

*Seventh Evolution*

By

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FADE IN.

Interior, large lavish ballroom, night.

Camera focuses in on a Champagne bottle just as the cork pops loudly and spume shoots into the room; the large, out-of-focus crowd cheers. A hand holds the bottle and fills glasses as camera focuses on the 200+ rollicking party-goers dressed in finery. A live band at the head of the room plays upbeat music. Behind the band, we see a neon banner that flashes "Rekker PharmaGlam Annual Big Ball." The atmosphere is opulent, festive, a little edgy from consumption of great quantities of alcohol (and perhaps other substances).

ENTER: Brenna Kiana, 34, a petite, attractive brunette who exudes confidence and a bit of swagger. She stands facing the entire room. Off-camera, we hear an unnamed man comment.

UNNAMED MAN

(exaggerating)

Uhh ohhh, here comes Brenna, queen  
of the saber!

People throughout the room laugh and cheer.

BRENNA

(holding up a long saber still  
in its sheath)

Where's the Dom Perignon?

ENTER: Suzy Portman, a slightly taller, spunky 33-year-old redhead, saunters up to Brenna, holding a bottle of Champagne that has been suitably prepared for sabering. That is, the foil has been stripped off, the wire cage removed and replaced on the second lip of the glass and re-secured. She hands the bottle to Brenna; her smile turns to an exaggerated frown.

SUZY

This is the last bottle, a vintage  
Moët & Chandon.

BRENNA

Ah, Suze! There's always more  
Champagne...somewhere!

(to the crowd)

Who wants to hold the bottle this  
time?

ENTER: Magnus Aaronsen, 36, a handsome, lean, artsy-looking man with wavy, shoulder-length brown hair, has been eyeing Brenna from the sidelines. He approaches her. She holds the bottle out to him and he takes it.

MAGNUS

What do I do?

Brenna shifts the bottle in his hands.

BRENNA

(mischievously)

Just...don't move.

Magnus looks a little nervous. Suzy and an unnamed man started clearing people to the sides of the room. The band stops playing.

UNNAMED MAN

Get out of the way, folks!

(to the band)

A drum roll, please!

Brenna dramatically holds the saber above her head, parallel with the floor. We hear a drum roll from the stage. After a few seconds, when all eyes are on her, she removes the sword from its sheath, which she hands off to Suzy. Brenna lays the blade on the bottle, draws it back, then cleanly slices off the top of the bottle, complete with cage and cork as one unit. It flies fifty feet across the room and drops into an ice bucket. Cheers and clapping erupt, and the band resumes playing. Magnus takes a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes sweat from his brow.

MAGNUS

Wow. I heard about your PhD in astrophysics, but I didn't know you had *that* skill, Brenna.

An unnamed man takes the bottle from Magnus as Suzy hands the sheath back to Brenna. The man offers an empty Champagne flute to each of them and fills their vessels with the sabered Dom Perignon.

BRENNA

There's a lot you don't know about me. Let's keep it that way.

Suzy grimaces and mouths a silent "ouch" then tiptoes away. Brenna doesn't falter. She sips Champagne. Magnus steps closer to her.

MAGNUS

As you wish. I happen to think that you and I would be a perfect thing.

BRENNA

(laughing, gesturing toward  
the festivities)

Magnus, why the hell would we want  
to give up all this...for  
*perfection?*

Camera pans to show guests sloppy drunk and dancing. We see a woman slap a man who just patted her butt. Then someone twirls into three servers simultaneously, sending handheld trays of food, napkins, and drinks in glassware flying everywhere. The sound of breaking glass is loud enough to be heard over the music. Brenna laughs.

MAGNUS

(gently insistent)

I can think of a lot of reasons.  
For example, I...

Suddenly, we hear, over the music and room noise, an extremely loud cracking sound in the sky, like a huge strike of lightning, followed by a thunder-like rumbling. The band stops playing and the room quiets down to a murmur. Across the room, Suzy runs to a floor-to-ceiling window and looks out at the sky.

SUZY

What was THAT? I didn't see any  
lightning.

The noise stops and the party continues. Magnus resumes his plea.

MAGNUS

(looking serious)

Brenna...I'm in lo...

Brenna raises her hand and effectively cuts Magnus off. She looks him squarely in the eyes.

BRENNA

No. Just...no. Magnus, I'm your boss.  
This is *so not happening*. It  
would be unethical. Besides,  
you're...

(she looks away, continuing)  
you're not my type.

MAGNUS

(visibly wincing, trying to  
conceal his obvious dejection)

Ow. But okay, you are the boss.  
(imitates Quasimodo)

MAGNUS

Here I go, one of California's best  
and brightest, back to my dark,  
dreary cubicle.

Brenna gives him a playful shove and spins off into the  
gala.

SUZY

Suzy! More Champagne?!

FADE OUT.

2 FADE IN.

Interior, a huge, dimly lit, elaborately appointed office  
with a view of a dismal metropolis, night.  
ENTER: Fifty-eight-year-old Drake Rekker, a darkly  
handsome, fit man, stands in front of a towering floor-to-  
ceiling window. ENTER: Bannon DeLocchi, 40, an average-  
looking fit man, seated in an oversized leather chair. He  
starts to rise. Drake gestures to him without looking.

REKKER

Sit.

Bannon sits back in the chair.

BANNON

(insistent)

I was just trying to say that...

REKKER

(cutting him off)

Do what I ask. Don't offer ideas.  
The plan is in place, it's solid,  
and we're moving forward.

BANNON

ELs have slipped through a new  
crack in the Orion Shield...

REKKER

(interrupting)

I heard it. The Strat Tech team is  
working on it.

BANNON

(rising)

And if Orion already self-repaired,  
we can't force them back through  
the crack.

Rekker raises his voice and makes aggressive movements across the floor of the office.

REKKER

I need you to find the ELs. Even if you and a fucking wizard have to develop a new goddamn magic wand.

Bannon steps toward Rekker.

BANNON

You already did, Rekker: the Cryo Regression Attenuator. That's what I was just trying to...

REKKER

(interrupting, incredulous)  
But...how can CRA take them out?

BANNON

It doesn't kill them. It turns back their evolutionary clock.

REKKER

CRA is just a chill pill, albeit far superior to Xanax and the others.

BANNON

Yeah. But think about it. CRA, if ingested in massive doses, could create a permanent state of bliss. Euphoria overload.

REKKER

Like a chemical lobotomy.

BANNON

Of sorts. I've been thinking about it since Rekker PharmaGlam began marketing it. Our original intention was continuous mollification of the masses, which is still in process worldwide. But it just might work on the ELs if...

REKKER

(interrupting, aroused)  
We are going to regress those wretched Evolution Lodestars into fucking Phase One. YES!

BANNON

And they won't ever want to advance.

REKKER

Better yet, they won't be ABLE to evolve. Or help anyone else trying to force this dangerous Seventh Level bullshit on humanity.

BANNON

Exactly. The question remains: How the hell do we inoculate the ELs?

REKKER

And yesterday, DeLocchi. Find Aaronsen and get to the lab.

Bannon turns toward the door.

REKKER

And Bannon?

Bannon stops and turns toward Rekker.

BANNON

Yeah?

REKKER

Lean version for Brenna. *Capisce?*

Bannon nods and turns to leave.

3 CUT TO:

Ethereal-looking room, like a bubble of radiant light and prismatic color, neither night nor day.

ENTER: Three otherworldly Evolution Lodestars (ELs) sit floating in triangular formation. One is more masculine, Kort; one is more feminine, Chanté; one is decidedly not gender-specific, Var. They are communicating telepathically about their ability to infiltrate the Orion Shield through an emergent flaw. We hear their words in English.

VAR

We have completed entry and must find the human neophyte guides.

CHANTE

I had a vision as we entered the almost undetectable slipstream.

KORT  
What did you see, Chanté?

Chanté waves her hand and a floating "screen" appears.

CHANTE  
There are two initiates, not one,  
as we previously assumed.

VAR  
Do we know who they are?

The screen starts showing a unique map of Earth, slowly spinning, with different colored lights pulsing.

CHANTE  
No. We must locate them based on  
their prismatic bio-potentiality  
and sonic resonance.

The Earth map morphs into a rectangular 3D shape that emits tones.

KORT  
Are they searching for us?

CHANTE  
No. They are unenlightened.

VAR  
(imitating human vernacular)  
Clueless?!

All three smile. A glow surrounds them.

CHANTE  
Let's call them...charming.

KORT  
(suddenly serious)  
The vision is changing.

CHANTE  
Our legacies are uniting to unveil  
more information.

The map zooms in to an area in the U.S.

KORT  
(incredulous)  
How can this be?

VAR

Keep the focus, Kort! We can't  
afford to lose Chanté's vision!

A light appears clearer and more prismatic than the others,  
and it pulses like a musical heartbeat as the zooming and  
tonal activity continues.

KORT

See?! There's only *one light!*

CHANTE

Wait!

Suddenly, the map zooms to its fullest closeup vision as the  
light separates into two lights.

VAR

(excited)

Two! And they're in Los Angeles,  
the city of angels! Perfect!

The lights merge again, and the map images seems to shatter  
as it explodes. Chanté waves the screen away.

CHANTE

My vision was right: there are two.  
One is female, the other male. But,  
like us, they must join abilities  
in order to succeed. I believe that  
they put the crack in the Orion  
Shield, probably unknowingly.

VAR

It's the last chance we have to  
transition humans out of their  
darkness and duplexity into the  
Seventh Evolution.

KORT

If we can all survive L.A.

Chanté and Var smile.

CHANTE

Your humor delights us.  
(continuing, soberly)  
Now we must move quickly. We have  
much work to do.

KORT

How are we going to identify these  
neophyte Evolution Lodestars?

CHANTE

We won't have to. I believe the woman will find us.

4 CUT TO:

Rekker's office, pre-dawn. His five-o'clock shadow and disheveled clothing show he has been up all night. He reaches to pour another swig of liquor from a nearly empty decanter into his glass, but can't bring himself to do it. He peers out the window, touching it to turn it into a temporary computer screen. A recorded video message pops in from Brenna; it is time-stamped 1:55 AM. Rekker clicks the "play" button, and we see Brenna on the screen.

BRENNA

(a bit tipsy, gesturing a lot)  
Rekker, you missed another glitzy PharmaGlam gala.

She takes off her shoes.

BRENNA

(continuing)  
I told everyone you whisked the family off to France for Napoleon's birthday. Everybody laughed because they were already half - no - three-quarters in the bag. Bottle. Haha. Whatever.

She pauses.

BRENNA

(continuing)  
Bannon wasn't there, either. What are you two up to now?

Brenna laughs a little then pauses, longer this time.

BRENNA

(continuing, looking more serious)  
Sooooo. There's a situation. A kid...guy. It's Magnus Aaronsen. He.... Okay. Drake, please reassign him. Maybe just give him a cool lab project and a swanky office in your Santa Monica building? And some big boy toys?

Rekker stops the video message and calls Brenna on the same temporary computer screen. The display clock shows 6:27 AM. She answers, and we see her onscreen, looking ruffled but alert, sipping a mug of coffee while sitting in bed.

REKKER  
(suggestively)  
Helllooo, darling. If only I were  
there...

Brenna shakes her head "no."

BRENNA  
Don't go there, Rekker.

REKKER  
Ahhh, always with the business,  
Brenna. How will I ever get into  
bed with you if we can't talk about  
our feelings for each other?

Camera cuts to Brenna in her apartment. She puts down the mug and rises from the bed. She is wearing full bed clothes and a robe on top. She moves, carrying her iPad, to a dining room table. On the table, we see open Astrophysics books, an open laptop computer showing a data chart, and several loose stacks of printed documents. One document cover shows the title: "The Future is Here: Prismatic Bio-Potentiality and Sonic Resonance in Humans: How Astral Flux, Wormholes, and Slipstreams Align to Create Opportunities for Earth's Planetary Advancement." There is a "DRAFT" stamp on the cover. From his vantage point, Rekker does not see these materials.

BRENNA  
(annoyed)  
As if it isn't bad enough that  
you're practically stalking me, now  
I've got Magnus Aaronsen to fend  
off. Seriously, Drake, I need you  
to get him out of my building.

REKKER  
Sure. Then I'll have you all to  
myself again.

Brenna steels herself.

BRENNA  
Ugh. Rekker, ya want me on board at  
PharmaGlam? Move the kid.

REKKER

An ultimatum. I can hardly refuse.  
Where would I find another  
Executive Director as adorable and  
sexy as *you* who can handle a saber  
so adeptly?

Brenna tilts her head to one side and raises her eyebrows.

BRENNA

Not exactly my most valuable skill.

REKKER

(straightening up)

As a matter of fact, I've already  
sent Magnus to a corner office.  
He's in the lab, working with  
Bannon on a new task force that I  
started.

BRENNA

(showing mixed emotions:  
relief and then distrust)

Great. But I didn't get the memo on  
that task force.

Rekker waves it off.

REKKER

I created it this afternoon. While  
you were picking out those sexy  
shoes.

Brenna ignores his personal comment.

BRENNA

So when do I get briefed?

REKKER

Not to worry, Brenna, my sweet.  
Just know that Magnus's new post  
will be so dramatic, you'll never  
see him because he'll be literally  
on the frontline of PharmaGlam  
duty.

Brenna starts to ask another question, but stops.

BRENNA

Thanks, Drake.

REKKER  
 What time should I stop by for a  
 morning quickie?

Brenna waves and we see Rekker's screen go black.

REKKER  
 Ungrateful bitch.

He throws a paperweight at the screen, shattering it.

REKKER  
 Damn, I love that woman.

5 CUT TO:

Therapist's office, day. Magnus is seated in a comfortable chair across from Dr. Vita, a 40-ish woman. She holds a clipboard, taking some notes as they talk.

DR. VITA  
 So Magnus, last time we talked, you told me about your desire to be in a monogamous relationship with a woman, and that you felt depressed being thirty-six and alone. How are you feeling today?

MAGNUS  
 (laughing nervously)  
 I was at the end of my, you know, proverbial rope, and I hit on my boss at a party last week.

DR. VITA  
 How did that go?

MAGNUS  
 She busted my balls.

DR. VITA  
 And how are you dealing with that?

Magnus shifts in his chair and leans forward.

MAGNUS  
 I'm in love with her. I tried to tell her that. She *is* the one.

DR. VITA  
 But she said she's not interested in you.

There is a long pause.

MAGNUS

(resolved)

So I'm going to quit my job, buy a boat and live on it. I love music, so I'm going to invest in some high-end audio equipment and do some recordings of music and ocean sounds. Which is what I love to do.

