

GENETIC ENGINEERING:
RISE OF THE COUNTERREVOLUTION

FADE IN:

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

An illuminated aquarium.

A pump system produces bubbles on the water surface. Out of the gravel layer on the bottom, aquatic plants swing in the water. Holey lava rocks build safe havens for fish.

In front of that 200 gallon underwater world;

DR. MARIAN TAROMON, wears a white lab smock, writes into a checklist.

PETE WEATERBE, a business style person whose presence screams money, steps beside Marian. He smiles.

PETE

What's new, boss?

MARIAN

Mister Weaterbe. We care about your investment.

PETE

So what have we got here?

MARIAN

Sharks.

Pete examines the tank. No fish in sight.

PETE

Are they sleeping? They needn't swim for oxygen?

MARIAN

Not these. They rest after feeding time. Just like us.

She scratches a further note.

PETE

Sharks ... Sounds boring.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

No chance against the killer
apes of lab 4.

Marian interrupts her note.

MARIAN

(extremely earnest)
Fresh water sharks, Mister
Weaterbe. They grow up to the
length of a sperm whale.

Pete unimpressed fakes a smile and nods a couple of times.

PETE

Okay, okay. Sounds
interesting.

MARIAN

Furthermore, we've developed
an artificial aggression to
the maximum.

PETE

Well, if they're killers ...
Killers always good for the
show. You think the kids at
Dangerworld will like them?

MARIAN

That's not my business, Sir.
Better ask your managers.

Marian leaves with the clipboard beneath her armpit.

Pete takes a step to the aquarium. He KNOCKS three times
against the glass. No fish in sight.

Pete swings the arm like a disco queen:

PETE

Dangerworld presents...

He throws both arms up as if he slugs his words in the air:

PETE

... Killer Sharks!?

He tries some more titles:

PETE
Sea Monsters?! Sea Killers...
Monster Sharks!

He sticks his hands into his pockets.

PETE
Works anyway. Not as good as
the apes, but it works.

When Pete turns around and walks off--

-- the shadow of a lava stone's hole alters a bit.

Slowly, lifeless eyes, head and body of a 2 inch mini shark glide along into the light.

The mini shark's sharp teeth shine.

Its jaw overhangs unnaturally.

Before the shark glides against the front glass, the caudal fin twitches. The shark arrows along the aquarium glass in steady speed of half a second per lap. On and on.

Its little sisters and brothers awake and fulfill the shark tank with more hectic. The huddle erupt the water as if a bubbling undersea quake kicks off.

INT. ROOM - DAY

In a leather chair, CEDERIC VILLAS BOAS, full beard, dark linen suit. He sits a bit diagonal as if he's involved in a studio talk with a person next to him.

CEDERIC
You ask what I think about
Peter Weaterbe? The master of
total destruction?! I'll tell
you what I think about Peter
Weaterbe. Somebody has to
stop him. And, if I got the
opportunity, then I will...

Cederic listens to something. He takes out a cigarette box.

CEDERIC

Why??? You really...? What kind of stupid question is this? First, there was genetic designed food, now there are genetic engineered animals -- never meant to make a step on this planet. What do you expect comes next, you piece of media fuck? You stupid piss head.

Cederic calms while he lights up a cigarette.

CEDERIC

(satiric)

Oh what, oh what. I can't smoke here -- tartartar.

(back in a rage)

You peace of shit. Now you got your bread and circuses. I know you like it, you media fucking piss head, corrupt journalist. Interview's over. Heard me?!

He stands up. Nears-

CEDERIC

Turn the camera off!

- and slaps the camera down to -- Cederic wears white tennis socks underneath his sandals. BLACK.

EXT. COTTON CANDY STAND - DAY

CAROLINE, 6, pink hair bow around her blonde plait, makes big eyes at the spun sugar in her hand. The tidy girl gives her best to stay clean as she pulls away candy from the wooden stick; same way she speaks:

CAROLINE

Daddy? Can we watch that killer shark show?

Pete Weaterbe squats down beside her.

PETE

Have you said Kil-- That's not the kind of words we use, honey.

Caroline turns around. Her finger points in a certain direction.

CAROLINE

There, daddy! It's written all over your theme park.

PETE

Since when have you learned to read, sweet heart.

CAROLINE

Daddy, I'm in school for a long time. I'm a big girl.

Pete stands up. He got bleary eyes. He swallows, the blur goes away.

PETE

I think it's better to leave the park, honey.

