

# Bloodborne

Larry Caringer  
75 Peace Acre Lane  
Stratford, CT 06614  
203-375-8578  
larrycar@optonline.net  
<http://caringer.com/ThatCaringerGuyHome.htm>  
WGA Registration # 1052057

Bloodborne

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL AFRICAN JUNGLE VILLAGE -- DAY

DR. NILS MANN, a healthy, good-looking 55 year old emerges from the jungle. He's sweating. By the looks of him, he's been digging, In a container, he's carrying a small, odd-looking plant which has sprouted a number of strangely colored blossoms. The village, situated next to a small stream, is made up of clusters of thatched-roof huts, arranged around a central, dirt road. An OLD MAN, sitting on the ground in front of his hut, looks up from his work skinning tonight's dinner.

OLD MAN

Dr. Mann!

NILS

Hello, Juma. Nice catch.

OLD MAN

I didn't catch it. I killed it!

The old man lets out a loud, nearly toothless laugh. Nils chuckles with the Old Man and keeps walking. Just ahead some kids are playing near the stream, not far from a heavy-set, large-breasted village woman named RUKIYA -- naked from the waist up -- who's washing something at the stream. She looks up to see Nils and waves, as her large breasts swing in the air.

RUKIYA

Dr. Mann!

Nils waves to an old friend.

NILS

Hi Rukiya! Say, didn't I give you a T-shirt?

The Village Woman stops scrubbing, and holds a soapy Lakers T-Shirt in front of her chest. They share a quick laugh - interrupted by screams from the children - who point at something in the weeds, near Rukiya. Suddenly, behind her, a large cobra rises into a strike position. Nils focuses.

NILS (CONT'D)

Rukiya! Don't move.

Rukiya freezes in position. The snake sways menacingly. The children shrink back in silence. Nils carefully puts down the plant and picks up a large rock. The cobra begins to strike as Nils throws the rock which whistles past Rukiya's ear and slices off the cobra's head. Rukiya turns to watch the headless snake plop to the ground. Relief all around.

The kids cheer.

RUKIYA

You da' man, Dr. Mann!

Thanks Rukiya. She goes back to scrubbing clothes. He picks up his plant and walks toward home - a thatched roof hut... with two satellite dishes and a beat-up Range rover parked outside.

INT. THATCHED ROOF HUT -- DAY

Inside, we pan across a surprisingly well-stocked array of modern lab equipment and computers. This is, obviously, the lab of a serious researcher. There are signs all around that Nils has lived here for a long time. As we spot Nils, he's at a large, binocular microscope, working below a faded 8X10 of a young, smiling woman holding a newborn baby. He adjusts the focus. Something's wrong! More focusing. He looks away from the microscope and up at the 8X10 and takes it down. This is really bad news.

NILS

Oh my God!

A quick look back at the microscope.

EXT. SMALL AFRICAN JUNGLE VILLAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

A cloud of dust follows the beat-up Range Rover as it roars out of the village, past Rukiya, who's still at the stream washing clothes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOJO OF SELF DEFENSE -- DAY

The Dojo is located on a busy Manhattan street. The sign out front reads: "Dojo of Self Defense -- Grand Master David Hee -- teaching the arts of Ninja, Ninpo, Ninjutsu, Aikido, Karate, Judo, Kendo, Bo-Jitsu, Ju-Jitsu, and Yawara"

INT. ACADEMY OF SELF DEFENSE -- CONTINUOUS

Students in white uniforms stand in a semi-circle, around DAVID HEE, the wiry, younger-than-his-50-years owner and Grand Master. Dressed in black, he's in a stance, somewhat like a football linebacker ready to tackle -- knees flexed, bent slightly at the waist, arms hanging free. His students are following his example...badly. David looks around the room. Can't anybody do anything right? He stands abruptly.

DAVID

No, no, no! At rest!

There's an audible sigh of relief as the class stands at ease.

David looks around the semi-circle of out of shape men and women.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Aikido is a life-affirming discipline.  
Positive mental focus! But, how can  
I be positive, when all of you leave  
me with so little hope?

The class isn't feeling very "life-affirmed" right now.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Eric!

ERIC HEE, good-looking, athletic and definitely NOT of Asian ancestry, steps from the behind the circle of students. Eric is dressed in a white uniform top and black pants. He glides toward his father.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Balance requires relaxation.  
Relaxation requires self-confidence.  
Self-confidence requires comfort  
from within--

Without warning, David takes a full swing at Eric, who artfully counters the blow, causing David to spin around -- with his back to the class. Eric looks completely in control.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
My son's inner comfort gives him  
balance.

Eric's cell phone rings. Oh! Gotta get that!

ERIC  
This could be that agent guy!

He quickly digs it out of a pocket and flips it open.

DAVID  
There is no balance in show business.

With a deft spinning kick to Eric's hand, David's toe launches the cell phone across the room, where it bounces off the head of a balding male student and into the hands of a red-haired 30 year old, MISS ROSENBERG. Without thinking she answers.

MISS ROSENBERG  
Yeah, hello.

INT. HERSHFELD THEATRICAL AGENCY -- CONTINUOUS

The Hershfeld office consists of two rooms, a small, cluttered waiting area and Hershfeld's private office, which is even more cluttered with piles of resumes, old show posters, head

shots -- you name it. A man we'll soon know as KLEIN is at the desk, beside a window that looks out onto the brick wall of the building next door. He is a kindly-looking, white-haired man. But, even so, his age is hard to peg. He's in good shape. A fire burns in his eyes. He has the phone to his ear. The door to the private office is open, so we can see HAKIMA, his drop-dead gorgeous, dark-haired, dark-eyed assistant. She is listening in on the call. Klein, who speaks with a slight German accent, is a bit confused.

KLEIN

Uh, this is Gustav Klein - the theatrical agent. I'm trying to reach Eric Hee?

INT. DOJO OF SELF DEFENSE -- CONTINUOUS

Eric is breathless. Who's on the phone? David is still disdainful. Everyone is focused on Miss Rosenberg who says --

MISS ROSENBERG

Yeah, hold on, I'll get him for you. It's for you.

She throws the phone back. A girly throw that ends up heading for David. David catches it in self defense. For me?

MISS ROSENBERG (CONT'D)

Not you. Eric.

Eric grabs the phone from David's hand.

ERIC

Yeah, hello! Eric Hee here.

INT. HERSHFELD THEATRICAL AGENCY -- CONTINUOUS

The grandfatherly Klein seems even more so.

KLEIN

Ah! Mr. Hee! Marvin Hershfeld! You applied for an acting opportunity on the Montel Williams show?

ERIC (O.S.)

Yes.

KLEIN

Well, I'm happy to say, you fit the parameters. You're on for tomorrow. If you have a fax - or an email, I'll get you all the information you need for the role.

INT. DOJO OF SELF DEFENSE -- CONTINUOUS

Everyone is looking on, expectantly. Eric's almost floating off the floor.

ERIC  
I got it? I got the part?

A general congratulatory hubub from the students.

KLEIN (O.S.)  
Yes. But, we'll need one thing from you -- as a prerequisite.

ERIC  
Sure. What?

KLEIN (O.S.)  
You'll need to give a blood sample.

ERIC  
A blood sample?

What? Did David just hear what he thinks he heard? The group quiets.

INT. HERSHFELD THEATRICAL AGENCY -- CONTINUOUS

Hakima looks in at Klein. Eric's answer seems important.

KLEIN  
It's a show about paternity. Montel wants it to be on the up and up.

ERIC (O.S.)  
But, I'll be pretending I'm someone I'm not.

KLEIN  
Let's not quibble. Blood sample? Yes or no?

INT. DOJO OF SELF DEFENSE -- CONTINUOUS

Eric looks around the roomful of students. Does he really want to do this for the rest of his life?

ERIC  
Okay! Sure. No problem. When and where?

Eric walks away from the group and covers his ear, so he can hear the directions. David looks on, helplessly. The class is dispersing. The balding man who was hit by the flying cell phone has Miss Rosenberg take a look at the welt on his head.

INT. HERSHFELD THEATRICAL AGENCY -- MOMENTS LATER

Klein hangs up the phone. His beneficent smile quickly dissolves. To Hakima.

KLEIN  
How many is that one?

HAKIMA  
36 so far who have passed the basic test.

Frustration.

KLEIN  
Needles in a haystack!

HAKIMA  
But, all you need is one.

KLEIN  
All I need is the RIGHT one.

There's a BUZZ, Hakima buzzes someone at the front door up to the office. This is not established procedure.

KLEIN (CONT'D)  
Expecting someone?

Hakima stands and pulls on some heavy leather gloves.

HAKIMA  
Your "ex-wife." She called yesterday -- furious that she hasn't gotten a check from you, Mr. Hershfeld, for three months!

Oh. Well, these are the costs of war. A tired sigh.

KLEIN  
I told her not to come up here.

A tug on the heavy gloves.

HAKIMA  
I'll entertain her.

Thanks. That'll be fine. Klein pushes his office door closed...and begins putting in some ear plugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. A PLEASANT BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE NEIGHBORHOOD -- EVENING

Eric walks up the steps and unlocks the front door. He steps inside.

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE -- CONTINUOUS

It's a homey place. Eric's mother, LOURDES is in the kitchen, cooking dinner.

LOURDES

Eric?

Eric wanders back to the kitchen. Lourdes is very Hispanic and very attractive. Like David, she's a very well-preserved 50-something. She adds something to the mix in the skillet. It's sizzles.

ERIC

Hi, Mom.

LOURDES

How'd it go?

A shrug.

ERIC

It was just a blood test.

She stirs...maybe a little to hard.

LOURDES

I know. Your father told me.

Dad? Oh. Yeah. She turns to look at Eric.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

He's tinkering at the shop.

The shop? Well, I guess I'm getting what I deserved.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

He does that when he's upset.

ERIC

Mom, I live above the garage. Dad tinkers when he's upset...when he's happy...and, when he's --

What's the best way to say this?

ERIC (CONT'D)

When he's ANYTHING!

No smile. Just straight talk.

LOURDES

He only wants what's best for you.

A quick hug.

ERIC

See if you can get him to come to  
the show tomorrow.

He hands her two tickets.

ERIC (CONT'D)

You'll be there, right?

Of course. Another quick hug. He turns to leave.

LOURDES

You want to stay for dinner?

ERIC

No, I'm just gonna go over to my  
place and get ready for my part.

(under his breath)

While Dad tinkers all night.

As he gets to the front door, his mother leans out from the  
kitchen.

LOURDES

Break your legs!

A smile. He steps outside and walks across the street and  
up about half a block to a former carriage house that's now  
a garage. He stops to look in a window.

INT. GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

David is working in the midst of five street tuners he's  
customized. He's working, under the hood, on the engine of  
a candy-yellow Mustang. Arrayed around the garage are a  
blue Acura, A red CRX a green Infiniti and a black BMW. The  
engine revs several times. David pulls out a wrench and  
makes an adjustment.

EXT. A PLEASANT BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE NEIGHBORHOOD -- CONTINUOUS

Eric shakes his head. It's going to be one of those nights.  
As the over-powered Mustang revs, Eric climbs the metal steps  
on the outside of the building and enters his apartment over  
the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEL WILLIAMS SET

MONTEL is sitting next to LASHONDA. He reaches out to touch  
her hand. There's a tear dribbling down her cheek.

LASHONDA

And, that's why I came on here today  
with you, Montel. I just wanna know  
who be my baby daddy!

Brief applause from the audience.

MONTEL

We want to help, LaShonda. And, today, you'll have your answer. But, let's set the scene. You say there are about 8 guys who MIGHT be the father of your child?

A gasp from the audience. A sly look from LaShonda.

MONTEL (CONT'D)

Okay, then -- let's bring out the first potential father of this woman's baby!

Applause as Eric walks on the set. He squints in the bright TV lights.

MONTEL (CONT'D)

Here is potential baby daddy number one.

The audience applauds. LaShonda sees Eric for the first time. He smiles. She didn't know her taste was that good.

MONTEL (CONT'D)

This is Randy Moongarden. Randy, what's your connection to LaShonda?

Here's his big chance to play a part, get something for the audition tape, open a door into a new world. A deep breath.

ERIC

I met LaShonda at the shoe store where she works. She commented on how big my feet were. Well, one thing led to another and--

Eric is tackled by THE REAL BOYFRIEND. The audience gasps. Montel jumps out of the way. LaShonda is mortified.

LASHONDA

Reggie, you promised.

The Real Boyfriend jumps up and stands over Eric.

THE GUY

Come on! Get up! You're mine!

Eric rolls quickly to his feet and almost in the same motion, takes The Guy's hand and twists it, so that he can put pressure at the back of the elbow. This forces The Guy to his knees in severe, crippling pain.

INT. WORLDWIDE CABLE NEWS NEWS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

IMA TAGANANAGAN, a young, vivacious TV reporter is watching The Montel Show feed into a control room. She can see the monitor from her cubicle. Eric is filling the screen as he holds The Guy's elbow. She gets up and walks quickly over to the doorway and leans in to a technician.

IMA

Can you turn that up, Jim?

She points to the Montel monitor, he nods. The sound comes up just in time for us to hear...

ERIC

As I was saying, I'm Randy Moongarden.  
I met LaShonda--

A group of overweight security men jump into the fray.

INT. HERSHFELD'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Klein is watching his TV -- he watches as Eric steps back, avoiding them, as they pile on top of The Real Boyfriend.

KLEIN

America is such a violent society.

It is soooo disgusting.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEL WILLIAMS SET -- LATER

Montel is seated, quietly next to Lashonda, to his right and, to his left, DR. DAVIS GRIDBY, a man in heavy glasses and a white lab coat. To the left of Dr. Gridby, Eric and the other potential baby daddies are seated quietly on chairs.

MONTEL

So, Dr. Gridby, blood tests have eliminated all but this young man here--

He nods to Eric. And point downward to the floor.

MONTEL (CONT'D)

And, that one down there.

The camera tilts down to reveal the security guards sitting on top of The Real Boyfriend.

DR. GRIDBY (O.S.)

Yes, well, I'm afraid it's pretty obvious who the father is.

Back on Gridby.

DR. GRIDBY (CONT'D)  
 And, unfortunately for the young  
 lady here, her baby daddy is --

Points down.

INT. WORLDWIDE CABLE NEWS NEWSROOM CONTROL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

On the monitor as Ima watches with the technician.

DR. GRIDBY  
 That one.

LASHONDA  
 Hell, I knew that already! Get them  
 big, fat men off my baby daddy.

Montel pats the guards on the backs. Let him up, guys. The  
 guards roll off The Real Boyfriend.

THE REAL BOYFRIEND  
 Lashonda, baby!

She helps him up. They leave to applause from the audience.  
 Gridby's not finished, though. He waves for quiet and tugs  
 at Montel's sleeve.

DR. GRIDBY  
 I'm not through. I'm not through!

MONTEL  
 Doctor, we know who the father is.

Dr. Gridby nods. Yes, we all know that. But -- let me get  
 the words right. The audience quiets.

DR. GRIDBY  
 Our blood tests confirm...this man  
 is not the father.

MONTEL  
 Yes, we know th--

DR. GRIDBY  
 But, the tests also confirm, this  
 man is...not human.

What? The audience gasps. Montel's surprised. Eric's smile  
 fades. He leans back to Montel and whispers behind his hand:

ERIC  
 Is this like improv? Do I just wing  
 it?

Montel pulls back from Eric. To Gridby.

MONTELL  
Not human? Was he was hatched?

Eric jumps up.

ERIC  
Wait a second! I'm human! My parents  
are in the audience! Mom, Dad!

The camera turns toward the audience. Lourdes stands. David seems glued in his seat. Lourdes punches David's shoulder. Stand up! Reluctantly, he does. The crowd babbles.

MONTELL (O.S.)  
What about it Mom and Dad? Is your  
son human?

David won't/can't say anything. Lourdes feels compelled to answer.

LOURDES  
He's...he's...adopted.

The camera spins around to catch Eric's shocked expression. Adopted? Me?

INT. HERSHFELD THEATRICAL AGENCY -- CONTINUOUS

A TV on Hakima's desk carries Eric's stunned expression. Klein's smile is no longer fatherly. He can't take his eyes of the little TV.

KLEIN  
I do believe, we have a winner.  
Hakima, hold my calls. I need to  
locate the younger Mr. Hee.

Hakima's basking in the glow of success. Klein sees something in the corner of the reception area. We follow his gaze. It's a pool of blood and a bloody ring finger.

KLEIN (CONT'D)  
You left something behind after your  
meeting with the former Mrs. Hershfeld.

Hakima snaps off the TV and grabs a Kleenex. Klein slips back into his office.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A PLEASANT BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE NEIGHBORHOOD -- AFTERNOON

A Worldwide Cable News van is parked near Eric's apartment.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT

Eric is stretched out on a sofa, looking at a picture of him with his parents. Upset. Okay, it's very obvious NOW they're not related. But -- There's a KNOCK at the door. He gets up and goes to the door.

ERIC  
Dad? Is that you?

He opens the door. Shock. Wow! He's dazzled by Ima's beauty and gorgeous smile.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Uh, how!

Wait, did I just say "how?" Did he just say "how?" He tries again.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
How...hi!

He's cuter in person.

IMA  
How high?

ERIC  
Uh, **Hi!** **How** can I help you!

A moment to check each other out. Now, time for business.

IMA  
I'm Ima Tagananagan --

Instant recognition.

ERIC  
Worldwide Cable News! Sure! I've seen you on TV.

Gee, it's nice to be a "celebrity!"

ERIC (CONT'D)  
You're like a fill-in, or something. Right?

Oops, wrong thing to say.

IMA  
Something like that. I'm here because I saw you on Montel today. The man who's not really human. I thought you'd make a good story!

Oops...now who's saying the wrong thing?

ERIC  
I'm human, damnit! Get yourself a  
different story.

He slams the door in her surprised face.

EXT. ERIC'S APARTMENT STOOP

Ima stares at the door and turns slowly away to walk back down the steps. As she turns, she sees several black Chevy Suburbans pull up and stop in the middle of the street, below. Men in black suits and sunglasses get out. Strange.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT

The nerve of some people. He starts back to the couch. The phone rings. One deep breath to calm. He picks up the phone.

ERIC  
Eric Hee.

A CLICK -- then, the line goes dead. Odd. A knock at the door. Again? He walks back to the door and throws it open. It's Ima. Again?

ERIC (CONT'D)  
I thought I told you--

Eric spots a movement behind the door. Without hesitation, he mashes the door against the iron railing. A scream. Ima pops free from the hand that was holding her.

IMA  
He's got a gun!

Who? He bangs the door against the unseen assailant again. A moan.

IMA (CONT'D)  
Not him.

A nod down the stairway where at least a dozen men in black suits and sunglasses, armed with various weaponry are waiting. The Leader, WILLIS walks up the stairs. He's cocky -- annoyingly so. He smiles. It's so nice when a plan comes together. Ima's hands shoot up over her head.

WILLIS  
Hands up, Mr. Mann.

Mr. Mann? Relief.

ERIC  
You've got the wrong guy.

Willis raises his free hand, to reveal a small aerosol spray can. He's now close enough to stick it in Eric's face.

Ima screams in panic.

WILLIS

I don't think so, Eric --

Willis suddenly turns and sprays Ima in the face. She crumbles into Eric's arms.

ERIC

What the hell?

A spritz in Eric's face. He coughs. But, doesn't collapse. He can't really do much because he's holding on to Ima. Willis looks at the aerosol can. How can this guy still be on his feet? The Goon who was behind the door slides out. Eric never sees the guy behind him -- who hits him over the head with the butt of a gun, Eric collapses in a heap with Ima on top of him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PHARMACOM -- NIGHT

Pharmacom in Trumbull, Connecticut is a campus of modern concrete and glass office buildings. The main administrative building is a ten-story building in the middle of things, convenient to a large driveway which circles under a canopy. Parked in the circle, near the front doors, are the same black Suburbans we saw outside Eric's apartment. The sign at the entrance says it all: "Pharmacom Pharmaceuticals...Your health is our bottom line."