(he pauses)

I mean, that's it, Dr. Vita. I'm through with this relationship stuff. Done. It's me and the sea now.

Dr. Vita smiles at him and then makes some notes on the chart.

DR. VITA

Okay. I hear that you seem determined. Upbeat, even. How about your feelings of depression? Is this feeding your desire to disconnect? Or is it positive?

MAGNUS

Yep. Magnus the mariner, that's my new life. I'm navigating a new course for my happiness. Maybe not exciting, but *I'll* be in control.

(pausing)

Plus, I don't have to watch Brenna - that's my boss - suffer under our beast of a CEO.

DR. VITA

Were you thinking you could rescue her, perhaps?

MAGNUS

(nodding "yes")

But I'm free of that now. I'm like a reverse feminist:

(he puts up air quote fingers)

"A man needs a woman like a fish needs a bicycle." Or recording gear. Whatever.

DR. VITA

Well, it certainly is good to see you lifted out of that depression.

MAGNUS

So I guess maybe I did need a woman  
- temporarily - since Brenna's  
rejection was the catalyst to my  
decision.

DR. VITA

Fair enough, Magnus. Now, what's  
your actual plan?

6 CUT TO:

A well-appointed, large office with windows overlooking  
Santa Monica Pier on the Pacific Ocean, day. Bannon stands  
back as Magnus walks to the window-wall, peering out at the  
sparkle ocean and bustling pier.

BANNON

This is yours. Company car. Level  
five security clearance - meaning,  
total blackout.

Magnus swivels toward Bannon, trying to hide his disbelief.

MAGNUS

All *that*?

BANNON

Oh, there's more.  
(handing Magnus a folder)  
Travel. Restaurants. Wine. Women.

Magnus takes the folder gingerly, his eyebrows raised.

BANNON

(continuing)

PharmaGlam needs you more than  
ever. Rekker will up you to the  
high seven digits. And if you  
succeed at the task, there's a one  
hundred million dollar bonus at the  
end of your rainbow. Plus, you'll  
be fucking PharmaGlam rock star.  
Probably in other circles, too.

Magnus pauses before opening the folder.

MAGNUS

And if I *don't* succeed?

Bannon steps toward him.

BANNON  
 (gravely)  
 Not an option. And, you're under  
 oath.

Bannon taps his watch as Magnus opens the folder. In moments, three big security guards enter the room. Magnus gulps, and as he reads his assignment notes, his eyes widen. He looks at Bannon.

MAGNUS  
 Forget the women. Can I get a boat?

7 CUT TO:

The ELs in a new formation in the night sky, looking down on Santa Monica from above the ocean. Chanté brings up a screen.

CHANTE  
 I am sensing a vibration beneath us  
 in the ocean. Let us focus on it.

The ELs move closer together. Visible light energy weaves in and around them. The screen begins to show a prismatic swirling vortex under the sea.

KORT  
 (excited)  
 That's it!  
 (pausing)  
 But.... *What* is it?

VAR  
 I believe it's some kind of  
 wormhole. A vortex.

CHANTE  
 Yes.

Bizarre musical tones emit from the vortex.

CHANTE  
 It's a message from home, from the  
 elders. Let's translate it.

On screen, the vortex rainbows turn into music notes. Var reads.

VAR  
 "The Neophyte Evolution Lodestars  
 must complete their task and egress  
 through the portal we have made,

VAR  
 otherwise the transformation will  
 fail and humanity will revert to  
 its current phase."

A response sounds from the vortex.

VAR  
 (reading further)  
 "The way will become clear when  
 their task is near completion.  
 Until then, your involvement must  
 remain largely non-interventionist.  
 Be forewarned, also, that any and  
 all transmissions may be  
 intercepted and corrupted."

The music notes disappear, the music stops, and the  
 prismatic vortex ceases to be lighted. The screen dissolves.

CHANTE  
 We must think like humans in order  
 to help the Neophytes succeed.

VAR  
 This will not be easy, Chanté. We  
 will need to reverse our own levels  
 of advancement.

KORT  
 It will be easy for me. I've been  
 wondering what their human life is  
 like at this phase.

VAR  
 (admonishing)  
 That is a dangerous thought.

CHANTE  
 Var is correct. Kort, your  
 enthusiasm could put us, the  
 initiates, and the planet in a  
 precarious position. What if you  
 turn back completely?

KORT  
 (defensively)  
 That cannot happen! I have already  
 achieved Level Nine. I cannot undo  
 that by simply dabbling in lower  
 level human thought. It is an  
 experiment.

VAR

(to Chanté)

I think this might be part of the vortex warning. After all, it is the elders transmitting through the portal.

CHANTE

(emphatically)

I agree.

(to Kort)

Kort, you must maintain maximum hyper consciousness as a protective measure.

(to both)

Now, we must prepare for the initiates.

All three ELs sit in triangular formation and begin to sing in beautiful harmony. The sound of other instruments joins in and the music fill their bubble-room.

FADE OUT.

8 FADE IN.

Exterior, Magnus's mini-yacht, day. The boat floats in the ocean off the visible Santa Monica coast with the pier in sight.

9 CUT TO:

Interior, Magnus's mini-yacht, day. Magnus is in a large cabin that contains music equipment: drums, bass guitar, keyboard, electric guitar. He is fiddling with audio equipment, and the room is filled with odd sounds emanating from the speakers. He plugs the bass guitar into some kind of mixing board, and turns up the instrument's volume knob. The bass hums along with the other sounds at a lower frequency. Magnus goes to a nearby desk with a computer screen on it, and types into an open application.

10 CUT TO:

Brenna at her dining room table, day. She pores over her thesis. Her visible iPad jingles; the screen shows a video chat request from Suzy.

BRENNA

Accept.

Suzy's face appears on the iPad screen.

SUZY  
 (beaming, giggling)  
 Are you studying lines for your  
 upcoming appearance on *Cosmos*?

BRENNA  
 Hell no!

Brenna turns the iPad toward her computer screen, which shows a program processing numbers and technical symbols.

BRENNA  
 (continuing)  
 I'm running the final  
 light-and-sound regression analysis  
 for my thesis. Dr. K said I have to  
 submit the final by Friday at five  
 o'clock.

SUZY  
 It's only Wednesday!

Brenna laughs and turns the iPad screen back to face her.

BRENNA  
 You're a great cheerleader, Suzy,  
 but I still have to incorporate my  
 interpretation and evaluation into  
 the paper. Gonna be two  
 all-nighters for me.

SUZY  
 Brenna, take a couple days off and  
 get some sleep so your head is  
 clear. Rekker's just gonna be on  
 your ass all day - like usual. You  
 don't need that now. Or ever, come  
 to think of it.

Brenna smiles.

BRENNA  
 One more reason to love you, Suze.  
 It never even occurred to me to not  
 work for two days, in a row.

SUZY  
 You'll need Saturday to recover.  
 Make it three. Tell Rekker you'll  
 work all day Sunday.

BRENNA  
Like *that's* something new.

SUZY  
(laughing)  
Right! Come on, Bren, call him now.  
I'll bring your favorite lunch box  
tomorrow so you have brain food all  
day.

BRENNA  
(looking relieved and  
grateful)  
Su-zay! You're the best! Thanks a  
ton, and see you tomorrow.

Suzy smiles and waves.

SUZY  
Go, fight, win, my favie  
astro-physicist!

FADE OUT.

11 FADE IN.

Busy city sidewalk, day. Rekker is walking quickly; he carelessly bumps into people as he moves. He is holding a large iPhone and video chatting with Bannon.

REKKER  
Do you have it yet?

BANNON  
(shaking his head)  
No.

Camera closes in on Bannon as he turns his iPad screen into the lab, showing Magnus running a model on a clear glass computer screen.

REKKER  
Is he close?

Rekker watches his phone screen as Bannon walks out of the lab and into an office, closing the door behind him.

BANNON  
Magnus is suspicious, I think.

REKKER  
(annoyed)  
Who the fuck cares? He's under  
contract - and armed security.

Bannon stiffens.

BANNON

Listen, Rekker, he says he needs an unknown substance to make the CRA solution deliverable to the ELs.

With the camera still on Rekker, we see him arrive at a fancy restaurant and go inside. The maître d' walks him to a table near the window, seats him, hands him a menu, then leaves.

REKKER

Is he bluffing?

BANNON

(shaking his head)

No way. The guy's legit, Rekker, and a hell of a hacker. Brenna seriously vetted him before his interview; you signed off.

Camera pans out. A server delivers a bottle of red wine to Rekker's table, shows it, waits for Rekker's nod of approval, uncorks the bottle and prepares to pour it into the wine glass in front of him. Rekker pushes the server's hand away, looking insulted and more than a bit angry.

REKKER

Decant it. What are you? A fucking redneck?

Camera pans in on Rekker's phone.

BANNON

Magnus believes that a combination of certain extremely rare blood types, rarer than Duffy, Kp(b-), Vel-, and others, may prove to facilitate alloimmunization.

REKKER

(matter-of-factly)

Yes, to cross species. So, how long until he knows for sure?

Bannon walks back into the lab.

BANNON

The program is bringing up the final data.

(pointing the iPad screen at Magnus)

BANNON  
Tell Rekker what you know so far.

Magnus appears a bit nervous.

MAGNUS  
Well, since I don't have access to  
an EL to check its molecular  
structure, I used our human model.  
Statistics show that the rare blood  
types really could work.

REKKER  
What's the confidence level?

MAGNUS  
Ninety-nine percent.

REKKER  
How many donors?

MAGNUS  
Probably two to three million  
worldwide for each blood type. I'll  
need to hack the Red Cross blood  
bank for names and info.

Rekker smiles and smacks the table. Dishes, glasses, and silverware rattle; the full wine glass tips over, sending broken glass and red liquid flying. Other diners turn toward him but he is unfazed. Servers rush to clean up, removing everything from the table and resetting it, complete with fresh linens, and decant another bottle of the same red wine.

REKKER  
Fuck, yeah! I'll take it.

MAGNUS  
(uncomfortably)  
Uh, there's one more factor. All of  
these blood types must be present  
*in the same person.*

Rekker's face turns red with anger.

REKKER  
Find me a goddamn donor. NOW.

Rekker doesn't bother to end the chat, he just flings his phone across the table, taking out small dishes and flatware. It lands on the floor fifteen feet away.

12 CUT TO:

Parking lot, day. Magnus and Bannon stand next to a big black car.

MAGNUS

So, Bannon, what are these ELs? And why am I facilitating a reversal of their cerebral potency?

BANNON

ELs are Evolution Lodestars. Nearly indestructible leaders of a destructive species that...

(pausing)

Let me put it this way: if we don't stop them now, life as we know it on planet Earth will cease to exist.

MAGNUS

Things are pretty fucked up on Earth. Do you disagree?

BANNON

(a bit fidgety)

I'm talking about humans being in charge of the material world. ELs come in, no more boats, Magnus. No cars. No fun.

MAGNUS

How do you know all this?

BANNON

Well, I don't really know if there will be a drastic change in our material world. But Rekker said there was showdown between him and the ELs a few years back. They won the battle but compromised and he built the Orion Shield. They stay out, we stay in. Said they didn't want his kind of "negative energy"

(he makes air quotes)

leaking into the multiverse.

Magnus nods heavily in understanding.

MAGNUS

But why Rekker?

BANNON

You know he is extremely powerful,  
right?

MAGNUS

(shrugging)

Just another rich, narcissistic  
megalomaniac.

BANNON

(shaking his head)

No, I've seen things. He can use  
his energy to, like, get a person  
to comply with his demands.

MAGNUS

(shocked)

Shit.

BANNON

He doesn't do it often, and the  
effects wear off after a couple  
hours or less.

MAGNUS

Why doesn't he do it more often?

BANNON

I don't think he wants people to  
see him as a freak. He's pretty  
thin-skinned and trigger-happy, as  
you've noticed. Not to mention that  
most people are terrified of him.

Magnus nods.

BANNON

(continuing)

Rekker said the ELs would make  
human life boring. I don't know  
about you, but I don't want to live  
in some floaty woo-woo world. I  
like things just the way they are.

MAGNUS

(nods, staring off)

Yeah. Yeah, me, too.

FADE OUT.

13 CUT TO:

Brenna at home, sitting at her dining table, day. She hits the "Try Again" button on her iPad, dialing Rekker.

14 CUT TO:

Restaurant where Rekker is still having lunch. A server picks up Rekker's phone from the floor and walks over to Rekker and hands him the phone.

SERVER  
Your phone, sir.

Rekker doesn't bother looking at the server, but speaks to him with barely veiled anger.

REKKER  
That isn't my empty wine glass  
being refilled.

The server immediately sets the phone down on the table, fills Rekker's new, clean wine glass with wine from the decanter, then leaves. The phone buzzes. Rekker sees it is Brenna and answers the chat request.

BRENNA  
Rekker, I've been calling you for  
almost an hour. What's...

Rekker interrupts her.

REKKER  
Apparently, the servers at this  
so-called fine establishment don't  
know to hand me my misplaced phone.  
Or select a fucking Chateauneuf de  
Pape.

Brenna appears to brace herself.

BRENNA  
Rekker I need the next three days  
off to finish my thesis and  
schedule my dissertation defense. I  
can't miss the deadline.

REKKER  
(calmly)  
No. I need you to meet with Bannon  
on a special assignment this  
afternoon.

BRENNA  
 (pleading)  
 This is my last shot at finishing  
 my PhD before my mentor goes on  
 sabbatical. Please, Rekker. You  
 know I'll be in on Sunday.

Rekker doesn't flinch.

REKKER  
 Sunday is too late. This project is  
 urgent, code purple. Call Bannon  
 right now; he's probably still in  
 the lab with Magnus.

BRENNA  
 (deflated)  
 You told me I'd never see Magnus  
 again. God, you're an asshole --  
 and a liar.

REKKER  
 (smugly)  
 Yes, I am god, *and* I'm an asshole.  
 But I don't lie, I simply  
 renegotiate.

BRENNA  
 On your own terms.

Rekker waves it off.

REKKER  
 Be a doll and get Bannon on the  
 phone now. Then I want to meet with  
 you later. I'm going to get a  
 massage. This is all very  
 stressful.

Brenna starts to speak but Rekker end the chat session,  
 leaving her nearly in tears. She straightens up and calls  
 Bannon via chat on her iPad. Bannon appears on the screen as  
 he is in his car.

BANNON  
 Yeah, Brenna, so you got word.

