

Dark Angel: 2022

By

Roonblah

Based on the show created by James Cameron and Charles
Eglee

FADE IN:

EXT. CDC, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

A cylindrical floating machine, a HOVER DRONE, swoops past An impressive darkened monolith of glass and concrete with an electric whirr. It moves off into the distance.

The building is on minimal power, save for a rotating LCD message scrolling along its width, starting above the shiny entrance of the first floor.

"Centre for Disease Control and Prevention. Office hours: 0900 - 1700"

All is quiet.

One of the windows is lit.

INT. CDC, LAB - SAME

The lights seem to be on a power-save mode, but it is enough for the LONE FIGURE working in a laboratory.

The DOCTOR, male, fifties, leans over a powerful microscope. The stain on the slide is red: blood.

He increases the magnification. Looks up and frowns.

Moving to a screen next to him, he punches in some keys on a slim desktop keyboard.

ON THE SCREEN

Red liquid is shown on screen: the blood from the slide. He punches in more keys, and the magnification increases.

Finally, a Y-SHAPED ORGANISM appears on the screen. Though we don't know it yet, this is an antibody.

BACK TO SCENE

A copy of the organism spits out of a printer.

The doctor takes it. He reaches his desk and opens a folder. Inside the folder is another copy of an antibody. He compares them, growing more upset as he does.

A loud noise startles him from behind.

He turns and sees--

A SECURITY GUARD leans through the doorway with an access card in his hand.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey Doc. You burning the midnight candle?

The doctor nods, trying to cover his unease.

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)

(with good nature)

Didn't think your office had an expiry date, sir.

He reaches to close the door. The sign on the door says "PALEOPATHOLOGY - Study of Ancient Diseases".

He pulls the door closed, jerking it open as an after thought.

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)

We just got doughnuts in the security room if you're interested?

DOCTOR

I'm fine. Thank you.

The guard shrugs and leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

He looks down at the folder in his hands.

FOLDER

There are two magnified shots of a virus and the anti-body.

Scrawled in thick letters across a cover letter:

SEATTLE, 2022

BACK TO SCENE

Noticing his inaction, the doctor is a flurry of activity. He grabs the phone--

Jams his finger on the cradle a couple of times.

The phone is dead.

Gathering everything off his desk - the folders, keys and coat - the doctor hurriedly exits the lab.

INT. CDC, CORRIDOR - SAME

The corridors are dark. Dim backup lights hang over the doors and exits.

The doctor isn't paying attention to his surroundings as he fumbles with his car keys.

FOOTSTEPS ahead stop him.

He peers into the darkness.

Someone stands at the end of the corridor. A SUIT in silhouette.

DOCTOR
Hello? Who's there?

The Suit starts moving forward; menacing, even to the doctor's eyes. He starts to back up.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
I don't think you're supposed to be here.

The silent approach of the unknown man in front of him unnerves the doctor. He looks behind him. The corridor is empty and ominously long.

The doctor really starts to walk back the way he came.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
I must insist that you wait here until security clears you.

The footsteps never falter.

The doctor gives up any pretence of calm. He takes off running down the hallway, dropping his coat, but making sure he holds on to the folders.

His pursuer never changes speed. Each step a steady hammer on the floor.

The doctor skids as he turns down another hallway.

The light is brighter at the end of it. The large sign above a red door pronounces it SECURITY OFFICE.

Grabbing the door-frame, he swings himself into the room.

INT. CDC, SECURITY OFFICE - SAME

The doctor looks behind him and pulls the door shut.

DOCTOR

There's some lunatic in the
building...

He gets a good look at his surroundings.

The security guard from before is lying on the floor, eyes
dully open, neck twisted at an impossible angle.

A few more DEAD GUARDS lie and slouch in awkward
positions, as though the HULK used them all for batting
practice. One still has a JELLY DOUGHNUT in his hand. The
bright red jelly oozing on the white desk he lies across.

A DOZEN MONITORS all show static.

The doctor stares in horror. Eyes wide. Mouth open.

Not noticing that the Suit - now seen in full light - is
standing right behind him. The man is in his thirties but
Death would fear his eyes.

OFF THE STATIC MONITORS

The doctor's SCREAM is cut off by a sickening crack.

EYES ONLY (V.O.)

Do not attempt to adjust your
set.

The static fades to the familiar pixelated graphics of the
EYES ONLY VIDEO HACK.

EYES ONLY (V.O.) (cont'd)

(on screen)

This is a streaming freedom video
bulletin. The cable hack will
last exactly sixty seconds. It
cannot be traced, it cannot be
stopped, and it is the only free
voice left in this city.

A BARCODE appears on the screen.

EYES ONLY (V.O.) (cont'd)

It's been four months since
events made the word Transgenic
a subject for everyday
dissection.

A range of images follow as he speaks.

Seattle's skyline.

A part of the inner city.

A LARGE CROSS burning outside a closed gate.

EYES ONLY (V.O.) (cont'd)

Four months since America started to prepare for the worst... But it's been four months without any aggression from those you have deemed monsters. Even though... they have suffered for it.

Jarring images flash across the screen: An unarmed, but clearly-not-human MUTANT MALE is shot by police as he is cornered behind a fence; a young beaten, but still beautiful, DEAD WOMAN is pulled off a cross; a TEENAGE face is hidden by the zipping up of a body bag.

EYES ONLY (V.O.) (cont'd)

Politicians still rally for Terminal City's destruction. Troops still sit outside the city waiting for an assault by genetically engineered super-soldiers.

The television gives way to--

EXT. TERMINAL CITY, ROOF - NIGHT

A lonely figure sits on the edge of a high rooftop.

Closer, the figure is a young woman.

This is MAX (X5-452), early twenties, athletic and attractive. Almost too good to be true.

The breeze moves her hair. A BARCODE peeks out from the base of her neck.

She stares at the world around her.

A noise directs Max's attention to the streets below.

A HOBO stumbles around the burning cross using it for heat. A host of "PUT DOWN THE TRANNIES" and other hate propaganda litter the area around him.

EYES ONLY (V.O.)

It hasn't happened. It won't happen. They are as innocent as we have made them.

A die-hard PROTESTER chases the hobo off. Glaring at the walls of Terminal City, he tosses a beer can over the gate.

Max watches this, her eyes darkly inhuman.

She grips a piece of the steel guttering beside her. It CRUMPLES in her hand.

EYES ONLY (V.O.) (cont'd)

We created them in our image. We trained them to protect us. Some have even died for us. And now they wait for us to decide their fate. To stop the killing. Tomorrow the Senate votes on whether Transgenics are to be afforded the same basic rights as humans. I urge you to show your support. I urge you to choose peace. This has been a live streaming video bulletin. Now more than ever... Peace. Out.

A BEEP sounds.

Max moves her hair out of the way and presses an EARPIECE.

MAX

Go for Max.

LUKE

(filtered)

It's time.

Max stretches to her feet and walks along the very edge of roof.

Perfectly balanced.

Without fear.

She reaches the fire escape - a huge chunk of it is missing, most notably the part connecting the roof to the landing two stories below.

Max simply walks off the roof.

Drops.

Lands gracefully.

Starts to make her way down the barely functional fire escape through a series of gymnastic leaps and twists.

She makes it to the ground without a scratch, wasted breath or drop of sweat.

She now makes her way through the heart of--

EXT. TERMINAL CITY - SAME

The streets of Terminal City are clean but decaying.

Visible signs of attempted improvement are seen by walls painted with symbolic murals and frequent viewings of a tri-coloured flag with a dove.

Max passes:

- A MIXED GROUP OF CHILDREN playing a strange combination of baseball, soccer and dodge-ball with crushed beer cans. Each side attempting to inflict "hits" while defending their team-mates. It's fast and dangerous, but no one seems hurt.

- A dog-man, JOSHUA, giving an array of MUTANTS, TEENS AND CHILDREN art mural lessons by midnight. The white wall behind them already shows colourful progress. A CHILD, any gender, looks at Max as she passes. It's EYES GLOW FELINE YELLOW before it looks away.

- Young MEN AND WOMEN follow motions of martial art sequences, led by a BURLY INSTRUCTOR.

Finally, she winds her way into--

INT. COMMAND - SAME

Command is a factory space, now housing desks, chairs, a flurry of active bodies and a vast network of hacked-together computer parts.

There are literally DOZENS OF COMPUTER SCREENS, but only one or two are in use at the moment.

Max heads up a steel staircase to the computer floor.

LUKE, a mutant gives her a nod. His companion, another mutant, DIX, bobs up to her enthusiastically.

DIX

Here we go.

Luke flips a switch on a console.

DIX

Our very first illegal encrypted hard-line.

MAX

You thinking of starting a side-biz?

DIX
No. It's just very... exciting.

MAX
Okay. We've gotta get you out of here.

LOGAN (O.S.)
That's the general plan.

Max looks at an active nearby screen. LOGAN CALE, late thirties, scruffy computer chic, smiles back. He looks like someone who doesn't know when to take time out for forty-winks.

It doesn't stop Max from smiling when she sees him.

MAX
Hey.

INT. SANDEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Logan sits at a superior computer setup. He can see Max on one of his screens, another shows an image of EYES ONLY.

LOGAN
Hey.

INTERCUT

MAX
You look terrible.

LOGAN
Yeah. Guess the great Eyes Only isn't immune to that flu doing the rounds.

MAX
Must suck not to be immune to the common cold.

Logan's laugh turns into a cough.

LOGAN
Remind me to try it some time.

They share a moment. Bittersweet.

LUKE
You getting our network all right, Logan?

Logan taps at his keyboard.

LOGAN
Looks like it. I have complete
access. What about your side?

Dix speaks into a close-by microphone.

DIX
Testing 1 2 3.

The computer beside Logan flares into life. Dix's voice
comes through the speaker of it, morphing into--

EYES ONLY (V.O.)
-int 1 2 3.

Max smiles.

MAX
Neat. I guess I can finally
pursue my dreams of an Eyes Only
Mystery Theatre.

INT. COMMAND - SAME

Logan simply looks at her through the glare of the screen.

LOGAN
So... is Alec around?

Dix and Luke look at one another, then vamoose, leaving
them "relatively alone". It's a tired conversation.

MAX
I don't know how many more ways I
can tell you that he and I are
not together.

LOGAN
I know. It's just that he's there
with you, and I'm...

MAX
He's not with me. He's not even
on the same planet as me. While
I'm busy negotiating with a
general who doesn't want to see
me and pleading with politicians
who don't even want to hear me,
he's off running his stupid
clandestine scams. If I could put
my hands around his neck...

She notices Logan's look.

MAX (cont'd)

It's not important. Have you found any trace of our favourite genocidal inbred villains?

LOGAN

Not a whisper. The most important thing to happen this weekend was that the CDC's office in Atlanta burned down.

MAX

More important than a 15-year-old Trannie lynching. Imagine that.

LOGAN

Max, I know it's hard--

MAX

No. Hard is waking up every day and trying to convince a tired, antsy nation that the killings are going to stop. Hard is begging them not to fight back. I'm tired Logan.

What can he say to that?

MAX (cont'd)

Look, I've gotta book. You get that common cold sorted out.

LOGAN

Don't worry. I've called in the best. A Jam Pony Messenger.

Max smiles.

MAX

Tell her I miss her.

LOGAN

I will.

Max begins to walk away. Pausing, she looks back at the screen. He's still watching her.

MAX

Do you think we're going to make it?

LOGAN

I don't know, but I'd like to think you will.

MAX

Why?

LOGAN

Because I still believe in your
Happily-Ever-After.

They smile at each other, a sad smile, perhaps imagining their own fairytale endings and what it will take to get there.

Max walks away.

INT. HARBOR LIGHTS HOSPITAL, CLINIC - DAY

A SECURITY GUARD stops people as they enter.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

Jam Pony Messenger for collection
from Doctor Shankar.

The guard looks at the badge held in front of him. He nods and points at--

DOCTOR BEVERLY SHANKAR, early thirties, Indian, talks to a little BOY sitting on a gurney. His PARENTS wait on the side.

ORIGINAL CINDY (OC), early twenties, African-American, self-assured and sassy, moves past the security guard, swinging her delivery bag in front of her.

The clinic is jampacked with PATIENTS. Most seem to have the flu. The amount of people requiring attention is the reason that Shankar is examining the boy on a gurney rather than in an office.

SHANKAR

A lollipop for a brave boy.

Shankar hands a lollipop to the child, who looks like he is holding back tears.

PARENT

What do you say Timmy?

TIMMY

Thank you Doctor Shankar.

Shankar smiles as one of Timmy's parents lifts him off the gurney. They nod goodbyes as OC nears them.

OC points at the chaos around them.

OC

We got some state of emergency
falling on us?

SHANKAR

No, it's just this strain of flu
going around. I hate the
beginning of winter. You here for
Logan's medication?

OC nods. Shankar waves for her to follow as they wind
their way through the throng of coughing and gagging
patients.

SHANKAR (cont'd)

Have you been sick yet?

OC

No. Original Cindy is strong like
an Amazon.

SHANKAR

Then you're one of the lucky
ones. We've had at least 18
admissions from dehydration and
fever today alone.

INT. HARBOR LIGHTS HOSPITAL, DOCTOR'S ROOMS - SAME

The duo move past an office.

TWO SUITED MEN methodically unpack cases of vials wrapped
in liquid.

OC pauses and stares at them thoughtfully, until one of
them stops and stares at her with nary a trace of a smile.

OC hurries after Shankar.

OC

What they doing?

SHANKAR

New shipment of flu immunization.
The government are trying to
reduce the number of people
staying off work. Something
wrong?

OC

It's nothing.

She glances behind her at the room again, still concerned.

OC (cont'd)
 Just... maybe don't rush to take
 that shot. Mutual friends are
 working on some theories.

OC shares a knowing look with the doctor. Shankar falters
 for a moment.

SHANKAR
 No, I can't believe anything that
 sinister exists in this world.
 Surely not.

Now she stares at the door, infected with the smallest
 germ of doubt.

OC
 Yeah, you're prob'ly right. OC
 shouldn't be putting such dark
 thoughts in your head. Been
 watching too much horror movies.
 We getting the meds?

OC nods at the sign above them: DISPENSARY. Shankar snaps
 back to reality. She faces the DISPENSARY ASSISTANT.

SHANKAR
 Pickup for Mister I Sumner
 please.

Shankar signs the release slip and hands the package to
 OC. With a wave, OC heads back the way she came, leaving
 Shankar staring at nothing.

She turns to the assistant again.

SHANKAR (cont'd)
 Can I get a sample of that new
 flu shot please?

INT. TERMINAL CITY, WAREHOUSE - DAY

A group of mixed adult Transgenics leave the warehouse
 with cardboard boxes and crates of various sizes.

Of those remaining inside the warehouse, ALEC, early
 twenties human series and very pretty, enthusiastically
 pulls open a crate to impress his companion, MOLE, an
 older lizard-mutant with a cigar permanently sticking out
 the side of his mouth. A few more check the contents of
 the other boxes.

ALEC
 And you doubted me.

Alec pulls out what resembles a futuristic-style XM8
 rifle.

Mole takes the weapon and inspects it, raising it to his sights.

MOLE
Grenade launcher. Nice.

Alec plays with his own rifle.

ALEC
Is anything sweeter than this?