INT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

An armed guard is on duty at the front desk. Others walk around the hallways. A tall, angular woman with an aristocratic bearing, a woman we'll soon know as ENGLESMAN, walks briskly through the lobby. She is dismissive to any guard who says "hello." As she presses a button at the elevators, she checks her watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE -- NIGHT

A black Mercedes is double parked in front of the Eric's apartment. Klein and Hakima are walking away from the scene where police tape has closed off the stairway. Klein looks agitated, determined -- anything but pleasant. Hakima backs up her boss, bodyguard style, as they climb the steps to the Hee's front door. As they do, Klein shakes off the nasty look and takes on his kindly, paternal facade. Hakima scans the rooftops as Klein knocks at the door. Once. No answer. Twice. No answer and he's losing it. Okay, now he's angry. He POUNDS on the door. It opens a crack. His genteel manner instantly returns. We can see Lourdes' tear-stained face.

LOURDES

Yes?

KLEIN

Yes, is Eric all right? I'm a friend.

The door opens a bit more. We can see that Lourdes is in pretty bad shape.

LOURDES

He's gone. They took him.

She breaks down. Annoyance overcomes the fatherly facade for a moment. David comes from the back of the house quickly.

DAVID

Lourdes? What's wrong?

He sees Klein. Suspicion.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Who are you?

David gets to the front door quickly to console his wife and confront the stranger. Klein takes a step back and puts a hand in his coat pocket, where he grabs his gun. David puts his arm around Lourdes. Hakima reaches into her jacket -- where her gun is holstered. With the gun firmly in his hidden hand, Klein regroups and recovers his calm demeanor.

KLEIN

I'm Eric's agent -- Marvin Hershfeld. I came by with a bottle of champagne to help Eric celebrate his success today on TV. I wanted--

DAVID

Eric's been kidnapped. It is your fault!

Hakima takes a step up. Does this guy need to be taken out? Hope so. David glances down the steps and sees Hakima. Something isn't right about this.

KLEIN

I'm just a theatrical agent, kind sir. I didn't do anything to your son. I was--

DAVID

He had no problems -- until he went on television - thanks to you.

Klein just can't make himself walk away just yet. He feels so close to his prize.

KLEIN

I simply wanted to have a hand in Eric's future. Please keep me informed.

Disdain. David starts closing the door.

DAVID

You have already done your part for our son's future. And, I'm sure you'll be kept well-informed, I gave the police your name.

Oh oh. David slams the door. Klein turns quickly to Hakima.

KLEIN

Let's go. I know who's got him.

She heads back into the car. He follows. But, walks past the car.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

No! Leave it. Take the subway.

They hurry away down the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHARMACOM -- NIGHT

Guards patrol the campus.

EXT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING -- NIGHT

Uniformed security guards mingle with the men in black outside the main building. It's a relaxed group.

INT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Englesman steps out of a meeting room, leaving several people in business attire behind. She checks her watch again. It's time. She takes out her cell phone/walkie talkie as she gets on the elevator.

ENGLESMAN

This is Dr. Englesman, I'm going to Lab 14. I do not want to be disturbed.

She puts her cell phone away as the doors close.

INT. LAB 14 -- CONTINUOUS

An array of computers, chemistry supplies, microscopes and all the rest take up most of the lab. But, there's a small discussion pit - formed with a sectional sofa - at the front, near the door. There are no windows. Eric and Ima are on the sofa. She's just coming around. He's awake.

Both look a mess. Their wrists are handcuffed to each other and they each have one leg cuffed to a sofa leg. With his free hand, he is stroking her hair and patting her face --

ERIC

Come on, wake up!

She's waking. She feels Eric's hand in her hair. A dreamy smile, then her eyes flash open. Horror.

IMA

What are you doing?

He yanks his hand back. Annoyed. As Eric answers Ima comes to the realization that she's chained to...HIM!

ERIC

What am I doing? What were you doing?  
I told you -- no interview! But,  
you came back.

Oh please.

IMA

They had guns.

A rattle of cuffs.

IMA (CONT'D)

We're chained? Where are we?

Don't play me.

ERIC

You're a plant -- a decoy.

IMA

I'm a reporter for WWCN.

ERIC

You led them to me.

IMA

Led WHO to you?

No time to answer as the lab door is quickly unlocked and opens. Englesman is in the doorway with two guards.

IMA (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

I know what to say. Let me do the  
talking.

Yeah. Right. Englesman leaves the two guards outside and shuts the door. She's very sure, very satisfied with her catch of the day.

ENGLESMAN

Right. Let's begin, shall we?

Englesman stalks in front of her prey.

IMA

I'm a reporter for Worldwide Cable News. They'll miss me at the studio -- and when they do--

Is that blonde bimbo talking to ME?

ENGLESMAN

Shut your pie hole, bitch.

What? Well THAT was rude. Eric nods to her -- nice job.

CUT TO:

EXT. HERSHFELD THEATRICAL AGENCY -- NIGHT

Police cars, with lights flashing are in the street. The well-worn Hershfeld sign hangs above the doorway to the walk-up office.

INT. HERSHFELD THEATRICAL AGENCY

The cramped office, strewn with papers. Everything's in disarray. A COP is explaining the situation to BEN HARMON, who's wearing an FBI jacket. He's got the tired eyes of someone who's seen it all.

A COP

We found the place this way after we got the call from you guys to come over here.

Ben looks across the mess to a small closet. He shines his flashlight inside to highlight the grizzly sight of a dead woman's battered head, neck and shoulder sticking out of the interior wall.

BEN

You found her like that?

A COP

Looks like her blood soaked through the old wallboard. She just kinda' popped out.

Ben's flashlight beam moves across the room to the wastebasket next to Hakima's desk. It highlights the finger, with the ring still in place.

BEN

Bizarre.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)  
 This guy's acting client gets  
 kidnapped...and we find his ex-wife  
 beaten and hacked to death in his  
 office. I'm not getting this.

NICK HAZMER, Ben's partner, calls from Hershfeld's office.

HAZMER (O.S.)  
 Hey, yo! In here!

INT. HERSHFELD'S OFFICE

Ben and the Cop enter. Hazmer, a younger man with a powerful build, has moved a file cabinet away from the wall -- which is soaked with what appears to be blood. Ben slides by Hazmer who is happy to step back.

BEN  
 What are you waiting for?

HAZMER  
 Uh...forensics?

Without hesitation, Ben kicks at a bulging, red-stained crack in the wall. It cracks open and breaks into several big pieces -- as the body of the real Marvin Hershfeld slumps out. Hazmer squeals like a little girl. The Cop and Ben turn slowly toward Hazmer. Was that me? Damn!

HAZMER (CONT'D)  
 I mean...uh..."whoa!"

CUT TO:

EXT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING -- NIGHT

Uniformed security guards mingle with the men in black outside the main building. It's a relaxed looking group.

INT. LAB

There's a gag in Ima's Mouth. The two guards are leaving the lab. They're laughing. So is Englesman, who is now at a lab table, covered with specialized equipment. She turns on several switches as lights come up and equipment hums. Ima's pissed, but resigned to listen to the oh-so-cool, calm and cocksure Englesman who checks her watch and walks back to her prisoners.

ENGLESMAN  
 Now, maybe we can move things along  
 without all the comments from the  
 4th Estate.

She leans close to Ima. This is too much fun.

ENGLESMANN

Let me know if you want that tightened.

Enough.

ERIC

Leave her alone.

Ima's surprised by Eric's outburst. And pleased. Englesman see's the budding romance. She turns away.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Just tell us why we're here.

Englesman spins with a quick backhand to Eric's mouth. SLAP. His head rocks back. He's surprised. A small trickle of blood runs from the corner of his mouth. Englesman checks her watch just as Eric notices his cell phone is still clipped to his belt!

ENGLESMAN

The equipment takes a few minutes to warm up.

She sits on the arm of the sofa and strokes Eric's hair. Oh, that really pisses him off -- and she knows it. Eric jerks his head away. Englesman is enjoying the game. She reaches for the tiny phone on his belt.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

Cell phones don't work down here. Gotta have one of these.

She whips out her cell phone walkie-talkie.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

Walkie talkie!

She unclips the phone and slides it into a front pants pocket.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

You can keep the phone. It won't matter either way.

She pats his head again. Eric's free left hand flashes up. He grabs Englesman's arm and spins her to the floor with her arm locked in a half-nelson. Ow! Now it's Englesman's turn to be surprised.

ERIC

The key. Where is it?

No answer. Eric leans as far as he can onto Englesman's back...increasing pressure on her shoulder. A cry of pain.

ENGLESMAN

It's in my pocket. Let me get it.

Eric leans back slightly. Englesman reaches into her coat with her free hand...and pulls out a gun. Eric leans on her hard. But, she hangs onto the gun and manages to point the gun in Ima and Eric's direction. She growls through gritted teeth.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

Let go, wonder boy.

Ima shrinks backwards, pulling Eric back slightly. It's enough to let Englesman wiggle out of the hold as the door bursts open and the two guards enter with guns drawn. Englesman scrambles to her feet.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

No shooting! Put your guns away.

The guards know better than to question Englesman. They put the guns away and move in to help their boss.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

I'm fine. Go. It's all good.

Eric and Ima are getting back into a more comfortable position on the sofa. The guards back off and leave as Englesman holsters her gun. Eric wipes at the trickle of blood from his mouth. Englesman smiles.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

It's all about that, you know.

Eric looks up. All about what?

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

Your blood, super boy. Never sick a day in your life, right?

Eric has to think about that. Ima's intrigued.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

Impervious to illness of any sort. We knew you were out there. We just had to find you.

IMA

You've never been sick?

Eric's never really thought about it.

ENGLESMAN

Can you imagine what your blood will mean to the lucky pharmaceutical company that gets it?

Eric looks at Ima. Is she nuts? Ima looks at Eric. Who are you?

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)  
But, we can't just take the blood.  
We have to collect it under carefully  
controlled conditions -- warmed  
syringes -- heated containers.

She swings her hand across the room.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)  
Just like we have here.

Ima and Eric look around the lab.

ERIC  
How do you know I'm the guy?

Englesman checks her watch again.

ENGLESMAN  
Your father...your REAL father...he  
tried to cover his tracks. But, we  
knew. And, when your mother died --

Tears in Eric's eyes.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, come on! You didn't even know  
her!

IMA  
God, what a bitch.

Eric is surprised by Ima's outburst.

ENGLESMAN  
This is pointless. We've been looking  
for you -- searching the Earth for  
you for 25 years -- and then, there  
you are on TV! Go figure.

IMA  
Who do you think you are?

ENGLESMAN  
Not me...it's us! We're the  
pharmaceutical companies of America.  
We own this country!

ERIC  
Oh, please.

ENGLESMAN  
Better yet, Eric, we own you.

IMA

Oh, come on!

ENGLESMAN

Your parents worked for Pharmacom.  
You were a part of their research.

EXT. PHARMACOM -- CONTINUOUS

A delivery van pulls up to the gate.

ERIC (O.S.)

You don't own me.

The guard walks toward the driver's window as a gun with a silencer pokes out.

ENGLESMAN (O.S.)

Talk to our lawyers - then tell me that.

The guard sees the gun and starts to retreat. But, it's too late. The gun flashes, the guard tumbles backward, into his guard house. The car pulls onto the Pharmacom grounds.

IMA (O.S.)

You can't own another human being.  
That's slavery.

ENGLESMAN (O.S.)

Right. But, Eric's not quite human!

INT. LAB 14 -- CONTINUOUS

Eric and Ima look at their jailer. God, you're a pain in the ass.

ENGLESMAN

What about you, honey. You human?

EXT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Klein, in coveralls, strolls toward the front door. Two security guards who are chatting at the front door look up.

ENGLESMAN (O.S.)

Eric's cells have been re-engineered -- improved.

Klein whips out his silencer-tipped gun and fires before any of the guards knows what hit them. One, who is still alive is quickly disposed of with a shot to the head. Klein calmly walks into the lobby and kills a guard at the front desk. He disappears toward the elevators.

INT. LAB 14 -- CONTINUOUS

There's a soft beeping coming from somewhere on the table of lab equipment. Englesman turns and clicks off the alarm. It's time! She turns to Eric like a connoisseur about to uncork a bottle of fine wine.

ENGLESMAN

You are a treasure trove of endless marketing possibilities ... of stock splits and profits like no one has ever seen.

ERIC

So, I'm gonna be rich?

Yeah, right. Englesman's cell phone/walkie talkie rings with ringtones from "I Want a New Drug." She pulls the tiny phone out of her suit pocket. She listens for a moment, then puts the phone away and walks toward the door.

ENGLESMAN

Something needs my attention. I'll be back.

She turns back.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

Oh...and, don't run off.

God, that smirk is so annoying! The door locks behind Englesman. She's gone. What now? How do we get out of this place? Eric bangs at the handcuffs.

IMA

I saw, on the History Channel, that Houdini could shrink himself and dislocate his joints to get out of chains and things.

ERIC

Yeah, well I've got shrinkage in one body part right now...but, it ain't my wrists.

IMA

That's more information than I needed.

A security siren wails. What's that? A muffled machine gun. Okay. This is BAD! Eric throws his body across Ima to protect her. The door rattles. There's a small blast as the latch blows off and the door swings open. Who's out there? Is this IT? Klein walks in, smiling benignly -- with a smoking gun.

KLEIN

Okay, kids. Let's go.

Who's this? Eric turns away from Ima so they can both see who's talking. Klein is doing his best grandfather act as he pulls out a handcuff key.

KLEIN (CONT'D)  
I'm your father, Eric.

Did he just say...?

KLEIN (CONT'D)  
Your REAL father.

Klein unlocks Eric's cuffs from the table and the one chaining him to Ima. He pulls at Eric.

KLEIN (CONT'D)  
Let's go, son. Follow me and do what I say!

Klein drops the key and goes back to the door to look for guards. Eric grabs the key off the floor and quickly uses it to unlock Ima. Klein turns to see Eric setting Ima free. What was that look? Eric to Ima:

ERIC  
We gotta follow him. He's my Father.

Eric pushes Ima toward the doorway.

IMA  
Maybe.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LAB 14 -- CONTINUOUS

Klein points them down the hall toward the elevators. Eric leads Ima to the elevators. Ima pushes the "up" button. Klein stops to pull the grill off a large air return vent in the wall. The elevator door opens. It's empty. Before Ima and Eric can step in, Klein runs up, puts a small steel bar in the door track -- and sprints to the stairs.

KLEIN  
Come on!

They'd rather get on the elevator. But, they follow.

INT. STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

Klein pushes Eric and Ima past him and into the stairwell. The two begin climbing the stairs. Klein stays behind. As the stairwell door is closing, he shoots out a security camera focused on the doorway. Klein calls to Ima and Eric who are halfway up the first flight of steps.

KLEIN  
Where are you going?

Uh. Duh?!

KLEIN (CONT'D)

This way!

Klein goes back out into the hallway. The two look at each other.

IMA

He's going BACK?

Eric looks between Ima and Klein.

KLEIN

Come on! Come on!

Okay, okay! The two hurry back down the stairs and out through the door. Klein is now at the open elevator door, with his back pressed against the wall. He leans out slightly with his gun and with one shot, nails the security camera in the far upper corner of the elevator car. Then, he picks up the steel bar he dropped earlier and walks in the car.

INT. ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

Klein reaches up and opens the emergency door in the ceiling. Eric helps Ima through. He gives Eric a boost through the hole.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

With surprising ease, Klein hoists himself through the hole and replaces the emergency door. Okay, now what?

KLEIN

Do what I do.

Klein slithers over the side of the car into a narrow pocket and hangs by his fingertips. You've got to be kidding! The car suddenly starts upward. Klein pulls himself up.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

You've got to hang from the side.  
It's the only way out of here!

Eric helps Ima over the side and she clings for her life above a nasty drop into darkness. Eric slips in beside her. The car stops with a jolt that nearly causes Ima to lose her hold. Eric, lets go with one hand to help steady Ima. Their eyes meet. Hmm. Interesting.

INT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ELEVATOR BANK

Five guards stand outside the elevator doors. As the doors open, one guard fires a shot through the elevator car wall.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

A smoking bullet hole between Eric and Ima. Eric strains to support his weight and part of hers with only one hand holding on to the top of the car.

INT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ELEVATOR BANK

A gunshot. The Guard who fired his gun suddenly falls, grabbing his arm as he hits the floor. The remaining healthy guards whirl around, guns at the ready, just as Englesman walks up with a smoking handgun.

ENGLESMAN

I told you idiots, no guns. The boy  
is no good to us if he's dead.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

Eric's sweating from the strain of hanging on for two with the fingertips from his left hand.

ERIC

Boy?

IMA

Shh.

INT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ELEVATOR BANK

Englesman taps one guard on the chest.

ENGLESMAN

Get the idiot a bandage. You --

She taps another guard on the shoulder. And points toward the door in the ceiling of the elevator.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

Check the escape hatch.

The guard didn't know he'd be doing THIS when he drove to work today. He enters slowly and motions for help from the other three guards. They help boost him up as he knocks the door open and, gun first, pokes his head up into the void. His fellow guards lose their grip on him and they fall into a pile on the elevator floor. Englesman looks at the pathetic sight on the floor. He shrugs. "Nothin' up there." Englesman was sure there WOULD be someone up there. Now, she doesn't have a clue. Just then, Willis runs up the hall.

WILLIS

They're in the stairwell -- we got  
'em on a security camera -- right  
before they shot it out.

Everyone takes off toward the stairwell. Everyone except Englesman who pauses briefly to look at the elevator.

ENGLESMAN

(to self)

Klein.

She turns and runs toward the stairwell.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT -- CONTINUOUS

Klein hauls himself back up to the roof of the elevator easily. Eric is straining.

ERIC

Little help?

Klein reaches over the side and grabs Eric's arm -- pulling him and Ima upward. He stops helping once Eric is up -- with his arm over the side, clinging to a desperate Ima. It's a bit of a struggle. But, Eric manages to get Ima up. They're both gasping from the effort. Eric's turns to Klein, What was that all about?

KLEIN

Let's be clear. I came here for you. Not her.

Well, isn't that nice? Klein considers what he's just said. Kinda' harsh.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

I mean, what do you really know about her? She could be anybody. I just

Ima looks at the two men. Oh, come on!

KLEIN (CONT'D)

I just want what's best for you. After all, I am your father.

Klein can't hide the smile. Is it one of love or derision? Eric's a little confused. Ima's a little pissed.

IMA

I'm not his girlf--

KLEIN

Now listen -- we hit the ground moving. Outside the front door, there's a white delivery van off to your right. We'll only have a few seconds. And NO NOISE. Ready?

INT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ELEVATOR BANK

Klein, followed by Eric who's holding Ima's hand, charge out of the elevator. There's blood on the floor. Ima slips in it. She hollers in disgust. Klein would shoot her. But, Eric is in the line of fire as he helps Ima to her feet.

KLEIN

Let's -- go!

As they run out front doors, Eric and Ima see the dead guard at the security desk. Huh?

EXT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

They follow Klein through the front doors and see the dead guards outside. Eric looks at Ima, smeared with blood, and stops.

ERIC

What's going on...Dad?

Klein can't believe it.

KLEIN

Later...uh...son.

Behind Ima and Eric, the guards, Willis and Englesman are pouring out of the stairwell -- headed straight for them.

IMA

Eric.

He turns as Ima points at the approaching horde. Okay, "Dad's" right. They sprint to the white delivery van. The guards push through the doors, as the van engine starts and peels out in a cloud of smoke. A panting Englesman raises her hand.

ENGLESMAN

No guns! Willis!

Willis pulls an odd looking gun from a holster inside his coat. He points it in the general direction of the van and fires the gun, which makes a sound somewhere between a gunshot and a rocket. A small rocket-like device flies through the air toward the van and up the tailpipe. The van flies out the gate, past another dead guard. Englesman pulls out her cell phone and presses a number.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

Surveillance. This is Englesman.  
O'Brien - do you see it?!

INT. PHARMACOM SURVEILLANCE CENTER

The room is darkened, filled with computers and technicians, in paramilitary garb, watching various screens from computers to radar and infrared. O'BRIEN, a deadly serious former Army Colonel, wearing a headset mic, looks over the shoulder of a technician at an infrared screen.