BRENNA  
 Just now. Are you alone?

BANNON  
 Yeah, Magnus went back to the lab  
 to work on a hack.

BRENNA

Perfect. Listen, Bannon, I need you to quickly brief me and then cover for me until Friday at five o'clock.

Bannon gives her the "you're not serious, right?" look.

BRENNA

(continuing)

I have to finish my data interpretation before turning in my thesis.

BANNON

(shaking his head "no")

If Rekker finds out he'll fire us both -- or kill us.

BRENNA

And this thesis is my ticket out of PharmaGlam. I'll take you with me.

Bannon bursts out laughing.

BANNON

(sarcastically)

I've been thrown in front of trains before, you know.

BRENNA

(pushing)

And look where you are: number three at the world's largest, sexiest pharmaco.

BANNON

(capitulating)

Damnit, Brenna.

She doesn't miss a beat.

BRENNA

Okay. Fill me in.

Bannon gives her a "safe" version of the plan.

BANNON

Look, the most important thing is that you've got to quell any rumors of some secret plans of planetary destruction. Get the PR team on it, whatever it takes.

BRENNA

Okay. But why would those rumors be starting in the first place?

BANNON

It's...complicated.

Brenna returns the "you're kidding me, right?" look.

BRENNA

I study astrophysics, Bannon.

BANNON

Right. There have been reports of fatal side effects with the current formula of the Cryo Regression Attenuator, so Rekker and I are working on a new formula. If the feds won't renew our patent, we'll have a new one ready to file.

BRENNA

Yeah, pretty much our standard plan for the last decade plus, so what's the big deal?

BANNON

(lying to her)

Magnus is hacking databases to find people with rare DNA structures that we will blend with CRA to help combat terrorism.

Brenna tries to conceal her shock.

BRENNA

So Rekker's working behind the scenes, right, but with who? NSA? State department?

(pausing)

Russia? China?

BANNON

All of them, but only a small cabal.

BRENNA

Holy hell. They're planning some sort of mass inoculation?

Bannon tries to calm Brenna.

BANNON

No, no, no. Testing phase first, of course.

BRENNA

Testing on...*who*?

BANNON

Rekker hasn't disclosed that part of the plan yet. I suspect it will follow standard advertising protocol.

BRENNA

(looking suspicious)

Why didn't Rekker tell me himself?

BANNON

(again, trying to calm her)

Brenna, I wouldn't take this personally. Rekker trusts you implicitly.

BRENNA

Fuck that. He cut me out. I want to know why.

BANNON

You can ask him. After all, I was tasked with briefing you while he gets his afternoon massage.

(pausing)

Look, Brenna, I'm just the messenger. Rekker adores you, in his own way.

Brenna shakes her head "no," clearly angry, but she softens.

BRENNA

It's not your fault, Bannon. I'll talk to Rekker.

BANNON

Yeah, yeah. I can take some heat, you know.

BRENNA

Hey, Bannon, thanks for covering for me until Sunday. I stand with my promise to take you with me....

BANNON  
 (chuckling)  
 Sure, Brenna. I love working with  
 you.

Brenna waves. Bannon ends the call and sighs deeply.

BANNON  
 (to himself)  
 I didn't sign up for this shit.  
 (pausing)  
 Well, I guess I did.

FADE OUT.

15 CUT TO:

Bubble-room with the ELs: Chanté, Var, and Kort.  
 Rainbow-like wisps flow through the room. Harmonious sounds  
 create ambient noise. Var addresses the other two.

VAR  
 I sense a strong desire to assume  
 human form in order to intervene on  
 behalf of the neophytes.

KORT  
 (exasperatingly)  
 No! Var, this is dangerous and  
 unacceptable.

Chanté intercedes.

CHANTE  
 But Kort, when you wanted to engage  
 in human thought, you deemed it  
 safe and acceptable.

VAR  
 We must resolve this conflict  
 immediately: the elders demand it.

KORT  
 (confessing)  
 When I began thinking like a human,  
 the fear illusion began to disrupt  
 my logic.

CHANTE  
 This is normal for a newer EL such  
 as yourself, Kort. More experienced  
 Els, like Var, have a mechanism  
 that I developed for permutating  
 fear into useful, benign data.

VAR

We can try to enhance this ability  
in you, Kort.

Kort brings up a "screen" into the room.

KORT

I am aware. But then I saw THIS:

Camera pans into the screen itself. We see Rekker appear, in a rage at the previous restaurant scene following his phone call with Magnus, when he threw his phone. The screen shows a radically different interpretation, in which Rekker doesn't throw his phone: we see dark energy emanating from him that moves the phone across the room. Rather than seeing dutiful staff catering to a disgruntled Rekker, we see them trying to run and hide because Rekker shows himself intermittently, in flashes, as an otherworldly beast. He wreaks havoc on diners and staff, like an anti-Beatrix-Kiddo, slaughtering everyone in sight. He then proceeds to finish his lunch and the entire decanter of wine, despite the masses of blood, body parts, and moaning. The image fades and Kort waves the screen away.

VAR

Him.

CHANTE

(nodding)

Him.

KORT

I know this is not what he actually  
did.

Chanté and Var look at Kort.

CHANTE

Kort. The beast is a threat but  
only metaphorical, an Earthly  
distortion - if it is even  
acknowledged by humans at that  
level.

Kort nods, looking a bit quizzical.

VAR

The beast is *capable* of doing this.  
And we can wait no longer. The  
initiates need our guidance.

16 CUT TO:

Interior, laboratory, day. Magnus sits at the computer, reading names of blood donors from the hacked database. He writes a code and the computer begins deleting names from the list. He minimizes the window and opens his messaging app to call Bannon, who appears on the screen.

BANNON

What is it, Magnus?

MAGNUS

The donor list is isolating. We should have a half-dozen national matches. A few seconds more.

BANNON

Can you narrow the search to Southern California? We need them NOW.

17 CUT TO:

Bannon's phone POV. On the phone screen, we see Magnus as his eyes pop and his jaw drops.

MAGNUS

No.

18 CUT TO:

Brenna at home, furiously typing on her laptop. We see the document header, letting us know that this is her thesis. After a moment, she stops, hits "Save" and begins printing the thesis. She opens her email application and prepares a message to Professor Krulikowsky, attaches the thesis file, and hits the "Send" key.

BRENNA

(leaning back in her chair)

Whew. Done.

FADE OUT.

19 FADE IN.

Brenna's bedroom, early morning. She is sprawled out on her bed in low light. The digital clock on the night stand shows 5:03 AM. She is partially wrapped in sheets covering her midsection. The sheets have clear stains. Rekker appears, fully dressed. He hands Brenna's clothes to her and strokes her hair.

REKKER

Wake up, sleeping beauty. Time to  
get ready for work.

Brenna stirs, her eyes blink open and closed several times as she tries to sit up. She appears woozy and opens her mouth to speak but nothing comes out. Rekker grabs his keys from the night stand then leans down and kisses Brenna, smiling sweetly at her. Brenna offers a half-smile.

REKKER

I think you may have drunk too much  
of that 1943 Moët & Chandon at the  
restaurant last night. Lucky for  
me.

(pausing)

Damn, I love you.

Rekker turns and walks out, closing the door behind him.

CUT TO BLACK.

Open and close to brief scenes of Brenna and Rekker in a fancy restaurant, seated across from each other at a small table. A bottle of Champagne chills in an ice bucket; both of their flutes are full. Plates hold small bites. Brenna sips from her glass.

BRENNA

(in mid-sentence)

...really going on with Magnus...

CUT TO BLACK.

Open on the same restaurant scene.

REKKER

(in mid-sentence)

...need you to shut down the rumor  
mill...

CUT TO BLACK.

Open on the same scene. Brenna's glass is nearly empty. Rekker reaches for the bottle to refill it but she covers the glass with a hand to stop him.

REKKER

No more? I ordered this rare one  
just for you. I know you love it.

BRENNA  
(slurring a bit)  
I do...I feel...tipsy.

CUT TO BLACK.

Open to same scene. Brenna is now smiling at Rekker, almost starry-eyed, but she is visibly not in her typical self-controlled state.

BRENNA  
(in mid-sentence)  
...CRA to fight... terr...orists?  
What...

She looks alert but can barely articulate the words. She doesn't seem to be aware of this juxtaposed condition. Rekker continues to smile lovingly at her.

REKKER  
We can change the subject any time,  
love.

Suddenly, Brenna stops trying to form questions, and instead blurts out a statement.

BRENNA  
You and I should be a couple.

REKKER  
You know, Brenna, my darling, I  
have been waiting to hear you say  
that for so damn long. Why don't we  
leave now?

Brenna smiles and nods in a surreal twist.

CUT TO BLACK.

Open on Brenna and Rekker in an elevator, kissing passionately.

CUT TO BLACK.

Open on POV Brenna: Rekker is removing her shoes at the end of her bed.

CUT TO BLACK.

POV Brenna: Rekker is shirtless, unzipping his pants as he stands at the end of the bed, looking at her lovingly.

REKKER

You're dangerous, even without your  
saber.

BRENNA

(suggestively)

Wait until you SEE how dangerous I  
am.

REKKER

(laughing, almost in jest of  
her)

Oh, yes. You are dangerous. Because  
you tell the truth.

(pausing)

If you can remember it.

Brenna giggles.

CUT TO BLACK.

Open to Brenna, still in her bed, wrapped in sheets, as she starts to "come to." She slowly pulls herself off the bed and onto her feet. She shuffles across the floor out of the bedroom and into the living room. She sits in a chair next to a table that holds her purse. She retrieves her phone from her purse and opens it. Camera POV changes so we see the phone, which shows a SnapChat style message from Rekker that reads: "Our secret, my love," with a cute Bitmoji "shhhh" graphic. Brenna stares at it, then looks at her body still wrapped in the stained sheets.

BRENNA

(in realization)

Oh. My. God.

FADE TO BLACK.

20

FADE IN.

PharmaGlam lab, where Magnus is staring at the donor report on the computer screen, day. Bannon is visible in a chat window on the upper left of the display. The data set highlights that Brenna is the sole donor in Los Angeles. Magnus uses a command to open a window and he types in an elaborate passphrase for locking the document, then closes it down along with the application. Bannon is clearly impatient.

BANNON

What's happening?

MAGNUS  
 (feigning upbeat)  
 We found a donor here in L.A.

BANNON  
 Great! Let me know when you have  
 the donor and I'll meet you both at  
 the lab so we can...

Magnus nods and ends the chat session. He rushes out of the lab.

CUT TO BLACK.

21 FADE IN.

Otherworldly bubble room where the ELs stand looking at a floating screen that shows Brenna in the aftermath of Rekker raping her. Brenna is staring at the telephone keypad on her cell.

CHANTE  
 She is in severe distress. We must  
 find a safe way to help her.

All three of the ELs close their eyes and begin to sing a harmonious song. On the screen, we see Brenna's phone ring, startling her. On the screen is a photo of Suzy.

22 CUT TO:

Brenna's home, day. She takes Suzy's chat request, speaking as if in a haze.

BRENNA  
 Suzy...I...Rekker...he...

Suzy's eyes widen in horror as she sees Brenna's condition.

SUZY  
 Brenna, holy hell. Don't...don't  
 shower. I'm coming to get you. Be  
 there in ten minutes!

23 CUT TO:

Bubble room with the ELs, no floating screen.

VAR  
 I fear that we waited too long.

CHANTE

We cannot blame ourselves, Var. We were following the advice of the elders.

VAR

Perhaps we can still help the initiates succeed in their mission.

KORT

Of *course* there is. We can take human form and find the male.

CHANTE AND VAR

(together)

We sing.

They begin to sing and their transparent forms disappear for a moment, then take shapes as humans. Their location POV crossfades into them standing in a parking lot on the roof. The Santa Monica Pier is visible in the near distance. Suddenly, Magnus bursts out of the elevator doors, running toward a car, but he stops, grabs his cell phone, and dials.

MAGNUS

(into phone)

Brenna Kiana, please. It's Magnus Aaronsen.

We hear a male voice on the other end.

RECEPTIONIST

(off-screen)

I am sorry, Magnus, but I have been instructed to not send your calls through to Brenna.

MAGNUS

(blowing up)

This is a life-or-death situation!

RECEPTIONIST

(softening, whispering)

She called in sick today. And you did NOT hear that from me.

MAGNUS

(insistent)

I have to talk to her, now!

RECEPTIONIST

Try Suzy. Best I can do, Magnus. I need this job.

We hear a click as the receptionist cuts off the phone call. Magnus tells his phone to call Suzy Portman at work, and the call goes to her voicemail. He leaves an urgent message.

MAGNUS

Suzy. I've got to find Brenna immediately! She is in serious danger!

As he ends the call, he looks up to see the ELs about five feet away from him.

MAGNUS

What do you want from me?

KORT

We can take you to her.

MAGNUS

(stunned)

How do you...?

CHANTE

Please, we will explain on the way.

VAR

If you don't trust us fully, more than your lives will be in danger.

Magnus shakes his head, using the key fob to unlock his SUV nearby.

MAGNUS

I can't believe I'm doing this.

24 CUT TO:

Inside Magnus's car with the ELs as he frantically drives, day.

MAGNUS

So I'm supposed to believe that you are the ELs that *Bannon* told me are going to destroy life on Earth as we humans know it, but *you're* telling me that *you're* here to humanity.

KORT

Yes. We can only do so with your help and Brenna's.

CHANTE

The mission is simple but the process will be complicated.

MAGNUS

As if it's not already.

25 CUT TO:

Rekker's office, day. He pours a drink as he watches Bannon on the computer display. Bannon is stressed.

BANNON

So Magnus left abruptly, saying that he was on his way to the donor, and I was really excited and that's when I realized I should have had security tail him.

Rekker is calm.

REKKER

DeLocchi, you're not thinking clearly. If Magnus is driving the Jag that I gave him as part of the deal, it's tagged, and security can easily track him.

BANNON

And if he didn't?

Rekker stiffens.

REKKER

You have two ways to save your own life here. One, you get me Magnus, alive and ready to cooperate. Or two, you hack the database and get me the name of that donor, then you kill Magnus.

BANNON

Yes, Rekker.

REKKER

You have twelve hours.

The computer display shows the time as 7:45 AM.

REKKER

(continuing)

And I want the toys I gave to Magnus confiscated. Especially the car and the boat.

BANNON

Of course.

REKKER

(nearly boiling over)

Now get the fuck on it...or you're  
a dead man.

FADE OUT.

26

FADE IN.

