

THE PALIMPSEST

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BACK OF RESTAURANT - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Rain pounds. Thunder cracks.

FEON JAX (28), a work-worn, short-order barrio chef steps out for a work break through a torn screen door.

He pushes back a garbage can and finds a spiral notebook. He opens it - we see mathematical formulas.

SCREEN READS: QUADRANT G - BARRIO QUARTER - 2399

Across the street, high on a building, a large state Machine military jumbotron screen.

AUDREY AJAY (45) Secretary General of the United Nations, stands at the dais - commanding, poised, and merciless.

Her voice rumbles inaudibly throughout the city street and empty alleyways.

AUDREY AJAY (O.S)
Every contribution measured...

Feon looks up, distracted from the free moments he does have - weary of her unwavering bile.

AUDREY AJAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Every pattern aligned.

FEON
Go away.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A black sedan enters down the alleyway. Cuts its lights and slides back into a nearby shadow.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

An Asian man named DR. HUN (45) sits in the back seat. He and his DRIVER (40) exchange a look in the mirror.

The driver takes photos of the chef.

DRIVER
There he is.

DR. HUN
Good. The Machine will be here in five minutes.

(MORE)

DR. HUN (CONT'D)
Let's get in position.

INT. LONDON'S NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM AUCTION ROOM - DAY

Filtered light showers from above.

An older, regal gentleman, an AUCTIONEER (70's) stands before a dozen of the world's preeminent, secretive COLLECTORS.

AUCTIONEER
Today, a relic thought lost to war,

Each collector wears an ornate ritual theater masque - Greek, comedy, tragedy, kabuki - identities obscured.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
Thought lost to fire, lost to antiquity.

Behind the kabuki concealment, proxy to Secretary Audrey Ajay is U.N. Assistant TRYGUS THANT (40).

Before them rests a beautifully velvet-draped pedestal.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
The unearthed, collected works of the Greek mathematician, Archimedes.

The man lifts the red ruby cloth, revealing a thick, ancient manuscript bound in cracked, burnt leather and copper hinges.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
The *Palimpsest*!

EXT. BACK OF RESTAURANT - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUED - NIGHT

Feon turns a page. He sees a photo of his Mother and Father.

He refers to the photo of his father - young, brilliant, resemblance to himself, uncanny - but dead.

He turns it over. In a micro handwritten script, a haunting scientific formula.

Fingers tremble - not from fear, but from clarity.

FEON
That's what he was after. *God's thoughts.*

He brings a flame to its edge.

INT. BARRIO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Claustrophobic, an armpit, fire-trap of a diner with too many customers, too many staff.

Feon pushes cut meat over his steaming stove.

BOSMAN (50's), bruising and heavily scarred, saddles up next to the short order chef.

BOSMAN
You take a break like that again,
I'll put you back on the other side
of the wire. You get that?!

Bosman turns away.

GORDON
Yes, sir.

Feon, fatigued, turns from his boss - wipes the perspiration off the back of his neck with a nearby rag revealing a long numerical series.

Sequence reads: **5 M 1 A 5 R 0 L O W.**

EXT. BARRIO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

U.N. Strike Team vehicles arrive up and down the block.

The iconic letter "M" (MACHINE) is detailed from grill to windshield.

A dozen metal SPIDER DOGS fall out from a troop transport vehicle - legs clattering, jaws snapping.

INT. BARRIO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kitchen lights suddenly dim. Off and on.

A kitchen STAFFER (60's) quickly tidies up his work station.

FEON
What's happening?

STAFFER
La Máquina. (The Machine).

A compliant staff folds up their aprons in unison - compliant.

STAFFER (CONT'D)
This is their religion, mijo.

Nervous, Gordon moves to his work locker.

He opens it, inside we see a dozen spiral notebooks and a black market snub-nose flare gun.

STAFFER (CONT'D)
Don't fight them, you won't win.

EXT. BACK OF RESTAURANT - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Strike Team members rummage through a garbage can and finds Feon's smoldering notebook and burnt photo of his parents.

Bossman stands beneath the overhang - compliant.