O'BRIEN

We're on it. Got the bastards dead to rights, sir. Uh...ma'am.

ON THE SCREEN -- which shows an infrared aerial view of the van as it races along a winding Connecticut road. Something is glowing at the rear of the van.

O'BRIEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You want us to take it out?

EXT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Englesman, Willis and the guards are still breathing hard as the sound of the van grows faint in the distance.

ENGLESMAN

No shooting! Follow it. And get Carson out of bed. We need some boots on the ground for this one.

Englesman turns to look at the dead guards by the front door. What a mess.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

You've got some cleaning up to do.  
(to Willis)  
You're in charge. Get Carson and get going.

Willis salutes and leaves.

EXT. A WINDING CONNECTICUT ROAD -- NIGHT

The delivery van roars past.

INT. DELIVERY VAN

Klein is intent on driving. Eric and Ima are sitting on the floor of the empty van, hanging on to each other and trying to stay upright as the van maneuvers on the twisting road.

ERIC

Take it easy. Slow down.

No reaction. Eric protects Ima during a skidding, bouncing turn. Then, he helps push her toward the passenger seat so she can be more secure. Another bad bounce.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hey, Dad! Slow down!

Klein doesn't seem to hear them. Ima is buckling herself into the seat as Eric wedges his upper body between the seats for stability. Another skidding bounce. Ima's terrified.

IMA

Hey!

Klein glances her way. It's scary. She pushes back against the door. But, now that she's got his attention...

IMA (CONT'D)

Your **son** wants you to slow down.

My son? Oh. Right! My son!

ERIC

We got away. Now, let's find the cops!

Eyes back on the road. Focused.

KLEIN

Pharmacom has the police around here in their back pocket. I'm taking you to a safe place. Trust me, I'm your father.

EXT. A WINDING CONNECTICUT ROAD

The van roars past a driveway where police cruiser is parked.

INT. DELIVERY VAN

Ima turns from the window. She's the only one who's seen the cop car. And, she's not saying anything. Eric studies Klein's face. Is he my father? Is there a resemblance? Klein becomes aware of Eric's stare. Ima looks out the rear window for the cruiser.

KLEIN

I am not a good father. I am a great scientist. I gave you to others to raise. I went back to work.

The tone is harsh, clinical. It stings. Oops. Klein's grandfatherly aura returns.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

But, I came back for you -- because I need you.

He pulls out a black and white 3X5 showing himself with a sickly-looking woman who is holding a baby. He holds it out to Eric who takes it.

In this light, he'd be lucky to see anything.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

You recognize your mother, of course.

ERIC

I never knew my mother.

Klein snatches the picture out of Eric's hand. What the--?

KLEIN

Then, the picture is meaningless.

He wads up the picture as flashing lights and a siren from the police car takes center stage. Ima's relieved. Klein checks his mirror as he tosses the picture on the floor. Eric grabs the wadded up picture as Klein looks behind.

ERIC

Okay, Dad -- pull over. We're safe!

Klein reaches into his coveralls.

KLEIN

I told you, we can't trust the authorities around here. Pharmacom owns everything -- even them.

He pulls out a grenade and quickly pulls the pin.

IMA

Grenade!

Instinctively, she opens the door to get away from danger as a sudden swerve throws her out -- and she hangs from the door, out over the roadway. Eric grabs her and pulls her back as another quick swerve throws them back together on the floor. Klein let's the grenade handle go.

ERIC

What the hell are you doing?

The handle rattles around the interior.

KLEIN

I'm protecting my property...

He smiles, less benignly this time...

KLEIN (CONT'D)

...My son.

He drops the live grenade out the window.

EXT. A WINDING CONNECTICUT ROAD

The grenade bounces along the road and under the cop car -- just as it explodes -- sending the car into a ditch and a fiery end.

EXT. A TRAIL IN THE WOODS -- MOMENTS LATER

The delivery van idles slowly up a dirt trail just off the main road. It pulls into the trees and the engine shuts off. Klein, Ima and Eric emerge.

KLEIN

Quickly!

Klein runs ahead.

ERIC

Where are we?

Eric helps Ima through the underbrush. Klein begins pulling freshly-cut tree branches off the top of a hidden BMW.

KLEIN

No time. Get in!

Eric's cell phone suddenly rings. It's a moment frozen in time. Klein can't believe what he's hearing. Neither can Ima and Eric. Klein looks at Eric as he retrieves the tiny phone from his pocket.

ERIC

I forgot I had it!

He opens it and sees the phone number. He's about to say hello, when Klein rips the phone out of his hand and throws it into the woods. Ima watches it fly as Eric nearly gives his newfound "dad" a taste of karate.

KLEIN

Triangulation. The bad guys can use that phone to find us.

Yeah? So? Ima backs slowly toward the underbrush as Klein and Eric begin arguing.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE -- NIGHT

The police tape flutters in the wind at Eric's apartment above the garage.

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE

David paces the living room with a phone in his hand. He passes by Lourdes who's nervously watching from the edge of the sofa.

DAVID

Hello?

LOURDES

Did he answer?

DAVID

I can hear something. Distant voices.

He's got the phone to his ear -- like he might vacuum the sound out of the air.

NILS (O.S.)

What? What are you hearing?

We PAN quickly to reveal Nils sitting on the opposite end of the sofa. He's still dressed like he was hours ago in Africa. David listens a big longer, straining to hear.

DAVID

Arguing.

Lourdes can't stand it any longer. She jumps up and grabs the phone out of David's hand and sticks it up to her ear as Nils stands up and turns toward the front door.

LOURDES

Eric? Eric?

Lourdes continues, in the background.

DAVID

Where are you going?

NILS

I've got a friend in Soho. Don't let 'em hang up -- we can track the signal.

Lourdes quiets. She listens...then, to David and Nils...

LOURDES

(to David and Nils)  
Footsteps - somebody's coming.  
(into the phone)  
Hello?

Nils opens the door.

NILS

Which direction to get a cab, quick?

David tosses him a set of keys.

DAVID

Take the blue one in the garage across  
the street.

Nils is gone in a blink of an eye.

LOURDES

Hello? Hello? Eric? My God, Eric!

EXT. CONNECTICUT WOODS -- NIGHT

The dimly lit face of the cell phone lays in a dark thicket. We can hear Lourdes' voice through the earpiece. Klein and Eric are arguing loudly as Ima reaches through the razor wire like vines to get the phone. It's painful. She manages to grab the phone -- and pull it out.

LOURDES (O.S.)

(phone eq)  
Eric? Is that you, honey? Eric?

Ima puts the phone to her ear and is about to speak--

KLEIN (O.S.)

Hey, where's your girlfriend?

ERIC (O.S.)

I don't think she likes to be called  
that.

Ima looks back frantically toward the van. She whispers into the phone.

IMA

Don't hang up! I'm muting.

EXT. A TRAIL IN THE WOODS

Klein walks into the underbrush.

KLEIN (O.S.)

Ena -- come out!

ERIC

Her name's Ima.

Yeah. Whatever. Klein squeezes the grip of his gun. Ima emerges from the darkness, pulling up her pants.

IMA

When a girl's gotta go. She's gotta  
go. And, I had to go!

Klein examines Ima carefully. Ima's hoping Klein can't read minds. Klein knows there's no time for this.

He stalks back to the trail and pulls the rest of the small branches off the BMW. Klein opens the driver's door.

KLEIN

No more talk. No more pee. Get in.

He slips behind the wheel. Eric and Ima climb in the backseat. The engine revs. The car roars wildly down the trail, past the delivery van and into the two lane highway.

EXT. A PLEASANT BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE NEIGHBORHOOD -- CONTINUOUS

The garage door opens, and we hear a revving V-8 as a cobalt blue, highly modified Acura rolls into the street. As the garage door closes -- the engine roars, the tires burn rubber and the blue car disappears up the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. HERSHFELD THEATRICAL AGENCY -- NIGHT

Two black body bags are being hauled out of the Hershfeld office toward waiting ambulances. The cop activity is still heavy. Ben Harmon stands at the curb, next to his unmarked Ford Crown Victoria. He's on a cell phone.

BEN

How long ago?

(pause)

Why didn't I know 'til now?

(pause)

Tell Shermer to keep his goddamn battery charged. Jesus.

Ben snaps his phone closed. Nick walks out of the background, past the body bags on stretchers, to Ben.

HAZMER

Yo, s'up, homey?

BEN

Some kind of trouble at Pharmacom. Washington wants us to check it out.

HAZMER

Cool! They're callin' out the big, dawgs!

Oh, please.

HAZMER (CONT'D)

What's the 4-1-1?

Ben's heard enough rap, thank you.

HAZMER (CONT'D)

What?

Ben walks around to the driver's side of the car.

BEN  
Just get in...we're heading for  
Connecticut.

Nick's about to add something "street wise." But, Ben cuts his off.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Don't. Just get in.

Ben gets in the car. Nick looks around and says to no one in particular...

HAZMER  
I be the 5-0...but, he be the A-hole.

BEN (O.S.)  
I heard that.

Oops. Nick slides in the passenger door just as Ben hits the gas and pulls away from the curb.

EXT. WILBUR CROSS PARKWAY -- NIGHT

The BMW moves with light traffic on the darkened highway.

INT. BMW

Klein leans back in the driver's seat. So this is what final victory feels like! Complete and total and -- oops -- better check the mirror to see if the spoils are back there. Yep -- it's him. And that nosey little bitch. But, she's a minor distraction. I've won. It's over. He pulls out a cigarette. In the dark, Ima slowly slides closer to Eric.

ERIC  
We're not going to the police, are  
we?

KLEIN  
No...I'm taking you to a place where  
I can help you.

ERIC  
Help me?

KLEIN  
You don't realize yet, do you?

ERIC  
Realize what?

Okay. Time for a little acting. Klein leans forward to put out his cigarette and, at the same time he manages to get smoke in his eyes, making them tear up.

KLEIN

You are my only child -- born from your dying mother. We had such little time together. You are the one thing that still exists between us.

He manages to squeeze a small tear down his cheek. A large sniff. Eric sits forward and, looking in the rearview mirror, he sees the tear. Whoa.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Your blood and the blood of your mother mingled. Tests must be run.

IMA

The woman at the drug lab wanted to do the same thing.

Klein almost spits at the thought of Englesman.

KLEIN

Englesman. Forget her! I'll take some blood... work it up. That's all.

Eric locks eyes with Klein in the rearview mirror. Hmm.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

You are thinking bad things of me? The father who loves you?

A moment to think. But, what IS he thinking? Eric reaches out and touches Klein on the shoulder.

ERIC

I'm sorry. I just met you...Dad.

Klein wipes away the annoying wet streak on his cheek. It's done the job. He reaches up to get the offending hand off his shoulder.

KLEIN

It's best if you get some sleep. We'll be driving for a while. You should be fresh when we draw your blood later.

We're talking about my blood again?

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Son, I need you to continue my work --

Klein glances in the mirror. How's he doing?

KLEIN (CONT'D)

To uh...save you...and help humanity.

Eric slides back in the seat...and finds Ima, laying low, right next to him. Surprise! Shhhh! In the front seat, Klein lights another cigarette.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

The Western World, my children, is a horrible place. A place filled with degenerates and greed...for objects, for money, for control of others. I have worked all my life to change that. And, soon, I will take a giant step toward refocusing your society's attention on more important issues.

A puff and a look in the side mirror as a highway patrol car approaches from the rear. Klein checks his speed. 65. No problem. Meanwhile, in the backseat, Ima looks into Eric's eyes as she reaches between her legs and pulls her skirt up slowly. Now? Okay, now Eric's got two crazy people to think about. Ima again puts her finger to her lips. Eric notices Klein's silence.

ERIC

Something wrong...uh...Dad?

The Highway Patrol car accelerates past. Relief.

KLEIN

No -- not now. Let's talk about values. This society lacks them. Sexuality pervades everything. It drips from offensive billboards.

Ima now has he skirt wadded up around her waist as she reaches into her underpants. Eric's watching -- waiting.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

It mocks the devout on TV, in movies, books, the office. Women are given a larger and larger role in our society -- and, if you'll pardon the indelicate language, miss TV reporter --

Klein looks into the rearview mirror and doesn't see Ima.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Where is the woman?

Eric checks Ima again. She quickly pulls her hand out of her underpants and puts a finger to her lips. Eric's watching the show -- but nods. Okay, I'll play.

ERIC

Asleep.

Klein relaxes again and looks back to the highway.

ERIC (CONT'D)

She's stretched on the seat of this degenerate Western luxury car you're driving.

The boy doesn't get it.

KLEIN

The car is not degenerate, It is people -- western people -- who covet a car of this quality. They are to blame for the state of the world.

Eric sits back in his seat. Who is this guy? He looks down as Ima reaches into her pants again and a dull bluish glow becomes visible. Eric looks more closely. Ima reveals -- his cell phone in her pants. Oh oh.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

More specifically, it is the women of the west who are using what is in their pants to bring the world to its knees.

Klein looks in the mirror at Eric. Eric looks up and meets Klein's gaze.

ERIC

Yeah, Dad. You could be right.

CUT TO:

EXT. BQE -- NIGHT

The blue, highly-modified Acura roars along the narrow and bumpy three lane "highway" known as the BQE. It's heading toward Connecticut, and taking some real chances as it passes cars and trucks and whatever gets in its way.

INT. ACURA

David is driving. Nils is in the passenger seat staring at a small computer screen which protrudes from an odd home-made electronic contraption resting on his lap. David's cell phone is connected to it with a cable.

NILS

They're on 91 -- near Hartford.

DAVID

We're at least two hours behind.

EXT. BQE

The street racer crosses two lanes to pass a slower van, and Tractor trailer taking up the right and center lanes -- then,

the blue car crosses back to avoid a smoking station wagon in the left lane -- some very close calls.

INT. ACURA

Nils looks up from the screen, then back. David is focused on the road ahead.

NILS

If you keep driving like this we'll either catch catch 'em quick--

Another swerve.

NILS (CONT'D)

--Or die before we get out of New York.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING -- NIGHT

Ben and Hazmer -- still wearing their FBI wind breakers and carrying their notebooks -- walk out of the Pharmacom administration building with Englesman beside them. Most of the evidence of the earlier violence is cleaned up. Except for some tape on the windows near where the two guards were shot by Klein.

ENGLESMAN

I hope I was able to answer all your questions.

HAZMER

Oh, completely, ma'am. Thanks. And sorry to bother you.

If she could, Englesman would pump her fist in victory. Yes! Ben stops and turns back toward the entrance.

BEN

Uh, and the holes in the windows?

On guard!

ENGLESMAN

Oh, like I said -- We've had problems with some mischievous kids from town.

They all pause to look at the bullet holes in the glass.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

Rocks.

Ben makes a note.

BEN

And, you didn't report these attacks  
to the police?

ENGLESMAN

Attacks? They're just kids.

That's a pretty weak smile, lady. Hazmer looks at Ben's  
notebook.

HAZMER

Hard to believe rocks can do that.

Ben glances quickly at Hazmer. Wow, that is one big mouth  
and one empty head. The extra moment gives Englesman time  
to embellish.

ENGLESMAN

I'm sorry. I didn't explain before.  
The kids were using -- slingshots.

Hazmer turns and smiles. Ahh! Makes sense. Ben closes his  
notebook.

BEN

Thanks ma'am. Sorry to bother you.

FADE TO:

EXT. VERMONT MOUNTAINTOP -- MORNING

Sunrise makes the horizon blood red. It's blustery. A storm  
is moving in as the BMW climbs the narrow mountain road. It  
pulls off the blacktop and onto a gravel road and stops at a  
wooden gate. A "Private Property" sign hangs from the gate.  
Klein gets out -- and goes to open the gate.

INT. BMW

In the backseat Eric is awake, looking out the window at the  
horizon. Ima has fallen asleep on his shoulder. He's got  
his arm around her.

ERIC

Red sky at morning...

Ima stirs...eyes still closed.

IMA

What?

A quick pat at her shoulder.

ERIC

Old saying: Red sky at morning -  
sailor take warning.

Ima wakes up. Outside, she can see Klein fight with a rusty lock on the gate. We HEAR a beep from the cell phone in her underpants. He reaches down her skirt --

IMA

Hey!

Another beep from the phone.

IMA (CONT'D)

The battery's dying.

ERIC

We're gonna be dying if he finds this.

Eric pulls the phone out of her pants and opens his window just as Klein throws the key to the lock into the underbrush, takes out a gun and shoots off the lock. The noise startles them both; but, Eric throws the phone out the window. Ima watches the phone disappear into the woods. Klein looks up at the sound of the phone bouncing away.

KLEIN

Problem?

Eric leans out the window.

ERIC

Just getting some fresh air. Uh, nice shot...Dad.

Klein returns quickly to the car and slides behind the wheel.

INT. BMW

KLEIN

Just a few minutes, now.

He slams the door and guns the engine. Ima is pretty sure if she had a gun right now -- she'd shoot Eric. He smiles and says so Klein can't hear...

ERIC

I know this place.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET IN A SMALL VERMONT TOWN -- MOMENTS LATER

The Acura cruises through the center of the small village.

INT. ACURA

Nils bats at the small screen.

NILS

Shit, we lost 'em. Battery, probably.

David stops the car at the town's lone traffic signal. Nils looks up from the screen for the first time in hours.

NILS (CONT'D)

Didn't you hear me?

David keeps his eyes on the red light and points out the window toward the mountain top ahead. David follows the finger. Even from this distance, we can see a clearing cut in the forest of trees at the top of the mountain. Nils looks back to David. How can you be so sure. The light changes. David pulls away from the light with a low rumble from the Acura tuned exhaust.

DAVID

I know this place. When Eric was a boy, we brought him up here to ski. That's the old Cider Mill Lodge. Years ago, a lawsuit padlocked the place. Nobody goes there. That's gotta be where they are.

Nils turns off the now-useless tracking device. You can't argue with logic like that.

EXT. MAIN STREET IN A SMALL VERMONT TOWN

The Acura passes a "Leaving Deep Willow" sign and suddenly ignites into a roaring, rubber burning monster as it flashes up the road toward the mountaintop. As it disappears over a small rise, a helicopter passes over...trailing behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIDER MILL LODGE -- CONTINUOUS

The ski lodge, is a stone building, partially built into the side of the mountain. The lower level is flush with the parking lot. While the stone is as solid as ever, the wood trim, roof and windows are weathered and in disrepair. A gust of wind from the approaching storm swings a sign dangling precariously over the double-door entrance. "Welcome to The Cider Mill Lodge! Where Families Go Downhill Fast!" The BMW rolls slowly to a stop. The three get out.

IMA

Nice view.

A bolt of lightening flashes across the sky. Hakima, dressed in camos, walks out the lodge's front door.

HAKIMA

Success!

She hugs Klein. They kiss. Eric watches. Okay.

ERIC

Is this my step-mom Mom?

Klein catches himself.

KLEIN

Your mother has been gone a long time, my boy. This is my fiancée...uh, Ha--Harriet.

Right. Nice to meet you. Hakima returns the gesture with a glare. Another bolt of lightening and roll of thunder.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

I'll need to spend some time in the lab with you. Why don't you let Haa--uh--rriett show Ima the guest quarters.

Hakima takes Ima by the elbow. Klein turns to Eric who keeps an eye on Ima as Hakima pulls her away. It'll be okay, right?

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Come inside, son. I'll fix you some hot chocolate...and we'll start saving humanity from itself!

Klein leads Eric inside the lodge's double front doors. As the two disappear inside, hooded soldiers in camouflage, armed with heavy weapons, appear from around the corner of the building, from behind stone walls and large trees. Ima looks around. What the Hell? The sound of a distant helicopter catches Hakima's attention.

HAKIMA

Take cover. They may have been followed.

The men dive back into hiding. Hakima turns back to Ima. What the hell do you want?

IMA

Let me guess...there aren't any "guest quarters."

Hakima shoves Ima. Ima takes a defensive martial arts position like she's, no doubt, seen in many movies.

IMA (CONT'D)

Do I have to remind you about freedom of the press?

Hakima's had it. No more games. She leaps through the air and catches Ima in the chest with her feet -- knocking her to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER OVER VERMONT

Strong winds buffet the copter as the storm approaches.