Suzy's car, interior, as she drives Brenna to UCLA Medical Center. Brenna looks a little dazed but is coherent.

BRENNA

I've had drinks with Rekker before,  
and he's always been pretty creepy,  
but nothing like *this* ever  
happened.

SUZY

Brenna, I'll say it again: it's not  
your fault. Rekker must have  
drugged you.

BRENNA

I didn't see him make any  
suspicious moves like that.

(pausing)

Still, I trusted him.

Suzy shakes her head.

SUZY

(firmly)

You had to trust him: he's your  
boss. Besides, we can only trust  
people to do exactly what they're  
going to do.

(softening)

Say it, Brenna: "It's not my  
fault."

BRENNA

(wanly)

It's...not...my...fault.

SUZY

Keep telling yourself that because  
it's true.

BRENNA  
(heatedly)  
But those flashbacks! My god, Suzy!  
Rekker is up to something evil with  
CRA, I know it.

SUZY  
(shocked)  
What are you talking about?

Brenna lets out an audible gasp, clutching herself.

BRENNA  
I remember! He's using Magnus to do  
something with human DNA that will  
alter the chemical properties of  
CRA so it can be used to  
harm...some people.

SUZY  
Who? Holy hell.

BRENNA  
I don't know. Terrorists, I think.  
That's what Bannon told me. But I  
can't believe that Rekker's really  
in with the Pentagon, too.

SUZY  
I believe it. That beast is power  
hungry.

BRENNA  
This is so painful.

Suzy tries to calm Brenna.

SUZY  
Honey, we're almost at the  
hospital. Your doctor can give you  
something for the pain.

Brenna opens her teary eyes, trying to hold herself  
together.

BRENNA  
It's not that, it's...everything. I  
was almost out from under Rekker at  
PharmaGlam. Thesis submitted, I was  
weeks away from putting it all  
behind me and then THIS happens.

SUZY

I know. It's a big fucking mess now. But you don't have to do anything, Bren. Just heal and leave it in the past.

Brenna wipes her tears away and steels herself.

BRENNA

No, Suzy. I think Rekker's terrorists claim is bogus. I mean, what terrorists is he talking about? I swear on the cosmos that I will stop Rekker from whatever hell he is trying to inflict on anyone else.

(she laughs)

I don't know why I just said that.

(pausing)

And I feel guilty as hell that I pulled Magnus into this nightmare just to get him off my back.

SUZY

(comforting)

It's not your fault, Brenna! You need to take care of you now. You can save the world from Rekker later.

BRENNA

What about Magnus?

FADE OUT.

27

FADE IN.

Interior of Magnus's car, parking lot, day. He is in the driver's seat; the ELs are in the car with him. Kort turns the dashboard into a floating screen. On it, we see Brenna with a doctor and nurse. She is laying on a table as the nurse swabs her, tends to her IV, and gives her pain medication. Suzy sits in a chair next to Brenna, holding her hand. On the screen, the closed room door becomes transparent at the top and the room number shows on the hallway side; it reads 702.

KORT

The room number has nine as its digit sum. This is a good sign that she is likely to complete her part of the mission.

CHANTE

Yes. The council would not have permitted us to see this if the mission was futile.

The screen view pans out to show the outside of the hospital. Magnus speaks into the car GPS system.

MAGNUS

UCLA Medical Center.  
(turning to Chanté)  
What if Brenna won't see me?

Var leans forward from the back seat of Magnus's car.

VAR

She is the appointed Evolution Lodestar neophyte. You are her partner in the mission. I believe that she will quickly see this trauma as an opportunity to trust you.

Kort and Chanté nod in agreement.

MAGNUS

Yeah, well, if Brenna and I didn't see all this coming, how can we be so damn special? I mean, leading the next human evolution seems like a pretty big frickin' deal.

KORT

(leaning forward again)  
Worry not. Your unique powers will be revealed as you need them in accordance with the council of elders.

MAGNUS

Sounds iffy to me.

VAR

Sounds spiffy to me.

All look at Var then burst into laughter. Var shrugs it off.

VAR

I like that word, spiffy, even if it is outdated.

MAGNUS

I prefer words like sailing charts  
and dead reckoning, myself.

Chanté turns quickly from the front passenger seat to look  
at Magnus, her eyes wide.

CHANTE

Do you have a ship?

28 CUT TO:

PharmaGlam lab, where Bannon stands with the same three  
beefy, ominous looking security guards we saw previously.  
Bannon holds his iPad and dials a chat request with Magnus.

29 CUT TO:

Interior, Magnus's car as he sees the chat request from  
Bannon on his phone and removes his seatbelt. He turns to  
the ELs.

MAGNUS

Uh, it's my supervisor. What...?

Before he can finish his question, the ELs disappear. He  
takes the call.

BANNON

(annoyed)

Where the fuck are you?

MAGNUS

(lying)

Century City.

BANNON

I need you to bring the donor to  
the lab immediately -- or Rekker  
will have both our heads.

(pausing)

Magnus, I can track your vehicle.  
You know that, right?

MAGNUS

Yeah, well, I'm on my way back to  
the lab. The donor is in a Tony  
Robbins seminar. Closed session,  
security and all. They break in  
about three hours and I can...

BANNON  
 (shaking his head)  
 Uh uh. No. Not good enough.

MAGNUS  
 (upset but controlled)  
 Damn it, DeLocchi! I'll bring the  
 donor by noon. Best I can do.

Bannon slams his hand on the desk. As he does so, his iPad shifts and briefly shows the three security guards. Magnus catches this and tries not to react.

BANNON  
 Fuck it, Aaronsen.

Bannon ends the call. Magnus lets out a sigh as the ELs reappear inside his car.

30 CUT TO:

PharmaGlam lab, interior, day. Bannon is texting a message on his iPad. He turns to one of the security guards, whose phone makes a unique ringing sound. The guard looks at his phone and taps on it.

BANNON  
 I just texted you Magnus's license  
 plate number and the GPS tracking  
 device number. Track him down.  
 Clock is ticking, get a move on it.  
 (pausing)  
 And I'll see you at the scene.

The guard with the text message nods and all three turn to exit.

FADE OUT.

31 FADE IN.

Interior, large, well-appointed massage room, day. Rekker lies face down on the massage table as a female therapist puts a sheet up to cover his lower body.

THERAPIST  
 (soothingly)  
 Feel free to relax here for another  
 fifteen minutes until you're ready  
 to leave. Thank you, and be well,  
 Mr. Rekker.

She turns to gather a few things. Suddenly, Rekker flips over on the table and hops onto the floor, fully naked. He grabs his wallet from a nearby chair, removing cash and a small pill. The therapist is stunned by his aggressive behavior and she backs toward the door.

THERAPIST

Mr. Rekker, is there anything I can do for you?

Rekker throws a handful of paper money at her and then holds the pill between his thumb and index finger. She watches the money slowly float to the floor.

REKKER

Thanks A LOT. But I'm still fucking stressed out and have to take this pill to calm down.

He dry-swallows the pill. The therapist is in abject horror, reaching behind herself for the door handle while she raises her other hand toward Rekker.

THERAPIST

I'll go...process your refund now. Keep the tip, Mr. Rekker, sir.

Rekker, still standing, just waves his arms dramatically at her.

REKKER

Go. Now. Out. Get OUT!!!!!!

She is gone before he finishes his rant. He grabs his robe from a hook on the wall and puts it on.

REKKER

For fuck's sake, somebody PLEASE get me off this wretched planet.

FADE OUT.

32

FADE IN.

Interior, hospital room where Brenna sits on the edge of the exam table; she is now fully dressed. Suzy stands next to her. The nurse leaves as the doctor enters.

DOCTOR

Brenna, the tests show that Rekker used a condom, but there is no evidence of typical date-rape drugs in your system, and they would still be present.

(pausing)

Listen, Rekker's team at PharmaGlam could be cooking up something new that he tried on you. I'm trying everything I can to diagnose this, but he's covered his chemical tracks. Well, except for the DNA he left from his saliva. That'll be enough evidence to ID him. And we do encourage you to press charges. I am deeply sorry, Brenna.

The doctor turns and leaves the room. Suzy puts her hand on Brenna's shoulder.

BRENNA

I felt totally out of it early this morning but the feeling wore off within minutes of him leaving.

SUZY

You know he has a way with getting people to "do things"  
(she makes air quotes)  
for him.

Brenna is about to speak when there is a rap on the door; the doctor enters, closing the door behind himself.

DOCTOR

This is strange, Brenna, but there's a man in the lobby who asked to see you. He said his name is Magnus.

Brenna and Suzy look at each other, both shocked. Brenna rises.

BRENNA

I'll see him.

The doctor nods and opens the door, motioning into the lobby.

SUZY

Are you ready for this?!

BRENNA

(nodding emphatically)  
Yes. I have to hear him tell me how he found me...and why.

The doctor escorts Magnus into the room.

DOCTOR

We'll need to prep this room for another patient in twenty minutes.

Brenna, Suzy, and Magnus all nod. Magnus turns to the doctor.

MAGNUS

Thank you.

The doctor exits. Silence ensues for a couple seconds.

MAGNUS

(emotional, to Brenna)

Are you...okay?

BRENNA

(suddenly angry)

What are you doing here? My god. First Rekker...

(she pauses)

...and now you're stalking me. Are you two a *team*?

MAGNUS

No. No! But it's complicated.

SUZY

(stepping close to Brenna)

Yeah, I bet it is.

MAGNUS

Brenna, we have a chance to...uh...shit! Things are messed up, but some, um, people, I met want to help us change that.

BRENNA

*I'll* say things are messed up. Do you even know what Rekker put you up to with this new special project?

Brenna is indignant, arms folded across her chest.

MAGNUS

Yes! That's why I'm here: it turns out that YOU are the key to his plan. It's your super-rare blood type. He wants to mix it with CRA to kill the, uh, people who want to help humanity, and...

BRENNA

(interjecting, angry)

Did he steal my blood last night,  
like some kind of freaking vampire?  
And how do you know my blood type?

MAGNUS

No. Rekker doesn't even know you're  
the only donor in all of Los  
Angeles. And part of my assignment  
was to hack the Red Cross blood  
bank database.

(looking remorseful)

I know, I compromised my ethics for  
the perks, especially after Rekker  
moved me away from you.

Brenna steps toward Magnus. Suzy tries to calm her, but Brenna mouths, "It's okay" to her.

BRENNA

So Bannon was telling the truth to  
me in the briefing, even if he was  
watering it down. He talked about  
using the CRA mixture on  
terrorists. Who ARE these people?  
Why has Rekker been keeping this  
from me? I'm second in command.

MAGNUS

First, I am so sorry that I took  
the assignment, but I also didn't  
feel like I had a choice. Rekker  
gave me a huge salary increase,  
bonuses, a car, a boat. He made me  
sign a contract. I honest-to-god  
thought he was going to kill me if  
I didn't take the job, Brenna.

Brenna walks across the floor and stares out a window.

BRENNA

I had Rekker reassign you because I  
was uncomfortable with you trying  
to tell me that you...

She pauses before finishing the statement, and Magnus jumps in.

MAGNUS

I know, and it's okay, so if you  
just...

BRENNA

(exploding, cutting him off)  
 Just *what*? Trust you? I don't know  
 who I can trust any more. How about  
 this for trust? The reason I am  
 here, in this hospital room right  
 now, is that Rekker fucking drugged  
 me, or put me in some kind of  
 trance, and raped me last night!  
 (turning to him)  
 It's not enough that I feel guilty  
 for reassigning you?

Camera POV shows Brenna from her back/side as Magnus stands solemnly looking at Brenna as she tries to hold back tears. In the background, Suzy's eyes widen in shock as the ELs "appear" in the room. She gasps audibly.

SUZY

Oh holy hell.

BRENNA

What the...?

Magnus turns to look in the same direction, seeing the ELs. Brenna and Suzy swoon a bit.

BRENNA

(continuing)

Well, I , I...don't...

Magnus reaches to stabilize Brenna but she thrusts out her hands, palms forward.

BRENNA

I'm...I'm fine.

She works to straighten herself as Suzy steps back slowly. Chanté looks directly at Brenna as though she is very impressed.

CHANTE

Oh, yes. She IS a fighter.

KORT

(nodding)

No doubt.

VAR

(stepping toward Brenna)

Magnus loves you. I can see already  
 why the elders believe in you.

Brenna, Suzy, and Magnus are clearly stunned, and everyone turns to look at Var, who smiles, quite pleased with his statement. An awkward silence ensues. Suddenly, there is a rap on the door and the doctor enters, looking shocked as she sees a room full of people.

DOCTOR

Ho! What's going on in here? This is a medical facility, not a social club. Brenna...?

BRENNA

Doctor Collins, I assure you that I am fine. My friends are going to take me to a group therapy session for sexual assault survivors. We're sharing directions and we'll be out of here in two minutes.

DOCTOR

Fine. I'll send the nurse in shortly. Brenna, therapy is a good next step, and I appreciate that you have so many helpful friends. If I can do anything else for you, please let me know.

BRENNA

Of course, thank you, Doctor Collins.

The doctor leaves the room. Brenna and Suzy try not to go wide-eyed again. Magnus jumps in.

MAGNUS

I know it's a stretch, what you see. I was freaked out, too. But we can't waste any time, Brenna!

Brenna and Suzy look at each other intensely, then Brenna moves toward Magnus, looking at the ELs as she steps.

BRENNA

I'm ready to listen.

MAGNUS

It's worse than we could have dreamed. Rekker is like some evil overlord. He's gaining psychological control of the US and using his global network to assert complete dominance.

BRENNA  
PharmaGlam is...

Suzy chimes in.

BRENNA AND SUZY  
...just his cover.

Magnus nods emphatically.

MAGNUS  
Chanté, will you please show us  
that special screen thing?

Chanté waves her hand into the air and produces the floating screen that we have seen several times. On it, we see Rekker in his office, squeezing a stress ball in one hand as he struts while video-chatting with Bannon. We hear their conversation.

REKKER  
*Of course* his car has a tracking device, you idiot. Use it. Get Aaronsen and fucking waterboard him if you have to. I need that donor - and so do you, or we'll never regress this already stupid population of human losers.

BANNON  
(looking a bit nervous)  
Humans? Okay, I'm on it, Rekker.

Rekker throws the stress ball at his computer display and we see Bannon flinch.

REKKER  
(screaming)  
Get him! Get them all. Now!

Chanté waves away the screen. The room is silent.

KORT  
We must go immediately to the ship.

BRENNA AND SUZY  
Ship?!

MAGNUS  
Yeah, I have a boat now.