MOLE
If you can convince our famed leader to let me use those trannie-haters at the gate for target practice, I'll let you know.

Alec shrugs, packing away his rifle.

A shrill BIRD'S CALL, definitely out of place in the concrete city, gets the Transgenics moving swiftly toward a back exit.

Alec hands the crate of rifles to a nearby Transgenic as they race past. They all swiftly depart, leaving behind a few uninteresting cardboard boxes.

Mole grins widely at Alec and sticks the rifle into the folds of his voluminous jacket. Alec smirks and shakes his head as he rifles through a box in front of him.

MAX (O.S.)
Alec!

Max enters the warehouse. She's not happy. She nears Alec with fire in her belly.

Mole takes one look at her as she approaches.

MOLE
You know, I got... something to do. In command. Away from here.

ALEC
Chicken.

Mole gives a little two-fingered wave as he leaves. The warehouse has become dangerously empty.

It's just Alec and Max now.

Keeping his head on the task at hand, Alec doesn't bother to look at Max.

She shoves herself into his personal space and waits, with arms folded, for him to notice.

ALEC (cont'd)
(professional)
Can I help you with something
Max?

MAX
Oh. I don't know. Maybe you can
stop making my life harder than
it already is.

ALEC
Huh. Here I thought bringing in
food, medical supplies and baby
formula was exactly what you
wanted.

MAX
Don't play games with me. I know
you're bringing in weapons.

Alec waves around the warehouse.

ALEC
You're more than welcome to look
for yourself.

MAX
Thanks, but I know the one thing
you're good at is covering your
own ass. Don't think I haven't
noticed you've got X5s running
around Seattle on your secret
little errands.

Alec moves to a pile of bigger crates. He opens one of the
boxes and pulls out a container of pills.

MAX (cont'd)
With the police cranking out
their thermal scanners in every
sector, it's a reckless
endangerment of good people. I
don't care what you're doing,
shut it down.

Alec throws the container at her. She catches it and
glares at him.

ALEC
They make meal times real
interesting, but they get us
running cold. Not that you need
any help with that.

Max lets her temper spill out. She pushes him against the
crates so that he is facing her.

MAX

I'm trying to negotiate a peaceful way out of this hell-hole and you're scheming to get us all killed.

Alec pushes her back so that he can stand fully upright again.

ALEC

No. I'm trying to keep us alive. You're not the one burying friends and acquaintances every other week.

MAX

They're my people too.

ALEC

Recently.

MAX

That's not fair.

He knows it is a low blow, he just won't say it.

ALEC

Neither is expecting us to roll over and die. We're soldiers. Not zoo animals or bad house pets waiting to be put down.

MAX

You can't keep living like humans are the villains. They're not as bad as you think.

ALEC

Humans dreamed us up, made us, trained us to kill and shaped us into what we are. By any means necessary. There's not a single person in this city who isn't fully aware of what humans are capable of. You can believe whatever you want, but don't stop us from preparing for reality.

MAX

When did you become so fatalistic?

ALEC

I think you know when.

She can't quite meet his eyes for that. She does know.

ALEC (cont'd)
 Of course, let's not forget Ames
 White and his happy little
 breeding cult either, who are
 equal opportunity exterminators.
 We're not going down without a
 fight Max.

MAX
 I don't--

Their squabbling is interrupted by a twin--

BEEP

They each tap their earpieces.

LUKE
 (filtered)
 Patching Mole through.

EXT. TERMINAL CITY - DAY

Mole stealthily peers around a corner.

MOLE
 You guys'll want to start winding
 up today's thrilling argument.
 We've got intruders.

INTERCUT COMMUNICATOR CONVERSATION - ALEC, MAX AND MOLE

MAX
 Reporters again?

Mole watches a DOZEN HEAVY-SET BLACK UNIFORMS, armed like
 a mini-cavalcade of weapons mules, walk steadily up the
 street - at least a kilometre away.

MOLE
 Not unless they've traded in
 their press cards for automatic
 weapons. It's an even dozen. I'm
 down on Mercy Street, corner
 Black.

Max and Alec exchange a look and already moving toward the
 exit.

MAX
 Wait for backup. We're on our
 way.

MOLE
 (under his breath)
 Like I'm gonna do anything that
 stupid.

(remembering)
Although...

He pulls out his brand new rifle.

ALEC
Really. Don't do anything that
stupid.

Mole looks around him. Alec is nowhere in sight. A little spooked, he carefully sets his rifle on the Troop making their way closer to his position.

And waits.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Max and Alec hastily move along the streets.

ALEC
Who do we know that's stupid
enough to march themselves right
into the middle of the lion's
den?

INT. FAMILIAR HQ - DAY

AMES WHITE, late thirties, wearing a suit and a grim stare, pushes his way through the doors. He seems a little rough around the edges.

The room looks like a NASA command room, dozens of computer geeks in the front, with the neatly-suited heavies in the background.

White ignores the other dispassionate BUREAUCRATS in the room and heads straight for--

MCKINLEY, fifties, shoos away his assistants as White approaches. He appears bored before the conversation has even begun.

MCKINLEY
Ames, how good to see you. I've
heard good things from--

White ignores the pleasantries, getting straight to the meat and gravy.

WHITE
Why wasn't I told about this? You
know that I--

McKinley's becomes deadly serious.

MCKINLEY

We know that you consistently fail because of your personal associations with the very Transgenic that we need to contain.

WHITE

Personal association. She took my son!

MCKINLEY

Unfortunate, but an issue the Conclave will no longer indulge. The time to act is now.

WHITE

By tipping your hand at them and risking disaster. It's not too late. Change their orders. Capture Four Five Two. Bring her to m--

McKinley is laughing.

MCKINLEY

Tip our hand? Is that your last desperate plea to secure the well-being of that animal whore? Tell me Ames, are you sure you're obsession with her isn't solely motivated by the location of your son?

WHITE

How dare--

MCKINLEY

(stone cold)

No! We are done with this. You serve your purpose Ames, but the Conclave doesn't have infinite patience. Today we destroy whatever hope your father thinks lie with his creations. If he's still alive himself.

Now it is White's turn to laugh.

WHITE

You don't know Four Five Two or her sidekick Four Nine Four. They are a plague themselves.

FAMILIAR ASSISTANT #1

(interrupting)

Sir. They have reached the centre of the pit.

MCKINLEY

Then we are about to deliver them
the cure.

WHITE

Call them back. Wait them out.

MCKINLEY

Why wait? They are beetles made
to follow the path of cattle.
There is no risk from the slime
under your boot.

WHITE

And the humans feared the rats
more than the fleas.

White stalks away.

EXT. TERMINAL CITY, MAIN SQUARE - DAY

A dozen or so TRANSGENICS duck behind junk, walls and
column. Some wear headsets, others the almost-invisible
ear-pieces.

Max is watching the open space of the main square.

Alec creeps along with Mole to meet her.

ALEC

Area's been evacuated. Priority
areas are under lockdown. Snake's
are still heading this way.

MOLE

Snakes with guns instead of
teeth. Can we kill 'em yet?

Max glares at him.

MOLE (cont'd)

Hot air and cigar smoke it is
then.

The other Transgenics aren't happy to hear it either.

A corn-bred, baby-faced X5 male, early twenties, looks at
his hands doubtfully.

BABYFACE

Ma'am. I heard they were stronger
than us.

MAX

Nah. They're not so tough.
(smiling at Alec)

(MORE)

MAX (cont'd)
 Exept maybe the girls. Don't
 sweat it. We're younger, faster
 and prettier than they are. Hit
 'em fast. Hit 'em where it
 counts.

She nods. They all split off and move to strike positions.

Alec remains with her. He stares at her for a moment.

MAX (cont'd)
 What?

ALEC
 You know, if you keep trying to
 spare the other side, this war
 will be over real quick.

MAX
 I won't have the world seeing us
 as monsters Alec.

ALEC
 Well that's the thing about
 history. Losers don't get a say
 in what they're called.

He moves off. Max chews on his words.

SQUARE ENTRANCE

The enemy troop enter the open, unconcerned.

MAIN SQUARE

The Transgenics are all in positions, flanking the troop.
 Alec and Mole cut around the entrance and duck out of
 sight, effectively ensuring the coming attack will come
 from all sides.

Max watches.

The troop enter dead centre.

Max flexes her crouched body like a coiled cat about to
 pounce.

She whips her hand.

The Transgenics move--

They cascade over obstructions like a silent flood. The X5
 human series speeding at para-human velocities. The
 "Freaks" use less speed, but are no slouches in this
 battle.

The X5s are on the troop before they realise. One lucky fellow gets off a few shots, but they all hit air.

The X5s duck, dive and twist around the troop. Their primary aim is to relieve the enemy of their projectile weapons. Some guns are knocked out of range by a series of quick jabbing thrusts, others are grabbed, dismantled and scattered across the square. This all happens very quickly - the added burden of the weaponry, seems an inhibitor to the troop.

Max grabs the rifle off a heavy-set FEMALE - we'll call her Xena - and BENDS the barrel.

Xena laughs.

XENA

That's fine Filth. We actually prefer it this way.

Before Max can move, the woman plants a kick straight to her chest. Max is send flying, she lands and rolls.

Xena then proceeds to shed all of the equipment that is holding her back. She leaves her leg holsters with blades and other nasty things.

Alec races over and helps Max up.

MAX

Definitely Familiar.

ALEC

You had doubts?

The Familiars, seeing Xena's actions, abandon their weapons too, readying themself for a spot of fun. They aren't the least bit concerned.

Mole squares off against another heavy-set male. The lizard still has his ever-present cigar. His opponent grins insolently.

MOLE

You got a reason to be smiling, pal?

FAMILIAR FIGHTER #1

I used to pull tails off your ancestors. Are you going to play dead too?

Mole's grin widens. With a quick series of clubbing hits, the Familiar is quickly driven to the ground.

Mole stares down at the near-unconscious Familiar.

MOLE

Yeah, well looks like my
ancestors got legs. Where're
yours pudknocker?

He kicks him to blackness for good measure.

Pleased with himself he looks around... and sees that the rest of the Trangenics are not faring as well. Many of the Transgenics are just not as strong to truly hurt them, and the Freaks lack the speed to block the punches.

Mole isn't upset by the circumstances. More fun for him.

He literally leaps into the fray, grabbing two Familiars in a head-lock as he dive-bombs.

BABYFACE

Gets knocked in the schnozz.

He falls to the ground. Tries to clear his head and scurry out of the way of his opponent's heavy feet.

He looks like he's about to get squashed like a bug--

Alec blocks the Familiar's death kick, twists the leg until it makes a rather unpleasant sound, and pushes him to the ground.

ALEC

Don't make it so easy kid. We
were born for this.

Alec drops the Familiar - still awake and showing no signs of pain - and nods at him before moving off to backup another fight. Babyface is bolstered. He gets back into the fight, more determined.

Max faces off against Xena. The older woman dominates with strength, but Max is giving her a good workout as she keeps well out of harm's way.

XENA

You should really consider making
things easy for yourself. Just
lie down and die.

MAX

And miss seeing the beads of
sweat running down your face? No,
this is too entertaining.

Xena smiles and looks to her side. Two more Familiars join her. Max now has the pleasure of three Familiars trying to corner her.

MAX (cont'd)

Wow. This much attention kinda makes a gal blush.

She bats ineffectively as they all concentrate their attack on her at once.

XENA

Well, Four Five Two. You are the reason for this little excursion, so you should feel special, and no less dead.

Eventually the two extras manage to grab her and pin her to the wall.

Xena pulls a metal cannister out of her leg holster. She opens it and sheds the metal skin to reveal a syringe.

Max struggles vainly against her living shackles.

The syringe moves ever closer--

Alec grabs two blades out of Xena's leg holsters from behind.

He cleanly slices through the syringe SPLASHING THE CONTENTS ON HIS EXPOSED SKIN.

ALEC

Hey Max. No hogging all the bad guys.

MAX

You know how I hate to share.

His distraction gives her the opening she needs. She pulls in her legs tight against the wall behind her and uses her momentum to twist out of their grip - almost pulling their arms out of joint at the same time.

Xena rounds on Alec, none too pleased at his interference.

He holds up her two blades.

She isn't impressed, rather amused.

She whistles at a fellow Familiar. He tosses her a GIANT BLADE, far more impressive than the ones Alec holds.

Alec doesn't flinch either.

ALEC

Size only matters in the bedroom, honey.

Xena carves the air toward him.

He moves swiftly, easily blocking her every lunge.

She can't quite push her blade past his defence. In this fight, he seems to be on equal ground.

Max is having fun with her two now. She's giving them a merry chase as she practices guerilla tactics in plain sight.

The two Familiars become a comedy of errors as pulls and knocks them into each other.

The wall becomes weapon for her. She runs along it, propelling herself over their heads and using the momentum to knock them head-first into the wall.

Another blow to the head and one is down for the count.

The other staggers and readies himself for a more ferocious fight.

Max likes it.

MAX

Bring it.

Xena is showing her frustration. She's driving Alec for all he's worth, but his fast reflexes makes it hard for her blows to connect with anything but sparks of steel. They trade words as they fight - Alec is almost conversational.

ALEC

Am I getting to you yet, sweetheart?

XENA

Should I be impressed that you think yourself above the maggots you've been created of Four Nine Four. You may have ruined our chance with Four Five Two, but that will not stop me from ending you.

ALEC

You know who I am. I'm flattered.

XENA

Don't be. You're both taped to our targets for practice.

ALEC

Oh I bet you've got me taped somewhere else too. Admit it. I turn you on.

XENA
Insolent pig.

ALEC
Mm. That one's not in my makeup,
but I think I've got more than
enough animal to satisfy your...
curiosity.

Xena all but growls at his arrogant smirk. She drives the blade towards him.

It meets steel.

But the steel is shaking.

She notices. So does Alec.

Her smile grows as his diminishes.

His hands are trembling; his strength failing. He's using everything he has to prevent his bloody end.

XENA
Now Four Nine Four. I think you
are about to satisfy my
curiosity.

She twists her elbow into his face.

His legs give way and he drops to the ground, blades clattering away from his twitching hands.

Her foot connects with his stomach, ribs, and back before he manages to roll out of the way.

Fading fast, he stumbles up and out of her way. Looking around him wildly.

He sees a knife on the ground - BLURRY and OUT OF FOCUS.

He tries to rush towards it, not knowing that Xena is following him sedately.

As he bends to retrieve it, she plants on hell of a kick to his side. He goes flying over some debris, rolling to a stop beside a body.

A BEEP is heard.

XENA (cont'd)
Inform the Conclave that we force
to abandon the test on Four Five
Two, but Four Nine Four is
showing very promising results.

Alec tries to look for her. She's very out of focus. He turns his head

Beads of sweat run down his face. His licks his lips. They seem dry.

Seeing a shape move toward his, he tries to roll the other way--

He lands right on top of the body.

It's Babyface. Dead. Bloodied.

It scares the shit out of him and he tries to push himself away.

Xena grabs him by the back of his shirt and yanks him to his feet. She starts to work him over, there's little to no resistance.

MAX

kicks her bad guy into unconsciousness. She's damn pleased with herself.

She turns her attention to the rest of the fights.

There are very few Familiars still up and causing havoc. Mole is helping hammer down the remaining ones. Some X5s are already tying up the unconscious.