PILOT (O.S.)

(radio eq)

I can't stay here much longer. You guys ready back there? Over.

EXT. WOODED MOUNTAINSIDE

The wind whips through the evergreens as an army of commando-type soldiers hike through the dense underbrush. From the back of flat-gray Jeep Wrangler, a technician, wearing a headset fiddles with an array of electronics.

TECHIE

Roger that Hilo 3. Predator is in position. Return to base. Over.

PILOT (O.S.)

(radio eq)

Roger that! We're outa' here.

The Techie turns to a flat screen monitor clearly marked with a "Pharmacom" logo. On the screen, we can see an aerial view from high above the Cider Mill Lodge. It zooms in on the BMW, then pulls back. The Techie makes more adjustments.

EXT. SKIES HIGH ABOVE CIDER MILL LODGE

A predator-type spy plane flies through the boiling clouds.

EXT. WOODED MOUNTAINSIDE

The Techie fiddles with the equipment as the commandos continue passing by. Willis, in his commando gear, walks up quickly and looks over the Techie's shoulder.

WILLIS

Let's check it. Zoom in on us.

We can see the camera zoom in until we can see Willis standing next to the Techie. Willis waves.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Go to infra-red.

The Techie clicks a switch and the screen goes to an infra-red, view. Willis and the Techie glow red.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Okay, zoom out.

The camera widens it's view and we can see hundreds of glowing dots moving toward the top of the mountain.

CUT TO:

EXT. VERMONT MOUNTAIN ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The Acura moves almost silently, very slowly. It crosses the centerline of the road and backs into a small cave -- keeping it out of sight from above.

INT. ACURA

Nils looks up at the cave roof. To Nils:

DAVID

Like I said, we used to come here.  
Besides, I hate when it rains on my  
car.

He gets out.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We'll walk from here.

Nils gets out.

EXT. VERMONT MOUNTAIN ROAD

Both men enter the underbrush -- PULL BACK to reveal they're just below below the Cider Mill Lodge.

INT. CIDER MILL LODGE -- CONTINUOUS

The lobby is a dusty mess of forgotten furniture that's been piled on one side of the large room. Cobwebs hang in huge strands from the open, beamed ceiling. But, by the stone fireplace, a small area for medical equipment has been carved out of the mess. The equipment is powered by a generator, right outside the window, which looks up the slope toward the summit of the mountain. A cup of untouched hot chocolate sits on the window sill, next to Eric, who's sitting there with his sleeve rolled up, listening to Klein -- who's busily preparing some very large and threatening-looking blood retrieval devices including big needles and huge vials. As he talks, Klein occasionally checks his watch.

KLEIN

What your father created is beyond  
the ability of most to comprehend.

Ooops. What did I just say? Eric watches stoically.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

I...I created a new kind of human.  
One who is impervious to all poisons,  
immune to all disease. Insusceptible  
to microbial infestation. In short --  
a super being. You.

A timer beeps. It's time! Lightening flashes and thunder rattles the windows. Eric clenches his fists.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKIES HIGH ABOVE CIDER MILL LODGE -- CONTINUOUS

The Predator bobs through boiling clouds and lightening bolts.

EXT. WOODED MOUNTAINSIDE

From just over the crest of the mountain, Willis, crouching amongst large rocks, pulls a pair of binoculars away from his eyes and looks down at a small LED screen -- showing him what the Predator is seeing from high above. All around, we see Pharmacom Commandos getting into position for attack. A bright flash and pounding thunder. The LED screen goes black.

TECHIE (O.S.)

(radio eq)

Predator down...Predator down.

Willis calmly puts his LED screen in a pocket, clicks off his machine gun's safety and radio's back.

WILLIS

It's okay. We're in position.

Rain starts to fall.

EXT. CIDER MILL LODGE PARKING LOT

Hakima walks back from the BMW toward the lodge, silhouetted by streaks of lightening. She stops to look up into the light rain when she hears an odd motor noise getting closer. What's that? Ohmiallah! She leaps to the side and hits the ground rolling as the Predator, minus a wing, hits the ground with a thud, pieces flying in all directions. The remaining wing lands next to her.

INT. CIDER MILL LODGE

More thunder and lightening. Klein hoists his blood retrieval device. Eric gets a grip on the untouched hot chocolate mug. The lodge doors burst open. Who's there? It's Hakima -- carrying the piece of Predator wing.

HAKIMA

A gift from Allah!

Klein puts down the syringe. Eric loosens his grip on the mug.

KLEIN  
Looks like the wing off a Predator.

Klein goes to meet Hakima and examine the aircraft part. Eric follows.

ERIC  
Predator? The CIA's involved?

Hakima and Klein share a smile. Yeah. Right.

HAKIMA  
CIA?

Please. Klein takes the wing piece from Hakima.

KLEIN  
This was financed by drug money --  
To Hakima...

KLEIN (CONT'D)  
It's Englesman at Pharmacom. Quickly --  
alert the men!

Hakima hurries to the door. More lightening and thunder. Heavy rain begins to fall as she opens the door.

KLEIN (CONT'D)  
Hakima -- if we are separated --  
meet me at Site Y.

It's all come together for Eric, now. Any lingering doubt is gone. So, now her name is Hakima? As he approaches Klein, he gets a quick glimpse out the doorway -- where he can see Ima, flat on her back in the rain, tape on her mouth, handcuffed to a strut under the BMW. That's it! As Hakima runs outside yelling something in Arabic, Klein reaches inside his coat and pulls out a gun. No more Mr. Nice Guy.

KLEIN (CONT'D)  
As for you, my "son." It's time to--

Eric kicks Klein in the stomach, then knocks him out with a drug-laced hot chocolate mug to the head.

ERIC  
I'm glad we had this talk, "Dad."

As the terrorist hits the ground, bullets crash through the windows, blow out the generator and plunge the interior of the building into near darkness. Eric dives for cover as bullets ricochet through the lodge.

EXT. WOODED MOUNTAINSIDE ABOVE CIDER MILL LODGE

Hooded terrorists fire up the mountain slope as bullets rain down from the Pharmacom commandos who are dug in behind trees and boulders. It's raining harder now. Lightening mixes with the flash from machine guns. One Pharmacom Commando is firing directly into the lodge -- windows blow out as his bullets hit home. As bullets from the guys in hoods below pelt the dirt and rocks around him, Willis leaps across the hillside and punches the Commando in the face. Shock and surprise. Willis holds his man up by the back of his shirt.

WILLIS

I told you -- no firing at the lodge --  
we can't hurt the kid.

A terrorist bullet hits the surprised Commando in the head.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Guess that's that.

He drops the dead man, takes cover and looks down the mountain where he spots David and Nils crouching near the stone wall bordering the lodge and parking lot.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Who the hell is that?

David runs in a low crouch toward the lodge. Nils scrambles toward the rear of the BMW where Ima lays chained to the car. Bullets ricochet everywhere as a hooded terrorist jumps out from the corner of the lodge and takes aim at David. Nils grabs a rock and throws -- nailing the hooded creep between the eyes. David nods "thanks." Willis is impressed.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Wow. That took some guts.

He turns grim and radios his men.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

This is Willis to all units. There's  
a guy at the right rear corner of  
the lodge. Shoot him! Don't let  
him get inside the lodge!

Gunfire sprays the area where David was last seen.

EXT. CIDER MILL LODGE PARKING LOT

Behind the BMW, Nils crawls through puddles to get close to Ima. Ima sees him.

IMA

Thank God! Are you the FBI?

Nils scrabbles closer.

NILS  
No...I'm Eric's Dad.

Not something she wants to hear.

IMA  
I've heard that before.

NILS  
Well, actually --

He points to the protected side of the lodge, where David is climbing to a smallish window to get inside.

NILS (CONT'D)  
THAT'S Eric's dad. I'm his birth father.

Whatever.

IMA  
I'll check the paperwork later. You want to get me outa' here?

Nils checks out the situation.

NILS  
Sure. No problem.

Relief.

NILS (CONT'D)  
So, where's the key?

Huh? A bolt of lightening as a heavier rain pounds down.

EXT. WOODED MOUNTAINSIDE ABOVE CIDER MILL LODGE

The rain is causing some of the mountainside to begin sliding down toward the parking lot. Boulders begin sliding. The Commandos try to keep firing as they try to keep from being swept away down the mountain.

INT. CIDER MILL LODGE

In the half light, Eric has found his way to the door. He opens it a crack to see Ima still chained to the rear of the car. But, now a man, Nils, is prone beside her -- fiddling with the handcuffs. Water is noticeably rushing across the parking lot in a shallow river.

ERIC  
What the hell?

As Eric tries to figure out what to do, behind him, a dark shape rises from the floor.

Klein, raises his gun and takes one nearly silent step -- until he kicks a piece of broken mug across the floor. He glances at the offending piece of pottery. But, when he looks up again, Eric is gone. Huh? A sound from behind. He spins and is blinded by a flashlight. Klein is knocked silly by flying feet -- from two sides. As the unconscious Klein hits the floor...again, Eric squints into the darkness as David turns off his flashlight and puts it in his pocket.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Dad?

David steps forward. Things are looking up!

EXT. WOODED MOUNTAINSIDE ABOVE CIDER MILL LODGE

The rain is beginning to wash away the mountainside...and, with it -- the Pharmacom Commandos. They're slowly sliding down the hillside, amongst huge boulders, trees, etc. -- toward the hooded terrorists.

EXT. CIDER MILL LODGE PARKING LOT

Behind a large group of boulders, forward of the BMW, Hakima is firing up the hill toward the drug company commandos. She's trying to keep things organized. As she crouches in the pouring rain to reload, she sees Nils with Ima. Who's that?

INT. CIDER MILL LODGE

Eric and David are crouched next to the lodge doors, looking out toward Ima and Nils.

ERIC

You triangulated?

DAVID

What?

ERIC

On the cell phone. You triangulated!

DAVID

No. I drove.

ERIC

So, how'd you find us?

David points out the door. ON IMA AND NILS

DAVID (O.S.)

He triangulated.

More bullets ricochet nearby. Ima and Nils squirm.

ERIC (O.S.)

Who is he?

DAVID (O.S.)

Your real father.

ON ERIC who turns to look toward the unconscious Klein.

ERIC

They're really coming out of the  
woodwork now, aren't they?

EXT. CIDER MILL LODGE PARKING LOT

The rain is heavy and unrelenting. Nils rattles at the  
handcuffs.

NILS

I think, if I can get this unhooked...

A shadow moves across his face. Ima looks up to see what's  
causing the problem and SCREAMS. Nils is startled and bumps  
his head. When he opens his eyes, he sees Hakima, crouching  
behind the car for cover -- and pointing a gun at him.

HAKIMA

Is there something I can help you  
with, Dr. Mann?

Nils squints.

NILS

Hakima?

IMA

You know her?

Nils relaxes. It's safe.

NILS

Klein's graduate assistant. How is  
the old boy?

Hakima cocks her machine gun and aims at Nils' head.

HAKIMA

Ill tempered.

Nils closes his eyes. But, just as she pulls the trigger --  
Hakima's hit in the head by a ceramic mug - thrown by Eric -  
which clunks off her head as she drops like a sack of potatoes  
across the back of Ima's legs. Nils has been hit in the  
leg. He's in pain. Ima's trying to get Hakima off. The  
rain is in cloudburst mode now, as small trees and rocks are  
rolling across the drive in an ever deepening river. Eric  
suddenly slides in behind the BMW. He rolls Hakima off Ima,  
then reaches for her.

ERIC

You okay?

Uh huh. She nods towards a grimacing Nils.

IMA

He's not.

Nils is clutching the wound. He's cool. He's also astonished to see his own flesh and blood kneeling above him.

NILS

I'll be okay. Let's get the hell out of this mess.

Eric immediately begins slipping his hands into Hakima's pockets -- pants and jacket --

IMA

Copping a feel?

ERIC

No -- getting the key.

He pulls out the cuff keys out of Hakima's breast pocket.

INT. CIDER MILL LODGE -- MOMENTS LATER

David swings the door open as Ima leaps through, followed by Eric who is supporting Nils -- as they fall into the lodge. The battle and the storm continues outside. Water is beginning to collect inside. David retrieves a sheet. He rips it into a bandages. Ima spots Klein...out cold.

IMA

I knew right away he wasn't your father.

Eric looks at her. "Yeah, sure." David hands him the fabric strips for Nils' leg. He uses them as bandages for the wound that, now, doesn't appear too serious. David wraps the rest of the sheet around Ima. She's touched. Hey, thanks. No problem. Eric ties a strip of sheet around Nils' leg.

ERIC

So, my mother died. And, you abandoned me?

He yanks on his improvised bandage. A grimace.

NILS

It wasn't exactly like that.

ERIC

Oh? Then, exactly how was it...Dad?

DAVID  
Easy Eric. There's a good explanation --  
but, it'll have to wait. We gotta  
get outa' here first.

IMA  
I'm not going back out there.

She looks at the front door. David points toward the back.

DAVID  
Too many bad guys out back, too.

Eric tightens a second bandage on Nil's thigh.

ERIC  
We don't have to go outside. We  
used to come here when I was a kid --  
remember Dad?

Nils shakes his head "no." David nods.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
The family who owned the lodge, the  
Knots, had a kid named Ty. And, the  
two of us used to crawl all over  
this place --

Water is getting deeper in the lodge. Eric helps Nils up.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Follow me.

EXT. CIDER MILL LODGE PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Hooded terrorists are firing from behind the rock wall bordering the parking lot. Pharmacom Commandos are either sliding down the mountainside or already at the bottom, and being washed ever closer as the wall of water continues to flow down the mountain.

Hakima wakes up, as the water moves her toward the rock wall. Coughing and sputtering, she crawls and scrambles toward the lodge.

INT. CIDER MILL LODGE

Water is flowing through the lobby. Hakima spots Klein trying to come to his senses in the midst of the chaos. She hops over debris, lands in front of her boss and slaps him across the face. Ow! That hurt. Another slap. What the hell?

KLEIN  
Stop it!

HAKIMA  
Where did he go?

Where did WHO go? Another slap across the face. Ow!

HAKIMA (CONT'D)

The kid with the blood. Wake up!

Another slap. Ow. Oh. Ohmigod! Klein looks around. No one is around.

HAKIMA (CONT'D)

They're gone.

KLEIN

The back?

HAKIMA

I have men out there. They couldn't go that way.

Klein looks to the ceiling and lets out an anguished yell.

INT. CIDER MILL LODGE KITCHEN

The kitchen, like the rest of the place, is a mess. Silverware, pots and pans and broken plates litter the floor. With water flowing into the hole, a trap door in the floor closes silently...but the rubber seal catches a spoon handle and raises the spoon to a vertical position as it closes.

INT. CAVERN UNDER CIDER MILL LODGE KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Water drizzles through the hatch as Eric climbs down a steel ladder to join the other three at the bottom as David shines the light on the ladder. They're inside a large natural cavern. The sound of water dripping and rushing is all around. The cavern is lined with shelves.

IMA

What is this place?

ERIC

It was supposed to be a bomb shelter. But, Ty said, it was kind of a storage locker.

Nils looks up the 20 foot steel ladder.

NILS

But, that's a hell of a climb back up with supplies in your hands.

David looks around the walls with ever-heavier water pouring over them.

DAVID

I don't consider this "getting us out of here." We're trapped in here.

Eric walks across the cavern to a box on the wall. He presses a button and the lights come on. The other three are relieved.

ERIC  
Emergency lights. Bomb Shelter.

He walks back across the cavern floor to one shelf unit and slides it away from the wall. There's a large crevice -- a passageway in the rock.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Now, let's get out of here!

INT. CAVERN PASSAGE WAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Water is dripping and running down the walls of the narrow, natural passage that winds down through the rock. A string of lights above lights the way. Eric leads the way, followed by Ima, a limping Nils and David.

IMA  
I kept trying to tell you he was a fake.

ERIC  
I thought he was, too -- but, I wasn't sure. What if he WAS my dad?

IMA  
You already have **one** dad who obviously loves you. Isn't that enough?

Oops. She stops and turns back toward Nils. Sorry. A shrug. Hey, I probably deserve that.

EXT. CIDER MILL LODGE PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

The deluge is so heavy, visibility is near zero. Pharmacom Commandos and hooded terrorists are now being swept over the edge of the cliff which has become a huge waterfall.

INT. CAVERN PASSAGE WAY

The sound of rushing water is growing louder as they descend. They go through a short level area. Eric points upward at fairly small natural hole in the rock above.

ERIC  
Me and Ty used to climb up in there when we'd--

Oh please!

IMA  
What is this? A guided tour?

DAVID

She's right Eric -- keep moving.

Eric looks away from the hole toward the pathway down. Okay, okay. He moves on.

IMA

Where does this come out, anyway?

More childhood memories.

ERIC

It's a beautiful underground pool that opens out on Willow Lake.

Eric thinks back to those wonderful days as a kid. The other three stop. Horrified.

IMA

You're taking us down to the water -- on a day like today?

What? Eric has to stop to digest the thought. There's a strange popping noise from around the bend in the rock passageway. The lights flicker. Water is coming up the passage at a high rate of speed -- blowing out lights as it goes. Oh oh!

ERIC

Back! Get back! Go!

No time to ask why. A squeal from Ima as David turns to lead the way back up the passage. Nils gets a push from Ima as Eric watches the water come up behind them. The lights flicker and go out.

INT. CIDER MILL LODGE -- CONTINUOUS

The water flows across the floor an inch or two deep. Klein and Hakima are coming back into the lobby, down the stairway leading to the upper floors.

KLEIN

They didn't vanish. They have to be somewhere.

Hakima looks out a window in time to see a Commando and one of her hooded terrorists go over the cliff together. No reaction.

HAKIMA

Maybe they were washed away.

A pause to consider the unthinkable. No.

KLEIN

He's alive. I know it.

HAKIMA

If you are asking me. I think Plan  
A is down the drain.

They've reached the lobby again and are standing in the flowing water as a small stick floats by. Klein watches it as it sails through the lobby area toward the kitchen. Hey! Wait a minute.

KLEIN

Down the drain! You're right!

Hakima watches Klein splash away toward the kitchen. What's with him?

INT. CIDER MILL LODGE KITCHEN

Klein splashes into the kitchen gleefully, following the stick as it sails toward the center of the room.

KLEIN

It's draining somewhere in here.

The stick circles around the upright spoon caught in the crack of the trap door. There! Hakima and Klein splash to the spoon. A quick examination reveals the door handles in the floor. Eureka!

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Here! They went down here!

Hakima cocks her machine gun as Klein reaches in and, with all his might, yanks the door up -- allowing a rush of water in. They look into the hole -- and discover it's completely filled with water. Defeat. Total and utter defeat.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Plan B.

This is wonderful news for Hakima.

HAKIMA

Martyrdom for all!

Not that wonderful for Klein. A resigned nod. Yes.

KLEIN

(softly)  
Martyrdom...for most.

Oh well. Gotta go. He hurries toward the front door. Hakima follows. The shooting has stopped and the rain, while still heavy, is not as ferocious. Klein pushes the front door open a crack and looks up the slope a short distance toward a pair of what looks like garage doors into the side of the mountain.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

The doors are still there. That overhanging rock saved us. We still have vehicles. Round up anybody who's left -- and meet me at Site Y.

Hakima clicks her heels together and gives a snappy right handed salute that touches her heart -- and ends in a modified Nazi salute with her arm outstretched. Then, they kiss in a passionate, no holds barred embrace.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED MOUNTAINSIDE ABOVE CIDER MILL LODGE -- LATER

The rain has slowed a little as Willis watches from the summit through binoculars, with his remaining three men. An SUV pulls out of the protected garage and drives off through the forest. He's radioing what he sees back to Englesman.

WILLIS

There's only four of us left. The mountainside is destroyed. We can't get down there. But, I want to report that he just left in a truck. Alone. Over.

INT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Englesman paces past high tech communications equipment and a couple of technicians as she talks to her underling.

ENGLESMAN

Hee? You're sure? Over.

WILLIS (O.S.)

(radio eq)  
Yep, I saw him. Over.

ENGLESMAN

You saw Hee? Over.

