, Forever".

Neapolitan darts for the side-yard door. He looks behind to be sure his ferret flame hasn't lost her way. Both plow through the door's pet portal, its rubber gate FLAPS several times.

Atom scoops up Stephanie and carries her across their threshold under the watchful eyes of the Nosey Neighbors.

INT - IVORY'S HOUSE - DAY

The women give one another a consoling hug.

IVORY  
 Maybe Herbert and Skippy aren't  
 really gay . . .  
 (an exaggerated sigh)  
 . . . not every Friday night.

EXT - FOYSTT HOUSE - DAY

With her head poked out the broadcast van's window, Sybil Synoff motors by. She sees Madeleine and waves to her.

Madeleine returns the wave, holding Oliver, affectionately.

Following behind the TV van in a late model Beemer, the Militia Family boasts broad smiles, dressed in street clothes. Across the car's driver's side a hand-written splash of white-wash scrolling reads "MoTown Bound".

EXT - EDEN PARK ESTATES - DAY

Passing the neighborhood marquee in their cars, Sybil and the Militia Family passively wave to one another. Each vehicle takes a separate fork in the road.

EXT - FOYSTT HOUSE / FRONT YARD - DAY

Maraschino mopes. She kicks the head of a dandelion. Pollen explodes in front of her. Quickly, she perks when the pair of Nerdy Boys turn a corner and head her way.

EXT - JONES PLACE / ACROSS FROM THE FOYSTT'S - DAY

The testy Jones Boy shoots hoops, an occasional glance to Maraschino. The basketball hits the rim and bounces high and across the blacktop to Maraschino's feet. The Jones Boy waits, an impatient hand on his meager hip.

EXT - FOYSTT HOUSE / FRONT YARD - DAY

Maraschino picks up the ball, examines her shooting options. In a slow turn toward the house, she finds her mother who flags a go-for-it thumbs up.

The Jones Boy's pompous pause dares her to throw.

Maraschino hurls the basketball as the Jones Boy swallows hard. It dunks with a WHOOSH.

MARASCHINO  
Welcome home, Mom.

INT - FOYSTT HOUSE - DAY

A thrilled Atom and Stephanie watch their daughter from the bay window.

EXT - FOYSTT HOUSE / PORCH - DAY

Oliver, Madeleine and Horace CHEER as if Maraschino scored the game-winning point.

EXT - FOYSTT HOUSE / FRONT YARD - DAY

In dark horn-rimmed glasses, matching Maraschino's, the two Nerdy, but strapping Boys greet Maraschino with 'welcome back' nods.

Taken with the beautiful Maraschino, one of the Nerdy Boys trips and tumbles to her feet. Maraschino picks up his glasses. She

fixes them tenderly in place, then anchors herself to each of their elbows and guides them inside as the Jones Boy misses another easy shot.

INT - FOYSTT HOUSE - DAY

Seated in the Great room with the others, Stephanie wriggles some.

STEPHANIE

Are you sure I won't suffer a relapse, Mister Schnell?

OLIVER

Please, call me Oliver. Some even call me Uncle.

MADELEINE

Only when their arm's about to break at the elbow.

Oliver acknowledges his one-time adversary with a smirk.

OLIVER

(to Stephanie)

And yes, I mean, no you won't ever revert back to the way you were.

MADELEINE

The waters of your gene pool, dear, are calm now.

ATOM

And for all the days of the rest of our lives together our genes will be lazily backstroking up and down the cool waters around the Garden Isle of Kauai.

Convinced, Stephanie melts into Atom's arms.

The phone rings. Madeleine nods to Oliver. He picks it up.

OLIVER

(phone to his ear)

Who?

Oliver presses the phone's speaker to his chest.

OLIVER  
(whispers loud)  
Anyone have an Uncle Henry?

Stephanie shrugs, bewildered.

OLIVER  
Knew it was the wrong number  
when he asked for Stevie.

Oliver readies to cradle the handset.

STEPHANIE  
(yells)  
Wait.

An unusually obedient Oliver freezes.

STEPHANIE  
(in a loud whisper)  
It's great, great, great Aunt  
Henrietta. Ever since she's  
entered the retirement home  
she's sounded like an uncle,  
Oliver. She's supposed to get  
Shots for that. But she forgets.

Oliver hands Stephanie the handset.

OLIVER  
Hope the shots help her five  
o'clock shadow.

STEPHANIE  
(into the phone)  
Auntie? Auntie Henrietta?  
(waits)  
Yes, Auntie, this is Stevie.

Atom and Oliver mouth, Stevie.

STEPHANIE  
(shouts into the phone)  
Auntie Henrietta, I will. I  
promise.  
(listens)  
No I, I won't forget to invite

you to my Sweet Sixteenth.  
(pauses)  
Yes, I miss you, too.

Stephanie tosses the phone to Oliver.

ATOM  
(hugs Stephanie)  
Stevie? And I thought I knew  
all there was to know about my  
cute little, Stevie, sweetheart.

STEPHANIE  
You do. Except for one little  
nickname.

Stephanie engages Atom's excited eyes.

ATOM  
But there's more -- isn't there?

STEPHANIE  
You know all any husband should  
know about his wife, sweetheart.

Everyone waits with begging eyes as Stephanie smiles, hesitates.

STEPHANIE  
Alright. When I was a girl, tom-  
boying and Dad wanted me out  
of Tommy Henderson's tree house,  
he'd call me Stevie, with a scold  
in his voice.  
(blushes slightly)  
And when I began to date, Dad's  
warning yell grew into an even more  
abbreviated Evie with a 100 decibel  
holler.  
(smiles)  
It's a good thing we started  
dating, Atom. My poor Dad's would've  
surely been driven to scream out  
an even shorter, Eve, uhmmmm. Eve?  
I think I would've liked Eve best.

ATOM  
Only half as much as I, Eve.

Horace and Maraschino read each other's thoughts through smiling eyes.

HORACE

So, Mom, you and Dad were . . .

MARASCHINO

. . . were each others Atom  
'n' Eve all the while.

Smiles and CHEERS surround the lip-locked Atom 'n' Eve.

Horace holds a hand, covering Neapolitan's eyes until he realizes the ferrets, too, are fixed in a romantic embrace only the jaws-of-life could free.

Oliver plants a peck on Madeleine's cheek.

With an arm around each of the Nerdy Boys, Maraschino is in all her glory.

FADE OUT

**Commented [WaH1]:**

C:\2021 - WRITE\SCRIPT - Atom 'n' Eve\&e - Scripts ORIG & Revised\&e - (1.0) WGAw.doc  
3/7/21

1.0 completed: 21/12/2000