Brenna plucks Suzy's car keys from her hand.

BRENNA  
I'll drive.

33 CUT TO:

Exterior, UCLA Medical Center parking lot, at Suzy's car, day. Brenna, Magnus, Suzy, and the ELs are present. Brenna turns to the ELs.

BRENNA  
Can you, um, people stay visible? I need to get used to this.

Suzy nods in agreement. The ELs smile. Everyone gets into the car.

34 CUT TO:

Interior, Suzy's car, day. Brenna is in the driver's seat, Suzy is riding shotgun, and Magnus and all three ELs sit in the back seat.

SUZY  
Put on your seatbelts, kids.  
(pointing at Brenna)  
This one's NASCAR ready.

As they buckle in, Brenna turns around to back the car out of the space, then she gasps.

BRENNA  
Holy hell! It's Bannon! He's next to a black sports car and looking around!

Magnus and Suzy turn to look. Magnus ducks down low.

MAGNUS  
That's MY CAR!

BRENNA  
Bannon will recognize me!

Suzy grabs a hat from the center console. She scoops up Brenna's hair with her hand and puts the hat on Brenna's head, concealing her hair inside the hat.

SUZY  
(wrapping a scarf around her own head)  
There! Drive, sister!

MAGNUS

Like normal, or he'll get  
suspicious.

Brenna backs the car out completely. Just as she puts the shifter in "drive," we see Bannon look at her and slowly make the connection. He freezes for a few beats, then runs toward a big black SUV. Suzy and Magnus scream.

SUZY

Punch it, Bren!

MAGNUS

Faster! He just closed his car  
door.

Brenna is driving fast, but other cars are ahead of her, making it impossible to move more rapidly. Behind them, two more cars are now blocking Bannon. Brenna, Suzy, and Magnus are all anxious. We hear their conversation fade beneath the ELs "thought conversation."

VAR

What are their chances of survival  
in this situation?

KORT

Not good.

VAR

(on the edge of emotional)  
Fifty-fifty?

KORT

Not even close.  
(pausing)  
Var, you are developing human  
attachment emotions.

CHANTE

We...all...are.

35

CUT TO:

Exterior, parking lot, day. A line of cars moves slowly toward the exit, where drivers must open their car window and press a scan-pad to pay their parking fees before an electronic gate raises and allows them to pass. As Brenna nears the gate, she guns the engine and slips through behind the car in front of hers. She makes a hard left turn, barely squeezing between two oncoming vehicles that both honk their horns. There is now one car between her car and Bannon's. A classic city chase scene ensues.

36 CUT TO:

Interior, Bannon's car, day. His dash-mounted iPad displays Rekker on the screen. Rekker is yelling.

REKKER  
You've got to keep them in sight! I  
don't have tracking software for  
that car!

Bannon tries to pass cars on the busy two-way street, to no avail. He is extremely frustrated but maintains his composure.

BANNON  
Target in sight. I won't lose them.

REKKER  
(petulant)  
I want to be there for the kill.  
(smiling)  
But I have business to attend to.

BANNON  
I've got this, Rekker.

Bannon swerves his vehicle and gets one car closer to Brenna's.

37 CUT TO:

Interior, Brenna's car. She is focused with some residual anxiety.

BRENNA  
(looking in the rear view  
mirror)  
How do I lose him?

MAGNUS  
Turn left on Weyburn and slip into  
an alley.

Suzy turns around, seeing Bannon's car.

SUZY  
Shit! He made the turn. He sees us!

MAGNUS  
Just keep making your way toward  
Marina del Rey.

The camera cuts back and forth between the interior and exterior of Brenna's car.

EXTERIOR: Brenna manages to get into a right turn lane onto Westwood Boulevard, which is in near gridlock.

INTERIOR:

BRENNA  
Trying to get onto Wilshire!

EXTERIOR: Soon, she makes the turn and moves adeptly to the left lane. Bannon's car is in the middle lane, three cars back.

INTERIOR:

SUZY  
(still turned toward the back  
of the car)  
He's slipping behind!

MAGNUS  
Can you get onto the 405?

Brenna slams both hands on the steering wheel.

BRENNA  
Yes, but holy hell, Magnus. Bannon  
and Rekker BOTH know that I AM THE  
DONOR. They're going to kill you to  
get to me!

Magnus shakes his head wildly.

MAGNUS  
No. No. No. We're gonna outrun  
them, Brenna. Keep trying to lose  
him and get to my boat slip!

Brenna turns to Suzy.

BRENNA  
I'm sorry I got you involved in  
this nightmare, Suze!

SUZY  
(shaking her head)  
No apology. We're all in this  
together now.  
(pausing)  
It's the biggest nightmare for you.

Brenna is weaving the car in and out of lanes, frantically trying to get far ahead of Bannon.

BRENNA

Well, it's a hell of a day so far.

38 CUT TO:

Exterior, freeway, with both Brenna's and Bannon's cars in view from above. They are still in the chase. Suddenly, we see a big black SUV enter the freeway from a Santa Monica Boulevard on-ramp. The SUV maneuvers close to Brenna's car. In it, we see Rekker's "security guards" from the laboratory. In Brenna's car, we see Magnus's shocked face.

39 CUT TO:

Interior, Brenna's car.

MAGNUS

More bad news.

BRENNA

What?

MAGNUS

Bannon sicced Rekker's other henchmen on us.

SUZY

(slumping)

We're doomed!

BRENNA

No! I'll go home and get my Champagne sword and saber them all!

MAGNUS

No time for that Brenna!

Suzy sits up abruptly.

SUZY

It's here! I have the saber!

Brenna turns to her.

BRENNA

Where?

SUZY

It's in the back  
(she points to the rear of the vehicle)  
You left it with me after the PharmaGlam party.

Magnus interjects.

MAGNUS  
 Sorry, but a single sword is no  
 match for the guns they undoubtedly  
 have.

Suzy turns around, glaring at Magnus.

SUZY  
 She's *trained*, you know.

MAGNUS  
 (raising his eyebrows)  
 Impressive. But bullets move faster  
 than blades. Simple physics.

Suddenly, Brenna swerves the car to the right, cutting  
 across two lanes and barely avoiding a major crash. We hear  
 honking horns and screeching tires on pavement.

SUZY  
 (aghast)  
 Holy hell, Brenna! What are you  
 doing?

BRENNA  
 I'm trying to get these creeps off  
 our ass!

40 CUT TO:

Exterior, freeway, with all three cars in view from above.  
 Brenna cuts onto the 90 Freeway. The other two cars follow  
 hers, causing a multiple-vehicle crash behind them.

41 CUT TO:

Interior, Rekker's office, day. He is on his large-screen  
 computer, using Magnus's hacked simulation model application  
 to view the range of effects of the modified CRA on humans.  
 Charts show that seventy percent will exhibit the expected  
 behavior of complete compliance with authority, that  
 twenty-five percent will exhibit hyper-aggressive behavior,  
 and that the remaining five percent will either exhibit no  
 noticeable behavior changes or die.

REKKER  
 (to himself)  
 Works for me.

42 CUT TO:

Interior, Brenna's car. The ELs finally speak.

VAR

We must show you Chanté's vision  
immediately.

He waves his hand to bring up a "screen." Magnus is upset.

MAGNUS

Are you kidding? Brenna is risking  
life and limb to lose Bannon and  
get us to the boat!

KORT

It is necessary for the furtherance  
of your mission.

Magnus shakes his head as the screen shows Rekker in his office at the computer; we see the back of his head. He appears to be playing some kind of war video game, but as the camera focuses in, we see that it is a simulation of the CRA "zombifying" effects on the human population, city by city, around the world. We hear Rekker laugh joyfully.

REKKER

And those creepy ELs will be the  
biggest zombies of them all.

When Chanté waves her hand, we see Rekker change from human form into a ghastly beast. Suzy and Magnus gasp, as they can see the screen but Brenna cannot.

SUZY

Oh. My. God.

MAGNUS

Holy shit. What *is* that?

Brenna strains to try to see the screen while still maneuvering on the freeway. She is extremely anxious.

BRENNA

What? What is what?

MAGNUS

(speaking as though he is in  
shock)

It's...Rekker. He's...uh...not...  
human.

Brenna swerves the car suddenly, turning the car around to drive against traffic. Suzy and Magnus scream.

BRENNA  
Brenna! No!

MAGNUS  
You're going to get us all killed!

BRENNA  
Hang on!

43 CUT TO:

Exterior, freeway. Bannon and the black SUV were not able to make the same maneuver as Brenna. The henchmen's car has flipped and is on its side at the edge of the freeway. Bannon's car is tightly locked in amongst a mess of vehicles, many of which have crashed. We see Brenna's car turn around again and careen down an exit ramp, out of sight.

44 CUT TO:

Interior, Rekker's office, day. He appears human again, car keys in hand. On the computer screen behind him, the simulation model continues, showing actual human behaviors as predicted by the model. In one corner of the screen, we see a small window displaying an image of Magnus's boat in its marina slip; the street address and slip number appear below the image.

45 CUT TO:

Interior, Brenna's car. The ELs' screen is gone. Brenna blows through a red light. Signs for the Marina are visible.

BRENNA  
Magnus, which turn?

MAGNUS  
Admiralty Way. Then Via Marina to  
Marquesas!

46 CUT TO:

Interior, Bannon's car. He is on his iPad, video chatting with Rekker.

BANNON  
Fuck it, Rekker, I lost them!

Rekker is calm.

REKKER

No. They're headed to his boat on Marquesas Way and I'm headed for a showdown. And I need another favor from you.

47 CUT TO:

Exterior, Brenna's car. Four fire trucks and several ambulances block their turn. Traffic is in total gridlock.

48 CUT TO:

Interior, Brenna's car. Suzy starts freaking out.

SUZY

(looking pale, shaken)

We're going to die at the hands of a monster.

BRENNA

(trying to calm Suzy)

We are NOT gonna die, Suze!

MAGNUS

But we gotta get out of this mess, and fast! Rekker's going to track my boat and show up himself, I know it.

49 CUT TO:

Exterior, Brenna's car. Suddenly, several police vehicles arrive, having managed to clear a path toward the emergency vehicles. We can see the wreckage and fire, and injured people being moved on stretchers. Brenna adeptly steers the car behind the last police car; other cars follow her. Traffic moves slowly, but we see her car make the first turn. From the opposite direction, a large SUV drives up on the sidewalk, moving extremely fast.

50 CUT TO:

Interior, Brenna's car. Suzy gasps.

SUZY

It's Rekker! He's coming toward us!

MAGNUS

How can you tell? I can't see the driver through the tinted glass.

SUZY  
I've *driven* that car before!

Brenna peers into her car mirrors, looking shocked.

BRENNA  
Holy hell! That's him, alright!

MAGNUS  
He'll have guns.

KORT  
He won't need them.

BRENNA  
Against MY sword? LOL. Not!

CHANTE  
His powers go beyond those of ordinary humans.

VAR  
He taps into energy sources, using them for nefarious purposes.

SUZY  
Yeah, so we've seen.

MAGNUS  
(looking at the ELs)  
What are we supposed to do to fight him?

CHANTE  
You must also access sources of energy and see how to best use them. We cannot foresee this.

VAR  
We can only see that you must prevail, or...

Brenna swerves the car onto Via Marina.

KORT  
(continuing Var's statement)  
... or Rekker will set humanity - and us - in a locked state of spiritual regression.

Magnus turns around and from his POV we see Rekker's vehicle just a few cars behind them. He turns to Chanté.

MAGNUS

What if I don't have the ability to tap in?

CHANTE

You do. The power of your love for Brenna is the key. Do not lose the feeling.

VAR

No matter what happens.

51 CUT TO:

Interior, Rekker's car. He is video chatting with a man on a large ornate speedboat. We see a crew in back, preparing the boat.

REKKER

I'll be at my slip in two minutes.  
Have her ready.

MAN

(nodding)  
Yes, sir, Captain Rekker.

52 CUT TO:

Exterior, Via Marina. Rekker's car makes a left turn onto a street lined with boat slips.

53 CUT TO:

Interior, Brenna's car.

SUZY

(relieved)  
Whew! That was close!

Brenna is shaking her head.

BRENNA

Suze, that's where Rekker stores boat.

MAGNUS

He's into the chase, I guess.

Suzy slumps in her seat, covering her face with her hands.

54 CUT TO:

Exterior, Brenna's car as it pulls into a parking space at Magnus's boat slip. Everyone exits the car. Camera goes close up.

KORT  
We must leave for now.

VAR  
We will be watching.

CHANTE  
But you are, in human vernacular,  
on your own. Remember, the power of  
love is the power of light and  
life. Find it in the stars, in the  
forces of the ocean. Support will  
come from unlikely sources.

Chanté waves and produces a screen that emits sounds from the ocean vortex. Var looks at Magnus.

VAR  
(smiling)  
In lieu of your dead reckoning.

Magnus smiles back, looking a bit unsure. The ELs disappear. Brenna, Suzy, and Magnus stare at one another for a couple of seconds. Brenna turns to Suzy.

BRENNA  
(solemnly, firmly)  
Suze. Get in your car. Go home. Get  
some rest.

Suzy starts to interject.

MAGNUS  
No, Suzy. You don't want to be in  
Rekker's presence.

Suzy starts to cry and Brenna hugs her.

BRENNA  
(whispering)  
I love you, my little cherub.

Brenna releases her and hands her the car keys as Magnus helps her into the driver's seat.

SUZY  
 I love you, Bren.  
 (to Magnus)  
 Take good care of her.

Magnus nods and closes her car door as she starts the car and begins to drive away. Suddenly, she brakes the car hard and jumps out. Brenna and Magnus walk quickly toward her.

SUZY  
 (emphatically)  
 Wait!

She goes to the back of the car, opens the hatch, retrieves Brenna's saber, and hands it to her. Brenna holds out her hands.

SUZY  
 (continuing)  
 You might need this.

Brenna smiles and takes the sword.

BRENNA  
 (clearly not believing)  
 Yes, I just might.

55 CUT TO:

Exterior, Rekker's boat. He sits calmly in the captain's chair, holding his phone. We see Bannon on the phone screen.

REKKER  
 Go to the lab and log on to Magnus's report. I hacked it and emailed you the encrypted pass-phrase.

BANNON  
 You don't need me at the marina?

REKKER  
 No. I've got this. I feel giddy, like a cat with two stunned mice. You just keep looking for other donor matches and get going on the CRA modification and inoculation.

Bannon nods, but looks worried. Rekker continues.

REKKER  
 More donors means faster global regression.