MAX finally sees Alec - it's a shock to her system seeing him barely put up a fight as Xena punches and kicks the crap out of him.

Max pushes past the few remaining fights.

She reaches Xena, and sees the full extent of Alec's state.

Without hesitation, she grabs Xena's head in her hands.

The SNAP immediately calls attention to Alec's plight.

No one is more surprised than the Transgenics. The Familiars watch with uncertainty. Mole uses this to his advantage, and gives them a toothy grin, cowing the remaining.

Max barely notices.

She drops down to Alec's side and feels his face.

MAX

You're burning up.

His eyes glaze, head lolls, he has no idea she's there.

MAX (cont'd)
Get me help.

When no one moves fast enough.

MAX
Someone get me some help!

INT. FAMILIAR HQ - DAY

White leans against a wall and watches as an assistant approaches McKinley. He appears a lot more relaxed, some might say vindicated.

FAMILIAR ASSISTANT #1
Sir. Should we inform the
Conclave that we are delaying
Phase Two?

MCKINLEY
Why would I do that?

FAMILIAR ASSISTANT #1
The mission was unsuccessful, we
were unable to test--

White actually smiles at that.

MCKINLEY
You heard the transmission. Four
Nine Four reacted positively. We
can assume that the rest of those
degenerates do not have her
immunity.

FAMILIAR ASSISTANT #1
But Sir, Four Five Two poses a
substantial threat. We've lost an
entire Phalanx regiment.

MCKINLEY
The regiment's failure is not a
validation for that creature's
success. We proceed as planned.
Mobilise all troops. I think it's
about time we turn the
Transgenics into a smear on the
road.

FAMILIAR ASSISTANT #2
Sir. We have another problem.

INT. HARBOR LIGHTS, SHANKAR'S OFFICE - EVENING

Shankar paces, on the phone.

SHANKAR

Yes, I am aware that one of your offices was hit by a terrorist cell, and I'm sorry for your losses, but surely you have other doctors you can send.

She rifles through some papers on her desk.

SHANKAR (cont'd)

My findings are only preliminary but I believe further investigation is needed.

It becomes apparent that the person on the other end either doesn't care or is as thick as two short planks.

SHANKAR (cont'd)

Really? Because I can already tell that the expensive crates of vaccines you've been sending out are nothing more than glorified vitamin shots, which if anyone had bothered to research, is completely useless against this new strain of flu.

She pauses, no less worked up.

SHANKAR (cont'd)

Well thank you for your time too.

She slams the phone in its cradle.

Considering the files on her desk, she lifts the phone again and dials a single number.

SHANKAR (cont'd)

I need samples of all blood taken through the clinic in the past week.

(pauses)

Yes, keep it off the record. Thanks Andy.

She places the phone back in the cradle, this time more thoughtfully. It's not enough. She grabs her files and heads out of the room.

CORRIDOR

She winds past doctors, nurses and patients until she reaches.

INT. MAIN LAB - SAME

She open the door and enters.

It's in complete contrast to her little lab. It has state of the art equipment and almost shines with the veneer of funding.

Two DOCTORS hover over expensive testing equipment and futuristic computer screens.

SHANKAR

Doctor Thompson, Caldicot. I need your help.

They are each young go-getters - the type of piranhas that only stop biting if they encounter gold. They measure her worth.

DOCTOR CALDICOT

What would you like Doctor Shankar?

SHANKAR

I need to use your mainframe to run extensive blood and DNA analyses. It's quite urgent.

DOCTOR THOMPSON

(laughing)

So's our grant board meeting next month. We won't make our schedule if we lend out our mainframe to every doctor who thinks their work is better than ours.

SHANKAR

I'm not interested in getting a grant. I need-

DOCTOR CALDICOT

No Doctor Shankar. We have an agreement with the Chief of this hospital. We continue our work here, if and only if, the rest of the doctors don't try and use our resources. I'm sorry Doctor Shankar, but those are the rules.

SHANKAR

People could start dying.

The two doctors clearly don't believe her.

DOCTOR THOMPSON

Do you have proof?

SHANKAR

That's why I need the tests.

DOCTOR THOMPSON

We're not stopping our work for ifs and maybes. I'm sure if you call the University, they'd be more than willing to-

SHANKAR

You're willing to simply dismiss the potential risk on human lives to work on a bloody theoretical protein substrate?

Wrong thing to say.

DOCTOR THOMPSON

If that's all Doctor?

Shankar bites her tongue and leaves.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - EVENING

Max and Mole rush along with the four other Transgenics carrying Alec on a stretcher. He looks like deep-fried crap.

On reaching TWO FIELD MEDICS, Alec is hoisted off the stretcher and dumped on a rough-shot bed.

Everyone backs off and lets the medics do their thing. Max anxiously holds a hand near her mouth.

The medics feel that he's burning up. One rushes to a makeshift cold storage and pulls out an ice blanket.

FIELD MEDIC #1

He's gonna burn out.

FIELD MEDIC #2

Ice. Get ice.

All hands on deck follow the orders, save Max seems stunned into immobility. The field medic covers him in the blanket, Transgenics bring large chunks of ice.

Alec starts to SHAKE VIOLENTLY, knocking ice on the floor and doing his very best to dislodge the blanket.

The sight is killing Max.

FIELD MEDIC #1

He's seizing.

The other medic rushes to a cupboard and yanks out a vial and syringe. Moments later, the needle sinks into Alec's arm.

To little effect.

The medics back off--

And wait.

MAX

What are you doing? Help him?

They medics look anywhere but at her.

MAX (cont'd)

Do something! Why won't you do something?

FIELD MEDIC #1

He's sick.

Max stares at them mutely. So what?

FIELD MEDIC #2

He's sick. We never get sick.

Max looks around the room slowly. Everyone is silent, uncomfortable... afraid.

She shakes her head. No giving up.

Max sees some wires and bags in the corner of the room. She rushes over to it.

She waves the bags in front of the medics faces, already rolling up her sleeve.

MAX

Transfuse him.

FIELD MEDIC #1

I'm sorry, why-

MAX

They came here for me. Transfuse him!

It is not a request. With nothing better to do, the medics approach her and comply.

EXT. SEATTLE, ARMY CAMP - NIGHT

Followed by a posse of aides and bootlickers, McKinley makes his way through a camp of SOLDIERS dressed in US Military garb.

GENERAL DUSTIN ENRIGHT, late forties, watches the procession with seasoned indifference.

McKinley seeks him out.

Enright doesn't seem enthused.

ENRIGHT

Senator McKinley. What can we do for you today?

MCKINLEY

Open a bottle of scotch if you have it. We're celebrating.

ENRIGHT

Really?

MCKINLEY

The vote is in. The Transgenics have no more rights than the umbilical cord they were cut from.

ENRIGHT

Oh.

McKinley is expecting something more.

ENRIGHT (cont'd)

Is there some particular reason you rushed over to tell me? My orders still stand regardless of their human rights.

MCKINLEY

Not any more. In addition to the vote, I've been given full authority to deal with the threat as I see fit. It's time we rid ourselves of them.

ENRIGHT

Sir, I'm in the middle of negotiations with the Trangenics. It wouldn't be in good faith to change terms so suddenly. If you want to exile them--

MCKINLEY

Exile? Don't be ridiculous. I want to wipe them off the face of the planet.

That finally penetrates Enright's military exterior. McKinley is not blind.

MCKINLEY (cont'd)

You have a problem with that?

ENRIGHT

Uh. No Sir. It's just our primary mission here has been containment and support. I'm not sure we have the resources or manpower to subdue and eliminate a superior force without substantial damage to the people and property of Seattle.

MCKINLEY

Your primary mission does not change. You will support my team.

ENRIGHT

Your team?

McKinley turns around and smiles as dozens of BLACK-CLAD WARRIORS flood the camp. The army types stare at this in confusion and alarm.

Enright does not like this one jot.

MCKINLEY

Ah. Just in time to share the happy news with the rest of the world.

A crew of JOURNALISTS with microphones, cameras and plain old pen and paper, follow the "Black Army" snapping pictures excitedly.

McKinley moves out to meet them. Enright waves at the nearby LIEUTENANT SMITH, early twenties, a definite behind-the-scenes guy.

LIEUTENANT SMITH

Yes sir?

ENRIGHT

Get on the horn to Washington. I want verification of these orders.

LIEUTENANT SMITH
Of course sir.

The lieutenant leaves.

ENRIGHT
And I want to know who the hell
these people are.

INT. SHANKAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Shankar sits at her desk, head cradled against the phone.
She taps a pen on a notepad beside her.

SHANKAR
I'm sorry for your loss. Thank
you for your time.

She scratches out something on the list.

LATER

Shankar hangs her head as she hears more bad news on the
phone.

SHANKAR
I'm sorry, when did he die?

Another scratch on the notepad.

LATER

Shankar holds her head in her hand over another phone
call.

SHANKAR (cont'd)
Of course, I understand. I hope
she makes a... recovery.

LATER

Shankar puts the phone down, defeated.

Tired, stands and moves over to an old computer screen.

ON SCREEN

ANALYSIS: 37% COMPLETE

BACK TO SCENE

Shankar is frustrated. She watches the screen for a few
more moments.

SHANKAR (cont'd)

Screw it.

She moves to her desk and begins to angrily gather up the scattered papers lying on it.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - NIGHT

Alec sleeps on the gurney. Battered and blue, he doesn't look much better than before.

Max watches him from the doorway, a safe distance away.

MOLE (O.S.)

(quiet)

Kid'll be fine.

Max turns toward him.

MOLE

For something that looks so human-looking, he's made of tough stuff.

Max shrugs.

MOLE (cont'd)

What do you want me to do with the prisoners?

MAX

Lock 'em up until I bother to remember they exist.

MOLE

Already forgotten them.

They both stand in silence - the third person in the room making himself known through silence.

MOLE (cont'd)

Yeah, he'll be okay.

Max regards Alec for another moment.

MAX

I can't be here.

She takes off out the door like the devil's on her heels.

MOLE

Where you gonna go?

He shakes his head, and looks back at Alec.

OFF HIM

INT. HARBOR LIGHTS HOSPITAL, CLINIC - NIGHT

Shankar wears an outdoor coat, carries a doctor's brief and a folder of paperwork.

The clinic is empty. Without all the bodies in the room, it is now possible to see a SMALL TV perched on a bracket above the waiting room.

MCKINLEY

(on TV)

The Senate's overwhelming support for the new bill all but guarantees that the citizens of this country have nothing to fear from genetically deviant organisms. There will no jobs lost, no education lowered, no healthcare diminished, no food squandered--

MALE (O.S.)

Kinda hoped guys like him had died off in last century.

Shankar tears her eyes off the television.

SHANKAR

Me too Joe.

JOE is a security guard of ethnic descent.

JOE

You heading home or pulling an all-nighter?

Shankar holds up the folder he was looking at.

SHANKAR

No, I think it's won and I'm giving up for the day.

JOE

Well, drive safe, Doc.

He unlocks and opens the clinic door for her.

SHANKAR

Thanks. Give my love to--

She is about to walk out the door-

EYES ONLY (V.O.)

This is a streaming video hack.

Shankar and Joe turn to the screen.

The familiar Eyes Only image has taken over the broadcast.

JOE

Guess he finally has something to say about Senator Bigotry.

EYES ONLY (V.O.)

Senator McKinley would like you to believe that the vote over the Transgenic right to live was overwhelming. But it was sanctioned by one vote amidst allegations of intimidation, blackmail and bribery. Eyes Only has met with a source who--

The broadcast cuts off and fades to white snow.

JOE

Guess they didn't like what he had to say.

The television goes off, as does the power in the entire building.

Moments later, the emergency lights flicker on.

JOE (cont'd)

Great. Another brown out.

SHANKAR

And there goes my analysis.

This way of life can only mean tired acceptance.

SHANKAR

It's definitely a sign that I shouldn't be here. Take care Joe.

JOE

You want me to walk you to your car, Doc?

SHANKAR

No, it's just around the corner. Night.

She heads out. He locks the door behind her.

EXT. HARBOR LIGHTS HOSPITAL, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Shankar readies her car keys as she walks in the dark, her way only visible by moonlight and emergency lighting from the hospital itself. The rest of the city seems black around her.

A sign above another entrance perpendicular to the clinic but further away, indicates the presence of an EMERGENCY ROOM.

Shankar heads in the opposite direction until she reaches the end of the building. She turns and faces a much emptier parking lot. A few cars are parked under staff reserved COVERED CARPORTS.

There is less light here. Shankar's steps quicken. She nears her car.

MALE (O.S.)

Are you Doctor Beverly Shankar?

She startles and almost yelps as a suited man, thirties, appears behind her car. She takes a few steps back. She's not oblivious to the potential danger.

SHANKAR

Who are you?

MALE

I'm from the CDC.

He approaches as Shankar continues to fall back the way she came.

SHANKAR

Really? Is it new a CDC policy to make clandestine moonlight meetings with doctors?

She pulls out her cellphone and starts to dial.

MALE

We just want to look at your data.

SHANKAR

The clinic opens at eight. I'm sure we can help you then.

She gets an engaged tone on the phone. The man has not stopped moving.

She hits redial - the number on the face reads 911 - and presses the phone to her ear.

This time there is nothing. She looks at the phone.

NO SIGNAL.

A sound behind her spins her head.

It's another SUIT in hi thirties moving toward her from the direction of the clinic and ER - blocking her way. He has his hand inside his jacket.

MALE

We just want to see your data.
Maybe get in touch with anyone
you've spoken to. We can help.

Shankar is slowly being closed in with the wall behind her. She evaluates her options.

SHANKAR

Fine. Here. This is everything I
have.

She holds the folder in front of her and watches both warily.

The one with his hand inside his jacket relaxes and lets his hand drop. He stops moving and lets the other take point.

The first tries to keep his smile from looking anything but sinister as he gets closer.

When he's close enough--

Shankar throws everything she has in his face and starts running.

JOE

(rounding the corner)

Hey, Doc. I ain't heard your
car--

Silenced GUN SHOTS cut him down. He falls to the ground, never knowing what the hell hit him.

Shankar keeps running, looking back with terror.

The two men regard the guard with indifference, turn and take off after her - moving smoothly, controlled.

Shankar knows this is a life or death sprint.

The parking lot is fully fenced off, so she turns and runs into--

EXT. HARBOR LIGHTS, ALLEY - NIGHT

The alley opens up in the distance. She's gunning for it like it's a light at the end of the tunnel.

She dodges dumpsters, boxes and discarded crap, all the way trying to look behind her.

The men tear into the alley.

They don't look like they are even slightly winded by the run.

Shankar is desperate. Tears are running down her face. Odds are not looking good for her.

One of the men stops and pulls out his weapon. The other keeps trying to catch up.

Shankar screams as a bullet bounces off the wall beside her.

Trying to make her direction more erratic, she ducks and keeps going as another bullet tears off a chunk of wall in front of her. She yelps at each sound.

The end of the alley is so close--

SHANKAR

Help! Help! Somebody. Help me!

She pushes out of the oppressive alley.

EXT. HARBOR LIGHTS - SAME

A hand over her mouth cuts off the bloodcurdling scream she was about to let loose.

JED, early twenties and dressed like he has a love for westerns, lowers her behind the wall next to TWO more X5 transgenics. He puts a finger on his mouth and gently takes his hand off her mouth.