STRIKE LEADER # 1 places Feon's notes in an evidence bag before the Bossman.

STRIKE LEADER # 1
This yours?

BOSSMAN
Never seen it before.

STRIKE LEADER # 1
Head down, please. Turn around.

Strike member scans the code stamp above Bosman's shoulders with an infrared device.

Scanner blips: **NO THREAT - NO WARRANTS - NO AGITATION.**

STRIKE LEADER # 1 (CONT'D)
Mr. Feon Jax. Is he in there?

BOSSMAN
Kid Chef, behind the oven. You'd be doing me a favor.

INT. BARRIO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Beneath a sink, Gordon removes a small throw rug exposing a small exit hatch.

STRIKE LEADER # 2 (O.C.)
COME OUT, JAX!! OR, WE'RE COMING
IN!

Red target beams menacingly whirl about - NO ESCAPE.

FEON
Gas bleed. Shutting it off!

Feon throws his notebooks into the large oven and shuts it.

He digs out an ignitable **FLARE SHELL** from his back pocket.

Feon drops to his knees. He locates a subfloor hatch - enters the exit code.

EXT. STREET - FRONT OF BARRIO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Strike Teams position the attack dogs.

STRIKE LEADER # 1

GO!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The drone Dogs crash the kitchen space, scan, climb onto burning ovens, hold on vertical walls, sniffing, sensing!

Strike Teams converge behind flooding the kitchen but finding - nothing.

Feon, vanished - GONE!

Smoke billows. Strike Team members open the stove, retrieve Feon's burning books and pads.

INT. GUTTER TUNNEL - NIGHT

Feon, in the dark, tight space, finds a light switch in the dark. ON!

He wipes the sweat off his brow, transforms from cook to ghost-fugitive.

INT. GUTTER TUNNEL - NIGHT

Hell-bent, spider canines leap downward in full, vicious pursuit.

INT. GUTTER TUNNEL FORK - NIGHT

Feon's lungs heave at full stride! Approaching the next tunnel branch, he momentarily holds.

He reaches for his snub-nosed pistol and points back towards the darkness.

Drone canines in full pursuit!

Feon holds his aim, waiting, waiting.

Gordon pulls the hammer back then fires a 12 gauge combustion flare down the long tube-like hollow.

It's bumped and pushed down the cave-like cylinder and hits the tunnel wall.

BOOM!

A fiery blast whirls upwards through the descent hatch.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Churning flames whip and spiral around the 2nd exposed flare.

STRIKE LEADER # 1
FLARE!!!

INT. MAIN FLOOR - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The massive explosion blasts outward across the main floor.

EXT. STREET - BARRIO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A rampart of flame rolls forward like an ocean wave.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Feon pushes himself up through a street cover and gets to his feet.

His barrio restaurant in full flame, bodies strewn, wounded wailing.

He turns. A black sedan guns and screeches to a stop in front of Feon.

The rear window rolls down.

DR. HUN
You're not going to make it if you
don't get in!

INT. HIDDEN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Warehouse door opens.

The sounds of distant sirens drifts.

The town car pulls inside, parks, motor is cut - momentary reprieve from the pursuit of the Machine.

We find ourselves in an abandoned warehouse of the early regime - we see burned out surveillance tech, old propaganda posters, scorched data banks.

The sedan pulls to a stop.

With weapon in hand, the driver of the sedan steps out of the car, adjusts an earpiece, lights a smoke, keeps vigil.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

It's quiet. We catch our breaths.

Sitting in the backseat across from Feon is the wiry, calculating man named, Dr. Hun.

Feon, disoriented - knows Hun neither as friend or foe.

FEON

You seem to have been in the right
place at the right time.

Feon stays quiet. Dr. Hun opens up his coat. We see a weapon. Feon tenses.

FEON (CONT'D)

Hey!

DR. HUN

My name is Dr. Hun. We're not with
the Machine.

Hun tosses the pistol onto the seat next to the chef.

DR. HUN (CONT'D)

You can use it if you feel
threatened.

Feon, jittery, quickly reaches for it, checks the clip - fully loaded.

FEON

Black market Astra 300. Efficient
weapon.