BANNON

I'm on it.

REKKER

Oh, and one more thing. I emailed a list of the world order execution team that I've assembled. Call a video meeting for midnight tonight.

Bannon gives a thumbs up as Rekker ends the chat session. Rekker sighs, smiles, and peers out over the late afternoon sun over the Pacific Ocean.

REKKER

(to himself)

Life is good.

(pausing)

And soon it's going to get much, much better.

Fade out.

56 FADE IN.

Exterior, Magnus's boat.

57 CUT TO:

Interior, Magnus's boat. He and Brenna sit at a dining table looking at each other in silence. An antique clock ticks loudly. Suddenly, they simultaneously begin to talk; they stop, but it happens again. They stop and pause.

BRENNA

Third time's a charm?

Magnus motions like he is zipping his lips.

MAGNUS

You first.

Brenna rises.

BRENNA

So we're looking - I mean, listening - for a sound. Inside the ocean.

MAGNUS

And we're...looking?...at the stars. But for what?

Silence ensues for a few beats. Magnus rises and goes to his recording equipment, starts to fiddle with it.

MAGNUS

Ya know, Brenna, if I tweak a bunch of settings, I just might be able to pick up the combination of harmonic frequencies.

BRENNA

But how will we know exactly where to listen? The Pacific is a pretty big pond.

She pauses, then looks almost startled.

BRENNA

(continuing)

Do you remember, Magnus, at the PharmaGlam party when you said you knew I have a PhD in Astrophysics?

Magnus nods. Brenna continues.

BRENNA

I don't. I actually submitted my thesis yesterday before meeting Rekker to discuss what was going on with you, and then...

(pausing)

...you know.

Magnus reaches out and places his hand gently on her shoulder, stroking it once.

MAGNUS

What's your thesis?

BRENNA

It's about how stars - that is, light energy - combines with sound to affect wormholes, slipstreams, and so on to create opportunities for humans to radically advance their mental and spiritual potential.

MAGNUS

Geez. With brains like that, why would you work at PharmaGlam?

BRENNA

Originally, I thought we were healing people. I naively bought into the PharmaGlam branding: "Therapeutic Medicine." Plus, I

BRENNA  
like having a lot of money in the  
bank.

MAGNUS  
Same here.

BRENNA  
Well, my grad work leads me to  
believe that you and I are going to  
find the slipstream that the Els  
are talking about...by combining  
research with *mine*.

MAGNUS  
Location of stars, certain  
frequencies of both light and  
sound.

BRENNA  
(nodding)  
Yes, absolutely.

MAGNUS  
While we're fighting Rekker.

BRENNA  
Uh, yeah.  
(awkward pause)  
We better get started.

58 CUT TO:

Exterior, Rekker's boat, with him in it, starting the  
engine.

59 CUT TO:

Exterior, Magnus's boat. He and Brenna stand on the deck,  
watching as the sun begins to dip into the horizon.

BRENNA  
Can you disable to boat's tracking  
device?

MAGNUS  
Yeah, if I knew where to find it.

BRENNA  
If you were Rekker's tech, where  
would you install it?

MAGNUS

It's gotta be hardwired.

60 CUT TO:

Interior, Magnus's boat. He emerges from the engine room to the main cabin, where Brenna stands looking at a computer screen. She looks up to see Magnus shaking his head.

MAGNUS

Nope.

BRENNA

Santa Monica Security's website says a popular covert spot is inside the captain's chair.

Magnus winces as Brenna hands him a kitchen knife.

61 CUT TO:

Exterior, Rekker's boat. He is smiling as he looks at his phone showing a photo of Brenna, clearly from several years ago. In it, she is smiling and Rekker has an arm around her shoulder.

REKKER

This is all for you, my love.

Rekker's human form turns into a shadow, then reveals itself as the beast, and reverts to human form again.

62 CUT TO:

Interior, Magnus's boat. He rips the GPS tracking system out of the captain's chair, and holds it up to Brenna. He grimaces looking at the shredded chair.

BRENNA

Let's get this boat moving!

63 CUT TO:

Interior, PharmaGlam lab, where Bannon has located a blood donor on the computer database. He looks conflicted. He grabs his iPad and calls Rekker.

BANNON

Rekker, I found a donor from Oxnard. Works in the Valley. The guys are almost there. I guess we don't need Brenna, so how long 'til you get here?

REKKER

Oh, we need Brenna, alright. When the Valley guy gets to the lab, drop everything and start brewing up the CRA.

BANNON

(trying to conceal his  
cracking loyalty)  
Yes, I'm on it.

REKKER

Until then, we need to flood the media with footage from the simulation model. The "Zombie Virus" crisis is on, as far as the media is concerned. The CDC will be on our doorstep begging for the "vaccine" in less than three hours, guaranteed. Cha-ching.

Bannon tries to hide his discomfort, but Rekker sees it and addresses it.

RE

DeLocchi, you're my man. Time to meet the ultimate challenge or...  
(cryptically)  
...meet your Maker.  
(patronizingly)  
Yes, it's Daddy's pep talk. You know we don't want the ELs to force humans to evolve.

Bannon steels himself. Rekker's phone is ringing but he doesn't pause to answer it.

BANNON

I've got this, Rekker.

REKKER

(reassuringly)  
Of course you do. You did all along. You just doubted yourself. You doubted the plan. But now you're committed. A little more, ah, discomfort, and then it will be over. No more ELs. Peace on Earth. We can go on doing what we do best: making the sexiest pharmaceuticals in the world and enjoying all the best that world has to offer.

Bannon is nodding as if in a trance, but he has an odd, aggressive look about him that we have not seen before. Rekker continues.

REKKER

The media reel is on my secure hard drive. You can access it from the lab. Here's the pass-phrase.

64 CUT TO:

Exterior, Magnus's boat as it moves rapidly into the twilight horizon and then slows down and stops.

65 CUT TO:

Interior, Magnus's boat. He and Brenna sit side by side, looking down at a tabletop that serves as a computer screen. On it, we see the constellations and a lot of numbers, text, and non-linear radar-like graphics. Magnus's recording equipment and several musical instruments are directly across from them. Magnus reaches over and starts turning knobs. Sounds emanate from the speakers and the star map changes with various tones. It is a spectacular audio-visual phenomenon. They look at each other. Suddenly, Brenna's saber, leaning up in a nearby corner, begins to glow and sparkle, and so does she. Magnus opens his mouth to speak but nothing comes out. They are making constant eye contact.

MAGNUS

I... You...

BRENNA

We.

Suddenly, Magnus becomes enveloped in the glow. The two of them visually dissolve into the glow for a few seconds, then they reappear. The star map shows shifting, and certain patterns emerge. The ELs appear.

CHANTE

(gravely)

Do not linger in this state. You must utilize your newfound energy to find the portal.

VAR

Then, quickly mobilize the forces of light and love on the material plane.

Kort steps toward Brenna and Magnus, looks at the captain's chair, and makes direct intense eye contact with them.

KORT  
Rekker is coming for you.

VAR  
And we ELs must hide.

CHANTE  
Rekker will stop at nothing.

66 CUT TO:

Exterior, Rekker's boat, night. He reaches to restart the boat just as his phone rings. He sees a voice message badge and opens it, placing the phone on speaker.

WOMAN V.O.  
Drake Rekker, this is Santa Monica Security. We are calling to inform you that the GPS tracking system on your water vessel number three may have been disabled or otherwise tampered with. Please contact us if you require assistance with this device. Five five five, two zero zero two.

The message ends. Rekker explodes, slamming his hands on the steering wheel; his phone goes flying and lands on the floor. He lurches the boat forward.

67 CUT TO:

Interior, Magnus's boat, night. Magnus, Brenna, and the ELs are all there, continuing their conversation.

MAGNUS  
How will Rekker find us without a GPS device?

VAR  
He will probably manipulate the Coast Guard or Marina Police to track you down.

MAGNUS  
(to Brenna)  
We're screwed.

BRENNA  
(defiant)  
No. We have time.  
(to Var)  
An hour?

VAR

No more.

He looks at Chanté, who waves a "screen" into the room. On it, we see CNN showing "Breaking News" footage of people lining up at emergency rooms and urgent care clinics and receiving vaccinations. The first of two news anchors comments on the footage.

NEWS ANCHOR #1

Clinics across America are overwhelmed by people demanding vaccinations of PharmaGlam's newest treatment to combat what is being called the "Zombie Virus" or simply "The Z." According to the CDC just moments ago, the virus causes humans to lapse into a quasi-catatonic state, or to exhibit aggressive behaviors, harming others and damaging property. There has been one reported death, although we can't officially attribute it to The Z.

A second news anchor contributes.

NEW ANCHOR #2

PharmaGlam has issued a statement saying that vaccines will be available by ten PM on the West coast and as early as six AM on the East coast. Globally, medicines are expected to be supplied within five days, but extra medical staff will be required for this mass inoculation.

The anchor trails off as Chanté waves away the screen. Magnus appears depressed and sits down.

MAGNUS

(to no one in particular)  
How did I let this happen?

Kort walks over to him.

KORT

Rekker is an extremely powerful agent, especially against innocent, well-meaning people.

VAR

Against everyone. Except you and Brenna, now that your consciousness is raised.

Brenna goes to Magnus. She touches his shoulder and light moves from her hand into his body and centers on his heart. His facial features transform, showing strength and courage. He rises and stands next to Brenna. Chanté approaches them both.

CHANTE

One more thing. The not-quite-healed crack in the Orion Shield represents Rekker's greatest weaknesses: greed and lust for power. He is incapable of genuine love.

KORT

But if you succeed in bringing all of humanity through the sacred sea portal, Rekker, too, may be transformed in the process.

VAR

(stepping forward)

Light and love remove all darkness, all evil, all desire to elevate oneself above others for wicked gain.

CHANTE

In your future, should you succeed, darkness - anti-matter - will present opportunities for rest, rejuvenation, and augmentation of the evolutionary forces.

KORT

Eventually, you will experience that darkness and light embrace each other, not fight one another as they do in your world.

VAR

(whispering enthusiastically)

We think you're going to like it.

Brenna takes a bold step toward the ELs. Light shines all around her.

BRENNA

I am ready.

Her saber, still standing in the corner, lights up and shakes; it falls onto the star map, causing the tabletop to erase momentarily. Just then, Magnus's recording gear and nearby musical instruments begin to emit a beautiful musical chord, which turns into a chord progression with melody and percussion. Orchestral instrument sounds combing with electric and electronic sounds to create a vibrant, ethereal, riveting piece.

CHANTE

I am having a vision.

She waves the screen into the room again. It shows video of people around the world gathered in various "love-in" type movements.

CHANTE

(continuing)

The earthly power of light and love  
is growing.

VAR

If you can tip the scales against  
evil, your chances of fulfilling  
the mission are far greater.

Chanté waves away the screen. Brenna takes her sword and the tabletop star map reappears. A distinct rainbow-like blip emerges on it. The star map shows an overlay of a nautical map of the Pacific Ocean. Together, the maps clearly show the Orion Shield and its partly-healed fissure.

The ELs gather close together.

CHANTE

You must proceed with senses  
attuned to light and love while  
negating any vision of planetary  
degradation.

VAR

Rocker David Lee Roth said it best:  
"The time is now, later than it's  
ever been."

Everyone smiles.

KORT

Think of it. Living in light and  
love. Like sabering and sipping

KORT  
 Champagne all day. Every day. For a  
 lifetime. With no hangover. Ever.

The ELs disappear. Brenna and Magnus are speechless.

FADE OUT.

68 FADE IN.

Exterior, Rekker's boat, night, as it speeds toward a Santa Monica Marina Police (SMMP) boat, stopping near the side of it. A bright spotlight shines on Rekker's boat. An SMMP officer carrying a bullhorn steps out onto the deck, followed by three other officers who have weapons pointed at Rekker and his boat. Rekker emerges, hands in the air, yelling.

REKKER  
 Don't shoot, officers!

OFFICER #1  
 (through the bullhorn)  
 Are you in danger, sir?

REKKER  
 No, but someone stole my other boat  
 and disabled the tracking device.  
 I'm out here trying to find the  
 thief.

Officer #1 nods to the other officers. Officer #2 holsters his weapon, goes to the edge of the boat and starts to lower an emergency ladder. Officer #3 also holsters her weapon and throws a line for securing Rekker's boat to the SMMP boat. Officer #4 hones in on Rekker with weapon drawn.

OFFICER #1  
 (through bullhorn)  
 Move your vessel close enough to  
 tie up, then use the emergency  
 ladder to climb aboard. Present an  
 ID card. You will be searched.

REKKER  
 (moving slowly, eyes on  
 Officer #1)  
 Yes, Officer.

69 CUT TO:

Interior, SMMP boat, night. The same three officers have guns trained on Rekker as he and Officer #1 talk near a large computer screen in the background. One side of the screen shows a registered marine vehicle database; the other side shows a tracking software. The officer is entering data on a keyboard. He turns to Rekker.

OFFICER #1

I see your boat listed in the registry. Now let's see if it shows up on the radar.

Rekker is talking softly, in the same calming voice he used with Bannon earlier. The officer nods and chuckles, as do the other three officers, who lower their weapons.

OFFICER #1

(pointing to a blip on the radar screen)

There's your boat, sir. It's on the move.

REKKER

Excellent work, officers. I think you can all disarm now.

All four officers remove their guns and place them on a nearby table that Rekker casually motions toward.

REKKER

(continuing)

This is so much nicer, don't you agree?

OFFICER #1

You bet. That was an unnecessary show of force on our part, Mr. Rekker. We apologize for any inconvenience.

Rekker waves his hand in the air and chuckles loudly.

OFFICER #1

(continuing)

Normally, we'd have to follow protocol and ask you to get back in your boat as we pursue the suspect, but I AM the Chief Officer, and I'm gonna let you stay aboard. How's that, sir?

REKKER  
 (smiling broadly)  
 That suits me just fine, officer.

70 CUT TO:

Exterior, Magnus's boat, night, as it glides along the ocean.

71 CUT TO:

Interior, Magnus's boat, night. He sits in the ripped up Captain's chair, navigating. Brenna reads coordinates from the tabletop map overlays. Magnus's recording gear and musical instruments emit different sounds as they travel. Magnus turns to Brenna.

MAGNUS  
 (a bit nervous)  
 Brenna, what do you think is going to happen when we get to the vortex wormhole portal thing?

BRENNA  
 I think we're going to see, and hear, whatever is there, and then we'll know what to do.

Magnus nods, still looking somewhat uneasy.