She slides down the wall, drained.

Jed stands up and waits at the mouth of the alley--

The first pursuer races turns toward them--

Jed propels him in the direction of the other two before he even notices they are there.

The Transgenics move to subdue him--

He THROWS them both off. This man is a FAMILIAR. The two Transgenics get ready for a throwdown.

Jed notices. It's not good news.

He pulls out a cattle prod from his jacket and waits.

The other Familiar gets a taste of electricity as Jed sticks it into his side.

The Familiar stumbles but isn't incapacitated - it gives Jed just enough time to knock the gun from his hand before the Familiar recovers and grabs him by the neck, lifting him from the ground.

Shankar watches in disbelief at the show of superior force.

The other two transgenics double-team against their opponent. Circling and charging from different angles, never letting the Familiar get a grip on either of them. The tactic is wearing him down.

Jed has no such support. He kicks, twists and pushes trying to escape from the death grip he is in. He has partial success - not being choked to death - but it seems like a matter of time before the pitbull squeezes--

The Familiar unexpectedly drops him--

Then falls to the ground himself--

Max stands behind him with a crow bar.

The other Familiar is also unconscious. The Transgenics stand over him.

SHANKAR

Max.

MAX

Doc.

Max looks at the trio.

MAX

What the hell are you doing here?

They shiftily look at each other. Max susses it out.

MAX

I'll deal with that later.

JED

Ma'am. What we do these guys?

SHANKAR

They killed an innocent man.

That decides it for Max.

MAX

Lock 'em in the dumpster. Leave the gun as evidence. I'll have Eyes Only make a call to the police. I'd like to see their friends explain them out of this one.

She holds a hand out for Shankar. The doctor shakily takes it and stands.

SHANKAR

Thank you.

MAX

Don't thank me yet. I need your help.

SHANKAR

I... can't.

Max is disappointed. And suspicious.

MAX

Why not?

SHANKAR

I think it'd be better if I showed you.

INT. SHANKAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Shankar pulls up a magnified image of a virus on the computer screen she sits in front of.

SHANKAR

This strain of... flu has been sweeping the country for weeks. It's not that unusual for this time of year. No one would ever think anything of it.

MAX

So what's so different about this one?

SHANKAR

I don't have the resources to properly investigate this. We're the best hospital in the state but technologically--

MAX

What is it?

SHANKAR

Everything I've seen so far seems to indicate that this virus is man-made. And that it isn't complete.

MAX

How?

SHANKAR

There are protein markers in the blood of the infected that aren't

(MORE)

SHANKAR (cont'd)
 in any of clean blood samples.
 The virus seems to generate it. I
 don't know why or how.

Max is subdued.

SHANKAR (cont'd)
 And it gets worse. I've tried to
 call every leading virologist I
 have on record. Half of them have
 died in the past year, the others
 are missing or incapacitated. No
 one noticed. No one. The greatest
 minds of our country. Gone
 without a whimper.

Max looks like she might be sick

SHANKAR
 I was going to drive the
 University of Washington in the
 morning. Beg for one of their
 computer labs. I don't really
 know what else to do.

MAX
 Would it help if you could see
 the complete virus?

SHANKAR
 It wouldn't hurt.

MAX
 Would you like to?

Shankar regards Max with confusion.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - NIGHT

Alec opens his eyes and then really wishes he hadn't. He
 reaches up to touch his pained head.

MOLE
 Hey. Looks like Sleeping Beauty
 finally got a wake-up call.

Mole is sitting on a chair next to Alec, rifle on his lap,
 unlit cigar in his mouth.

Alec slowly pulls himself up until he is sitting on the
 bed.

ALEC
 Please tell me you didn't kiss
 me.

MOLE

Do these look like the lips of
someone who would kiss and tell?

Alec pulls the IV out of his arm and lets it fall to the
side of the bed.

ALEC

I take it we won.

MOLE

Yep. Kicked their slimy asses.

Alec nods, looking around the room.

ALEC

No other injuries?

Mole lights up his cigar.

MOLE

Nope. Which is why I get to do
this.

He takes a long puff and lifts his feet onto Alec's bed.

Something finally dawns on Alec.

ALEC

You're my bedside vigil!

Mole shrugs in his seat, a little uncomfortable.

MOLE

Well... I figured someone had to
be here. You know, in case you
broke a nail. I've never seen an
X-five suck so bad in a fight.
You really are more of a lover
than a fighter huh?

Alec shrugs - neither confirming nor denying.

ALEC

Where's Max?

Mole takes another uncomfortable puff on his cigar.

Alec pushes off the blanket and tries to swing his legs
off the bed.

ALEC (cont'd)

'Least help me get out of here.

Mole complies, packing his rifle away in his jacket again.

MAX (O.S.)
You're not going anywhere till
the Doc says its okay.

The two men turn and watch Max escort Shankar into the bay.

Shankar holds her doctor's bag.

Max has a small plaster on her arm and can't hide the small smile on her face from seeing Alec.

MAX
Guess you made it.

ALEC
Guess so.

Shankar moves up to Alec.

Mole and Alec are uncertain about her.

SHANKAR
I'm Beverly. It's nice to finally
put a face behind the name.

Alec grimaces as he looks at Max.

ALEC
Oh. Well not everything you heard
was true.

Max shakes her head and smiles.

Shankar also smiles as she places her bag on the bed and opens it, pulling out a syringe and empty vial.

MOLE
Okay. My queue to leave.

ALEC
Chicken.

Again, Mole leaves with a two-fingered salute. Alec smiles fondly.

SHANKAR
I heard that I have you to thank
for my being here tonight. Alive.

Alec is completely confused.

SHANKAR (cont'd)
I have it on good authority that
if you hadn't sent people to
watch Harbor Lights I'd be dead.

ALEC

Oh.

He exchanges a look with Max. She seems sincere. It's not what he expects. He doesn't look at Shankar as he replies.

ALEC (cont'd)

No problem.

SHANKAR

I hope you don't mind if I take a sample?

ALEC

Knock yourself out. I have no idea what happened.

SHANKAR

Well, I hope to find out.

She sets about drawing blood.

Another TRANSGENIC enters the medical bay with gloves and a few plastic baggies. One holds a knife, the other some glass. Max takes it. The Transgenic seems relieved.

MAX

You got it all?

TRANSGENIC

We bleached the area.

MAX

Good. Thanks.

The Transgenic leaves.

Alec and Shankar watch her.

MAX (cont'd)

The virus came into contact with these. I don't know if they help.

Pay dirt.

SHANKAR

Definitely. I just need to get to a lab.

MAX

Well, you're in luck.

Three more TRANSGENICS enter the room. One of them is Dix.

MAX (cont'd)

It just so happens Terminal City once held some of this cities

(MORE)

MAX (cont'd)

most state of the art laboratories. We also have a pretty high-tech computer network set up by people with high IQs and plenty of spare time. No university is going to match what we have here. Plus, you've got some volunteers. We're gonna crack this bitch.

Shankar is touched.

SHANKAR

Humans hurt you and today they voted against seeing you as sentient beings with a right to live. Why are you helping us?

Alec waits for the answer too.

MAX

Because... we choose to be who we are. We're not letting the sins of our makers define who we'll be. We're a new nation and I'll be damned if we start our history with bloodshed.

Max now seems uncomfortable with the attention.

MAX (cont'd)

Dix, can you show Doctor Shankar the lab you set up?

DIX

Sure thing. Hi. I'm Dix and I'm your guide for the day. Right this way.

Shankar lets herself be led.

Alec watches them go.

ALEC

Look at that. Us all organised.

Max approaches and sits on the bed beside him. She seems to be choosing her words.

MAX

I'm sorry I doubted your intentions.

Not what Alec was expecting.

ALEC

I don't really know--

MAX

I should've known you weren't sending out X-fives to run scams or bring you back take-out or whatever.

ALEC

There's no way you could've known. I made sure of it.

MAX

Why keep it from me? You did good. I would have seen that.

ALEC

No you wouldn't.

MAX

Alec-

ALEC

You need me to be your bad guy, Max. It's okay. I've never been the better man. Probably never will. War's coming. Death will be right there with it. There are gonna be choices that neither you or Logan can live with. People are gonna die.

MAX

I know.

ALEC

It's happening right now.

Max seeks his eyes.

ALEC

They wouldn't have attacked us if they weren't near their endgame. We should be thanking them for their arrogance. It's about the only thing we got going for us.

Max nods, the weight of the world on her shoulders. She tries to see the lighter side.

MAX

Well, we also have you.

Alec isn't sure what to make of it.

MAX

Scam for scam, you're way more arrogant than they are.

It's such a rare occurrence that it takes Alec a moment to realise that she was making a joke. She flashes a genuine smile - a moment of levity before the storm. He laughs with her.

INT. ARMY CAMP - NIGHT

Lieutenant Smith weaves his way through the mass of black-clad bodies surrounding the normal military personnel.

LIEUTENANT SMITH

Sir?

Enright turns around. They act routinely, but their voices have dropped.

ENRIGHT

Did you get hold of Washington?

LIEUTENANT SMITH

No sir. That's the problem. We can't get hold of anyone. All longwave communications seem to be down... or blocked. Cellphones. Hardlines. Computer networks. We can't even pick up radio or TV signals.

ENRIGHT

Well we're in the middle of brownout. That could account for some of it.

LIEUTENANT SMITH

Sir, most stations switched to generators years ago. Cellphone towers were switched into alternate power grids before two thousand and twelve. We haven't had a total loss of communication like this since the electromagnetic pulse in two thousand and nine.

ENRIGHT

We definitely would have noticed one of those again.

LIEUTENANT SMITH

The only other way to get this degree of loss is through

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT SMITH (cont'd)
deliberate sabotage. It could be
a virus blocking us from our own
networks, or hijacking of hubs.

ENRIGHT
Too many unknowns. It could be
innocent, could be Transgenics
asserting power, could be
something else entirely.

Enright regards their new camp partners.

ENRIGHT (cont'd)
You think our new friends have
noticed?

LIEUTENANT SMITH
If they have sir, they're not
showing. They seem to have their
own encrypted communications
network.

ENRIGHT
That a fact. Awful convenient.
What about our men in the field?
Short-wave radio still working?

LIEUTENANT SMITH
Seems so for the moment.

ENRIGHT
All right. We're gonna have to
play this careful. I need eyes
and ears. Something about this
whole situation don't smell
right. I'm not following
McKinley's kill-order either
until I get confirmation. Until
then, we treat the Transgenics
the same way we'd treat any
country the United States of
America is negotiating with.

LIEUTENANT SMITH
Of course sir. I'll choose men we
can trust.

Enright nods as the lieutenant hurries off. He watches
some of the Black Army talking through head-sets.

MCKINLEY (O.S.)
Trouble General?

McKinley appears from behind.

ENRIGHT

Just having trouble with the computers Senator. I'm sure everything will be fine once the brown-out is over.

MCKINLEY

Oh. I'm sure it will. Just perfect.

McKinley's smile is just short of a sneer. He doesn't seem to notice that Enright's stare is ice cold.

INT. COMMAND - NIGHT

Max walks up the stairs toward Luke. Various bodies mill about the area.

MAX

You called?

Luke works his magic over a keyboard.

One of the screens comes to life with Logan. He still looks tired.

MAX (cont'd)

Hey. I thought you were going to follow the prescribed sleep, eat and get better remedy.

LOGAN

If only the world were so kind. We have a problem.

Max slides into a seat.

MAX

Actually we have more than one. The Familiars attacked, unleashed some freaky virus and oh yeah, every doctor of note seems to have been killed off in the last year. Doctor Shankar is here.

LOGAN

Busy day. Maybe my news will seem pale in comparison.

MAX

Doubt it.

LOGAN

Seattle's been cut off. Not physically, at least not yet, but all forms of communication in the

(MORE)

LOGAN (cont'd)

city bar shortwave radio outside seem to have gone quiet. No commercial television or radio stations are broadcasting either.

MAX

Since I'm not having a hard time hearing you, I guess illegal direct lines aren't affected.

LOGAN

That alone would tell me it's deliberate, but the encrypted lock-down is the real giveaway. I'm trying to cut through the locks, see if I can restore some control to the city again. Someone wants to blind the city but still use those eyes themselves. I can only guess the purpose.

MAX

End game.

LOGAN

Sorry?

MAX

Something Alec said. I think things are about to get worse.

LOGAN

Yeah. I've been listening in on military chatter. They're speaking in riddles. I don't like it. Max, be careful.

She smiles at him.

MAX

Just be sure you do the same. I'll be in touch soon.

LOGAN

I'll be waiting.

INT. TERMINAL CITY, LAB - NIGHT

Shankar squeezes her eyes shut for a moment as she sits in front of a computer screen, exhaustion obvious in every movement.

Dix cautiously approaches her.

DIX
Uh hey Doctor Shankar. The
analysis of Max's blood is
complete.

Shankar looks up with a friendly smile on her face.

SHANKAR
Thank you Dix, and I've already
told you. It's Beverly.

He smiles sheepishly.

DIX
Yes. Of course Doctor Shankar.

He still bounces as she stands up and makes her way over
to his terminal.

It shows the IMAGE OF AN ANTIBODY from earlier.

DIX (cont'd)
Oops. Sorry. Wrong view.

He moves to change it.

SHANKAR
No wait.

Shankar studies it. Seeing something startling.

INT. COMMAND - LATER

Mole idly cleans his rifle, manning the skeleton crew in
the Command.

It has become a dead zone.

Luke snoozes with his feet on the table.

Alec shakily makes his way up the stairs to join him.

MOLE
Aren't you meant to be sleeping
off a bad day?

ALEC
Nah. Figured I'd come and ruin
somebody else's carefully crafted
plan instead.

Mole regards him curiously.

ALEC (cont'd)
Max around?

MOLE
Off with Dix and the Doctor.

ALEC
Good. Bring it up.

Mole realises what 'it' is.

MOLE
Uh. I thought you said if we did that the humans would take it as a hostile threat.

ALEC
If they haven't worked out that they're under attack, they will soon. Let's just see if our back door still works.

Mole shifts his head to Luke, still asleep. He whacks the other man's foot with the butt of his rifle.

MOLE
Get up lazy ass. Time to work for your keep.

Luke jumps awake.

MOLE (cont'd)
Take it all online.

Luke is surprised. He looks to Alec for confirmation. Alec is dead serious.

LUKE
Going online.

He taps away at the keys.

LUKE (cont'd)
Man, Dix is going be upset he missed this.

ALL of the monitors spring to life.

Stationary camera feeds from all over the city come online.

LUKE (cont'd)
Sector checkpoints cameras check out.

Satellite imagery appears on the larger screens.

LUKE (cont'd)
We've got thermal and GPS.

Moving film footage takes over the rest of the screens.

LUKE (cont'd)

Looks like we have control of all city hoverdrones.

ALEC

Score one for Transgenic ingenuity and sneaky-like behaviour.

LUKE

It looks like there's some kind of encryption restricting access from the usual channels. Police. Military. Emergency services.

ALEC

Just be thankful they didn't think to check for people who'd already cracked open the system.

Luke suddenly smiles.

LUKE

I knew it. There's someone else watching these feeds. They need the network. They just do want anyone else to.

ALEC

Can they see us?