He clicks the magazine back in with an instinctual tap-kick of his open palm.

DR. HUN

You might just need one.

Feon levels the gun at Hun.

FEON

And, why would I need an Astra 300?

DR. HUN

Because your father's Palimpsest
has resurfaced.

(MORE)

DR. HUN (CONT'D)
And, that means you're now a very
dangerous man to the Secretary
General, *Gordon*.

Feon (*Gordon*) freezes.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Audrey Ajay moves rhythmically with her younger, hired
LIEUTENANT (35). Welcoming, cruel, inviting, degrading.

A second MAN (30's), a paid spectator waits his turn on a
lacquered stool.

She turns her head to see the dim monitor from across the
room.

Scroll reads; **"Operation Mercy Extinction 5456- African Sao
Tome - Complete... Alignment confirmed - Next target, TBD."**

A monitor light flashes.

Audrey gestures the man away with a flick of disregard.

AUDREY AJAY
Off. The both of you, go!

She gets her legs over the bed and reaches for her robe.

AUDREY AJAY (CONT'D)
Your money is downstairs in the
foyer. Sign Out at the gate with
security.

INT. RESIDENTAIL SECURITY ROOM - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Audrey ties up her robe and turns on her monitor - provides
clearance access data.

Her monitor reads: **AFRICAN SAO TOME GULF - MERCY
EXTERMINATION COMPLETE.**

Long food lines snake behind dozens of battered, relief
trucks. The hungry, shove and claw.

Momentary quiet, then...

A pulse of white hot nuclear light takes up trees, beaches
and it's people skyward inside an apocalyptic bloom.

Phone rings. She picks up. There's a bit of quiet, then...

AUDREY AJAY
Gone, where?

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUED - NIGHT

The driver listens intently to the radio chatter in his earpiece.

His body language reads - developments.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUED - NIGHT

Dr. Hun stares down the barrel of the weapon.

DR. HUN

You're Gordon Marlow, son of the
mathematician Severin Marlow, known
as The Pattern Killer, full-time
barrio-chef, known as Feon Jax.
Severin was tried and convicted for
his crimes of unsanctioned
research. He was interested in
breaking patterns and so are you.

*
*
*

*
*

"Feon, now "Gordon" tosses the gun back to Hun, opens the door and gets out of the car.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Gordon, between worlds - considers, but knows there's no real place to go.

Dr. Hun gets out. He stands near the rear of the sedan. The driver approaches.

DRIVER

The Machine has dispatched its urban
assault forces. We should be going.

The driver steps back into the sedan. Gordon uneasy, a stand-off.

GORDON

What do you want?

DR. HUN

More of what we don't want.

GORDON

And, what's that?

DR. HUN

We don't want your talents in the
hands of the Machine.

GORDON

Why should I trust you?

Dr. Hun steps forward pulling down the top of his sweater. Hun's neck is covered with burns and rope marks.

DR. HUN
Because there's a bounty on my
head, like the one now on yours.
And, you might just need a friend.

GORDON
I could find my way out.

DR. HUN
But you would never find your way
back to your mother.

Gordon, both alert and defensive.

GORDON
I don't know who you are, but my
mother's been dead for fifteen
years. I buried her myself.

DR. HUN
Your mother's alive, Gordon. And,
we know where she is. She's been
held by the Machine.

Gordon, stunned - between what he knows and what he would
hope be true. The strength in his body weakens.

GORDON
She's alive?

The driver moves the sedan close.

DRIVER
Dr. Hun. We need to go.

Hun steps forward.

DR. HUN
Time is short. What's it going to
be?

INT. BARRIO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Audrey Ajay pushes her way through the main floor flanked by
her own personnel - a sleek, strike team dressed in dark,
fashionable tactical gear.

AUDREY AJAY
He was here... Surveilled for
months!

Audrey enters the burnt kitchen — scorched walls, twisted metal, puddles from spent fire hoses.

AUDREY AJAY (CONT'D)
This is what he left?

Strike Leader # 1 gives her the evidence bag. In it, Gordon's burnt notes and the family photo.