MAGNUS  
 I think I'm just nervous about Rekker finding us before we even get there.

BRENNA  
 (rising, walk to Magnus)  
 Let's stay on course. It's the best way to beat him to the punch.

Magnus nods and appears a bit more focused. Brenna returns to the table maps, and her eyes widen.

BRENNA  
 Magnus, we're getting closer, but I see a weird black blip that wasn't visible before.

MAGNUS  
 (turning around to address her)  
 What's it doing?

BRENNA

It's sending out some kind of signal, both low light and low frequency sound.

They both pause to hear the new audio sound coming from the recording equipment. Magnus recognizes it.

MAGNUS

That's marine police sonar for vehicle detection. But that low frequency? Could be a...

Brenna looks at the map, stunned.

BRENNA

Rekker found us! The black blip is his dark energy. Magnus, just keep moving toward the vortex coordinates!

Magnus braces himself at the helm.

MAGNUS

Shit! Brenna, we've got to formulate a plan for getting people to willingly go into the portal!

BRENNA

(trying not to panic)  
I know, I know!

She gets her saber. When she touches it, it lights up.

72

CUT TO:

Interior, Suzy's apartment, night. Suzy is glued to television footage of the Zombie Virus crisis. She grabs her cell phone and dials a video chat with Brenna that goes immediately to message. Suzy speaks rapidly; she is beside herself with anxiety.

SUZY

Bren, where are you? I'm worried sick! Things are totally out of control here. The government says there's an epidemic they're calling the Zombie Virus, and people all over the world are trying to get the vaccine. Duh, PharmaGlam!

(pausing, whispering)

Brenna, I think it's a hoax perpetrated by Rekker to get people

SUZY

to take the modified CRA! Worse, I heard there's some kind of panic at the Santa Monica Marine Police department. One of their boats went off radar. I'm freaking terrified.

(she looks around the room suspiciously)

I'm coming to find you! And I'm bringing help!

73 CUT TO:

Exterior, SMMP boat, night.

74 CUT TO:

Interior, SMMP boat, night. As the camera pans out, we see that all four officers are dead. Three of them are still clutching a handgun, indicating that they have killed themselves. He sighs loudly, shaking his head.

REKKER

The things I have to do.

His phone rings, he sees it is Bannon and answers the chat request. Bannon appears on the screen.

BANNON

It's all in place, Rekker. I found enough donors to keep a steady supply of the vaccine, I mean the CRA, moving out.

REKKER

Great work. I knew you could do this.

BANNON

It's a brilliant plan: everyone wants to help. You have the whole fucking world working for you, Rekker.

REKKER

But I still have work to do. I need to take care of Magnus and rescue Brenna from his evil clutches. Carry on, DeLocchi.

Rekker ends the chat. He walks to the radar screen and watches it for a moment, then walks to the helm.

75 CUT TO:

Interior, bubble-room, where the ELs sit, floating. Chanté waves a screen into the room. It shows a view above the ocean off Santa Monica; both Magnus's boat and the SMMP boat are visible, as a white-light dot and a dark dot, respectively.

VAR

(to Chanté)

What do you think the neophytes will do?

CHANTE

I don't know. But I believe in their devotion and I know their powers are sufficient, if they combine them properly.

(to Kort, who looks sad)

Kort, what is it?

KORT

Traces of fear from my recent human experience are tainting my ability to offer spiritual support.

CHANTE

I am glad that your honesty prevailed. Var and I will cleanse the darkness.

Chanté and Var place their hands toward Kort with palms facing his heart chakra. They sing a beautiful, harmonious song. Light energy emanates from their hands to his heart, which shows bits of blackness being transformed into light, until the entire area is glowing warmly. Kort adds his voice to the song, and holds his hands like Var and Chanté. Energy is flowing in rivers of rainbow-like light all around and through them. The music expands to include instrument sounds.

76 CUT TO:

Interior, Magnus's boat, night. He sits at the helm while Brenna peers into the table maps. We still hear sounds emanating from the audio gear. Suddenly, she leaps from her chair.

BRENNA

Magnus! I think I have a plan!

Magnus turns to look at her, hopeful.

MAGNUS

What is it?

BRENNA

Okay, so you have the computer set for the portal coordinates, right, and they're updating with the winds and tides?

MAGNUS

Yeah.

BRENNA

Good. Come over here and look at this.

She sits down. Magnus walks quickly and sits next to Brenna at the table. When his arm touches hers, the audio equipment begins to play the song the ELs were singing, and it blends with deep sounds from the ocean. Brenna and Magnus look at each other, eyes widening.

BRENNA

This is making sense now.

MAGNUS

(looking querulous)

It IS?

BRENNA

(nodding emphatically)

Yes. So, in my thesis, I argue that humans have both light and sound resonance, and that these are inextricably connected to phenomena like astral flux, wormholes, slipstreams, and so on, and that we can align our sonic and prismatic bio-potentiality with these astral wonders to help solve earthly problems.

Magnus nods.

BRENNA

(continuing)

But - and I can't believe I hadn't been thinking of this until now...

MAGNUS

(interrupting)

Well, you *have* been under a wee bit of stress in the last twenty-four hours.

BRENNA

Okay, whatever. But here's the thing: If we can align OUR...

(she points back and forth at herself and Magnus)

...light and sound resonances with the ocean portal vortex slipstream thing, AND connect with the ELs and their music, I think that we will be able to *control* the portal.

Magnus pauses.

MAGNUS

I've always felt there was a grander power to music and sound. More than just my own fascination with it. I thought it was weird. Nice to know I'm not alone.

Brenna smiles.

BRENNA

(turning serious)

We gotta move. Rekker's on our tail.

Magnus rises.

MAGNUS

Brenna, do you really think we can get Rekker into the portal, like Chanté said?

BRENNA

I think the forces of light and love have the power to transform him.

(pausing)

Yes. Yes, I think we can.

77

CUT TO:

Interior, lavish sports bar, night. Bannon sits by himself in an empty room at the huge bar. ENTER: Lizzy the bartender, and three servers: two male and one female. On large-screen TVs throughout the bar, we see different network coverage of the Zombie Virus crisis. The staff are watching it, but Bannon is not. He stares into space and downs a shot of dark liquid. One of the male servers, cell phone in hand, turns to Lizzy.

MALE SERVER #1  
 (looking frantic)  
 Lizzy...it's my kid. She's at a  
 friend's house, I gotta go get her.

Lizzy tries to appear intact. She forces a smile.

LIZZY  
 Go on. We have no patrons anyway.  
 (pausing)  
 See you tomorrow.

The other two servers look imploringly at Lizzy. She casually waves an arm toward the door.

LIZZY  
 Get outta here and get to a clinic,  
 for fuck's sake.

The servers bolt out. Lizzy turns to Bannon, who still stares out at nothing in particular. She starts to walk behind the bar.

LIZZY  
 What can I get you, Bannon?

He fiddles with his phone, looking at it.

BANNON  
 Bottle of Dom. To share.

LIZZY  
 You have a friend on the way?

Bannon finally looks at her with an emotionless face.

BANNON  
 You're my only friend right now.

Lizzy smiles. She "plays along," getting a bottle of Dom Perignon Champagne from the wine fridge. She sets up two flutes on the bar, and begins the process of uncorking the bottle. Her tone is playfully inquisitive with a dark undertone.

LIZZY  
 A night like this, I would have  
 expected to see Rekker here with  
 you. I mean, Saturday night, summer  
 in Santa Monica, the whole world  
 now beholden to PharmaGlam.  
 (pausing)  
 And the whole A-Team. It's a big  
 night. The biggest. Brenna would be

LIZZY

*sabering* this bottle of Dom right now. Then Suzy would hand her bottle after bottle, wearing her princess crown, until every damn flute was full of bubbles. I'd be calling the liquor store for more Champagne. I would have bet money on it. So...what gives, Bannon?

Bannon shrugs slightly, his eyes glazed and diverting from her intense gaze.

BANNON

Rekker's on a mission. Brenna's on the run. Suzy? Probably snug as a bug in her princess bed.

Lizzy pours Champagne into the two flutes. She slides one glass across the bar to Bannon, then picks up her glass and urges him to do the same.

LIZZY

So, I'll make the first toast.

Bannon takes his flute, nodding and waving his hand in approval. They turn toward a TV that shows a CDC official applying stickers to people who just received their Zombie Virus shot. The stickers read: "Z-Free!" The people smile broadly and offer peace signs, thumbs up, okay signs, and other positive hand gestures.

LIZZY

To the fact that we haven't been forced to wear "I Got My Zombie Virus Vaccine" stickers.

She raises her glass to Bannon, who tips and "clinks" his glass against hers. They both sip.

BANNON

How come you're not closing up to go get *your* shot?

Lizzy points to a nearby television screen showing a group of protestors. They march outside a clinic that has a long, growing line of people. They hold signs that read "Choose Love, Not Fear," "No Z for Me," and "Protest the System."

LIZZY

See? Not everyone operates on group-think.

BANNON  
Fair enough.

LIZZY  
Okay. Your turn to do a toast.

Bannon opens his mouth and pauses, gulping the contents of his glass. Lizzy refills it as he burps.

BANNON  
(raising his glass)  
To Magnus Aaronson, for saving my  
job, and my ass. I think.

The camera pans to the main entrance, where Suzy stands, looking disheveled but determined. Bannon's back is to her, but Lizzy sees her and acknowledges her.

LIZZY  
Hi, Suzy. You look like hell. Come  
have some Champagne.

Bannon turns abruptly, looking sheepish.

BANNON  
Suzy.

Suzy steps toward the bar. She looks angry.

SUZY  
Bannon, you are ruining Brenna's  
life. I know what you're doing.

Bannon doesn't reply.

SUZY  
(continuing)  
You and Rekker and your power bros  
all over the world, you're doing  
this.

Suzy waves an arm at the TV screens around the room. Lizzy looks stunned.

LIZZY  
What are you talking about, Suzy?

Suzy continues to stare down Bannon.

SUZY  
He knows exactly what I'm talking  
about. Bannon and Rekker are  
conning billions of people into

SUZY  
 getting this "Zombie Virus  
 vaccine," but I'm one hundred  
 percent sure that it's no antidote  
 because there IS NO VIRUS. This  
*shot* is what's turning people into  
 zombies.

(stomping and waving both arms  
 at the screens)  
 Look! You're seeing it now! It's  
 fucking taking their souls!

There is a long pause. Suzy continues.

SUZY  
 Bannon, this holy hell is on you.  
 Now it's time for you pay the  
 piper. Get off your ass and help me  
 find Brenna, if Rekker hasn't  
 killed her already!

Bannon finally speaks.

BANNON  
 Rekker's not going to kill Brenna.  
 He thinks he's in love with her.  
 She's his damsel in distress.

SUZY  
 That beast is incapable of love  
*Magnus* loves Brenna. But Rekker  
 probably killed him.

Bannon shakes his head.

BANNON  
 I don't think he'll do it.

SUZY  
 So you know that he's planning to  
 kill Magnus? You're as evil as  
 Rekker! But now, it's penance time,  
 you damn well better believe.  
 (grabbing him by the  
 shoulders)  
 Help. Me. Save. Brenna. And stop  
 this madness. NOW!

BANNON  
 I have strict orders to focus on  
 mobilizing the vaccine.

Suzy is beside herself with anger.

SUZY

So you admit that you're partly responsible for this fucking nightmare! Well, I'm telling you now, Bannon, that you have absolutely NO assurances that Rekker will remain loyal to you.

BANNON

We have a contract.

SUZY

You're in fucking denial. Magnus probably had a contract, too.

Bannon nods in a "touché" manner.

BANNON

Point.

Suzy pauses, still staring at Bannon to force the idea to sink in. Lizzy carefully interjects.

LIZZY

(still looking shocked and afraid)

Bannon, tell me Suzy's all wrong.

BANNON

I can't.

There is another long pause.

SUZY

Time is ticking, Bannon. Get a conscience! You are going to the media with this. You have the power to stop this fake zombie crisis. You have a moral responsibility to Brenna, to Magnus, to innocent people all over the world - and now, you owe ME.

Bannon looks into the void.

BANNON

God, I hate myself.

Suzy goes ballistic.

SUZY

Well, get OVER it!

To emphasize the word "over," Suzy grabs Bannon's full Champagne flute and throws it at the back of the bar. It smashes loudly, spilling the liquid everywhere.

SUZY

(continuing)

This isn't about you any longer.  
We've got to save Brenna...and the  
world.

78 CUT TO:

Exterior, SMMP boat, night, as it speeds across the ocean waves.

79 CUT TO:

Interior, SMMP boat, night, as Rekker watches the radar screen. The SMMP boat blip is getting closer to Magnus's boat blip.

REKKER

If only I could fly, I could save  
my sweet Brenna sooner.

80 CUT TO:

Interior, Magnus's boat, night. Brenna watches the tabletop map while Magnus tweaks various settings on the audio equipment; sounds are coming through the speakers. The music begins to build with an audible beat, and the volume swells as the map lights up in a particular area.

BRENNA

(excitedly)

We're really close to the vortex!

Magnus turns around and comes to the map, looking at it.

MAGNUS

We're averaging ninety knots, or  
about one hundred three miles, per  
hour. The portal is approximately  
two hundred nautical miles away, so  
we're looking at a little over two  
hours' travel time.

BRENNA

Can we go faster? Var said we don't  
have two hours.

MAGNUS

Not safely. But I can set the computer to update course correction at the maximum rate.

He walks to the computer and makes some adjustments.

BRENNA

Is there any way to know how close Rekker is?

MAGNUS

(turning back toward Brenna)  
Not really. But the key point is that Rekker's boat is smaller and lighter than my mini-yacht, so he's moving faster.

BRENNA

But now he doesn't have a way to track us.

MAGNUS

Right. Unless the ELS were correct in assuming he might use the authorities to find us.

BRENNA

Damn. I have to stop underestimating him.

MAGNUS

And remember, the ELs believe in you.

BRENNA

In US. But what if he uses some sort of supernatural powers against us?

MAGNUS

Besides being able to temporarily hypnotize people?

Brenna nods.

BRENNA

Yeah. I just hope the ELs are right about you and I having powers of our own.

FADE OUT.

81 FADE IN.

Interior, SMMP department, night. Suzy, Bannon, and Lizzy stand in the office, in mid-conversation with two officers.

SUZY

And so I think Drake Rekker is on his boat trying to get to Brenna and Magnus...to kill them.

The officers look at each other.

OFFICER #1

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

OFFICER #2

(nodding)

That this relates to the communication blackout on Boat thirteen?