LUKE

Nope.

ALEC

Good. Find out what else they're doing.

Luke is giddy. His fingers flying.

LUKE

Dix is gonna be so mad...

Alec pulls up a chair in front of a console.

ALEC

Let's see what Seattle is saying.

He clicks a switch and the first streams of radio chatter come through his speaker.

INT. HARBOR LIGHTS, ER - NIGHT

Jed walks past a HARRIED SECURITY GUARD who is trying to talk down an angry old LADY. The ER is packed to the brim, PATIENTS overspilling into the corridors.

A few COPS talk in the corner with another security guard and doctor.

Some patients eye this suspiciously.

People are coughing and spluttering with chronic flu-like symptoms. Jed studies the area as he walks past--

Timmy and his mother at the information counter. Her nose and eyes are red, there is a tissue in her hand. Timmy doesn't look too bad yet.

MOTHER

Why can't you tell me what's wrong with my husband? Where is he?

The flustered NURSE is dealing with 101 things at once: patient files, demanding patients and relatives, doctors and other nurses yelling out patient file requests. It's panic stations.

MOTHER

Nurse!

The nurse finally snaps to attention.

NURSE

I'm sorry. I can't help you. Please wait with the others.

She races off to the back rooms.

The mother takes Timmy to the corner of the room and sits on the edge of a table, one of the few spaces left to sit.

In the corridor, out of her sight... ORDERLIES wheel out a BODY IN A BODY BAG.

INT. ARMY CAMP - NIGHT

Dozens of trucks scream off carrying rows of black-clad soldiers.

McKinley watches with smug anticipation.

Enright charges out of a tent.

ENRIGHT

What the hell is going on?

MCKINLEY

I think it's fairly obvious.

ENRIGHT

Don't give me that bullshit. We're in the middle of a communications black-out and you're trying to send offensive military troops into a heavily populated urban area. We have no means of warning or containing the populace, not to mention you can't possibly have accurate intel on the Transgenics and their movements. I don't care if you're the goddamn President of the United States, you do not have the authority to risk good men, women and children--

MCKINLEY

You listen to me General. As far as you're concerned I'm God. You're only role in this is to do what I say when I say it. If you're too afraid to deal with what needs to be done, I'm sure the same people who gave me the power to make these decisions will be more than happy to decide your replacement.

Enright and McKinley lock battle with their eyes. Enright is the one that regroups, but does not surrender.

ENRIGHT

What would you like me to do?

MCKINLEY

We'll tell you. When the time is right. In the meantime, ready your birds.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Alec enters the lab. Max and Shankar are talking. Dix and the other volunteers continue at their consoles.

Max notices Alec first. She tries to keep things light.

MAX

Look who's back in the land of the living.

Alec doesn't rise to the occasion.

ALEC

Uh Dix. Luke could use some help.

Dix is confused for a moment and looks between Max and Alec, finally nodding when he sees the seriousness of Alec's expression. The other volunteers aren't dumb either and quickly follow him out.

MAX

Alec? You're quiet. This is never a good sign.

Alec ignores her.

ALEC

So Doc, any new revelations on this virus thing?

SHANKAR

Yes, actually. I was about to start filling Max in.

ALEC

Any ETA on a cure?

SHANKAR

I have some theories. I'd obviously like to test them, especially with samples of human blood...

She realises what Alec's demeanor could mean.

MAX

What is it?

ALEC

We've got reports... people are flooding hospitals and clinics. We've got at least one confirmed death of unknown causes. Could be nothing, but...

SHANKAR

I need to be there.

She looks frantically around at the data.

ALEC

We'll make it happen.

He nods at her before moving away. Max grabs his arm and lowers her voice into a whisper. Shankar can't hear them.

MAX

What's really going on?

ALEC

Some kind of military force is moving into the city. I'm sorry, Max. The humans are on their own with this plague. War's coming to our doorstep.

Max looks at the doctor.

MAX

You're wrong. There's one more thing we can do.

INT. COMMAND - NIGHT

Max is determined. Alec and Shankar trail behind her. The rest of command know something is up.

Alec joins Mole.

MAX

Is he there?

DIX

Yep.

LOGAN

I'm here Max.

MAX

A'right. You've received Doctor Shankar's results.

LOGAN

Yes. But I'm really sure what I'm looking at.

MAX

Well we'd better get you sure, because... if we don't make it, Eyes Only might be the world's last chance to get the word out.

He stares at her, concern and fear for her almost tangible.

MAX (cont'd)

Logan. Can you do this?

She's saying something unspoken. It takes him a moment to recover his senses.

LOGAN

I'm still trying to get through this encryption, but once I get a

(MORE)

LOGAN (cont'd)
lock on a satellite, I can
transmit the data to every news
station, press office, newspaper,
site portal and corner cafe
around the world.

Luke puts his hand up.

LUKE
But--

Alec moves forward as he takes over.

ALEC
Let us worry about cutting
through the network. You just get
that broadcast ready.

Luke gives Alec a skew look. Max notices and gives him her own. She makes him a silent promise of "later". But for the moment, the task at hand takes precedence.

MAX
Doc, tell him everything you told
me.

Shankar moves to stand in front of the monitor, very aware of all eyes on her.

SHANKAR
The virus has two stages of
attack. The first can be quite
debilitating, as Alec found out
first-hand when he was dosed with
a stronger strain. But it's aim
is not to cripple.

She looks at Dix.

SHANKAR (cont'd)
Can you show them the...

Images of antibodies appear on the screen.

They change as Shankar runs through each.

SHANKAR (cont'd)
Okay, these are antibodies,
specifically the antibodies that
are triggered in response to this
virus.

ALEC
Does anyone think that kinda
looks like...

MAX

Sandeman's symbol. A cadesus. One hell of a coincidence.

ALEC

Or one hell of a long thought-out plan.

SHANKAR

The words Mad Genius come to mind. I can't fathom how or why anyone would want to do what I'm seeing.

LOGAN

Familiars are bent on covering the world in a plague. We've learned that much about them.

The slide changes.

SHANKAR

This is my blood. See this string here... The first phase of the virus looks for something in the DNA and somehow splices this protein marker to the antibody. The second phase bonds to that protein marker and then takes out the immune system and lets the first phase finish the job.

She motions at Dix. The Screen changes - this time showing two anti-bodies.

SHANKAR

These belong to Alec and Max. They are identical and free of any markers.

MAX

We're bred to have universal blood and antibodies.

SHANKAR

Yes, but Alec didn't have these anti-bodies before. I think they were counting on the virus killing you before your Transgenic immunity could adapt. I took two more samples from unaffected Transgenics.

The screen changes to an animated time-lapse of blood.

SHANKAR (cont'd)

The strain they dosed you with forces the protein marker to form.

ALEC

Great. A new weapon against us.

SHANKAR

Not quite. Your higher body temperatures poses the greatest risk because you burn up too quickly, but your immunity starts dissolving that protein marker as soon as it tries to bond. If you can keep your core temperature down, this virus, even weaponised will have virtually no effect on the average Trangenic.

MAX

Great for us. What about the humans?

SHANKAR

I have an idea... but I need to run more tests on human samples of blood.

Logan coughs.

LOGAN

Do you have any idea about the incubation period?

SHANKAR

Not exact figures, but I think once bonded the virus will run through the system quickly. The best I can tell you is that in my previous tests, two out of every three patients had the protein marker.

LOGAN

That many...

He looks like his lunch swallowed him.

MAX

Why would they save a third of the population? They want everyone dead.

ALEC

Breeding. White's wife was a run-of-the-mill Ordinary. A

(MORE)

ALEC (cont'd)
smaller population will be much
easier to control.

MAX
God, I just don't care about
their insanity. What can we do
about it? Can we stop the second
phase?

SHANKAR
I don't know. I can't even tell
you how it will spread. It could
be in water, tainted food,
airborne... But I'm fairly
certain Transgenic antibodies
hold the key to the cure. But I
don't think it's possible to
artificially manufacture them in
the time-frames we're looking at.
You will have to be the delivery
system.

ALEC
How? Only two of us have been
infected, and we don't have the
time or the people to trade
bodily fluids with eight billion
people.

MAX
Nice.

SHANKAR
Like I said, I need to run more--

Logan starts coughing, growing in intensity. His attempts
to breathe get harder with each gasp.

MAX
Logan? Logan!

Logan falls off screen, the image cutting off.

Max stares dumbly at nothing.

ALEC
Go. Both of you. Go.

He waves over a team of X5s. They move in formation to
escort Max and Shankar swiftly from the building.

Alec and the rest of the Transgenics in the room watch
them go in subdued silence.

After they've left, Mole pipes up from behind Luke.

MOLE

Alec, you'd better take a look at this.

INT. SEATTLE, STREETS - NIGHT

A QUARTET of young friends wander around the streets, doing nothing much but still having a whale of a time.

A truck carrying a number of the Black Army moves down the street.

The friends show only a cursory interest in the truck - it's nothing new to them - and continue on their merry way.

The truck screeches to a halt.

Black Army agents armed to the teeth with assault rifles, jump off and charge the friends.

They yell and scream questions as the agents herd them and start pushing them forward.

More trucks arrive.

Agent knock on doors--

Pull people out of their houses--

Push them along--

INT. SPORTS STADIUM - NIGHT

Rabbles of confused people - some in pajamas, others dressed to the nines - are pushed into the sports field by agents of the Black Army.

More than a few people show signs of illness.

Some are resisting, trying pathetically to push back or escape.

LADY

You can't do this! We have rights! I demand to speak to someone in charge. What the hell do you think you are--

A single GUNSHOT to the head silences her.

Everyone around her stills.

The agents point their guns into the crowd.

The crowd quickly moves into the centre of the stadium. It's beginning to fill up.

A handful of ATHLETIC, ATTRACTIVE YOUTHS, all wearing hoods that are pulled up to cover their necks, move in with the crowds.

Their eyes are watchful. Waiting.

It starts to rain.

INT. COMMAND - NIGHT

Alec watches the screens, making a decision.

MOLE
What the hell are they doing?

ALEC
End game.

He looks around until he spots a spare body.

ALEC (cont'd)
Find Joshua. Give the order.

Mole is surprised.

MOLE
Is it really that bad?

ALEC
It's about to get worse.

INT. SANDEMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A flash of lightening lights the dark interior of the house.

Max fearfully enters. Her hands are gloved, her body hidden in black. The skin that shows is her neck and face.

Shankar trails behind her. There's no sign of their escort.

MAX
Logan?

She moves further into the room.

His computer and screens still shed light in their corner. The keyboard is lying on the floor.

No sign of anything else on the floor in the area.

Max turns her head toward the stairs, afraid.

The house is ominously silent so that individual drips of rain sound race like a heart-beat.

Max gracefully steps onto the stairs. Her very movements are careful, as though footfall will disturb the illusion of peace.

She reaches the landing at the top.

Her breath is heavy.

She stares at the door ahead of her.

Forcing herself to breathe, she moves toward the door.

Takes the handle.

Turns it.

The door opens.

INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Light filters into the room past her silhouette, framed in the doorway.

There is movement beneath the covers.

Max rushes to the bed.

MAX

Logan!

He looks like death at dinner. Pale and weak.

She takes his hand in her glove.

He is groggy and doesn't seem to recognise anyone is there.

She desperately looks around for Shankar, who now stands in the doorway, with her doctor's bag held forlornly in front of her.

MAX (cont'd)

Help him!

Shankar moves to comply, but there is a hopelessness in her movements. She doesn't like what she is seeing.

Shankar pulls on some medical gloves and sets about reading his vitals and getting a blood sample.

Logan has finally realised he is not alone. He reaches out to touch her. She scoots back, so that he is left clutching air. She places her other gloved hand in his empty grasp.

LOGAN

You came.

MAX

Of course I did.

LOGAN

It came so fast. I thought we had more time.

MAX

Shoosh. Don't talk that way. We have time. We still have time.

LOGAN

I couldn't stop dreaming. Even when it was real, I was always dreaming.

Max doesn't know what he means. She looks to Shankar, who schools her face to show nothing.

LOGAN (cont'd)

I'm so sorry. I wanted to be there for you. At the end.

MAX

Logan, please--

LOGAN

I wanted... needed to be your hero. But I'm just a man.

MAX

You don't have to be more. You're enough. You're a hero.

It doesn't seem like he can even hear her. He mumbles incoherently.

Shankar takes takes a drop of his blood and places it in a vial of reagent. She stirs it with a swab. The reagent changes colour.

Max sees her look of bitter disappointment. She knows what it means, and makes her decision.

She stands up, not letting go of his hand.

MAX (cont'd)

We need to get him back to Terminal City.

Shankar does nothing.

Max carefully places Logan's hands on his chest, moves his covers down--

Moves them back up.

Twisting about, she heads toward his bureau and starts opening and closing his drawers.

MAX (cont'd)

I can't find a bag. He's so organised. He has a bag. I know he does.

Her eyes drift off. She snaps them back as she does her will. She moves over to Logan and sits beside him on the bed, smoothing out his covers.

MAX (cont'd)

That's okay. We don't need to take anything. Just him. We can transfuse him. That'll keep him safe from Terminal City's toxins until he gets better.

(growing suddenly angry)

Why aren't you doing anything?

SHANKAR

I'm sorry Max.

MAX

Don't be sorry. You don't get to be sorry. We have the cure. You said it yourself. All we need to do is give it to him. Why can't you just give it to him?

SHANKAR

If we had more time--

MAX

We have time! We'll call Alec, he's already cured. We won't have to wait...

Max reaches up to touch her ear. There is no earpiece.

MAX (cont'd)

(rambling to herself)

I forgot it. How stupid.

She reaches into her pocket for a cellphone. She starts to dial.

Shankar places her hand over the keypad to stop her.

SHANKAR

Alec can't help him now.

Max's eyes are dry but her voice is feeling her tears.

MAX

Yes he can. Alec is--

SHANKAR

Now a carrier of the same retrovirus that's targeted to Logan's DNA that you are. We have the cure Max. But not for him.

MAX

(meek)

No.

(lion)

No! This isn't how this story ends. I'm meant to save the frikkin' world, so I can sure as hell save him. We can infect another Transgenic with the same virus Logan has, once their antibodies--

SHANKAR

I'm sorry. There's no time.

Max grips his hand like it's a lifeline.

MAX

He has time! He has time. No!

She pulls back as she feels Logan's bare hand on the skin of her face.

MAX

No no no no no.

She's becoming quite frantic.

He grabs hand and pulls her beside him, at peace. He tugs at her gloves. She removes them.

Shankar leaves the room. There is nothing more she can do.

Logan strokes Max's hair and face.

LOGAN

It's okay. It's okay. I'd rather it was this way. A touch before dying...

MAX

No Logan. Don't go.

He smiles at her, and tries to pull her face down to meet his. He lacks the strength. She meets him half-way.

A chaste kiss is all they have time for.

She holds her forehead against his, tears flowing freely now.

LOGAN
I never stopped loving you.

MAX
I...

She takes his head in her hands, trying to find the way to convey what she feels.

MAX (cont'd)
I...

His eyes wait for her.

She runs her hands down his face.

His eyes simply stare.

She's alone.

He's gone. Taken quickly.

Max does not sob, does not rant, nor rail. She lies across his chest. Her tears drying, her eyes staring.