WILLIS (O.S.)

(radio eq)  
Who?  
(pause)  
Uh...over.

Okay, this is ridiculous.

ENGLESMAN

Hee -- Eric Hee -- the guy we've been after for 25 years.

Idiot.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

Over.

WILLIS (O.S.)

(radio eq)

Oh! Him! No! I saw Klein, not Hee --  
just him. Over.

What did I just hear?

ENGLESMAN

Look, Willis, we've lost all video  
communication. You need to speak  
clearly.

How can I say this so an idiot would understand?

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

Now, simply put -- when you said "He  
just left in a truck," was "he" a  
pronoun or a proper name? Over.

EXT. WOODED MOUNTAINSIDE ABOVE CIDER MILL LODGE

The rain drips off Willis' helmet. He looks down at his  
mouthpiece and gives it the finger.

WILLIS

I was never any good at grammar,  
ma'am. Let me say it another way:  
Klein left. I haven't seen the kid  
since he rescued the girl and that  
other guy. Over.

ENGLESMAN (O.S.)

(radio eq)

Well, why didn't you say that in the  
first place?

As Englesman rattles on, Willis watches as the doors open  
and a group of five terrorists, including Hakima cautiously  
leave the lodge and work their way toward the garage.

ENGLESMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(radio eq)

We're on an important mission here  
that can mean years of revenue and a  
guarantee of profitability far into  
the future.

Willis wants to let Englesman know what's happening -- but,  
she won't shut up.

ENGLESMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(radio eq)

This is a golden opportunity we've been waiting to exploit for a quarter of a century. We can't have fuzzy thinking and mindless chatter at a time when we need to be focused on the ultimate goal.

(long, hissing pause)

Am I clear? Over.

Yeah, bitch -- perfectly clear.

WILLIS

Klein's woman and four others just headed off to that same garage. No sign of him...Hee. He might be dead.

(pause to consider)

Uh, and by "he," I mean "Hee." Over.

INT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

This is not news Englesman wants to hear. It's a bitter pill to swallow. Gotta think. Can't quit. Wait. Yeah! It's a good idea...just in case.

ENGLESMAN

Maybe. Maybe not, Willis.

EXT. WOODED MOUNTAINSIDE ABOVE CIDER MILL LODGE

Down below we see a second SUV leave the garage and slide away through the mud and loose rocks across the treacherous slope.

ENGLESMAN (O.S.)

(radio eq)

I think I know a way to find out for sure if our boy is still with us. Return to the office. Over.

A weary Willis stands and turns to leave, but looks back over his shoulder at the lodge below.

WILLIS

If you're still alive, little buddy. She's gonna find you and make you wish you were dead.

Another bolt of lightening splits the sky -- and hits a tree nearby.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIDER MILL LODGE -- CONTINUOUS

The front doors swing open and closed in the wind. The beat up sign now hangs from one side only. We pass through the front doors, over the destroyed and water-soaked interior of the lobby and into the kitchen to the trap door where the water level is nearly to the top -- proving that no one could possibly be alive down there. Then, we splash into the water and dive through the large cavern to the narrow passageway, down through the crevice until we come to the area with the hole in the ceiling. That's where we see a pair of legs, sticking from the hole. We turn up, and zoom through the crotch and...

INT. SMALL POCKET ABOVE THE CAVERN PASSAGEWAY

...Into a small, dry cave in the rocks where Ima, David and Nils are crouched under the low-hanging rock -- while Eric's lower body serves as a plug to keep the water back.

Everyone shivers in the light of David's little flashlight. Ima sneezes.

IMA

I can't get sick. I finally got a fill-in anchor spot for tomorrow.

David and Nils pretend they didn't just hear that. Another sneeze.

ERIC

God bless you.

Ima looks at Eric. Geez, that must be uncomfortable.

IMA

You must be freezing.

Uh huh.

ERIC

Beats the alternative.

He squirms slightly and water bubbles up briefly from his mid-section. He readjusts himself to stop the flow. Ima touches Eric's arm.

IMA

You saved us.

David pats his son's shoulder. That was quick thinking. Eric's soaking up the love. Thanks Dad.

Nils watches this exchange. The leg's nothing. It hurts worse to be on the outside looking in. Gotta say something.

NILS

I didn't just "abandon" you.

Everyone looks at Nils. He looks directly at Eric. Okay, how do I explain this mess? David pats Nils on the shoulder. It's okay. Just tell him. Nils takes a deep breath. Okay.

NILS (CONT'D)

Just about 25 years ago, your mother and I were working for Pharmacom in Gabon.

General puzzlement. Where? Nils sees the blank stares. Ah yes -- it's Africa. Who knows anything about Africa? Better explain.

NILS (CONT'D)

Equatorial. Classic Africa -- hot, humid, rainy -- jungles. You know -- Tarzan's Africa?

Oh. Okay. Now, they get it.

CROSS FADE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE RAIN FOREST -- DAY

It's 25 years earlier. A group of chimpanzees watch from the trees as Nils and his pretty -- and pregnant wife, Anna, make their way through the tangle of plants in the heavy, humid air. Sunlight filters through the trees.

NILS (V.O.)

25 years ago, your mother and I were working for Pharmacom. We were studying endangered plants -- determining their make-up and structure for medicinal uses.

Anna stops and stoops down to examine an unusual leafy plant. She calls out to Nils who turns back to help her and see what she's discovered.

ERIC (V.O.)

What was her name?

INT. SMALL POCKET ABOVE THE CAVERN PASSAGEWAY

Nils is pulled from the past to the present quickly.

NILS

Huh?

ERIC  
My mother's name. What was it?

Oh. God I'm such an idiot. I'm so sorry.

NILS  
Anna. Annie, really. That's what I  
called her.

A bubble of water squirts from Eric's midsection. Okay.  
Thanks.

EXT. JUNGLE RAIN FOREST -- DAY

Nils is bending over, touching Anna's back and watching as  
she examines a leaf with gloved hands.

NILS (V.O.)  
She was a wonderful girl. Funny,  
gorgeous -- and brilliant.

As Nils and Anna examine the plant, two monkeys get into a  
fight. They begin chattering and jumping around in the  
branches.

NILS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
We had just stopped to take a look  
at an interesting plant -- when a  
couple of chimps got into a row in  
the tree tops.

The couple looks up to see what's going on.

CU ON A LEAF

A rather nasty looking worm lays on the shaking leaf.  
Suddenly, a monkey hand slaps the leaf -- the worm goes flying  
into space -- falling directly toward Anna.

NILS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
We'd seen this many times. But, we  
looked up -- you know to see what  
was going on...and...

The worm continues falling.

ERIC (V.O.)  
And what?

The worm continues falling.

INT. SMALL POCKET ABOVE THE CAVERN PASSAGEWAY

All eyes are on Nils. What? What happened next? Nils is  
looking back into the past.

NILS

We were going to leave the next day.  
We didn't want our son to be born in  
the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE RAIN FOREST -- DAY

The worm lands on Anna's upturned face. She feels the sting of the bite and knocks it off her face -- onto Nils' shirt. He sees the worm, knocks it off his shirt and steps on it.

NILS (V.O.)

It was a Spiral Worm. It fell from  
the tree -- onto Annie's face.

Anna looks at Nils. She has a large red splotch on her cheek where the worm landed. She thinks it's bad. He knows it's horrible.

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

100 percent fatal.

Nils helps Anna to her feet -- and they hurry away through the tangled jungle.

INT. SMALL POCKET ABOVE THE CAVERN PASSAGEWAY

Nils has everyone's attention. Here's the actual story from the horse's mouth...not some dime store bad guy's version. For Nils, this isn't just a another story. It's THE story.

NILS

We knew we had only about 48 hours.

EXT. SMALL AFRICAN JUNGLE VILLAGE -- DAY

Anna and Nils walk quickly through the same village we saw when the story opened. A ten year old girl - the young Rukiya - approaches, smiling. The girl stops the couple and proudly displays a mix of strange blossoms.

NILS (V.O.)

As we got back to the village where  
we'd set up our little lab -- and a  
little girl, Rukiya stopped us --  
with a handful of flowering plants  
she'd collected for us.

Little Rukiya sees the growing red splotch on Anna's face. She drops the flowers -- Shock and horror as she looks closer.

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

Then, she saw the bite on Annie's  
face.

A tear. Rukiya knows this is bad. She says something to Anna, then to Nils. Both nod okay.

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

She knew what it was and what it meant. But, she said she would try to help.

The girl runs away toward a hut as Nils and Anna enter their thatched roof hut.

INT. SMALL POCKET ABOVE THE CAVERN PASSAGEWAY

Only the sound of water bubbling under Eric, and occasionally up past his midsection, breaks the silence. It's not fun to retell this story.

IMA

So, you got on a plane and came back to the U.S. right away?

Are you kidding?

NILS

By the time we got out of the jungle, got to an airport and cleared all the red tape, Annie would have been dead. Our only hope was right there.

INT. THATCHED ROOF HUT -- LATER

It's the same small hut we saw at the opening -- with older style equipment. Anna is peering into one microscope as Nils heats a solution over a burner. Notebooks are strewn across the tables.

NILS (V.O.)

The bite of a spiral worm releases toxins that break down the cellular structure of the victim -- completely destroy cellular structure. Cell walls collapse -- cell nuclei explode. Eventually, the victim, basically, erupts.

Anna looks up from the microscope. Her entire face is inflamed, red and swollen. Shocking. She's wobbling as she stands and turns toward Nils who's so intent he doesn't know she's behind him.

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

I'd been doing some work. Looking for plants that might be used to help strengthen cellular structure. I thought that, maybe, I'd find something in my work that would stop the cell dissolution caused by this toxin.

Anna touches Nil's arm. He turns to catch her as she faints. At that moment, the door opens. It's Rukiya.

NILS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
That's when Rukiya showed up with  
the Witch Doctor.

Rukiya enters and is followed by the village Witch Doctor who is carrying a strange little plant. Nils carries Anna to the bed in the corner of the room. The Witch Doctor and Rukiya follow.

INT. SMALL POCKET ABOVE THE CAVERN PASSAGEWAY

Nils can almost feel the heat in that long ago jungle hut.

IMA  
There really are witch doctors?

A burble of water escapes from Eric's midsection. He's turning blue from the cold. It's the first time anyone has noticed. David and Ima react.

IMA (CONT'D)  
My God! You're freezing to death.

DAVID  
(to Nils)  
We've got to get him out of there.

David starts to pull on Eric -- more water erupts. Eric fights back.

ERIC  
Stop it. We'll all drown. I'm fine.

A shiver.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Cold. But, fine.

NILS  
You're right, Eric.

A touch to David's shoulder.

NILS (CONT'D)  
He's fine. He's not like you and  
me. When it comes to poisons and  
disease -- he's bulletproof...

Eric's blue lips crack a smile. David relaxes a little.

NILS (CONT'D)  
...for now.

What?

INT. THATCHED ROOF HUT -- NIGHT

The Witch Doctor has mashed the flower into a gourd and added some strange liquids to it. It's smoking. He turns to Anna's bed. She's in the shadows, invisible to us.

NILS (V.O.)

The Witch Doctor gave her some kind of potion -- made from that odd little flower.

As the Witch Doctor watches Anna, Nils quickly picks up a wooden ladle next to the bed and wipes it with a cloth which he places next to his microscope. He carefully replaces the ladel...and notices Rukiya is watching him. Oh oh. She smiles. Whew, in the clear.

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

I later discovered the liquid was mostly derived from a plant I'd been studying. I was close. But he had an answer. And, the plant was considered extinct.

Anna sits up in bed. The Witch Doctor leans forward to whisper in her ear. Nils steps forward. What's happening? Rukiya smiles. She knew it would work. Anna leans forward into the light. She looks completely normal...totally healthy and happy. Now, it's Nils' turn to be shocked.

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

After only a couple of hours, Annie woke up, completely healed. And, when I say "completely," I mean she was totally healthy. Nothing wrong with her. She'd had a little bloating with the pregnancy -- gone -- a little problem with morning sickness -- gone. The patches of eczema she'd had since she was a kid -- GONE. She'd gone from good health to PERFECT health.

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM

Anna is delivering as doctors and nurses do their thing -- and Nils coaches her on her breathing.

NILS (V.O.)

We came back to New York -- and she delivered you, Eric, a perfect baby, in perfect health, too.

The baby arrives. Nils and Anna kiss.

INT. SMALL POCKET ABOVE THE CAVERN PASSAGEWAY

You could hear a pin drop in the small pocket -- if it weren't for the sound of rushing, gurgling water.

NILS

I had one day of perfect happiness. But, the next day, with our son in her arms, she finally told me what the Witch Doctor had whispered.

ERIC

What? What'd he say?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Anna is holding newborn Eric as Nils sits beside them on the bed. Anna leans close to Nils to tell him what the Witch Doctor said. It's not an easy thing to do.

NILS (V.O.)

Though it feels as if the gods have saved you. It was only me -- an imperfect man who has done it. The gods can grant forever...man's gifts are less permanent.

Anna leans away -- to reveal the large red lump on her cheek.

INT. SMALL POCKET ABOVE THE CAVERN PASSAGEWAY

Nils has transported himself back to that moment in time. The other three watch him relive the horror.

NILS

It was her 25th birthday.

Awful. Is that a tear in Eric's eye? David consoles him. But, Ima's got a question that just won't wait.

IMA

But, if the bit of the Spiral Worm is a toxin -- not a disease -- once the body has beaten it -- how can it return?

NILS

It didn't. She was fully recovered...perfectly healthy

What?

ERIC

But, you said--

NILS

--She knew. She'd figured it out.  
She tried to tell me.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

A gaggle of doctors and nurses are gathered around Anna's bed. A nurse is taking the baby out of the room as a couple of orderlies pull Nils toward the hallway.

NILS (V.O.)

They had to drag me out of the room.  
The last thing I heard her say --

For a brief moment, Anna, horrifically deformed, manages to rise into view. She lip-synchs Nils as he says...

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

"Don't let this happen to our son."

The medical team pushes Anna back to the bed. The orderlies push Nils to the hall and close the hospital room door.

INT. SMALL POCKET ABOVE THE CAVERN PASSAGEWAY

NILS

She died -- horribly -- a few minutes later. Her cells collapsed. One minute she was there...the next, she was...

What's the right word?

NILS (CONT'D)

...A puddle of unidentifiable liquid.

The hospital room door flies open and a terrified nurse runs from the room, past Nils, covered in a gooey, red-tinged, syrup-like liquid.

INT. SMALL POCKET ABOVE THE CAVERN PASSAGEWAY

Nils is overpowered by a need to explain himself to his son.

NILS

I tried to raise you myself for almost a year. But, as I began unraveling things, I realized I'd have to go back to Africa -- back to that Witch Doctor.

Nils pauses.

DAVID

Nils was an old friend. He asked your Mom and me to look after you while he was away.

NILS

But, I was gone so long. I asked David and Lourdes to adopt you.

ERIC

I don't understand.

NILS

By the time I got back, the Witch Doctor was dead. Much of my work had been destroyed in a flood. I had to start over. I had to save you.

IMA

But, Eric is amazingly healthy. Look at him. Anybody else would be dead by now.

NILS

You're right -- he is perfectly healthy.

Gee, this is hard to say.

NILS (CONT'D)

The cure for the worm toxin started a cellular metamorphosis that created super human health. That's the odd part of all this...Annie wasn't sick when she died. The potion she got from the Witch Doctor was derived from the Altababka plant -- now officially extinct. It was literally a miracle drug that re-engineered her entire cellular structure. And, since Eric was in her womb, it did the same to him.

DAVID

And, he has not been sick a day in his life.

Eric smiles through blue lips. Nils doesn't return the smile.

NILS

It took me all these years to unravel what Annie probably knew back then.

A deep breath...while the other three are holding theirs.

NILS (CONT'D)

Someone whose cells have been altered by the Altababka potion, will reach an age at which the metabolism can no longer support the energy needs

(MORE)

NILS (CONT'D)  
to support the cell restructuring.  
That's when the cells start  
collapsing.

ERIC  
How old?

NILS  
25.

Impossible.

NILS (CONT'D)  
But, I'm close to a solution! I  
just need a little more time.

ERIC  
Well, a little time's all you got.

Ima turns toward Eric. What?

DAVID  
He turns 25...

NILS  
...Tomorrow.

David wants to say something to Eric -- but what? Nils has said enough already. Ima slides closer to Eric and touches his shoulder. Eric looks from David to Nils and finally, as she touches him, to Ima.

ERIC  
When this is over, I'm gonna need a  
hug.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE -- NIGHT

Ben and Hazmer are walking down the steps, toward their car, double-parked on street, as Lourdes closes the door.

BEN  
Take the car, head for Vermont.

HAZMER  
Vermont? You believe her?

Ben is turning up the street toward a subway entrance. He tosses Hazmer the keys.

BEN  
Stay in touch. Don't be a hero.

HAZMER

While I'm doing what? Looking at  
cows?

Ben's too far down the street to hear. Hazmer walks around  
to the driver's side of the car.

HAZMER (CONT'D)

Join the FBI -- and see Vermont.

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE -- CONTINUOUS

The phone rings and Lourdes hurries to pick it up.

LOURDES

David? Thank God! Where are you?  
Where's Eric?

INT. ACURA -- NIGHT

David is driving. Nils is riding shotgun. Eric and Ima are  
in the back seat. David hands Eric the phone.

ERIC

Hi Mom.

LOURDES (O.S.)

(phone eq)  
Oh, Eric! Thank God! You're alive!

ERIC

Mom. I need you to listen.

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE

There's a knock on the door. Lourdes turns to look. Through  
the opaque glass, she can see the dark shapes of two people.

LOURDES

Oh, I think the FBI is back.

ERIC (O.S.)

(phone eq)  
FBI?

LOURDES

It's okay. Hold on.

She opens the door. It's NOT the FBI. It's Englesman and  
Willis -- both with guns. They push inside. Lourdes drops  
the phone.

INT. ACURA -- NIGHT

What the hell?

ERIC

Mom? MOM?

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE ON THE WATER IN NEW JERSEY -- NIGHT

The warehouse is surrounded by a fence topped with razor wire. Armed guards patrol the perimeter as searchlights scan the grounds. Guards wave a large tanker truck through the front gate...past a sign that reads: "Eco-Terra Systems."

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

Armed guards, some in traditional Arab garb, walk casually around the facility. Large stainless steel tanks fill the floor of the huge warehouse. The tanks are interconnected by a maze of stainless pipes. Those working with the equipment are wearing protective gear -- like space suits. At the final tank, workers with breathers watch as a chute made of clear plastic dispenses a fine brown powder into a large storage bin. At the back of the warehouse, five stories up, is what amounts to a sky box. It's an office where the entire operation can be observed. In a front corner of the sky box -- overlooking the warehouse floor -- is a glassed-in airlock clearly marked "Emergency Air Lock" on the door.

INT. SKY BOX

Klein sits beside the large windows toward the floor far below. He's watching a bank of video surveillance cameras. He zooms in on a worker. He's deep in thought -- silent for once. A door at the back of the room opens. It's a bathroom, steam billows out. Hakima slides out the door, wrapped in a towel. Her long, dark hair is surprisingly sexy as she slides behind Klein and puts a hand on his shoulder.

HAKIMA

A piaster for your thoughts.

A horn blows and guards take notice on the floor as the large garage doors at the front begin to open.

KLEIN

With the boy, dead -- this one attack will cost us our entire army.

HAKIMA

There are many more like them.

KLEIN

Fanatics.

The tractor trailer we saw earlier is backing into the warehouse.

HAKIMA

Some. Perhaps. But, most are traitors.

Klein turns. What? For the first time he sees Hakima in the towel. Whoa! She glances back. Not now. Later, maybe. She looks back to the men below...

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

Workers in protective suits couple a clear, heavy plastic hose from a tanker onto a pressurized valve on the first stainless steel tank.

HAKIMA (O.S.)

They aren't true believers. They are vacationers...getting away from the wretched lives they led in their homelands.

A man in a pressure suit opens a valve at the back of the truck slowly.

ON THE PLASTIC HOSE --As the flow from the tanker truck starts, we can see what's being pumped...it's spiral worms, alive and wriggling.

HAKIMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They haven't really volunteered to martyr themselves in America. They--

INT. SKY BOX

Klein has zoomed in on the hose coupling and is watching the ugly worms as they slide through the clear hose.

KLEIN

Our friends in Africa assure me, these are 100 times more deadly than the ones in the jungle!

Hakima isn't one to be interrupted. She turns on her heel and heads back to the bathroom.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Hey, where are you going? Finish your thought.

She turns. You don't want to know what I'm thinking right now.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Oh please! You don't think I know? They are here to experience America. They are here for the bloomin' onions, lap dances and the end of late fees at Blockbuster.

Exactly! Hakima walks back toward Klein. Somehow, this kind of talk turns her on.

HAKIMA

None of them believes they're going to die.

KLEIN

Of course not! I promised them they wouldn't. But, things change. They are going to deliver the deadliest biological aerosol known to man. And, since the boy is dead -- they must die, too.

Klein stands as Hakima gets close. She drops her towel.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

We won't. But, they will.

They share a passionate kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE -- NIGHT

All the lights are on as the front door bursts open and Eric bursts through -- closely followed by David.

ERIC

Mom!

DAVID

Lourdes!

Nils and Ima enter as Eric and David go to explore the rest of the house.

NILS

(to Ima)

Stay here.

He goes off to help. Ima stands by the open door, tired, cold and a total mess. She looks around the entry area and sees a piece of Pharmacom stationary on a table near the door. The others clatter through the house as she picks up the paper. She looks at it briefly, then calls out.

IMA

Eric! Down here! They've got your mother!

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Nils looks up from the note. He's wearing some clean dry clothes given to him by David. Ima, who's wearing some wild tiger print from Lourdes' wardrobe, looks over his shoulder.

Worries pile on worries.

NILS  
This gal is dangerous.

IMA  
Tell me about it.

Eric and David walk into the room. They've changed into black clothing.

NILS  
Work fast. But, be careful.

ERIC  
Yeah, same goes for you.

A check of the watches.

DAVID  
We'll try to be back by 10.

Nils stands. David tosses him a set of car keys.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
For the blue one. We'll take the yellow one.

NILS  
Mac started working on the problem when he gave me the tracking device. I'm on my way over there.

The three men head for the front door.

IMA  
What about me? Who am I going with?

Nils pats Eric on the back.

NILS  
Don't take long, son.

The two dads walk out the door. A moment alone. It's something to savor.

ERIC  
You're not going.

IMA  
I want to go with you.

ERIC  
You can't. It's too dangerous.

IMA  
I want to see this through.

ERIC

This isn't your fight. You've got a big gig tomorrow -- right?

IMA

Fill-in Anchor for Word Wide Morning with Herb Culpepper.

Wait a second! I don't want that without Eric!

IMA (CONT'D)

But, I don't want--

ERIC

No. You go back to work. Pretend this was a bad dream. We save my mom, you'll get the exclusive. I promise.

IMA

I don't want an exclusive.

Am I really going to say this?

IMA (CONT'D)

I want you.

What? They kiss for the first -- and maybe -- the last time.

ERIC

I gotta go.

It's not easy to part, but Eric disengages and walks out the door -- past Nils. A quick glance. What are you doing here?

NILS

Forgot something.

As Eric disappears down the steps, Nils walks in with a piece of paper in his hand. He hands it to a teary-eyed Ima.

NILS (CONT'D)

My cell number. We get this all settled tomorrow. Call me.

Quick smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHARMACOM ADMINISTRATION BUILDING -- NIGHT

Guards stroll around in front of the building.

INT. ENGLESMAN'S OFFICE

Englesman sits at her desk, sublimely superior, as she looks at Lourdes, who is gagged and handcuffed to a chair in front

of her. Beside the desk, there's a portable set up of the equipment needed to safely extract blood from Eric. (The same equipment we saw earlier in the basement.) Lourdes is outraged to be in this position.

ENGLESMAN

I never had children myself. Then again, you didn't either, did you Ms. Hee?

She stands and turns to look out her window.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

We both avoided the pain and physical challenges of childbirth...not to mention all that weight! Not for me! Nor, you either, I presume! But, of course, we're not entirely alike.

She turns to swagger around the desk and past Lourdes.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

To be totally honest, I never cared for children. But, you? Well, you decided to adopt. How lovely.

Lourdes is firing poison darts from her eyes. Englesman is amused.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

But, of course, you never know what you're going to end up with. How the genes of the parents might affect the child you bring home and pretend is yours.

She strolls over to the blood drawing equipment and fiddles with it.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

Let's face it Ms. Hee -- if you don't know the pedigree of the kid, you might end up with a situation you don't know how to handle at some point in the future.

She turns and smiles.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

Know what I'm saying?

Lourdes is so angry, she bites through the gag which astonishes Englesman.

LOURDES

You bitch!

Englesman is only startled for a moment, then steps up and slaps Lourdes across the face.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK/CT BORDER -- NIGHT

A bright yellow, highly modified Mustang passes the "Welcome to Connecticut" sign on the Merritt Parkway.

INT. MUSTANG

David drives as Eric sits quietly.

ERIC

I meet the perfect woman -- now?

A check of the clock on the car's dash.

DAVID

You've got bigger things to worry about.

That doesn't help. But, it's probably true...right now.

ERIC

We'll have to fight our way out.

A moment to think about it. David nods at the car's clock.

DAVID

By the way -- happy birthday.

Eric glances at the clock.

ON THE CLOCK -- it reads 12:01

ON ERIC -- Great. Thanks.

EXT. MERRITT PARKWAY

The Mustang accelerates and disappears around a turn.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOHO STREET -- NIGHT

The blue Acura is parked by the curb as Nils walks to the doorway of a loft apartment. He rings the bell and is buzzed in.

INT. SOHO LOFT

MAC MORRIS, a balding 50 year old in wire-rimmed glasses opens the door as Nils walks right past Mac -- ready to work.

NILS  
How's it coming?

Mac is used to being ignored.

MAC  
Nice to see you too, Nils.

He follows Nils into the large open space. It's filled with a complete, very high tech laboratory.

MAC (CONT'D)  
It's not going too bad -- considering I'm a little short on equipment.

Joke with me later. Nils sits on a stool next to an electron microscope.

NILS  
Show me what you got.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE FBI -- NIGHT

Establishing shot.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE

Ben is at his desk with photos of the dead people he saw earlier in the evening, Eric's head shot and a Pharmacom brochure. He looks across his desk. No answers...yet. His phone rings. He picks it up.

BEN  
Harmon.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIDER MILL LODGE PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

An FBI chopper idles in the background. There are police cars with their lights flashing -- and several ambulances. Hazmer tries to shut out some of the noise as he talks into his cell phone.

HAZMER  
Yo, homey. You ain't gonna believe what I'm lookin' at right now.

ON TWO DEAD SOLDIERS -- one a Pharmacom Commando, the other a terrorist in obvious middle-eastern dress.

BEN (O.S.)  
(phone eq)  
Try me.

A cop who is searching the bodies, finds a piece of paper in the coat pocket of the terrorist. He hands it to Hazmer.

HAZMER

I got dead soldiers from Pharmacom --  
did you know they have an army?

INT. BEN'S OFFICE

What?

BEN

An army?

HAZMER (O.S.)

(phone eq)  
Sure looks like it. They're dressed  
like commandos or some shit. Strange --  
but, they all were carrying a picture  
of the kid who was kidnapped today.

Huh?

EXT. CIDER MILL LODGE PARKING LOT

Hazmer is reading the paper the cop just gave him.

HAZMER

Apparently, they shot it out with  
middle-eastern terrorists. There's  
dead guys from both sides all over  
the side of a very nice Vermont  
mountain.

Hazmer looks at the piece of paper.

HAZMER (CONT'D)

And, I got a note...something that  
looks like Arabic. Could be  
important.

BEN (O.S.)

(phone eq)  
Gee, you think?

INT. BEN'S OFFICE

Ben leans into his phone.

BEN

Fax that thing...then get your ass  
back here.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE ON THE WATER IN NEW JERSEY -- NIGHT

Another truck pulls another huge stainless tank out of the  
giant warehouse.

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

A group of armed guards and men in protective gear stand in  
a semi-circle around a man we'll soon know as HASSAN, who's  
sitting on a folding chair, head down. He's wearing  
protective gear that's been peeled back to the waist. Klein  
and Hakima stand in front of the man who is in obvious pain.

KLEIN

A stray worm? You were bitten by a  
"stray" worm?

Hassan looks up. He has a huge, oozing sore on his neck  
that's spreading up into his face as we watch. He's scared.  
Is it bad? Klein pats him on the shoulder.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

No worries my friend. It's better  
that you fail here -- than out there.

Large, ugly, oozing sores break out across Hassan's chest.  
Terror. Klein -- to everyone watching.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

There is no room for errors. Witness  
the death you will soon rain on our  
enemies!

The group of men step back as Hassan screams and implodes  
into a nearly formless puddle of gooey liquid. Even Klein  
is taken aback a little. Hakima isn't.

HAKIMA

Back to work!

What?

HAKIMA (CONT'D)

NOW!

The men turn reluctantly to begin processing another shipment as the garage doors open again.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHARMACOM ENTRANCE -- DAWN

Armed guards at the gate order David and Eric out of the yellow Mustang, which is parked at the side of the drive.

INT. ENGLESMAN'S OFFICE

The faint light of dawn lights Englesman's face as she looks out of her window at the entrance. She likes what she sees.

ENGLESMAN

Your family's early. I knew I could count on them.

She turns to Lourdes, who now has tape over her mouth.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

But, can they count on me?

Is that a sneer or a smile?

CUT TO:

EXT. WORLD WIDE CABLE NEWS OFFICES -- EARLY MORNING

The streets are basically deserted as Ima walks in the front doors of the cable news network.

INT. WORLD WIDE CABLE NEWS ROOM

Ima is a complete mess -- and Lourdes' ill-fitting and "out there" fashions lend an air of extraordinary oddness to her. She's met in an aisle, beside a row of cubicles, by PHIL GUTHMAN, the producer for the WWCN morning news show, "World Wide Morning with Herb Culpepper." Phil is wrapped pretty tight. But, in the half-light of the early morning news room, he doesn't spot Ima's condition right off.

PHIL

Well! Look who, or what, the cat drug in.

Ima really wanted to get to her cubicle and fix herself up a little before she saw anybody.

IMA

Hi Mr. Guthman.

PHIL

So, you decided to sleep in on the morning of your first big break in  
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)  
 TV? Look, I didn't get to to be  
 executive producer of "World Wide  
 Morning with Herb Culpepper" by  
 allowing screw ups on the set.

As he gets closer, Phil can see that Ima's not in the best  
 of shape. And those clothes?!

PHIL (CONT'D)  
 What the hell?

IMA  
 It's a really long story. I'll tell  
 you some other time.

PHIL  
 You're not going to wear that on the  
 air?!

Ima slides past Phil into her cubicle. She opens her file  
 drawer, where a fresh change of clothing awaits.

IMA  
 No.

Relief -- for a moment. Then, panic as he checks his watch.

PHIL  
 Production meeting in 5-minutes.  
 We'll talk about your tardiness later.

As soon as Phil runs off, Ima sits heavily in her chair and  
 looks in a mirror. There's dirt on her face and her hair is  
 a mess. She sighs. I can't believe it.

IMA  
 Why him...why now?

She pulls her blouse up over her head.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE FBI -- MORNING

A helicopter takes off from the rooftop of the building.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE

Hazmer stands next to Ben's desk as UDAI, a foreign language  
 specialist looks at the scrap of paper Hazmer has brought  
 back with him from Vermont. The man looks up.

UDAI  
 It's an address.

BEN

Let me guess -- in Connecticut.

Hazmer walks toward the office door. Udai is confused.

HAZMER

I'm on it, boss. Back to Connecticut.

Udai's confused. To Ben --

UDAI

No -- wait. Its in New Jersey.

What?

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE ON THE WATER IN NEW JERSEY -- MORNING

The sun is rising over the Manhattan skyline across the river from the warehouse.

INT. SKY BOX

The small TV is on as Hakima pours a cup of coffee for Klein, who is going over some paperwork and calculations. As she brings the coffee to Klein, she walks past the TV, we move in ON THE TV SCREEN -- where we see a spinning globe which stops on America, then zeros in on New York City as we hear...

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(TV eq)

Wake up America, the world is knocking at your door. It's time for World Wide Morning with Herb Culpepper -- substituting this morning for Herb is Ima Tagananagan.

DISSOLVE to Ima at the anchor news desk. She looks great.

IMA

(TV eq)

Good morning. I'm Ima Tagananagan in for Herb Culpepper who's on assignment. In just a moment we'll get the latest weather --

ON KLEIN AND HAKIMA as Ima continues under--

IMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(TV eq)

--From Wild Willie -- the sports with Dr. Vic, Gloria Waxwood, Consumer Advocate and I'll be talking with the star of the new action movie, "Custer's Left Hand," Brad Buffman. But now this morning's top stories--

As Ima reads the intro -- Klein takes the coffee.

KLEIN  
Without the boy's immunity, the attack  
is not as effective. They'll die  
with those they kill.

He pounds the desk.

KLEIN (CONT'D)  
Why did he have to die?

Hakima has no answer for this -- as Ima begins the news.

IMA (O.S.)  
(TV eq)  
A bizarre shoot out in the bucolic  
Vermont countryside yesterday has  
local, state and even the FBI puzzled.

Hakima begins to try to explain -- but Klein cuts her off  
with a wave of the hand and points at the TV.

KLEIN  
Turn that up.

Hakima obliges. They're both shocked at what they see. ON  
THE TV --

IMA  
(TV eq)  
Officials say as many as 85 men in  
combat gear apparently died -- in a  
fire fight during a torrential  
downpour at the site of an abandoned  
ski lodge, The Cider Mill.

The picture goes dark. ON KLEIN -- who has just turned off  
the TV.

KLEIN  
It's her. She's alive.

HAKIMA  
And, if she's alive...

KLEIN  
He's alive.

Glee followed by a moment of thought.

HAKIMA  
How can we find him?

Another moment.

KLEIN

We don't have to find him. He'll  
come to us. Get Daoud and his men.  
I know where those studios are.

Hakima heads for the door.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

We leave in 5-minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLESMAN'S OFFICE -- MORNING

The door opens and Eric and David are pushed into the room, ahead of a couple of armed guards. Englesman is sitting on the edge of her desk with Lourdes, still cuffed to the chair, in front of her.

ENGLESMAN

Nice of you to join us.

ERIC

Let my mom go.

ENGLESMAN

Not your mom...your *adoptive* mother.

DAVID

Let her go!

David takes a shot to the back from the butt of a rifle. It knocks him forward. Eric catches and steadies him.

ERIC

We just want to take her home.

Englesman moves to the portable blood drawing kit beside her desk, and rolls it toward Eric.

ENGLESMAN

Home really isn't an option for you  
anymore. We can't let you go. Not  
now. Think about it.

Of course Eric and David HAVE thought about it. So, it doesn't take long to change the subject.

ERIC

Look, taking my blood is not something  
you want to do. It's not safe.  
It's--

ENGLESMAN

You are a superhuman -- made so by a  
change in your metabolism and cell

(MORE)

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)  
 structure. With your blood, we can  
 pass that gift on to the rest of the  
 world.

DAVID  
 He's telling you the truth -- it's  
 not safe -- it's --

ENGLESMAN  
 I'm not taking medical advice from  
 and *adoptive* father -- of all people.  
 What do you do for a living anyway?

Gee that's a nice set up! Eric looks to his mom, who nods,  
 then to David. Let's go! With quick, deft moves Eric and  
 David kick the crap out of the armed guards, then disarm  
 Englesman who has pulled a gun to threaten Lourdes. Eric  
 finds the key to the cuffs in Englesman's coat pocket as  
 David holds her down, bent over the desk. Eric unlocks his  
 mom. Lourdes stands up, and uses the cuffs to chain Englesman  
 to her desk.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)  
 You'll never get out of here alive.

Lourdes punches Englesman in the face...she slides to the  
 floor, out cold. Eric and David look at Lourdes like --  
 "Gee, that's a little harsh." Lourdes looks back.

LOURDES  
 What? Haven't you ever heard of  
 talking with your hands?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

INT. SOHO LOFT -- MORNING

A small TV, with Ima doing the news, plays in the background  
 as Nils and Mac work with calculations, electron microscopes,  
 chemical mixtures and the like. Nils looks away from his  
 microscope to rub his eyes and check his watch. Gotta hurry.

EXT. FEDERAL COURT BUILDING IN MANHATTAN -- MORNING

Ben walks up the steps with a briefcase.

EXT. WORLD WIDE CABLE NEWS OFFICES -- MORNING

Klein and Hakima and his thugs arrive outside WWCN and double  
 park. They get out quickly and enter the building.

EXT. PHARMACOM -- MORNING

Eric, David and Lourdes dodge bullets as they run across the manicured lawn toward the yellow Mustang, which is still parked on the grass to the side of the drive. They get to the car. David and Lourdes get in as Eric fights off two guards until David whistles for his son -- who finishes off the two guards, then leaps in as David roars away.

CUT TO:

INT. WORLD WIDE CABLE NEWS STUDIO

The studio is quiet as Ima, now in a setting that includes comfy chairs, is counted down to the air time. Ima is in one chair, while BRAD BUFFMAN, a movie star, is in the other. Brad's hair is tousled just right -- and he's even wearing lipstick.

FLOOR MANAGER

Quiet! In 5, 4 --

He counts down silently with his fingers to "one" -- then points.

IMA

Welcome back to World Wide Morning with Herb Culpepper, I'm Ima Tagananagan for Herb who is on assignment. I'm real excited this morning to talk to action star, Brad Buffman, about his new movie -- "Custer's Left Hand." Sounds exciting.

BRAD

Well, I think it is. I believe it's time for us to take on terrorists head on. And, with that in mind, we made this movie -- to try to make everyone realize that when it's their turn to act -- they can't run and hide -- they need to stand up and be counted.

At that moment, the door to the studio bursts open with a bang. There's some gunfire. Klein, Hakima and the crew enter the set, guns drawn. Brad leaps off his chair and screams like a girl. Klein grabs Ima who struggles until Hakima slugs her. A large terrorist puts Ima on his shoulder and the bad guys run out of the studio.

INT. WORLDWIDE CABLE NEWS CONTROL ROOM

Phil Guffman looks over at the Technical Director, who looks back confused.

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR  
What now? Fade to commercial?

PHIL  
Call the cops!

CUT TO:

EXT. TWISTING CT ROAD -- MORNING

The yellow Mustang rips along the narrow two-lane blacktop.

INT. MUSTANG

David is focused on his job of driving like a bat out of hell. Eric looks behind for anyone following.

ERIC  
Still clear!

He glances at Lourdes, who lays quietly in the backseat. Is she smiling...or grimacing? Is that blood? Jesus! To David.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Stop the car -- Mom's been shot.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOHO STREET -- MORNING

The terrorist cars run down the Soho side street where Mac's loft is located -- right past the blue Acura. There's a squealing of tires and brakes and one car sideswipes a bus as they drive away around the corner.

INT. SOHO LOFT

Mac looks up from his work, annoyed.

MAC  
Everybody's always in such a hurry,  
these days. Is it really necessary?

Without looking up from the microscope, Nils says hoarsely...

NILS  
We're in a hurry right now.

A moment to think. Yeah. Okay.

MAC  
I'll never question drag racing again.

Both go back to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWISTING CT ROAD -- MORNING

The Mustang is off the road and parked in the tree line in an effort to hide it.

INT. MUSTANG

A makeshift bandage for Lourdes' arm has been fashioned from Eric's shirt. She looks like she'll be okay. David and Eric hover over her.

LOURDES

I'm fine.

Father and son keep watching.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

Don't we need to move on?

More fawning.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

NOW?

She's right.

DAVID

I'll stay back here with her. You drive. But be careful -- and no burning rubber!

Sure. Eric swings around and into the driver's seat.