Officer #1 nods in agreement.

OFFICER #1

Deploy air support. Helicopters first. Then contact the FBI.

OFFICER #2

Yes, sir.

Officer #2 turns and leaves. Officer #1 speaks.

OFFICER #1

In light of this AND the Z crisis, whatever is really happening, I am unofficially detaining you until further notice.

The officer points to an office.

OFFICER #1

(continuing)

You can wait in there. Still some boxed dinners in the fridge. Help yourselves.

SUZY

(pausing)

Officer, will you tell me as soon as they find Brenna?

82 CUT TO:

Exterior, SMMP boat, night, as it speeds recklessly along the waves.

83 CUT TO:

Interior, SMMP boat, night. Rekker is at the radar screen.

REKKER

Closing in. This will be so sweet.

He does a double-take as five new blips appear on the screen with the same green blip color as the SMMP he is commandeering. The new blips are moving twice as fast as his.

REKKER

Fuck! Police helicopters!

He goes to the helm and increases the boat's speed.

84 CUT TO:

Interior, SMMP station, night, as Suzy, Bannon, and Lizzy sit in the waiting room, picking at boxed dinners.

SUZY

So that's what I witnessed in the hospital with Brenna and Magnus. I still can hardly believe it was real.

Lizzy looks incredulous but says nothing.

BANNON

I don't think Rekker's actually seen the ELs.

SUZY

He must have. There was some kind of battle between him and the ELs a while back, right? They won, but they compromised and backed out of leading the human evolution.

Bannon has an "aha" moment.

BANNON

That's why he put up the Orion Shield - to keep them out. Then it cracked.

SUZY  
(nodding)

Yes.

BANNON

But Rekker never told me that he literally saw them, only that he knew of their support for the evolution.

Lizzy rises, walking nervously around the room.

LIZZY

So let me get this straight. Aliens came to Earth through a hole in a sky-shield and told Rekker to back off because the evolution-slash-revolution is going to happen, but he's fighting it. Why?

SUZY  
(to Lizzy)

You KNOW Rekker, right? He's the biggest megalomaniac on the planet. Rekker's greed is so huge that he would hold back humanity just to maintain power and wealth over everyone and everything.

BANNON

And I was as bad as him. Almost. Maybe he hypnotized me or something. I always feel *compelled* to do stuff for him.

Suzy nods emphatically and turns to Lizzy.

SUZY

Yes! That's the one power Rekker can use without victims knowing it. But the trance state only lasts for a few hours - just long enough for him to get people to do his bidding.

BANNON

Then it wears off but they end up doing something else again, so it starts make them feel, like, this is who I am, this is normal. At least, that's how I felt.

LIZZY

I saw that glazed, faraway look on your face at the bar tonight.

(pausing)

Suzy came in just as the "spell"

(she makes "air quotes")

or whatever, was wearing off. Your whole physical energy changed, Bannon.

Silence ensues for a few beats.

SUZY

Damn, I feel helpless right now.

BANNON

Is there any way we can contact Brenna?

SUZY

I don't even know if she got my video message before finding you.

85 CUT TO:

Interior, Magnus's boat, night, as he and Brenna work around the table map and audio equipment. Suddenly, a crackly sound comes through the speakers, like an old telephone ring. They both grab their phones but the screens are black. They look at each other and shrug. All of a sudden, Brenna's phone lights up and the telephone ring comes from it instead of from the speakers. The screen shows a chat request from Suzy, and Brenna answers it. We see Suzy's face on the screen.

BRENNA

Suzy! Are you okay?

SUZY

Yes, but things are bad, and Rekker's trying to get to you.

BRENNA

I know.

SUZY

Is Magnus with you?

Brenna nods.

SUZY

I'm with Bannon and Lizzy at the Santa Monica Marine Police station.

SUZY

They sent helicopters to capture  
Rekker and find you!

BRENNA

Not sure what good they'll do  
against Rekker. We're trying our  
best to complete the mission, and  
they can't help us with that.

(pausing)

Why are you with Bannon?

86 CUT TO:

Interior, SMMP station, night. Suzy is video chatting with  
Brenna.

SUZY

No time to explain. He's on our  
side, now. But, Brenna, you've got  
to figure out how to re-fracture  
the Orion Shield!

87 CUT TO:

Interior, Magnus's boat, night. Brenna continues the video  
chat with Suzy but it is breaking up. In Suzy's last  
sentence, Brenna only hears the word "re-fracture," but even  
that is unclear.

88 CUT TO:

Interior, SMMP station, night, as Suzy realizes the video  
connection is lost. She looks at Bannon and Lizzy, clearly  
heartbroken.

SUZY

At least we had contact.

Lizzy reaches out to hug Suzy, who is starting to break  
down.

89 CUT TO:

Interior, Magnus's boat, night, as Brenna tries to call back  
Suzy, to no avail. Magnus comes to sit next to her.

MAGNUS

Brenna, try to let go. We are  
really far out into the ocean. I'm  
surprised that call made it  
through.

Brenna looks at the table map and audio gear, then peers skyward.

BRENNA  
I'm not surprised. It was the energy alignment - you saw it and heard it, Magnus.

He nods. Brenna rises.

BRENNA  
(continuing)  
But that word, re-fracture. What could it mean for us?

MAGNUS  
(rising)  
Maybe she said "refraction"? And we're supposed to try to bend the light waves, or radio waves?

They both pause. Brenna scans the room, her eyes falling again on the table map as lights on it blink.

BRENNA  
No. No. It's specific. Suzy's relaying information from Bannon. Only he would know.

MAGNUS  
But Suzy was the hospital with the ELs.

BRENNA  
Yes, but we didn't talk about any technical stuff.

MAGNUS  
(pausing)  
Just something about a crack in the...

Suddenly, the table map lights up like crazy and the audio equipment pumps out swelling sounds. Brenna and Magnus look at each other, at the gear, then at each other again. Simultaneously, they blurt out.

BRENNA AND MAGNUS  
The Orion Shield!

BRENNA  
The ELs said it symbolized Rekker's weakness.

MAGNUS

Right! So...how do we re-fracture it?

BRENNA

And WHEN?

90 CUT TO:

Exterior, SMMP boat, night, as it careens dangerously fast on the large, choppy waves.

91 CUT TO:

Interior, SMMP boat, night, as Rekker watches the radar. It shows his boat's green blip gaining dramatically on Magnus's boat blip. Three other green blips are gaining on Rekker, and two more green blips appear further out.

REKKER

Well, I'll be! Looks like the kind of fight I've been itching for. The world will finally see why PharmaGlam was a mere glimpse into my talent and abilities.

92 CUT TO:

Exterior, Pacific Ocean, night, showing three SMMP and two FBI helicopters in the air, all shining lights on the SMMP boat that Rekker has overtaken. We see a dim light in the distance.

93 CUT TO:

Interior, bubble-room, with the ELs sitting in their floating triangular formation. The screen is visible, showing scenes from all that we have just viewed. Kort is upset.

KORT

We must implore the elders to let us intervene.

VAR

This would be a grave mistake. We have pushed the elders to their limits.

CHANTE

Yes.

Suddenly, the screen shows multiple protests and "love-in" scenes.

CHANTE

But there IS one thing we can do to  
help augment the movement of light  
and love.

VAR

We can sing.

They begin to sing.

94

CUT TO:

Exterior, Pacific Ocean, night. A full moon lights the sky. Rekker is moving the boat at breakneck speed. In the air, the five helicopters hover closely; we hear communication from one of them through a bullhorn.

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.)

Drake Rekker, drop your weapons  
immediately and come out on the  
deck! You are under arrest for  
stealing government property. You  
have the right to remain silent...

Suddenly, a bolt of dark energy shoots from Rekker's boat, nearly striking the helicopter. The chopper fires rounds of ammunition, causing some exterior damage to the SMMP boat that isn't enough to disable it. Straight ahead, a strange but beautiful glow shines in the water. Magnus's boat is visible, moving near the glow. Rekker's boat and the helicopters move toward it.

95

CUT TO:

Interior, Magnus's boat, night. He and Brenna are at the table map. The room is loud with music, and we hear the ELs' song as part of the ambiance. Suddenly, Brenna's sword lights up. She turns to Magnus.

BRENNA

My saber...I think I need to use it  
to re-fracture the Shield.  
(taking up the sword)  
I'm going to the upper deck.

MAGNUS

(rising)  
I'm going with you.

BRENNA

No! Magnus, you should monitor the  
audio. We're so close!

MAGNUS

But Rekker's boat is close, too.  
What if he comes into contact with  
you?

BRENNA

I'll deal with that if it happens.

She turns and disappears up the stairs as the audio gear pumps out sound and music and the table map pops with prismatic light shooting into the room.

96

CUT TO:

Exterior, Magnus's boat, night. Brenna stands on the deck, her sword glowing. She sees Rekker in the SMMP boat as it approaches along with the five helicopters all exchanging fire. Rekker's black energy bolt shoots out at a helicopter; it freezes then shatters into millions of bits that fall into the ocean.

Brenna points her saber to the sky. Visible light shoots upward from the sword, and we hear massive music and harmonious sounds emanating from the boat. In the near distance, the ocean portal glow is growing.

In the other direction, Rekker sends another bolt of black energy big enough to decimate two more helicopters in similar fashion except they shatter so greatly that the remains simply dissolve in the air. Another helicopter charges at Rekker's boat, attempting to destroy it in a suicide mission, but a bolt of Rekker's dark energy swallows the vehicle. The final helicopter air-dances, evading Rekker's bolts.

In the sky above, a visible crack appears when the light-bolt from Brenna's sword hits it. The sound is thunderous. The crack lights up. Magnus appears on the deck just as Rekker pulls up in the SMMP boat. The last helicopter rams into Rekker's boat at the exact moment he leaps, in a super-human manner, onto Magnus's boat. The SMMP boat and helicopter explode simultaneously.

As Rekker's feet hit the deck on Magnus's boat, the crack in the Shield opens wide. Prismatic light pours out of it, and we hear the ELs' song, multiplied by electric instrument sounds coming from the boat and harmonious tones emanating from the ocean portal. Rekker tries to throw a bolt of black energy at Magnus but the bolt freezes in place as the crack widens. Rekker, too, freezes, and all he can do is cover his ears with his hands, his mouth fixed in a silent scream. He transforms into the beast but in chunky stages, much like bits of digital visual data. Magnus runs to Brenna's side

and their bodies begin to glow. Suddenly, Brenna's sword turns itself in her hands toward Rekker at the same time the beat of the beautiful music quickens and intensifies to an almost deafening level. Prismatic light shoots from Brenna's saber into Rekker. Light penetrates and fills his beastly body, which breaks into fiery bits that dissolve in the air.

At that moment, the ocean vortex, instead of opening into the sea, forms an outward tunnel. The entrance to the tunnel opens wider as it moves into the night air. The sound and lights are unearthly but beautiful. Brenna and Magnus stand, hand-in-hand, and rise into the tunnel entrance as it continues to widen. As the vortex swallows the earth and its inhabitants, the Orion Shield shatters, raining down golden droplets into the growing portal.

FADE OUT.

97 FADE IN.

Exterior, Earth, from space, day. The camera pans in, showing sunrise scenes from around the world. It is peaceful but filled with vibrancy. Marketplaces are teeming with smiling people. Hikers traverse the landscape. Animals roam freely. Rain falls on the plain. Rekker PharmaGlam has transformed into a palace of peace. Workers of all races pick fruits and vegetables, laughing and singing in the fields. We hear epic, glorious music.

FADE OUT.

98 FADE IN.

Interior, bubble-room, where the ELs stand in front of Brenna and Magnus, who kneel at the ELs' feet. Chanté laughs sweetly.

CHANTE

(gesturing with her arms)

Rise up!

Brenna and Magnus stand, looking humble, holding hands.

CHANTE

You have completed the mission.  
Humanity survived the wrath of  
Rekker, and shall enter the seventh  
evolution to live in light and  
love.

KORT

Your efforts please the elders.

VAR

And now, we confer on you the title  
of Evolution Lodestars.

Brenna and Magnus look at each other in disbelief.

CHANTE

You're both one of us now.

KORT

Isn't that cool?!

VAR

Spiffy!

Everyone laughs.

BRENNA

And once upon a time, I thought  
working for an evil overlord was  
worth it for the money and power.  
(pausing)  
And the parties, haha.

MAGNUS

(his eyes sparkling)  
Nobody sabered Champagne better  
than you, Brenna.

She laughs.

BRENNA

Right. I also realize that you  
really had NO IDEA back then what a  
"perfect thing" *really* was.

MAGNUS

(looks at her lovingly)  
Yes, I did. I knew from the moment  
I helped you saber that bottle of  
Dom Perignon at the PharmaGlam  
gala.

He glows and the visible energy spreads to Brenna, brightly  
at first, then it mellows a bit.

CHANTE

(to Brenna and Magnus)  
The elders believe it was at that  
precise moment that your combined  
love potential rendered the thin  
crack in the Orion Shield, allowing  
us to enter Earth's atmosphere  
again.

Brenna and Magnus look at each other in surprise.

BRENNA

So THAT was the loud sound we heard during the party!

MAGNUS

Incredible. And I thought it was the sound of my heart breaking when you turned down my advances.

Brenna makes a sad face and mouths, "awwww," while the ELs chuckle.

CHANTE

Quite the opposite, Magnus.

VAR

Technically, your latent love exposed Rekker's Achilles Heel.

KORT

And in the manifestation on the boat, when the sound and saber luminosity made his physical body explode, all his dark energy transformed into light.

Magnus looks intrigued.

MAGNUS

Wow. Impressive. I mean, for a couple of neophytes, right, haha.

Every laughs, especially Kort. Brenna addresses Chanté.

BRENNA

I know it probably doesn't matter, but I wonder if being an EL now means that I automatically passed my astrophysics PhD dissertation defense.

Again, everyone laughs.

CHANTE

Oh, it matters, Brenna - and you *more* than passed.

VAR

You elevated yourself, Brenna...

KORT  
(interjecting)  
...and Magnus...

VAR  
...to the STARS.

CHANTE  
With a song.

VAR  
And a *sword*!

KORT  
And isn't THAT the coolest?!

Brenna and Magnus look at each other, smiling broadly.

BRENNA AND MAGNUS  
(simultaneously)  
Waaayyyy cool.

Their glow grows again, enveloping the room with light and sparkles. All five ELs begin to sing along with the instrumental music that fills the air.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUE MUSIC.

FADE IN.

ROLL CREDITS.

FADE OUT.