STRIKE LEADER # 1
We think his parents. It was with his notebook in a garbage can in the back of the restaurant.

AUDREY AJAY
And in the notebooks?

STRIKE LEADER # 1
Gibberish... math formulas.

Audrey takes a breath and inspects the portrait. Her resemblance to Savoy Marlow is striking

AUDREY AJAY
(a hint of envy)
Savoy Marlow, loyal to Severin's work and Severin loyal to her.

Strike Leader # 1 points to the blown-open hatch under the sink.

STRIKE LEADER # 1
He fired a flare, came back up through the drop-hatch, igniting a trap.

Audrey inventories the burnt walls and ceiling.

AUDREY AJAY
So, the boy likes fire? Then, let's give him fire. Burn up these rat holes and seal off the city. (Ice)
Bring me the boy!

EXT. OCEAN CLIFF - LATER - NIGHT

Hun's sedan travels cliffside from a one lane road. It's quiet but for the sounds of distant winds and pounding surf.

GORDON (V.O.)
On the night they came for us, they blasted through the door.

The driver gets out and takes up his protective vigil.

GORDON (V.O.)
Screaming, batons, zip ties

Gordon opens the door and makes his way towards the cliff's edge.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - NIGHT

Gordon stands alone. His life as he now knows it - embattled.

Dr. Hun arrives next to him carrying a shoulder pack. The cold sea wind cuts sharp and swift through the two men.

GORDON
I knew this moment would come for
me someday. I was hoping otherwise,
but I knew.

DR. HUN
It comes for all of us at some time
or another.

Heavy waves below pound and claw.

GORDON
(beat)
They got us out of bed like we were
animals, separated us. I was
helpless. We all were. They pulled
him out like a dog in a trap.

DR. HUN
Is that why you stayed under
ground?

GORDON
I figured I'd just live a life
where there wasn't much of anything
more for them to take.

DR. HUN
Most get erased but few erase
themselves.

Gordon turns to Dr. Hun.

GORDON
I'm not my father, Dr. Hun. His
work has only brought misery. I
have no interest.

DR. HUN
Quite an inheritance to turn your
back on.

GORDON

And quite another to own it as my own. It was his, not mine. I've given more than I want to give anymore.

DR. HUN

The Machine fears what you can finish.

Gordon feels the weight.

GORDON

You'd need a thousand minds in one room to pull off that work.

Hun drops a backpack at Gordon's feet.

DR. HUN

And, someone to lead them. It's the only card we have. Only card we both have.

Gordon opens the pack - money, lots of it, various identifications, communication devices, passports.

DR. HUN (CONT'D)

Whatever you decide, that should give you a head start at least.

GORDON

And, if you can't locate the Palimpsest?

A rogue wave crashes harder than the rest.

DR. HUN

Then your father's work is forgotten and your mother is left not only where nightmares are kept but where nightmares are written.

INT. 5 STORY TENEMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A squad of five MACHINE ASSAULT TEAM MEMBERS carefully work their way up the stairwell with drawn automatic weapons.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

An OLD MAN (80's) with his gray-haired, Japanese Spitz steps out from his door making his way towards the staircase.

The Spitz, uncharacteristically resistant - something's off.

OLD MAN
What's the matter? Why you fighting
me?

From the hallway corner, the Machine Assault team draw their
weapons point blank targeting the old man and his dog.

ASSAULT MEMBER # 1
Shhhh! Get down the stairs. Thank
you for your cooperation.

Assault members spread throughout the hallway positioning
themselves in front of Gordon's door.

Team leader counts to three with his fingers.

Air is thick with held breath.

ASSAULT MEMBER # 1 (CONT'D)
1,2,3!

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door is battered in. SMASH! The men enter with full
automatic loads and freeze.

Gordon's apartment is empty but haunted - every square inch
is coated in dense, abstract mathematical equations.

The room grows quiet.

ASSAULT MEMBER # 1
Get photos of everything.

Assault Member # 2 takes pictures of the equations, floors
and ceiling. Flash! Flash! Flash!

Assault Member # 3 cautiously moves into the kitchen.

Member # 3 approaches a cupboard. He reaches for it, pulls it
slightly open.