EXT. TWISTING CT ROAD

Eric backs the Mustang toward the blacktop. As he does, several black Pharmacom SUV's roar past. They spot him at about the same time he spots them. The Mustang roars over the embankment back onto the roadway and away in the opposite direction. The SUV's spin around and start chasing.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE LOWER WEST SIDE -- MORNING

The three terrorists cars roll into a small parking garage on the edge of an industrial site.

INT. PARKING GARAGE LOWER WEST SIDE

The cars pull into spaces and the occupants pile out quickly. Klein reaches back into the car and pulls Ima out by the arm. He drags her out onto the concrete.

He steps on her chest as Hakima gets out of the car, pulls out a gun and holds it to Ima's head. The other terrorists get out of their cars and stand in a circle around the ugly scene.

KLEIN

You have 30-seconds to tell me where your boyfriend is.

IMA

He's not really my boyfriend.

Hakima cocks the gun.

KLEIN

You now have 25-seconds.

IMA

If I tell you, you might kill me.

KLEIN

Maybe. But, if you don't tell me, I guarantee I'll kill you. Our plans are going forward regardless.

He checks his watch.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

You have 15-seconds.

Hakima enjoying this a little too much.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

-- 12 -- 11 -- 10, 9, 8, 7, 6--

IMA

Okay...Pharmacom kidnapped his Mom -- they went to Connecticut.

Klein turns quickly to the group of terrorists.

KLEIN

Jabir! Najib -- find him and bring him back. If you succeed, you will all live.

The terrorists give a quick salute (an open hand from the chest) and disperse to a different BMW in the parking lot -- leaving the identifiable ones behind. Klein turns to the remaining four terrorists.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Follow them -- but not too closely.

They salute and head for a different BMW.

HAKIMA

(to Ima)

I should have done this when I had  
the chance before.

Klein kicks Hakima's hand, causing her to fire a shot into a nearby car. Ima's too scared to scream. Hakima's pissed.

KLEIN

Later. We might need her...for him.

Hakima's wondering...should she try to kill the girl -- or just shoot Klein?

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Enough! She goes in the car, now.

Okay. But, not RIGHT now. Hakima runs her gun along Ima's cheek, pushing her hair back to reveal an earring.

HAKIMA

Take them off.

IMA

My mother gave me those.

HAKIMA

And now you are giving them to me.

Klein's about had it with Hakima. But, if this will make her happy...

KLEIN

(to Ima)

You better do it.

Ima's in no position to bargain. She takes out the earrings and hands them to Hakima -- who looks at them -- "Nice." Klein pulls Ima up by the shoulder as Hakima holsters her gun. They shove the newscaster into a nearby (and different) car as the other terrorists roar out of the parking garage on their way to Connecticut.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWISTING CT ROAD -- DAY

The Mustang approaches a triple fork in the road at high speed. It skids sideways across the road going straight ahead and cuts across the grass to the road to the right. As it disappears around a turn, the Pharmacom SUVs roar up and skid to a stop -- Each one takes a different road.

The chase continues.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOHO STREET -- DAY

There's bustle of activity on the street. No one seems to notice the bright, lightening-like flashing that's coming from the loft apartment in the middle of the block.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE LOWER WEST SIDE -- DAY

Hazmer arrives in an unmarked car. He's greeted by cops who point inside. They've found the getaway cars from Ima's abduction.

CUT TO:

EXT. MERRITT PARKWAY -- DAY

The Terrorists roar up the Merritt Parkway at high speed. They're passing cars on the left and right.

INT. TRAILING TERRORIST CAR

The terrorist driver is intent on keeping up with his compatriot in the car ahead. The passenger terrorist leans over to get a look at the speedometer. They're doing almost 100 MPH. Oooh...this is dangerous. Then, there's a horn honk and we can see lights flashing from behind. The terrorist driver looks in the rearview mirror, the passenger turns around. What the hell?

EXT. MERRITT PARKWAY

A Mercedes is right on their bumper -- honking and flashing his lights.

INT. TRAILING TERRORIST CAR

The terrorists look at each other: Americans!

CUT TO:

EXT. TWISTING CT ROAD -- DAY

The Mustang rockets over a bump in the road and becomes airborne. It crashes to the ground, showering sparks. In the distance, the Pharmacom SUV is visible.

INT. PHARMACOM SUV

Willis is driving. Englesman looks smugly ahead as she rides in the passenger seat. She keys her radio.

ENGLESMAN

Got 'em. Units one and two we're on  
Route 63, just outside Darien.

INT. MUSTANG

Lourdes is looking much better. She's sitting up and is  
belted in. David would give anything to be driving.

ERIC

Buckle up.

David looks out the back window and sees the Pharmacom SUV  
is far behind, but still visible.

DAVID

Where are we going?

Eric checks the rearview mirror. The bad guys are still  
there.

ERIC

Buckle up, Dad -- now.

David hears the edge in Eric's voice. That's unusual. He  
pulls the belts on. Eric sneezes. Lourdes and David look  
up. What was that? Eric wipes at his nose. What the hell?  
They all realize at once: It's started. Eric wipes his  
hand on his shirt and looks back to the road. Focus. Gotta  
focus!

ERIC (CONT'D)

I've got a plan. I just gotta open  
up a little more distance. Hang on.

He cuts the wheel hard. David and Lourdes look like crash-  
test dummies as they strain against the belts.

EXT. TWISTING CT ROAD -- DAY

The Mustang skids sideways through a stop and takes off at a  
90 degree angle down an intersecting road.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE ON THE WATER IN NEW JERSEY -- DAY

Klein drives past the unending stream of tanker trucks and  
parks near a door. He and Hakima jump out. He reaches in  
and pulls Ima out of the back seat and pushes her inside.

CUT TO:

INT. SOHO LOFT -- DAY

Mac and Nils are looking at a computer screen with 3-D  
modeling and a series of ever-changing logarithms.

Nils looks to Mac. What do you think? Mac looks back to the screen to ponder.

MAC  
Well, it works.

Gee, could you be a little more enthusiastic?

MAC (CONT'D)  
I mean, it's sound science, and all.

Is that the best you can say?

MAC (CONT'D)  
I'd say, it's the only chance Eric's got.

Another upbeat assessment. With friends like this...

NILS  
Come on! It's perfect! All the changes that were engineered -- are de-constructed -- returning his cells to their normal, human condition.

Mac doesn't want to be the bearer of negative news. But...

MAC  
It won't be instantaneous.

Nils looks at the clock on the wall. I hope he gets here soon.

NILS  
It'll be close.

Mac claps his friend on the back. Time to cheer up.

MAC  
Hey, it'll work - Eric'll be fine.  
In the end -- he'll be as normal as you and me!

Nils looks around the oddly decorated loft -- the mess of the night's work spread all around. Yeah.

NILS  
I guess that's a risk we gotta take.  
Where's your phone?

CUT TO:

EXT. MERRITT PARKWAY -- DAY

Traffic. Stop and go. It's rush hour on the Merritt Parkway...and our heroes are heading toward New York City. Not a good plan, if you're in a hurry.

The Mustang is stuck in traffic as it approaches flashing red and blue lights. There's an accident ahead. It's a bad one. Both lanes are blocked. Cars are being turned around through the median and headed back north.

INT. MUSTANG -- DAY

Eric's nose is running, there are dark circles under his eyes. He looks like crap. A cell phone in David's pocket rings. He grabs it.

DAVID

Yes? Nils! You did? Fantastic!

Eric looks in the mirror.

ERIC

Tell him we might be a little--  
(sneeze)  
--Late.

DAVID

We're stuck in some traffic.  
(pause/angry)  
I know it's important. We're doing  
the best we can!

David pauses takes out a pen and scribbles an address on his hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Okay. Right. We'll see you there.

David closes the phone.

ERIC

What'd he say?

DAVID

He gave me an address in Soho.  
They've got something they think  
will work.

LOURDES

Eric, tell the police everything.  
Here's your chance!

A look in the rearview mirror.

ERIC

Mom, I can't. No time.

David understands. Yeah.

DAVID

They'd ask too many questions.

ERIC

I'll be a puddle of mush before they'd  
let me go.

Eric glances in the rearview mirror. Oh oh.

POV: In the mirror, we see the three Pharmacom SUVs coming fast, passing cars in the median.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Gotta go.

EXT. MERRITT PARKWAY ACCIDENT SITE

The Mustang turns across the median -- cutting off cars that have already made the U-Turn. Cops take notice...and so do the terrorists who are sitting in the traffic jam in the northbound lanes. When they spot the Mustang -- and the Pharmacom SUVs as they spin through the median and head North, the lead BMW pulls out of line, almost running down police -- as it enters the median and joins the chase. As they disappear up the road, the cops roar into the chase. A Highway Patrol Car flashes by with lights and siren. The second BMW then follows.

INT. HIGHWAY PATROL CAR

A HIGHWAY PATROLMAN gets on the radio as he accelerates.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

We're in pursuit northbound of six vehicles -- a yellow mustang, two BMWs and -- three Black Ford SUVs -- with Pharmacom vanity plates.

There's a slight pause.

RADIO GUY (O.S.)

(radio eq)  
Did you say Pharmacom?

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

10-4.

RADIO GUY (O.S.)

(radio eq)  
Jesus.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE ON THE WATER IN NEW JERSEY -- DAY

The Eco-Terra sign glistens in the sun. More trucks enter and leave the grounds.

INT. SKY BOX

Hakima pushes Ima into a glass-enclosed room in the back corner of the sky box. Hakima locks the door as Ima skids across the floor. Klein enters. Wonderful!

KLEIN

Bait for the trap.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF A CONNECTICUT TWO LANE HIGHWAY -- DAY

We see the Mustang leading the pack of bad guys and cops through a heavily wooded area. It's well ahead and out of view of those in pursuit. The Mustang slows and carefully turns off the highway, into the forest.

EXT. CONNECTICUT TWO LANE HIGHWAY -- DAY

The Pharmacom SUVs race by, followed by one terrorist BMW and the cops. Shortly after they pass, the Mustang pulls out of the woods and back onto the road, going the opposite direction. As it pulls away, the second BMW with the remaining terrorists passes, stops and turns around to follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. FURTHER UP THE CONNECTICUT TWO LANE HIGHWAY -- DAY

A roadblock awaits the Pharmacom SUVs and the terrorist BMW. As the bad guys approach, warning shots are fired. A patrolman waves a red flashlight to stop the cars. But, they keep coming.

EXT. AT THE ROADBLOCK

Crouched behind a car, to the side of the road, Hazmer uses a radio to stay in touch with his men. The bad guys are approaching at full speed.

HAZMER

Don't anybody shoot. Wait for the spike strips.

About that time, the SUVs, quickly followed by the BMW hit the spike strips -- blowing out all tires. Two SUVs roll over. The lead Pharmacom vehicle skids sideways and gets T-boned by the BMW. One terrorist is killed in the wreck, the other gets out -- shooting -- and is quickly wounded. Cops quickly pull the stunned Pharmacom people out of their wrecked SUVs -- including Englesman and Willis. Hazmer is there quickly. Englesman looks at the cuffs and then at Hazmer.

ENGLESMAN

You don't think you're going to get away with this, do you?

HAZMER

Funny, I was just going to ask you  
the same question.

Englesman looks at Willis, who's also shackled. He didn't  
just say that to me, did he?

CUT TO:

EXT. STRATFORD TRAIN STATION -- DAY

The Mustang pulls into the Stratford Train Station and stops  
in a handicapped spot.

RADIO NEWSMAN (O.S.)

(radio eq)

Chaos on Connecticut roads as FBI,  
State and Local law enforcement  
officials have shut down all major  
roads due to an unnamed terror threat.  
Officials say the roads will remain  
blocked until the seriousness of the  
threat is determined and, if need-be  
defused.

INT. MUSTANG

Eric puts the car in park.

RADIO NEWSMAN (O.S.)

That means anyone heading to New  
York today, should take the train.

He turns off the radio.

ERIC

Take the ferry. I'll meet you back  
at the Soho address.

All three get out of the Mustang. Eric sneezes.

EXT. STRATFORD TRAIN STATION

David immediately climbs into the driver's seat and starts  
the engine. Lourdes goes to hug her son.

DAVID

Lourdes -- we gotta go!

Lourdes wraps her arms around Eric, who hugs back.

LOURDES

No one could love you more.

ERIC

I know Mom.

The Mustang engine revs.

DAVID

Lourdes!

As Lourdes lets go of her son, the terrorist's BMW pulls up to make a left into the station. Eric is instantly suspicious. He pushes his mom away.

ERIC

Go! Hurry!

He makes for the train platform. As Lourdes, a little hurt gets in the passenger seat. The BMW glides into the lot as David floors it and shoots by the nose of the Beamer. Two bad guys get out of the backseat -- and the BMW takes off after David and Lourdes. The bad guys head for the train platform to get Eric.

EXT. STRATFORD TRAIN STATION PLATFORM -- DAY

Eric works through a large crowd on the platform - who seem to be going to a Yankee's game. The bad guys come up on the platform. Eric sees them looking for him in the crowd. Then...

METRO NORTH ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(small speaker eq)

Attention...at Stratford...the  
9:[unintelligible]train to New York  
will arrive on track one. This is a  
track change from track four.

People around Eric look confused.

MAN

What'd he say?

WOMAN

Is this the right track?

Eric looks around. The terrorists are closing in, looking at everybody on the platform carefully. He looks across to the New Haven-bound side and sees the "track 4" sign. Okay. He yells...

ERIC

Ohmigod! We're on the wrong side!  
We're on the wrong side!

The crowd on the platform panics and becomes a human tide as it pours off the westbound platform and under the tracks to the eastbound side. The bad guys are carried along with the flow of the crowd. Eric is soon standing alone on the platform. He sneezes as the train to New York pulls in.

He steps on board as the crowd wails and one terrorist pulls out his cell phone to make a call.

CUT TO:

INT. SKY BOX -- DAY

Klein is closing his cell phone. He turns to Hakima.

KLEIN

Send ten men to Grand Central. He'll be on the 9:12 from Stratford.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGEPORT POLICE STATION -- DAY

A phalanx of TV news trucks is parked outside the police station.

INT. BRIDGEPORT POLICE STATION HOLDING CELL

A terrorist with a head bandage, several Pharmacom Commandos, and Willis slouch in the holding cell. Englesman paces.

ENGLESMAN

The kid's not smart enough to avoid Klein and his bunch. If they get their hands on him -- it'll be a disaster.

Willis stands and approaches his boss.

WILLIS

Maybe we should tell the cops everything we know.

Englesman slaps Willis, hard.

ENGLESMAN

Don't be ridiculous. If they kill millions in New York -- we'll make a killing ourselves...even without Superman.

Willis stares back. Holy crap...she's crazier than I realized.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. JAIL CELL MONITOR

Willis rubs his face and walks away from Englesman slowly. She starts pacing again.

ENGLESMAN

(TV eq)

I'm more important than anybody in  
this building. Where's my lawyer?

INT. BRIDGEPORT POLICE STATION SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Hazmer and several other cops are watching the monitor.  
Hazmer pulls out his phone and dials.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND FERRY -- DAY

The car deck of the ferry that runs between Bridgeport, CT and Port Jefferson, NY is filled with cars and trucks. Near the bow, at the front of the line in the middle of a three-abreast row, the yellow Mustang is parked with its hood up. David appears to be working on the engine. All the others who have driven their vehicles on board have left the car deck to enjoy the sun and fresh air, or sit in the AC on the decks above. Wait, what's that? In the middle of the parked cars -- it's the terrorist BMW. And, sneaking up on opposite sides of the center row of cars -- two armed terrorists creep toward David and the Mustang.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION TRACK 21

The train doors open. A flood of people roll off the train and head for the exit. Waiting at the top of the ramp -- ten terrorists...several with guns poorly concealed.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND FERRY -- DAY

The terrorists are almost on top of the Mustang now...we can see David's lower half -- as he apparently leans over the fender to work in the engine compartment. The terrorists leap out -- guns drawn! What the...? David's pants -- stuffed with something -- and his shoes are all that's actually there. Puzzlement -- followed by David and Lourdes -- both in their underwear as they leap from between cars onto the two unsuspecting terrorists -- and knock them out quickly. We're left with two unconscious terrorists and Lourdes in bra and panties and David in his underpants.

FERRY CAPTAIN (O.S.)

(speaker eq)

Attention auto passengers, we're  
approaching Port Jefferson, New York -  
please return to your vehicles.

A quick glance between the couple. So soon?

FERRY CAPTAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Thank you for traveling on the Long  
 Island Ferry.

Lourdes reaches into David's decoy pants and pulls out the wadded up clothing they used to stuff them with. They start dressing. As one terrorist begins to awaken -- she kicks him in the head.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION TRACK 21

The flood of passengers has thinned to a trickle. The ten terrorists look bewildered. What do we do. The one who appears to be their leader shrugs and slides his gun deeper into his coat pocket. He turns to leave, the others follow suit -- and are surprised to find -- at least 50 Army Reserve Soldiers, with automatic weapons covering the exits. The leader reaches for his gun. All 50 automatic weapons are cocked a the same time. A moment to think. The leader raises his hands -- and the other nine follow the leader as the soldiers move in to disarm the group. Oh boy, Klein is gonna be pissed!

CUT TO:

INT. SOHO LOFT -- DAY

A knock at the door. Mac opens the door and Eric half stumbles in -- sweating -- sneezing -- a wreck. Nils catches him.

ERIC  
 It's started.

NILS  
 You're late.

ERIC  
 I got off at 125th and took a cab.

Nils to Mac.

NILS  
 We gotta do it now.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL COURT BUILDING IN MANHATTAN -- DAY

Ben is still waiting to see the judge. His cell phone rings.

BEN  
 Agent Harmon. Mr. Hee! We've had agents out all night looking for you and your wife and son.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

(pause)

What? Terrorists?

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGEPORT POLICE STATION HOLDING CELL

Englesman paces, Willis watches her. The others sit silently. A TV, tuned to a news channel is mounted in the corner of the large cell. The volume is turned down.

ENGLESMAN

When I get out of here, I'll make them pay. The Pharmacom board will --

She spots a picture of herself on TV.

ENGLESMAN (CONT'D)

Turn up the TV! It's me! Turn it up.

Nobody moves. She stalks across the cell. You guys are so fired. She angrily clicks the volume button on the TV until it's up -- LOUD.

TV NEWS READER (O.S.)

(TV eq)

...A spokesman for Pharmacom says the board of directors' decision to terminate Dr. Englesman immediately is final and irrevocable.

They did what? To me? The newscast cuts to the TV NEWS READER on the WWCN set.

TV NEWS READER (CONT'D)

When we come back, more on the on-air abduction of WWCN anchor Ima Tagananagan. Stay with us!

CUT TO:

INT. SOHO LOFT -- DAY

Eric is sitting in a chair. Nils is standing next to him. Mac is observing from across the room. Eric looks better. But, not 100 percent. A deep breath.

ERIC

Powerful stuff.

NILS

We're gonna need to monitor your blood situation. We might need to add a reagent at some point.

Mac isn't so sure.

MAC

Maybe.

Nils' cell phone rings. Who could that be? He answers.

NILS

Hello.

INT. SKY BOX

Klein is on his phone...looking into the glass room where Ima is being held. Hakima watches her mentor as he talks.

KLEIN

I found this number on the person of the young news woman after we abducted her.

NILS (O.S.)

(phone eq)  
Who is this?

Klein turns toward the TV -- which is airing a replay of the abduction.

KLEIN

Turn on World Wide Cable News -- you'll see.

INT. SOHO LOFT

Nils snaps on the nearby TV. The video-taped abduction is in full swing. Klein can be seen dragging Ima off the set as Brad screams like a little girl.

KLEIN (O.S.)

(phone eq)  
I'm the one with a handful of newscaster!

Eric is now in front of the TV -- watching intently. He grabs the phone from Nils' hand.

ERIC

You hurt her, you're dead.

INT. SKY BOX

Pleasantly surprised.

KLEIN

Ah! Eric, my boy. I'm so pleased that you made it. You're very resourceful.

(MORE)

KLEIN (CONT'D)

But, I'm afraid you'll be the cause  
of the young lady's demise -- unless  
you do exactly as I say. Immediately.

Hakima comes closer. What's happening?

ERIC (O.S.)

(phone eq)

What do you want me to do?