The storm is coming.

INT. TERMINAL CITY, ARMOURY - NIGHT

Transgenics with body armour and weapons leave the armoury as Alec enters. Many wear HEADSETS rather than invisible ear-pieces.

He sets about strapping on his own body armour and equipping himself with ever kind of weapon he can comfortably hide and carry.

Mole finds him there. Mole ignores the body armour and instead decides to jam ammunition and other paraphernalia into the folds of his large coat.

MOLE
I see Joshua and crew made it off all right.

ALEC
Yeah. With any luck, they'll be out of the city limits by morning.

Mole pauses in his early Christmas shopping.

MOLE
You think this'll work?

ALEC
Sure. Once they reach my contact,
he'll truck 'em off to the farm.
I don't think anyone'll look to
closely at it.

MOLE
No, I meant this fool plan where
you stay behind and get yourself
killed.

Alec gives him a self-assured grin.

ALEC
Part cat, remember. That gives me
at least four point five lives to
torture the world with.

MOLE
If you wanted to keep those
lives, maybe you shouldn't have
told everyone they could go with
Joshua if they liked.

Alec stares at a gun in his hands.

ALEC
I can't order people to die for
something they don't believe in.

MOLE
Max is going to skin your ass for
emptying her city. Ooh. Grenades.

He jams a few into his pockets.

Alec finished up. Armed and dangerous.

Mole is also now satisfied he's fully stocked with
happiness and sunshine.

MOLE (cont'd)
Well. Time for you to rouse the
feeble rabble of volunteers that
stayed behind.

They both head out of the armoury--

EXT. MAIN SQUARE - NIGHT

They are on the second floor of a building overlooking the
main square, now filled to the edges with armed late teen
and adult TRANSGENICS of every type and gender.

Alec stares at their numbers in open surprise.

Even Mole's cigar has joined in on his smile.

MOLE (cont'd)
 Guess they thought stickin'
 around was worth dying after all.

ALEC
 Thought you didn't go for that
 sentimental crap.

MOLE
 I don't. I just like to blow shit
 up.

Alec takes a moment to be thankful for the army in front
 of him.

ALEC
 Max would love to see this. She'd
 even have a touching speech.

MOLE
 Then you'd better come up with
 one.

ALEC
 I'm not a leader. I'm just the
 schemer.

MOLE
 (with a shrug)
 Well in that case...

He steps up the the edge of the balcony. He puffs and
 preens for a moment to get their attention. He's deadly
 serious... there's the sense he will say something
 life-changing.

MOLE
 You're good soldiers. Don't die.

He moves away from the balcony and rejoins Alec.

ALEC
 That's it? Don't die?

Mole waves over the crowd.

MOLE
 Then why don't you give it a
 shot, wise-ass?

Alec is backed into a corner with that one.

He takes the plate. This is not his usual schtick. He
 thinks hard about what he has to say. This may actually
 count for something.

ALEC

I know I'm not the one who's supposed to be standing here. It's meant to be a General or some other nameless face that decides our fate.

(pause)

Maybe that's okay. No one's ordering us anymore. But you're still here. Choosing. Us. We. You. You choose. And this is our choice. To be... better. To create a nation, not of warrior's or assassins or mutants, but of soldiers. Soldiers forged of hate and of pain, but fighting for hope. Hoping for peace. We don't need a vote to tell us who we are.

(less seriously)

We're all heroes. Now let's save the world.

The crowd are pretty damn proud of themselves. Some of them, mostly the non-human variety whoop and holler.

The X5s hold their rifles to their chest. This is their answer.

Alec dons a self-satisfied smile as he turns away, ready to join the army as they filter out of the square.

MOLE

And where do you think you're going?

ALEC

Kick ass. Save booty. Blah blah.

Mole puts an apologetic hand on Alec's shoulder and sighs.

MOLE

You know, the world is tough and you are not going anywhere.

ALEC

You my mother?

Mole steps away.

MOLE

Nope. But you're our designated leader, chump. It's your job to get us out of this mess. Have fun.

He skips off with a two-fingered salute.

ALEC
(to himself)
Chicken.

Dejected, he moves away in the opposite direction.

INT. SEWERS - NIGHT

Joshua leads another miniature army of KIDS between the ages of 7 and 16, and a various assortment of MOTHERS with BABIES slung to them, and non-combatitive MUTANTS, through the sewers.

They are all disciplined in silence.

Joshua seems to know exactly where he is going. He and another kid, DALTON, often pause and look out for the others.

Through the sloshing of the water, Joshua picks up a noise. He holds up a hand for people to stop. Dalton silently signals the message back through the tunnels.

Joshua creeps ahead quietly until he comes to a tunnel junction.

INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION

At the far end of the tunnel, lights from torches swing this way and that.

Joshua can see the silhouette of soldiers. The Black Army.

Joshua backs away silently.

SEWERS

As he nears his group, he's already motioning them to turn back.

LIGHTS come from another tunnel, perpendicular to the way they are heading.

Dalton gestures at LADDER leading to the surface.

In silent agreement, the Transgenics start CLIMBING. Swiftly. Some simply LEAP UP through the man-hole.

Joshua is officially freaking out.

He taps the comms device in his ear as waits.

JOSHUA
 (whisper)
 Command?
 (listens)
 Alec. Things are FUBAR. Tunnels
 full of soldiers. Going up.
 (pauses)
 Uh wait.

He moves to the ladder. A CAT LADY lets him go in front of her. He climbs up.

EXT. HARBOR LIGHTS HOSPITAL, PARKING LOT

Joshua faces the hospital. The Transgenics pool in the shadows, a stream of them still exiting the man-hole.

JOSHUA
 Alec. I've been here before. I
 was under a sheet.
 (pause)
 No. We won't scare anyone.

SEWERS

Dalton impatiently watches the lights come closer as his fellow Transgenics bound and climb up the stairs. There aren't many more to go.

The first AGENT of the Black Army rounds the corner.

Dalton holds his hands up in placation.

DALTON
 Hi. Sorry. We're just looking for
 a--

The agent raises his weapon.

Dalton dodges as the first bullet impacts the wall where he stood.

JOSHUA (O.S)
 Dalton!

Dalton looks up--

Joshua peers down.

Dalton leaps--

EXT. PARKING LOT

Joshua catches him and pulls him up as more bullets start bouncing off the walls.

Joshua slams the man-hole closed.

A half a dozen more Transhumans CARRY A 4-BY-4 and dump it on top of the cover.

It doesn't stop the Black Army from opening the mah-hole cover and pushing up against the car.

The Transgenics startle as they see the 4-by-4 move upward.

The agent below isn't strong enough to move it himself, and there's no room for another, but he begins to punch his way through the underbelly of the car.

It's apparent this man isn't a regular Joe.

JOSHUA

Familiars.

He looks at his team. Not many are strong enough to take on a Familiar, many of them are holding infants. The rest of the kids watch Joshua with uncertainty.

Joshua looks at the lights ahead.

INT. HARBOR LIGHTS, ER

Timmy leans weakly into his mother. She is dazed.

Falls unconscious.

The ER is muted. The frenzy has died. There is now a sense of resigned fear.

More covered bodies line the halls.

The people that aren't too badly affected turn toward the back rooms as the sound of BEEPING becomes a FLAT STEADY TONE.

No one is watching the door as--

The rush of Transgenics charge through, seeming like demons and monsters.

People SCREAM and try to RUN, CRAWL and HIDE in the face of the terror in their midst.

The cops in the room prepare to take fire. They are quickly disarmed by--

JED and his crew.

They take the weapons and redistribute them amongst the Transgenics.

The kids and mothers scatter themselves around the room, safely away from windows and doors.

Timmy grips his unmoving mother.

Joshua runs past him.

JOSHUA

We're not here to hurt you.
Please. Stay calm.

DALTON

We need to barricade the doors.
(to Jed)
Snakes. Coming in fast.

Older Transgenics move toward the door, while Jed orders the rest to other parts of the hospital.

The Security Guard moves to stop them.

A scary Transgenic growls at him and he immediately backs down, placing his weapon the floor. The guard moves to join the other people.

The Transgenics sealing and start barricading the door.

NURSE

Oh God. Please we have nothing.
Just let us be.

JOSHUA

You won't get hurt.

JED

(beneath his breath)
Least not by us.

NURSE

People are dying.

Joshua looks around, really noticing the illness and weakness of the people in the hospital.

The Transgenic kids and mothers - the ones that aren't actively involved in beefing up the defences - also take in the sight.

JOSHUA

We want to help.

The nurse can't tell if he's being truthful or not.

She seems some of the Transgenic mothers comforting their young, and makes a leap of faith.

NURSE

We need more beds in here. To make people comfortable.

JOSHUA

Show me where.

The nurse turns. A parade of Transgenics follow.

INT. COMMAND - NIGHT

Alec leans onto the table. Dix and Luke are with him.

ALEC

Damnit. How many teams are in position now?

DIX

Just three more to check in.

MOLE

(filtered)

Make that two. Eagle thirteen in position.

EXT. STREET

Mole leans against a non-descript wall with a few more mixed Transgenics.

His rifle is ready and waiting.

He is more casual.

MOLE

So, about this no-kill order...

The others with him wait expectantly.

INT. COMMAND

Alec doesn't blink.

ALEC

Don't die.

EXT. STREET

This is the answer they wanted.

MOLE

Not such a bad speed after all.

INT. COMMAND

Alec turns to Luke.

ALEC

Start the countdown.

EXT. SANDEMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The rain has stopped, but the streets are slick and lit by street lights.

Max exits the house, completely composed but isolated and distant.

Shankar trails behind and gently shuts the door behind them.

They walk down the walkway and onto the street.

WHITE (O.S.)

Well, well. Four Fifty Two.

White is flanked by a few cronies of the Black Army. He too is dressed in black, but it's a designer suit - the type you might find at a funeral.

WHITE

Imagine the odds of meeting you here... in my old childhood home. It must be fate.

Max isn't taking the bait. Not tonight.

The Black Army raise their weapons. White holds up a hand.

WHITE

Put your weapons down. She's mine.

The Black Army comply, though one holds back and TALKS INTO AN EARPIECE.

White sees Shankar with her doctor's case.

WHITE (cont'd)

Take her.

Max positions herself in front of the doctor, and readies herself for battle.

White casually stretches.

WHITE (cont'd)
Seems almost too easy.

Max gives a creepy smile.

Something that sounds like THUNDER grows loader and closer--

FIVE MOTORBIKES SOAR over the crest of the hill, surrounding the scene.

One skids directly in front of Shankar, behind Max.

MAX
Get her out of here!

The Biker takes it to heart, and pulls Shankar onto the bike in front of him. She clutches her doctor's bag as the--

BIKE SPEEDS OFF

Leaving Max surrounded by her bikers in black.

The two sides - gods among mortals - square off.

MAX
No more games.

WHITE
No more chances.

The two charge.

INT. COMMAND - NIGHT

Red dots move across a computer-generated map of Seattle.

DIX
All teams in position.

Alec watches the red dots before leaning down toward the mike.

ALEC
All teams wait for my mark.
(to Luke)
Blind them.

Luke and Dix smile and set to work, frantically typing at their keyboards.

INT. FAMILIAR HQ - NIGHT

The emotionless drones sitting behind the endless rows of screens start to react one by one to the loss of information on their consoles.

One hesitantly raises his hand.

FAMILIAR TECH #1

Sir?

FAMILIAR ASSISTANT #1

What is it?

FAMILIAR TECH #1

We've lost the feeds.

FAMILIAR ASSISTANT #2

What!?

FAMILIAR TECH #2

They're gone. The feeds, the communications. We're locked out.

FAMILIAR ASSISTANT #1

Impossible.

FAMILIAR ASSISTANT #2

What about our other bases?

FAMILIAR TECH #1

Short-wave communication only. We can't order-

FAMILIAR ASSISTANT #1

Get McKinley.

INT. COMMAND - NIGHT

Luke and Dix are very pleased with themselves.

LUKE

They're crippled.

ALEC

Good. Teams. You are a'go.

INT. SPORTS STADIUM - NIGHT

The crowds stand and huddle as far away from the Black Army as they can squeeze.

The Black Army has them completely surrounded and merely watches impassively at the coughing, collapsed and cold masses.

Hooded figures meander closer and closer to the Black Army.

One gets a little too close. The familiar kicks the figure away.

FAMILIAR FIGHTER

Get away filth.

It's the cue.

Figures all across the stadium THROW OFF THEIR HOODS--

Weapons revealed from hidden stashes - guns, knives, cattleprods, tasers, kitchen sinks - they begin their attack on the hostile Black Army - disarming and disabling all weapons their first objective.

The masses begin to notice the furor and start to stand to attention.

They see the blurring speed of the X5s taking on what appears to be a more formidable opponent. Many know what this means.

YOUTH

Transgenics. They're Trannies!

Everyone ignores the cries. They are too busy using the distraction to escape the stadium through every exit they are able.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mole stands in the open at the top of a hill, coat puffed around him like he's a green superhero. He chomps his cigar like it's his spinach.

MOLE

Hey.

A unit of the Black Army pause in their patrol - escorting humans by gunpoint. From their perspective he is just a silhouette.

They move forward.

Too late.

The rest of Mole's crew sneak up from behind, braining a few Familiars and pulling the humans to safety. The shots fired hit nothing but air.

Now they can see Mole for what he really is.

He holds a grenade.

The pin is long gone.

The Familiars see this, right before Mole tosses it amongst them.

Cooly, Mole steps off the street and behind the shelter of the wall before--

BOOM

His crew join him from the other direction - having circled the building.

MOLE (cont'd)
It's the simple pleasures in
life--

GUNSHOTS ring out from another direction. The crew instinctively duck and cover, running out of harm's way.

MOLE (cont'd)
Oh crap.

EXT. SANDEMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Max's fist connects with White's face.

He barely recoils. Smiles.

She whips around, kicking him in the head.

The other Transgenics are using their motorbikes as weapons. The quartet spin, twist and ring circles around their Familiar counterparts. The bikes are both shields from their weapons and battering rams. Every advantage counts.

Max batters at White in a swift and complex series of kicks, twists and turns.

White laughs it off.

WHITE
Having one of those days, Four
Fifty Two?

He grabs her flying fist.

WHITE (cont'd)
It's about to get worse.

He gives her a massive shove backward, punching her with her own fist.

Not letting go of her, he pulls her pack and bitch-slaps her with his other hand, punctuating each slap with his a word.

WHITE (cont'd)
Now. Where. Is. My. Son.

MAX
Say please.

White loses it, and really starts to pummel her.

EXT. HARBOR LIGHTS - NIGHT

The motorbike speeds through the parking lot, crashing through the row of Black Army Familiars that are beginning to get organised outside of the hospital.

The 4-by-4 is a smoldering wreck on one side of the parking lot.

The bike screeches to a halt right outside the doors of the ER.

INT. HARBOR LIGHTS

Dalton and Jed quickly close the doors and right the barricade as Shankar and the biker run in.

She sees the dire situation.

Transgenics are helping humans into beds right in the waiting area.

The kiddie Transgenics have formed a protective perimeter around the patients, holding hand guns and watching the doors and windows.

Other Transgenics help carry dead bodies out into the backrooms.

Shankar sees the nurse and hurries toward her.