Instantly the cupboard snaps open wide and an inflatable
clown face inflates and roars with a maniacal, guttural
laughter.

CLOWN
You're here to save everyone!
Eeehhheee...

The assault member catches his breath.

ASSAULT MEMBER # 2
GODMAMMIT!! Fucking, freak show!

He then carefully moves and reaches for a second cupboard.
The clown's eyes follow the man while he opens it.
The clown whispers to the man in a madhouse confidence.

CLOWN
You must punch down hard to belong.
Try it, Johnny, join the club!

The cabinets open and we see four hanging canisters of
explosive accelerant at eye level.

CLOWN (CONT'D)
But, be careful. Some clowns punch
back.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Gordon strides past his building.

GORDON
Batter up!

By way of remote, Gordon ignites the blast.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

The hanging drop-bombs explode at face level! FLAME and BLAST
detonate outward! Men are cut in half by fire and thrust!

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Black ash spirals from unspooling burning algorithms - every
flake fluttering like a heaving Christmas storm.

Gordon pushes through the smoke and debris and continues up
the street.

EXT. BACK ALLEY DOOR - NIGHT

Gordon knocks on the door. A MAN (50's) opens it up slightly.
His eyes are weary but focused.

GORDON
I'm looking for a man named, Manx.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Half hardware shop, half surgical parlor. Gordon hands over
3,500 dollars. Manx counts it.

MANX
Take off your shirt and sit.

Gordon strips down. He exposes his back and neckline that bears the mark of the Machine.

His wears the wreckage of survival – junkyard scar s, divots and scrapes.

He sits, spine rigid. Bones pushing through.

Manx swings a single bare light exposing the DARK INK OF THE MACHINE etched across Gordon's shoulders.

MANX (CONT'D)

They do fine work, I can say that for them.

Manx runs his steady fingers across the long numerical sequence.

MANX (CONT'D)

You familiar with Saint Sebastian?

GORDON

Not really.

Manx lifts a towel off of his medical instruments – half preoperative, half archeological.

MANX

Tied to a post. Shot full of arrows. They say the pain made him holy.

GORDON

What'll this make me? A saint or a sinner?

Manx's brings the knife to the Machine ink on Gordon's flesh.

MANX

You're about to find out.

EXT. FIELD HOUSE – LATER – NIGHT

Gordon approaches with caution. A dog barks in the distance. He throws the towel around his neck into a nearby trash can.

INT. FIELD HOUSE – NIGHT

A female BELGIAN MELINOIS (3) sleeps on a small rug. She picks up her head – attentive.

EXT. FIELD HOUSE - NIGHT

In the darkness, Gordon reaches for a trip wire trap - he sees there's been no disturbance.

INT. FIELD HOUSE - NIGHT

Gordon steps inside holding a five gallon can of gasoline.

GORDON
Sukie? Come here, girl.

Sukie rushes over. Gordon puts out his familiar hand, rubs down her face and ears.

Before him is a large patchwork of old schoolhouse chalkboards which span from floor to ceiling.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Time to go.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Gordon walks the dog up the front porch of the dark ranch house.

He ties the leash to a post.

The moment has come - separation between loyal companion and master.

GORDON
(soft, almost breaking)
I'll be back for ya'.

A light comes on from the inside of the house.

Gordon stands and steps back. Sukie pulls against her collar.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

Stepping forward, Gordon draws back his bow and lets the flaming arrow fly!

EXT. / INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The arrow lands on the roof - fire spreads. Inside, chalkboards and math formulas burn and crumble.

INT. MACHINE SECURITY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A large screen. A small fiery helix swirls around itself - vibrating.

A global spectrum of U.N. OFFICIALS (50'S) sit around a long oval table - THANT, KREBS, LARIO, CELEST, GRANDI.

Audrey Ajay steps forward.

AUDREY AJAY
Our target, Gordon Marlow has
circumvented his algorithm. He's
now on the run - Fugitive status.
We'll start here.

She turns to view the screen. We see file photos of Gordon's father, mathematical renegade, SEVERIN MARLOW (40's).