CUT TO:

INT. SOHO LOFT -- MOMENTS LATER

NILS

What do you mean you don't want us  
to come along?

ERIC

He said, come alone. We don't have  
time to argue.

MAC

We need to monitor you.

ERIC

I need to try to save Ima.

NILS

Klein just wants your blood.

ERIC

Well, if he gets it, he'll be in for  
a very bad surprise, won't he?

Nils hands Eric his cell phone.

NILS

Take it...you might want to call  
somebody for help.

Okay -- whatever.

ERIC

Uh, listen -- couple things I wanna  
ask before I go.

INT. FEDERAL COURT BUILDING IN MANHATTAN -- AFTERNOON

Ben fidgets in a chair in the a leather furniture-filled  
waiting room. The sign on the door says: "Judge Weintraub."  
Ben's cell phone rings.

BEN

Yeah. Nick! Hi -- get back here.  
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

No -- no warrant for the New Jersey site yet. I'm waiting. Call me when you get back to headquarters. Okay.

Ben closes the phone and glares at the closed door of the Judge's chambers.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE ON THE WATER IN NEW JERSEY -- AFTERNOON

The sun is sinking lower in the sky. The steady stream of trucks continues.

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

Four armed guards escort Eric across the floor of the warehouse to the elevators.

INT. SKY BOX -- MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and Eric is pushed into the room. The door slams. He sees Ima immediately. She's alive! Ima sees him. Happy to see him -- terrified by what it means. She points. Behind you! He turns. Hakima and Klein in full biological hazard suits approach and quickly dump a pile of brownish powder in his face. He coughs, chokes, gags and spits the residue out.

ERIC

What was that?

Klein and Hakima know this is good news for them.

KLEIN

He should be dead by now. Decontamination procedures. There's no time to lose.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SKY BOX -- LATER

Eric is strapped to a table. Ima watches through the glass as Klein, using the specialized blood extraction equipment, extracts a final vial of blood from Eric's arm.

KLEIN

I'll use this one for myself. He takes out his cell phone/walkie talkie. Dr. Kalabi! Are you there?

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE ON THE WATER IN NEW JERSEY -- AFTERNOON

A Red Cross Bloodmobile RV sits in back of the warehouse.

INT. RED CROSS BLOODMOBILE

Dr. Kalabi, a balding man in a white lab coat, moves past two dead Red Cross volunteers on the floor.

KALABI  
Yes, I'm here Dr. Klein.

KLEIN (O.S.)  
(radio eq)  
I'm sending vials to you for  
processing. Are you ready?

Kalabi looks at the dead people on the floor.

KALABI  
I may need a few minutes to clean  
the floor. But, yes --

INT. SKY BOX

KALABI (O.S.)  
(radio eq)  
Yes, I'll be ready.

Klein folds up his phone. To Hakima:

KLEIN (O.S.)  
Take the rest of the vials to Kalabi.  
If all goes well with his serum, we  
can begin the attack...tonight!

Hakima smiles and gives Eric a big sloppy kiss.

HAKIMA  
Thank you for the gift of life --  
for us!

A laugh as she collects a large number of blood-filled vials from a nearby table and leaves. A nod from Klein and the armed guards in the room get a woozy Eric off the table and push him to the door of the glassed-in airlock.

KLEIN  
Inside with your unfortunate girl  
friend.

The guards hold Eric at the entrance to the airlock. Hakima holds the door open.

KLEIN (CONT'D)  
Funny, isn't it? The airlock was  
meant to keep me alive until danger  
passed. Now it will keep you alive --  
until I'm ready for you to die.

ERIC  
You'll never succeed.

Oh, really?

KLEIN  
I already have...son.

A guard hits Eric in the forehead with the butt of his gun.  
Eric tumbles into the room next to Ima.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE ON THE WATER IN NEW JERSEY -- EVENING

The sun is setting, the lights are coming on -- night is falling.

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

Inside there's a rally of terrorists going on. Klein is getting his troops worked up for something. He's leading them in cheers of some sort.

INT. SKY BOX

In the airlock, Eric is coming around -- groggily and slowly. The sound of the celebrating zealots in the background is getting louder.

IMA  
Oh, thank God! Eric! Wake up!

Eric suddenly regains his senses. His eye flash open.

ERIC  
What time is it?

IMA  
I don't know -- night time. You've been out for hours.

She helps him up.

ERIC  
That's long enough for them to make a serum. We've got to stop 'em -- they're going to kill everyone in New York.

That's hard to grasp. But, Eric's here now...so it's cool.

IMA  
So, what's the plan?

ERIC

I don't know. I didn't plan on getting knocked out.

Oh great. The door to the sky box opens. It's a smug-looking Hakima. What does she what?

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

The cheering throng pumps their arms in the air as Klein stands on a small stage-like platform near one of the stainless tanks.

KLEIN

We are about to attack the infidel in his filthy nest.

Two men enter, pushing a large cart filled with syringes, Klein holds his hands in the air for quiet.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Straight from Kalabi's laboratory to you!

More cheering. The table of syringes is pushed up next to Klein. He's handed a syringe...which he holds high.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

In this syringe is the power of immortality for every one of you!

Cheers. Klein points to the catwalk leading to the sky box high above the floor. Hakima is training a machine gun on Eric.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

This is the lowly worm of the Western world we have captured. He gave us his secret -- a secret that will destroy his world and create a new one -- a world where you and I will rule for all time!

A huge cheer goes up. Hakima pokes the gun in Eric's ribs -- and pushes him back in the sky box.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Come take a syringe -- there's one for each of you...Take the needle put it deeply in your arm. You may feel some pain. Let the serum join with your tissue. You will be altered completely and forever -- and you will be immune to the disease that you are about to spread across the face of the Great Satan!

Cheers as the terrorists grab for the syringes.

INT. SKY BOX

Hakima cocks the gun. She can't wait to kill Eric.

HAKIMA

Before you die, I must thank you for  
my immortality. I have injected  
your blood serum -- and will soon  
kill your worthless countrymen!

She smiles...as a trickle of blood starts from her nose --  
then her ears. The gun dips suddenly. The smile is gone.  
What's wrong? She drops the gun, gags and lets out a blood  
curdling scream as she melts into a nasty puddle of  
unidentifiable goo. Eric and Ima look at the puddle, then  
each other. Eww.

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

Klein looks up, along with most of those around him.

KLEIN

I sent Hakima to kill our guests.  
She is not one to be delicate.

Laughs all around as the injections continue amid laughing  
and happy celebration.

INT. SKY BOX

Eric holds Ima close as they crouch low under the windows to  
remain out of sight. They're looking at the gooey pile  
formerly known as Hakima.

IMA

My God, that's horrible.

ERIC

Yeah, it's an awful way to go.

IMA

I don't care about that. My earrings.  
She took 'em -- and, now they're  
in that pile of goo -- someplace.

A bubble of gas pops in the pile formerly known as Hakima.  
Both look at the messy mass again.

IMA (CONT'D)

But, at least, it looks like our  
problems are over, huh?

The hollering and insanely happy celebration gets louder on  
the warehouse floor.

ERIC

I don't know if they are. From what Nils said -- I think it means that my blood was still carrying the original structure when she was injected -- which means she was older than 25.

IMA

But, at least, all those idiots down there will die when they hit 25.

ERIC

Yeah -- but, not until they kill millions of people...tonight.

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

The celebrating terrorists are injecting themselves and others as they dance. Klein gets up on up on his platform again to quiet his troops. He's holding a briefcase. Nearby, two thugs next to him are holding a guy we'll soon know as SHARAD by the shoulders. Sharad is not a happy camper.

KLEIN

Quiet! I have a surprise for you!  
Quiet!

The group quiets.

INT. SKY BOX

Eric and Ima peek over the window's edge to see what's going on.

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

KLEIN

Is everyone injected?

A general agreement in the group.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Good. Very good. Now, let me show you what your mission will accomplish tonight.

A nod to the thugs who hoist Sharad to the stage.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

While all of you are injected -- Our friend Sharad is not. He is unprotected -- just like everyone you will destroy tonight.

Sharad trembles as Klein opens the briefcase and pulls out what appears to be a regular Co2 fire extinguisher.

He shows it to the faithful. Then, without warning, he aims the nozzle at Sharad's face for one very brief blast of brownish mist. Sharad gasps -- chokes. There's a gasp from the ranks.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Not to worry! Please!

Sharad falls to his knees in a spasm, blood shoots from his ears and nose. What the hell is happening to me? Klein smiles at him -- as he implodes into a gooey pile of smelly, formless tissue. Silence. The brownish powder still hangs in the air -- and moves out toward the troops. Everyone is holding their breath -- literally. Klein looks across the faces of fear. He points toward a huge number of briefcases -- all packed and ready to go.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Tonight is the night!

He sprays the fire extinguisher into his own face. And takes a big sniff. This gets everyone's attention. Then, he sprays the brownish mist over his troops.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

We are safe...all of us! We are invincible!

Klein tosses the fire extinguisher into the crowd. The gang laughs and shouts with joy. Somebody in the group is shooting the deadly spray into the air! The terrorists begin playing in the mist like kids in a garden sprinkler -- exulting in the feeling of immortality.

INT. SKY BOX

Eric hurries Ima into the air lock. He seals the door. This is bad.

ERIC

Nils told me things would be okay.

IMA

Then, they will be.

ERIC

He said it would work.

IMA

Eric, calm down.

ERIC

Calm? I'm going to be responsible for the deaths of millions of people tonight -- and who knows how many after that?

IMA  
 You've got to trust the ones who  
 love you, Eric.

She kisses his cheek. He's not moved.

IMA (CONT'D)  
 Even if you didn't know they loved  
 you...until now.

Another kiss. What did she say? Another kiss on the cheek.  
 He turns to kiss her lips...it's a big kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE ON THE WATER IN NEW JERSEY -- NIGHT

Ben Harmon and Nick Hazmer are crouched on a knoll across  
 the road from the warehouse. They're wearing flak jackets  
 and they're surrounded by heavily-armed FBI and military  
 types. Ben looks through binoculars. No guards are visible.  
 Strange. Into his radio:

BEN  
 This is Command. Let me know when  
 everybody's in place and ready.

RADIO (O.S.)  
 (radio eq)  
 Roger.

Ben turns -- we now see Nils and David...and Lourdes crouching  
 behind him.

BEN  
 We'll get in there...and if you're  
 son's there -- we'll get him out.

NILS  
 You've got to keep the building  
 sealed...until we know what's in  
 there. That means, no shooting at  
 the building.

Yeah, right.

NILS (CONT'D)  
 I'm dead serious --

Ben thinks about it. Nods. Back on the radio:

BEN  
 This is Command to all units. No  
 one is to fire at the building.  
 There may be a hazardous biological  
 substance inside.

RADIO (O.S.)

(radio eq)

No guards anywhere. Either there's nobody here -- or, they're all inside.

Very odd.

BEN

Okay -- let's move it -- and keep your eyes open. Night vision on!

The soldiers and FBI agents slip on their night vision devices and begin moving toward the warehouse.

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

On the warehouse floor -- the idiotic celebration continues.

INT. AIRLOCK

Eric and Ima have found each other - at about the worst time possible. Eric looks around the airlock for a way out...Ima peeks over the edge of the window toward the terrorists below. Eric sees a vent fan -- barely large enough. But -- Ima punches him on the shoulder. What?

IMA

Look!

She points to the floor, he slips next to her to look down.

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

The tenor of the celebration has changed. The happy yells are being replaced by screams of terror and agony. The men are falling to their knees, one after the other and beginning to implode into bloody, oozing masses of amorphous tissue. Klein, on the stage above them looks on in horror. The two thugs beside him scream and implode. Blood trickles from his nose and eyes.

INT. AIRLOCK

Eric is kicking at the vent fan. He kicks it out. Ima is horrified, but can't look away from the carnage below.

ERIC

Ima -- we gotta go!

She can't pull away from the window.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Now!

He grabs her hand, pulls her to him and pushes her head-first into the air shaft.

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

Klein pulls out his cell phone/walkie talkie. Everyone around his is either dead, dying or already a puddle of mush. He's in agony.

KLEIN  
Kalabi -- come in.

EXT. RED CROSS BLOODMOBILE PARKED BEHIND WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

KALABI (O.S.)  
(radio eq)  
Yes, yes!

INT. RED CROSS BLOODMOBILE

Kalabi is shutting down equipment, cleaning up and putting things in some big black plastic garbage bags -- one with an arm sticking out of it.

KALABI  
Save a syringe for me. I'll come inside in a minute for my injection.

KLEIN (O.S.)  
(radio eq)  
No, no! Don't come in.

KALABI  
But, you just said "Kalabi, come in." Didn't you?

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

More oozing death and screaming anguish. Klein is on his knees, in pain -- and suddenly frustrated.

KLEIN  
I meant on the radio. "Come in" on the radio. Do NOT come inside. Do you understand?

KALABI (O.S.)  
(radio eq)  
Oh...okay. So, what do you want?

KLEIN  
Plan B.

That's it? Those are the last words I'll ever speak? Klein implodes. His cell phone sits in the middle of a pile of goo.

KALABI (O.S.)  
(radio eq)  
Hello? Dr. Klein?

INT. RED CROSS BLOODMOBILE

KALABI  
Was that "B" as in "boy" or "V" as  
in uh -- "Vicky?" Hello?

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF THE LARGE WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

An air duct, running down the outside of the building, terminates just above a tin roof about one story up. We HEAR a bang from inside.

IMA (O.S.)  
(groans)

INT. AIR DUCT

Ima is at the bottom of the duct -- which has a grate and a fan blocking any exit. We HEAR the sound of something sliding through the metal duct. She looks up, dazed -- but not confused enough not to know what that means.

IMA  
Eric! Watch Out!

Eric slides into view -- feet first.

ERIC  
Scrunch!

Huh? But, she instinctively squeezes herself together as his feet straddle her. He lands fully on the fan and grate -- there's a momentary pause -- and then the structure gives way --

EXT. REAR OF THE LARGE WAREHOUSE ON THE WATER IN NEW JERSEY

-- Sending them and the fan and grate crashing to the tin roof just a few feet below. In the background, the lights in the Red Cross Bloodmobile RV go out.

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE ON THE WATER IN NEW JERSEY -- NIGHT

A lone guard is standing by the gate as an FBI armored personnel carrier approaches. The guard pulls out his cell phone/walkie talkie.

GUARD  
Dr. Klein? Hello? Come in!

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

All is quiet -- save for the bubbling ooze of hundreds of dead and decaying terrorists.

ON KLEIN'S PHONE --

GUARD (O.S.)  
 (radio eq)  
 Dr. Klein? Hello? Oh no!

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE ON THE WATER IN NEW JERSEY -- NIGHT

The Guard screams and fires one shot as he's run over by the FBI vehicle as it crashes through the gate. Hundreds of agents and Army Green Berets follow right behind on foot. There's Ben and Hazmer. At the back of the group is Nils, David and Lourdes.

BEN  
 No guns -- we don't want to put a hole in that building. Take your positions -- surround this place!

The soldiers and agents set off on pre-planned routes.

EXT. REAR OF THE LARGE WAREHOUSE

Eric and Ima have suffered a few cuts and bruises; but, they're alive and able to move!

ERIC  
 Come on. I'll help you off the roof. But, quietly. I think somebody's in the van.

He points to the Bloodmobile. Ima nods. Eric takes Ima by the hands and helps her over the edge -- he dangles her down toward the ground.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 You okay?

From out of the darkness --

KALABI (O.S.)  
 Yes...no problem. I got her.

What? Ima hollers as her hands slip out of Eric's grasp. Moments later -- Kalabi -- with a gun to Ima's head, staggers out of the shadow. Oh crap.

KALABI (CONT'D)  
 As you surmised, someone **was** in the Bloodmobile. The important word there is "was."

ERIC  
 Where are you taking her? Ima!

KALABI  
 You're a...what?

ERIC

Huh?

KALABI

You said I'm a...but you didn't finish --  
you're a loser...you're a  
failure...you're a--

IMA

No...Ima...my name is Ima.

Oh! Kalabi has half dragged and pulled Ima to a spot along the back of the warehouse to a generator-like device. He looks at Eric who is helplessly watching from the roof.

KALABI

Don't move. I'll kill her.

ERIC

It's over! They're all dead inside.

KALABI

It's not over -- This is Plan B.  
Not "V" there was no "V" so it has  
to be plan "B." Right?

Sure, sure.

KALABI (CONT'D)

When I pull this handle -- the  
warehouse will explode.

ERIC

And, everything inside will  
contaminate everything outside.

Soldiers and FBI agents suddenly shine their lights on Kalabi and his hostage.

HAZMER

FBI! Drop your weapon.

KALABI

I'll kill her! Kalabi points the  
gun at Ima's head.

Eric leaps off the building, does a somersault and kicks the gun from Kalabi's hand as he sails past and grabs Ima out of harm's way.

ON THE SOLDIERS AND AGENTS. We HEAR the sound of a 50 automatic weapons being cocked as the good guys take aim. Ben pushes his way through the crowd.

BEN

No firing! Do not shoot. Too  
dangerous.

Nils, David and Lourdes run into view -- at the back of the group of soldiers.

Kalabi stops...realizes he has the upper edge for a moment, anyway...and edges toward a handle on the generator-like device.

NILS (O.S.)  
Everybody down!

Instinctively, the soldiers and agents dive for the ground. There's Nils -- with a large rock in his hand. He hefts it once -- then throws.

ON THE ROCK -- as it sails toward Kalabi's head.

ON KALABI -- What the--

WHACK -- the rock hits home -- and sticks in his forehead. He drops to his knees -- but his hand falls on the handle of the bomb. Before the dead man can do damage -- Eric kicks the hand off the handle -- the world is saved.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE -- MORNING

The building is surrounded by emergency vehicles. People in HazMat suits roam in and out of the building. Ben is talking to everyone, Eric, who's holding Ima's hand, Nils, who has an arm around Eric and David and Lourdes -- who are standing behind their son.

BEN  
The clean up shouldn't be too bad.  
Most of the dangerous stuff seems to  
be sealed in those fire extinguishers.

That's good news.

IMA  
You know, it's too bad, Dr. Mann--

NILS  
--Call me Nils.

Okay.

IMA  
It's too bad the plant the Witch  
Doctor was used to make the potion  
is extinct. There might be a way to  
turn it into a miracle drug.

Maybe.

ERIC

Can you imagine if someone like that  
babe at Pharmacom got a hold of  
something like that?

Scary. A moment to think.

NILS

I don't understand why Klein did  
this. He wasn't a jihadist.

BEN

Money. We found a check for 100  
million dollars in his car.

Oh.

BEN (CONT'D)

Problem is -- the check was written  
against frozen assets. He never  
would have collected.

LOURDES

So, this was all for nothing?

Eric looks around.

ERIC

Not completely. I got something out  
of it, Mom.

Okay, the group wants to know...what? Eric hold up Ima's  
hand. Smiles all around.

ERIC (CONT'D)

And -- I got an extra Dad out of it,  
too.

More smiles.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I want you all in my life. From now  
on, I'll be known as Eric Hee Mann.

Chuckles and smiles.

DAVID

Sounds good.

Ima turns to face the group.

IMA

I don't want anyone to get upset  
with me about this. But, if Eric  
and I get married --

Married?

IMA (CONT'D)

IF! I plan on keeping my name. I am, after all, a TV newscaster -- and I don't think I can live with the name Ima Hee Mann.

Laughs and chuckles -- interrupted by Hazmer who hurries up.

HAZMER

Last night, Englesman made bail -- and now, she's gone.

BEN

What do you mean, gone?

HAZMER

Left the country --

Hmmm.

IMA

That's okay...right?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THATCHED ROOF HUT -- DAY

We're looking at Nils' hut in the small African village - with the satellite dishes on top. We slowly rise above the hut to get a look at a cleared area behind the hut -- where we can see a cultivated field of the "extinct" plants. We HEAR the sound of an approaching truck which stops.

ENGLESMAN (O.S.)

Excuse me -- can you tell me which hut is Dr. Mann's?

(beat)

Oh, nevermind! I think I see it!

The truck engine revs as we move in on the odd little plants.

FADE TO BLACK