SHANKAR
I need you to page Doctor
Caldicot and Thompson and have
them meet me in their lab.

NURSE
I can't. They're trying to save-

Shankar leans forward and keeps her voice low, trying not to panic the populace.

SHANKAR
If they don't help me, everyone
in this room is going to die.

That scares the nurse. She reaches for the phone.

Shankar looks around and sees Joshua. She approaches him.

SHANKAR (cont'd)

Joshua. I need a volunteer who hasn't been affected by this or any other Manticore-created virus.

JOSHUA

Joshua. Joshua the first.

Shankar smiles, sobering as she once more looks at the people growing ill.

Joshua follows her look.

JOSHUA (cont'd)

Max will kill this virus bitch. Save the world.

SHANKAR

I hope so.

EXT. SANDEMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Max is on the ground, getting the stuffing kicked out of her by White.

WHITE

I want my son, bitch.

Max tries to ineffectually stave off his kicks. She's only partially successful.

MAX

Well. I want a candy bar.

White's anger is beyond explosive now. He grabs her by the hair and starts dragging her behind him.

WHITE

I know you freaks feel pain, a fact I will use to my full advantage, believe me. But you will never know the pain of real loss. Of losing the only person that matters.

Each word hits Max like a hammer, penetrating the numb. The fire in her belly is growing.

White is pulled to a complete halt. He yanks pointlessly.

Max doesn't appear to be doing anything particularly special, but she has forced him to stop.

She reaches up and takes his hand, forcing his fingers open.

He doesn't feel pain, but there is confusion and worry when one his fingers makes an audible CRACK.

She uses him to pull herself up - a vengeful angel.

He makes a swing-

She blocks it.

He kicks-

She grabs his leg and locks him in position - his balance teetering.

He swipes at her repeatedly.

She seems to have no difficulty dodging, despite their proximity.

Max seems curious by the turn of events. She openly stares at his frustration before--

She pushes his leg and chest at the same time.

He goes careening head over heels.

Getting back to his feet, no less determined, he is met by fists of intense fury. Her moves are too fast for him to counter or block.

She get some powerful blows to his head-

His chest

His legs

Blood appears on his lips and below his eye. He's never been so unpretty.

She relentlessly drives him to the ground, unforgiving.

He lies on the ground, a defeated man. His jacket lies open. A photograph sticks out of the inner pocket.

He tries to stop Max from leaning down and taking it.

It's of White and a YOUNG BOY. Max studies it.

MAX

(offhand)

I don't know where he is. I never really did.

She focuses a cutting glare at him.

MAX (cont'd)

The only man who could have given
you that answer died tonight...
because of your magnificent
virus. Do you taste the pain now?

He swallows hard. Eyes darting between her black eyes and
the photo.

She tosses it at him.

MAX (cont'd)

Get out of my sight. I see you
again, I promise you'll feel my
pain.

He gets to his feet. All bravado.

Looking around, he sees that all his Black Army Familiars
are down, presumed dead from his point of view.

The rest of the Transgenics are off of their bikes and are
steadily walking toward Max from behind her.

He's completely alone, with no other choice. He backs
away.

Max doesn't bother to watch him go. She turns back toward
the house - one last look.

TRANSGENIC

Ma'am. There are more of them on
the way.

MAX

Let 'em come.

EXT. ARMY CAMP - NIGHT

McKinley marches through the camp into the main tent. It's
still abuzz with soldiers attempting to gain control over
their systems.

MCKINLEY

It's time to make your choice
General. Transgenics are
attacking the city.

Enright looks at his lieutenant, sitting at a desk with
headphones on.

LIEUTENANT SMITH

We are getting reports of people
being attacked in the city.

It's not the answer Enright would have liked.

ENRIGHT

Ready the birds. Tell them to wait for me.

MCKINLEY

I'll be coming too.

Another answer Enright was not expecting and isn't particularly happy with.

MCKINLEY (cont'd)

Terminal City dies tonight.

INT. COMMAND - NIGHT

Alec is now at a console, also typing up a storm.

ALEC

Unit 13, watch your flank. Targets are feinting. Unit 2, civvies are to your left being pursued by unfriendlies.

DIX

Alec!

Luke and Dix stare at him with twin faces of fear.

LUKE

We've got incoming.

DIX

War-birds. Heavily armed and hot.

Alec takes a moment to look around the control room at the people in his command.

He flicks a switch and begins to speak, his voice resonating across the room, and presumably the city.

ALEC

Ladies and Gentleman. This is the last time I'll be speaking as your captain. Please make an orderly move to the exits and then vamoose out of Dodge.

Luke and Dix move immediately. Grabbing two hacked-together laptops and plugging them into the mish-mash of a network.

Alec starts slinging his weapons back on while flicking through the monitors.

ALEC (cont'd)
Unit leaders. You've done good,
now your first priority is to get
your wounded out of the city.
Freaks. Dawn is coming with the
human cavalry. Don't get caught
in the Shoot First Oops Later
crossfire. TC is toast. Dix and
Luke have the coords for the
secondary base.

DIX
What about--

ALEC
Max? Yeah, she can kill me later.
Provided there is one.

DIX
No, I meant, where you going?

Alec looks at the screen. Red dots all seem to be
converging in one spot.

ALEC
Same place the bad guys are.

Luke unplugs his laptop first. Dix waits for Alec.

ALEC
Burning cover fellas. We're not
going to have much of a secondary
base if you don't get it ready
for me.

This spurs Dix into action. He grabs his laptop and
hurries off with Dix, leaving Alec alone in the room.

Giving the place a final look, Alec keys in a final
sequence on the console.

A LOUD ALARM, like a storm warning sounds. All the screens
die.

Alec runs down the stairs.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Max speedily navigates the twists and turns of Seattle on
a motor-bike. Three other bikes follow her, one doubled up
with two.

They pass an intersection-

GUNFIRE

They kept their heads low but keep going.

Another street-

MORE FIRE

They get through it.

Max slows down to match the speed of the doubled-up bike. They don't stop moving. The passenger is wearing a headset rather than an ear-piece.

MAX
(to passenger)
Comms.

The passenger hands over the headset.

Max, one-handely pulls it onto her head. She taps it.

MAX (cont'd)
Alec!

EXT. TERMINAL CITY - NIGHT

Alec lifts himself out of a manhole. His assault rifle is slung across his chest.

He taps his earpiece.

ALEC
Paddle Creek's Toilet and
Outhouse Emporium. How may I
direct your call?

INTERCUT COMMUNICATION - MAX AND ALEC

MAX
Can the crap Alec, we're getting
hammered out here. They're
closing down the city.

ALEC
You near Harbor Lights?

MAX
Not far.

ALEC
Then motor it. They've got a few
nasty surprises incoming. I'll
meet you there.

Alec uncovers a hidden motorcycle from beneath a tarp.

MAX
You're on your way? Why?

ALEC

It doesn't matter anymore. They
need you.

Alec looks to the sky. Something glints in the sky. Two heavily-armed, almost-silent helicopters glide towards Terminal City.

INT. FIRST HELICOPTER - NIGHT

McKinley sits in the cockpit besides the pilot. He clenches his fists on his lap.

In the back, a half-dozen soldiers (normal military) watch the city out of the window.

The second helicopter flies alongside.

INT. SECOND HELICOPTER

Enright is more sombre beside the pilot. He looks at the empty streets below.

This helicopter is also full.

PILOT #1

We have a lock on Terminal City.
What are your orders?

Enright stares at the target in question. Deliberating.

FIRST HELICOPTER

McKinley has no such doubts.

MCKINLEY

Fire.

The pilot glances out the window at his counterpart.

McKinley's anger wins through.

MCKINLEY (cont'd)

Don't look at him. I'm the
closest you'll get to the
President. My orders are his
orders. Now fire. Damn you. Fire!

The pilot squeezes the trigger.

EXT. TERMINAL CITY - NIGHT

Alec sits astride the motorbike and watches as TWIN
ROCKETS puff out from beneath the helicopter--

They fly across the sky--

IMPACT within the city-

A GIANT EXPLOSION lights up the sky.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Max sees the light in the far distance and hears the
explosion through the headset.

MAX

What the hell was that?

There is no answer. There's only silence.

MAX (cont'd)

Alec?

She looks to the others with headsets. They shake their
heads.

Putting her head down, Max tries to break the bike's speed
barrier.

INT. SECOND HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The pilot is circling over the burning epicentre.

PILOT #1

Sir. Do I fire?

Enright shakes his head.

ENRIGHT

No. I think we've done enough.
Give me laps of the city.

EXT. TERMINAL CITY - NIGHT

The two helicopters move away from the fire.

A motorcycle races through the streets below them.

EXT. HARBOR LIGHTS - NIGHT

A row of the Black Army wait silently, facing the hospital in a row, well out of small weapons range.

More of the black-clad Familiars march from two or three different directions to join the initial row.

The sound of thunder grows, echoing off the surrounding buildings.

The Familiars can't pinpoint where it's coming from--

The BIKES CHARGE FROM MULTIPLE DIRECTIONS

They SPEED THROUGH the rows and marchers, grabbing weapons, kicking, punching, and generally acting like punk kids.

The Familiars are successfully scattered and disorganised, scrambling to get their weapons in position.

The bikers speed toward Harbour Lights, zig-zagging to avoid the cascade of bullets trying to mark them.

One of the bikes takes a hit.

It wobbles--

--falls

--the rider tumbles off at it slides toward a wall

--explodes

The rider doesn't move.

Max screeches alongside the rider.

Stands the bike.

Ducks behind it to check the pulse on the biker.

The biker moans.

Knowing it doesn't look too good, Max puts her arms under the bikers arms and starts pulling toward the ER, keeping as low as possible while bullets fly over her head.

The other bikers defensively surround her, trying to keep the bull's eye on them as they yo-yo in front of her.

The passenger on the doubled-up bike hops off and helps Max carry their injured team mate.

The bullets aren't quite as close as they near the hospital.

A Familiar makes the mistake of moving forward from their previous defensive position.

BANG

A bullet in the forehead takes him down.

SECOND FLOOR

Jed sits at the window with a high-powered rifle.

He keeps his eye on the sight. Threatening to take out the first dirt-bag to come into range.

ENTRANCE

Dalton pulls open the door open as Max pulls the biker through.

The last two bikes pull up to the entrance and leave their bikes there, another barricade to get through.

INT. ER

The internal barricade is quickly reformed.

The bikers take their comrade and move further into the hospital.

Max joins Dalton.

MAX

What's the DL?

DALTON

We don't know why they're waiting-

MAX

Reinforcements. Alec said there was incoming before we lost comms.

She keeps her face neutral. Dalton tries, unsuccessfully, to do the same.

DALTON

Luckily, we've found a blocked entrance to the sewers that we're trying to re-open. Provided the Familiars haven't found it yet, we should be able to evac, but...

They arrive at the section of the ER where the beds have been set-up. The Trangenics kids are still on guard around the patients.

DALTON (cont'd)

(low)

We don't think we can move most of the people. There's over three hundred patients across the floors all in bad or worse shape.

Max really feels the weight of the world.

MAX

What about Shankar?

DALTON

She's in the lab with Joshua. That way.

He points up the corridor. Max nods.

INT. MAIN LAB - NIGHT

Shankar is leaning over a screen. The other two doctors are also frantically analysing.

She speaks to herself, running on fumes and looking it.

SHANKAR

How do you do it?

MAX (O.S.)

Do what?

Shankar turns around to see Max striding into the room.

SHANKAR

How are you able carry a virus when your blood kills whatever I throw at it?

MAX

You'd have to ask Manticore. They dreamt it up.

SHANKAR

Did they? Or is this another clue from your Sandeman? Joshua said he created you all for a purpose. Maybe he left the answers in your blood.

MAX

That's a lot of what ifs. We don't have a lot of time.

Shankar pinches her forehead.

DOCTOR THOMPSON

Doctor Shankar. The bloodwork you wanted is complete. We've also highlighted the components that are anomalous.

SHANKAR

Let's see it.

The monitor displays an animated split-screen of animated blood. Both appear diseased, the second worse than the first.

MAX

What am I looking at?

SHANKAR

Logan. Earlier and... later.

She watches Max in sympathy. Max nods for her to continue.

The screen changes, magnification increases. As it does, red highlights appear around certain cells. Two distinct types.

Shankar points at one type.

SHANKAR (cont'd)

That's the virus you carry. And that... is something else.

(turning to the other doctors)

Check this against Max's blood. The first sample.

Another animation shows up. A cluster of cells show up. The red highlight cuts out a portion of the cluster. The element is a part of something else.

All three doctors are amazed.

SHANKAR (cont'd)

Oh I think that's it.

MAX

The virus.

She seems more upset somehow.

SHANKAR

More than that. Instructions. Give me a complete breakdown!

She races off to join the doctors, leaving Max alone with the virus in her blood.

EXT. HARBOR LIGHTS - NIGHT

The lines have reformed.

Three LARGE TRUCKS arrive, each carrying a massive rail gun on it's back.

Troops disembark.

One crew carries heavy black cases.

They look at the surrounding buildings and wave at one opposite the hospital. They head off toward it.

INT. HARBOR LIGHTS

Dalton peeks through the gap and sees a gunman climb onto the first truck.

Eyes-widening, he has enough time to run away from the door--

DALTON

Down!

The walls EXPLODE around him as bullets rip through stone and mortar.

SECOND FLOOR

Jed and the other sentinels duck and cover, crawling as far away from the walls as they can.

The BULLETS PEPPER THE WALLS.

DOWNSTAIRS

Transgenic kids jump onto the patients and roll them to the floor, knocking over the beds as cover.

People scream and scurry, looking for some kind of shelter from the onslaught.

More than a few get shot. Some get hit by shrapnel.

No can move. Not even to fire back. They can only wait.

Blood and terror are still wrung out of already-exhausted bodies.

MAIN LAB

The lab is mostly sheltered from the carnage. The noises are enough.

Max makes to run toward the door.

Joshua grabs her and holds her back.

JOSHUA

Nothing you can do little fella.
Stay here. Save the world.

MAX

Joshua, I have to-

JOSHUA

Trust. Us. Your people. Stay.

The doctors scurry around.

Thompson scribbles a mathematical equation on a whiteboard.

Caldicott mixes vials according to the formula.

Shankar references the formula, pulling out chemicals and taking them to Caldicott.

Max watches them, useless.

Joshua envelops her in a hug.

EXT. HARBOR LIGHTS - NIGHT

Drivers climb into the other two trucks, gunman are ready.

The gun on the first truck is still swiss-cheesing the walls of the hospital. Spent casings falling to the ground as chains of bullets are fed to the monster.

The gunner is enjoying this.

Something hits him on the shin.

He looks down.

Sees the grenade.

He has a moment to look up and see--

MOLE

Happy Birthday Asshole.

The gun, gunner and most of the truck EXPLODES in a fireball.

The other gunners start winching their guns toward--

TRANSGENICS streaming through every alley-way, road and over every obstacle in their way to leap, lunge and run at the Black Army, creating a massive skirmish. Too close for actual gunplay.

Transgenics reach one truck before the gunner is in position to harm them with his fire. Three leap onto the back and disable the gunner, while others take out the driver.

Too late, the last gunner begins firing. Mindless of firing on his own, he attacks the second truck killing its gunner.