EXT. CANAL - DAY

Beautiful weather. A canal winds through fields.

A single rowboat floats on the artificial waterway.

The passengers, sweet Caroline; plays with a Barbie; and Pete; he left his business suit home this time.

Pete relaxed rows the boat forward.

PETE

Is it to your liking, sweetie?

CAROLINE

I'm so happy that we spend time together, daddy.

Caroline shows him the doll.

CAROLINE

She's as beautiful as mom.
No! Mommy is more beautiful.

EXT. CORNFIELD - CANAL

Comfortably 100 yards waterway in sight.

A dorsal fin rises out of the water. Shark.

But... the triangle rises and rises and rises... up to its ultimate height of two yards.

The fin slides quiet and calm in direction of the rowboat which looks like a nutshell by comparison.

EXT. ROWBOAT

Pete speaks (MOS), smiles, and speaks. Then his smile falls out of his face.

He sees the huge fin behind sweet Caroline. Then a pharynx which gives nothing more than darkness appears behind her.

EXT. CANAL - DAY

Pete awakes. He MOANS.

HIGHER

Pete lies on the existing half of the rowboat which floats in the low water near the bank.

The half where his daughter sat once was.

Pete watches out for her. He sees all the blood in the canal's middle, sits up, his carotid swells:

PETE

Heellpp! God, noo!! Help me!!

Pete scrolls down from the float, falls in the water.

He paddles into the blood.

He hectically turns his head. Paddles. Searches for her. It's only he and her blood.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Pete sits on a typical school chair. Beside him, there must sit somebody else, because jackets meet him from the sides.

PETE

My name is Peter Weaterbe!

PEOPLE (OFF)

Hello, Peter!

PETE

As you might know, I'm responsible for the catastrophe of genetic engineering. I'm sorry...

He breaks out in tears.

PETE

... I'm sorry for all people who suffer from my insane behavior. I-I've lost my daughter. I can't forgive me and I think I need to commit suicide. Every day, I do.

PEOPLE (OFF)

We forgive you, Peter! Stay alive, Peter!

PETE

I-I can't-

He lays his head in his arms, trembles up and down, cries.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Pete limps, walks with a stick. He wears only black, a turtleneck jersey.

He nears the fish tank. The gene sharks seem to sleep in their havens.

Pete removes the aquarium's cover.

He puts his arms around the tank's side glasses.

Pete breathes deep. His lifeless eyes look down on the water surface.

Slowly his head lowers inside the aquarium.

As his nose touches the water, A HAND GRABS PETE'S COLLAR:

Pulls Pete's head back.

Throws Pete to the ground.

Pete slides across the floor.

Bright-eyed he sees up.

Sandals with tennis socks, linen suit, full beard; it's Cederic Villas Boas.

PETE
Cederic Villas Boas!

CEDERIC
Peter.

PETE
You were right. I was wrong.
I failed miserably. It's too
late now.

CEDERIC
I heard you've lost your
daughter to your own
creation.

PETE
I did.

CEDERIC
And now you wanna end your
days.

Cederic knees down to Pete, and sees into Pete's eyes.

CEDERIC
I understand all the greed
you businessmen deal with.
(MORE)

CEDERIC (CONT'D)

That's no problem. It's a natural process of economy. Growth, right? Look, what I don't understand is: Why don't you clean the shit you've done, you business people? You always pollute, but never there's diagnose, humility, reprocessing. You always choose the easy way. Dipping your head in this shark tank: What's it good for?... Nothing! It's coward.

PETE

It's all lost, Mr. Villas Boas. I've broke the law of nature. The gene sharks escaped. They've found their way. Now they'll inhabit the environment, and that's just the beginning.

Cederic stands up, turns his back on Pete.

CEDERIC

You're not afraid to face them! Your egoism almost reaches the sky, Peter Weaterbe. The truth is: you lost your daughter and you can't overcome it. But--

With deepest earnestness all over his face, Cederic turns to Pete.

CEDERIC

-- WHAT'S WITH MINE, what about my daughter, Peter? When do you start to take over responsibility? We're here. We're now.

PETE

Yes. Yes, you're right. We are.

Pete looks up from the ground, slowly reaches out his hand.

PETE

I can't do it alone.

CEDERIC

Well. I think we're in the
same boat from now on.

Cederic accepts the hand.

He helps Pete up.

CEDERIC

Peter Weaterbe joins the
counterrevolution. I guess
it's never too late.

PETE

Not if we hurry. Let's go to
work, Sir.

FADE OUT.