Some of the Transgenics are able to leap to safety, but they are now in the same predicament as the people in the hospital were. They can't move very far or high.

The gunner keeps rotating the gun toward the greater skirmish. A few Transgenics and their Black Army opponents are gunned down.

Mole ducks behind the burning carcass of the first truck. He's trying to see an opening to get to the second gunner, but the Black Army are blocking the way to their last working rail gun.

A MOTORBIKE REVS

ALEC

--unhooks his grenade belt

--pulls a pin out with his teeth

--wraps the belt around the handlebars

--deliberately swerves the bike, making it teeter onto its side

--jumps off and rolls onto the road

--the bike's momentum propels it along the road, racing toward the truck, leaving a trail of sparks as its bodywork meets tarmac

--it pushes through some of the Black Army before SLAMMING into the last truck

TOAST

Last gun officially not a problem anymore.

Mole gives a little two-fingered salute to Alec as he climbs to his feet a distance away. All smiles.

A high-pitched whistle directs their attention to--

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Five stories up, a ROCKET smokes toward Harbor Lights--

INT. HARBOR LIGHTS

Dust, smoke and fire race into the upper floors as the rocket makes impact.

Transgenic sentinels are thrown by the force.

ER

People scream at the impact. Even the Transgenics seem disturbed.

EXT. HARBOR LIGHTS - SAME

Alec and Mole share a look. They take off toward the building.

The greater skirmish continues. The Transgenics and Black Army are now equally numbered.

INT. MAIN LAB - NIGHT

The doctors are all on the floor. They are heavily shaken, but unhurt.

Dust is everywhere.

Max and Joshua get to their feet.

SHANKAR

Goddammit! We are so close.

Shankar studies the math, trying to ignore another IMPACT to the building.

SHANKAR

We're just need... a catalyst.
Something that get past the
immune system. A trojan.

DOCTOR THOMPSON

Uhm, Doctor Shankar...

DOCTOR CALDICOT

I think our bloody theoretical
protein substrate might be good
for something after all.

The doctors all share the same realisation. Hope.

INT. SECOND HELICOPTER - NIGHT

McKinley sits quietly as the helicopter circles the empty streets below. The other helicopter flies alongside. McKinley regards it with anger.

He holds his headset and listens. No one else seems to hear anything on their headsets.

McKinley taps the pilot.

MCKINLEY
Harbor Lights Hospital. The
Transgenics have killed all the
patients.

The pilot is horrified and immediately changes course.

EXT. SEATTLE - SAME

Both helicopters move together.

INT. ADJACENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Mole and Alec silently make it up the stairs.

Mole has his rifle. Alec has two guns.

They run out of stairs when they reach the top floor.

Alec looks under the door, then listens. He nods and motions forward.

Watching out for one another, they quietly open the door and move through.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - SAME

There are all the signs that the building was a former office building, long since abandoned.

They move through rows of dusty and broken desks, heading towards the side of the floor where--

Over a dozen HUGE-SIZED FAMILIARS line the window and watch the surroundings. They are relaxed despite the noises from below.

Two have large rocket launchers, another two reload them.

Mole and Alec duck behind columns, unseen.

They brace themselves--

--Step out

--Fire

Taking down five before they have to--

--Dive for cover

A hail of bullets fly over their heads as they scatter in different directions amongst the derelict debris.

INT. MAIN LAB - NIGHT

Shankar readies a syringe.

SHANKAR

Okay. I don't think we have time to run tests.

Max nods. Steps forward. Unrolls her sleeve.

Joshua holds her arm.

JOSHUA

Joshua first.

Max isn't sure.

SHANKAR

If this works, he can infect you with the anti-virus in moments.

Joshua steps toward the doctor, who swabs him before injecting him.

MAX

How will we know it worked?

SHANKAR

You're anti-bodies are quite aggressive. The virus we've created from them should be the same. There should be an improvement within minutes. From there, anyone you touch will be infected and become carriers of the cure themselves. In untested theory.

Max holds Joshua's hand.

MAX

Then let's test it.

INT. HARBOR LIGHTS, ER - NIGHT

Little Timmy is feverish and barely able to keep his eyes open.

HIS POV

A blurred dark shape moves within a bright, white kaleidoscope toward him.

He reaches up to touch a hand that is stroking his forehead.

The blurred shape starts to solidify into a person. To Jimmy, a beautiful angel that he tries to reach for.

Max smiles widely.

MAX

You're going to be okay.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Alec crouches behind a desk and quickly and quietly loads another clip into one of his guns.

He checks the clip of his other gun. Not many left. It gives him pause.

There is another small explosion and the sound of that high-pitched whistle.

That decides it for him.

He crouches low and keeps moving, even as the sound of mortar exploding somewhere reaches him.

Listening.

Two dark shadows move up a row beside him.

He waits until they are ahead of him.

Springs up-

Shoots-

Kills both-

Gives up his position-

Another hail of bullets come at him from behind.

He drops quickly, only getting clipped by one on his shoulder.

He hurriedly gets away from his compromised position.

MOLE

Takes the opportunity to take out the Familiars firing on Alec, before slipping behind a column again and coolly heading to another spot.

He meets up with Alec when they reach two columns to hide behind.

They speak in a low voice.

ALEC

How many do you think we got?

MOLE

Most of 'em. Better worry more about them launchers.

ALEC

I'm just about out. You carrying?

MOLE

Nope.

ALEC

Ah hell. I really don't feel like fighting fair.

Mole grins widely.

Another rocket is set off.

They each step out from behind the columns and move toward the window, firing at anything that moves.

One of Alec's gun's empties. He tosses it aside, still firing with his other.

They hit one of the launchers, leaving them with three Familiars.

Both Alec and Mole's weapons run dry.

They leap in opposite directions, avoiding the bullets coming their way.

Circle around.

Make a run for it.

Mole gets a two-for-one deal, leaving Alec to deal with the large-set Familiar hogging the rocket launcher.

Mole seems to have the better end of it with his two.

The Familiar doesn't even drop the rocket launcher as Alec attacks, using his free hand to swipe, clobber and bat Alec a few feet away.

He laughs as he reloads his rocket launcher.

Alec, getting up, is all manner of pissed.

Mole is employing various wrestle moves and battering-ram fight tactics on the last two.

ALEC (cont'd)
I've had a bad frikking day and
I'm sick of you assholes kicking
my ass.

He charges with an almighty battle cry.

The Familiar barely looks at him, more irritated than worried when.

Alec uses all his speed to rush into the Familiar-

Propelling Familiar, rocket launcher and Alec through the rest of the shattered window and into air.

Mole loses ten years when he sees this.

MOLE
Kid!

No time to move. The Familiars aren't dumb and they use this distraction to get a few blows in.

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING - DAWN

It's getting lighter.

Bits of broken glass covers the road.

Alec moans as he rolls off the body of the Familiar beneath him - it having hit the dirt first and cushioned the blow. He's covered in bloody scratches and looks like shit.

He tries to get to his feet and stumbles back to the ground again.

He lies there, trying to catch his breath.

A HAND grabs his ankle.

Alec immediately kicks back.

ALEC
You're frikking kidding me.

The Familiar, blood trickling from the corner of the mouth, seems displeased. He pushes his hands onto the ground and lifts himself up. Standing, ready to tear Alec apart.

Struggling to his feet, Alec stands and gets ready for the fight.

INT. HARBOR LIGHTS, SEWER ACCESS - DAWN

A dark and dingy forgotten room. The wall has been pulled apart, leading to a sewer access.

There is smoke in the air.

Max waves a procession of patients in gowns being held up by Transgenic kids through. The less mobile patients are being carried, carted or pushed along in wheelchairs beds by the stronger Transgenics, doctors and nurses running alongside.

It's near the end.

Dalton and Joshua are among the last.

MAX

Okay, you get these people out of here to the next hospital then start circulating. We need to spread that anti-virus.

Dalton nods. Joshua doesn't miss the implication.

JOSHUA

Where you going Max? The hospital's on fire. Death outside.

MAX

I got people out there Big Fella. I need to bring them home.

He hugs her.

JOSHUA

Max come home too.

She smiles and lets him go. He's gone before she lets her smile disappear, turns around and heads into thicker smoke.

INT. HARBOR LIGHTS, HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Max traverses the empty halls of the hospital. Covered bodies lie on gurneys, tables, some on the floor.

ER

The room hasn't fared much better. Part of the ceiling has caved in with the weight of mortar from the upper floors. The windows are smashed. Smoke still billows down from above.

A few dead patients, the nurse, and a couple of Transgenics are dead. Blood and wounds made starker by the fine coating of concrete dust.

Near the doors, Jed and a handful of armed Transgenics wait for Max.

She nods at them. They all move toward the barricade.

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING - DAWN

Alec lands heavily on the ground, blood puffing out his mouth, looking in even worse shape.

The Familiar, while not a stirring example of good health, is still able enough to reach down and pull Alec up by the shirt.

He lands a few more slow punches - the power of them still painful.

Alec feels around on the ground behind for something - anything - to give him an advantage against the bigger opponent.

His hands grip a shard of glass, cutting into his own hand.

He swings it up-

The Familiar moves to block it, but still gets a nasty gash on his face-

He swipes Alec, who is thrown back and hits his head on the ground.

His hand feels for something else. Something black and hard.

The Familiar grabs his leg to pull him up.

Alec twists around to get a better hold on his last lifeline.

The Familiar continues to pull at him.

Alec twists and uses his last reserve of strength to kick the Familiar away-

-Gets to his feet

- Waits for the Familiar to notice what's in his hands
- The rocket launcher
- He takes aim
- The Familiar's eyes widen
- Fires

Both he and the Familiar are thrown back by the impact - the Familiar a fireball.

Alec lands, hurting, tired and staring up at the clear blue sky.

Two helicopters pass over the building.

He starts to laugh.

EXT. HARBOR LIGHTS - DAY

Max watches the sky as the two helicopters circle.

On the ground--

TRUCKS of the American military start surrounding the area: the number greater than either the Transgenics or the Black Army.

The soldiers stream in with guns ready. They completely encircle all the fighters, regardless of their side. Max doesn't blink at having a dozen guns a few feet from her back.

MAX

Stop fighting! Fall back!

Not everyone hears her. The ones closest to her think she's lost a screw.

The helicopter start descending.

MAX (cont'd)

Come on, people. Fall back!

Jed takes pity on her. He gives a massive wolf-whistle. When the Transgenics look at him, he gives a hand-signal.

The signal is passed amongst all the Transgenics.

Dodging bullets and barreling through opponents, they all start to fall back to stand behind Max, who watches the helicopters moving to land right in the middle of their self-made warzone.

The Black Army also pull back, standing in rows when they see the occupants of the helicopter.

The Transgenics all stand behind Max as she waits for--

Senator McKinley steps out of the helicopter first. He gives a smug smile to his Army who have the air of people in the know. They think they have won.

Enright slowly climbs out and regards the scene

The hospital is a smoking husk. Dozens of dead, Transgenic and Black Army alike dot the area.

Max stares back at him without flinching. She moves her eyes as she notices--

Mole helps a very unstable Alec to walk toward Max and the other Transgenics. They stop a short way off and watch Enright.

He walks around the helicopter to join Senator McKinley.

That doesn't look good. Max shares her worry with Alec. He gives her a reassuring smile, even if it isn't entirely convincing.

ENRIGHT

Senator McKinley. You are under arrest for Treason against the United States of America and its peoples.

McKinley splutters. The Black Army twitch.

All military guns turn on them with an audible series of deafening clicks. There's no doubt how this would turn out.

MCKINLEY

I speak for the President of the--

ENRIGHT

Actually you don't. See, about half an hour ago we suddenly got communications back and I was able to talk to the President direct. He has no idea what game you're playing, but I suspect that once he sees the video footage of your friends attacking unarmed US citizens anonymously sent to every military installation across the country that he'll do his damndest to find out.

With understanding, Max turns to Alec and Mole. They look mighty pleased with themselves, despite Alec being unable to stand up without help. She gives them both a small smile.

ENRIGHT (cont'd)
Get these terrorists out of my
sight.

The Military starts to move.

The Transgenics are lost. Each and every one turns to Max for direction.

General Enright turns around and regards her too.

Taking a deep breath, Max steps forward.

She extends her hand to the General.

He accepts.

EYES ONLY (V.O.)
Survival. What one species took
for granted, another faced each
day on a knife's edge.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

Joshua and a few other Transhumans walk through the ward, shaking the hands of the ill.

EYES ONLY (V.O.)
But fortune made us equal, and
fate turned enemies to friends.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

It's a large estate farmhouse, complete with big barn.

Dix and Luke coordinate with new arrivals trickling up the path.

The Transgenic kids are all smiles as they race forward to meet up with people they know and thought were lost, including GEM, early twenties, who holds a 4-month-old baby.

EYES ONLY (V.O.)
Transgenics, once feared soldiers
of a secret regime and now free
citizens of the United States of
America have become the healing
hands of the world.

The area is a hive of activity as trucks unload supplies.

Tents are being erected all over the sunny meadow.

A stake with a sign has been shoved into the ground. In shaky handwriting, it reads "Hope Town".

EXT. SEATTLE - DAY

A long line of mixed Transgenics led by Max, Mole and a healing Alec walk through an honour guard of cheering humans.

They brandish a few signs of the "Thank You", "Welcome to Planet Earth", "Trannies are human too" and "Good soldiers are always welcome" variety.

EYES ONLY (V.O.)

We cried for help, and despite
our failings, they came.
Travelling through deserts and
ice to spread the cure. A chance
we almost squandered.

In one of the front rows, OC, REAGAN 'NORMAL' RONALD (40s) and CALVIN 'SKETCHY' THEODORE (20s) clap proudly as their friends pass.

The lead trio look amongst themselves, not unaffected by the show.

At the back, not quite forgotten, the Police and Military hold back the usual rabble of bigots who protest the Transgenics just as loudly as they are cheered.

INT. FARMHOUSE, NEW COMMAND CENTRE - NIGHT

Transgenics crowd around Dix and Luke. There is a respectful silence, almost as if mourning.

On their monitors, the familiar Eyes Only graphic appears. Dix reads into a microphone from a sheet of paper, his voice translated into Eyes Only.

DIX

But... we still have to face the
devastation--

EYES ONLY (V.O.)

--of a war we weren't prepared
for. Three billion dead. Billions
more in mourning. We lost friends
and family. Enemies and lovers.

Max watches from the doorway. Silent.

She walks away.

Alec sees her go.

EXT. SEATTLE, SPACE NEEDLE - NIGHT

Max sits on the edge of the Space Needle, watching nothing. Her body is stiff, face shutdown. There's no comfort in the wind whipping her.

Legs appear beside her.

She doesn't look.

Alec sits beside her. As silent and seemingly unaware of her presence as she is of his.

EYES ONLY (V.O.)

A reminder that those of us who
remain must treat each life as
precious. Human and beast alike.
A world without hate.

The shift is small. A waver in the eye. A twitch of the lip.

Alec moves his arm in the same moment she leans toward him, finally letting the floodgates open.

She cries. Alec holds her.

EYES ONLY (V.O.) (cont'd)

I'd love to see such a place.

Two sad souls holding onto each other while the clouds and lightning in the distance grow closer.

FADE OUT

EYES ONLY (V.O.) (cont'd)

Peace. Out.