AUDREY AJAY (CONT'D)
This is Severin Marlow. The father
of the boy.

(PRESENTATION)

INT. UNDERGROUND WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Severin stands before his small gathering and tattered chalkboard covered in equations. He lectures.

AUDREY AJAY (V.O.)
His work covered both geometric and
subatomic realms. Very rare. If
combined, it would mean the balance
of power in the hands of enemy
factions.

To the right of the lecture, is SAVOY MARLOW (45) wife to Severin. She speaks adding to the lecture from the front row.

AUDREY AJAY (V.O.)
And wife, Savoy. Troubling loyal,
defiant.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. MACHINE SECURITY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

On screen - a swirling helix bursts from a singular dot, expanding, vibrating, splitting into luminous strings.

AUDREY AJAY
Unification, the elixir of science,
the harnessing of God's thoughts
Himself so they say. They think
it's possible.

CELEST
And the practical effects?

The strings vibrate with an intense floating force.

AUDREY AJAY
Vast resource, unlimited powers,
nutrition for the world and this
council's extinction.

FLASHBACK INT. SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

A STRIKE POLICE ram through the door of a small tenement apartment like a Chilean death squad.

AUDREY AJAY (V.O.)
We tried to curate him, but he
didn't cooperate.

Severin and wife SAVOY (35) are rousted out from their bed at gunpoint - screams and terror.

STRIKE POLICEMAN
Get up! Get up!!

Gordon (13) and identical twin sister Blythe (13) emerge from their shared room - in tears, traumatized.

A female CHILD SERVICES OFFICER (35), a younger (**AUDREY AJAY**) adjusts the scarf covering her face, gathers the twins.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. MACHINE SECURITY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Footage plays of Severin standing before the Judge wearing prison grays, cuffed and bound - family stands beside him.

Young Audrey loiters in the back of courtroom out of view from the accused.

AUDREY AJAY
Said to have ties to The Great
Eastern Forum, and the Global First
Order.

Footage rolls.

AUDREY AJAY (CONT'D)
Like father, like son, this is our
fugitive, Gordon Marlow - son of
the convicted.

Gordon, now older, hunched in a restaurant kitchen scribbling math into a journal.

AUDREY AJAY (CONT'D)
Let's move on. 5456 - Operation
Mercy Extinction.

INT. ISAAC LOWELL PSYCH UNIT MEDICAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Rolling casters power forward down the hallway.

From behind, we see a man in loose fitting, medical scrubs
pushing a food service cart.

Psych patients linger, eyes hollow. Staff watches.

ORDERLY / GORDON
Excuse me... sorry. Just getting
by.

INT. ROOM 43-B - DAY

Gordon enters. Across the room, a figure lies still under
dirty blankets, garbage beneath her bed - unmoving.

GORDON
(whispers)
Mom...

He crosses, checks the chart - SYLVIA KAYSON. Gordon sits,
lays a gentle hand on her leg - waits just a moment.

He notices a pattern of ink above her ankles. Gordon pushes
up her pajama leg up.

We see mathematical formulas circling upwards around her
calf.

The figure tosses and turns.

WOMAN
It's not time...

GORDON
No, it's not that.

The figure in the bed responds to the familiar voice.

She turns and we see it's the mother of Gordon herself, SAVOY
MARLOW (45). She's weary, tired looking, has kept up the good
fight.

Recognition comes slowly but it comes.

SAVOY
Gordon..?

He smiles weakly.

GORDON

Hey, Ma... Yeah, it's me. I'm here.

Savoy's eyes, filled with state issued psychotropic drugs, fights through a drugged out haze.

SAVOY

You're here...? This isn't a dream?

GORDON

No. It's not a dream.

Savoy reaches for his hands – her frail fingers search for certainty. Her broken brow, filled with reprieve and worry.

SAVOY

I thought you were... lost to me.

GORDON

No, ma. They just made it seem that way.

Gordon takes her knotted-fingers into his warm hands. Recognition flickers like a current across her eyes.

SAVOY

I... never, thought I'd see you again.

GORDON

I'm here now.

He moves closer to her face, brushing back Savoy's unkempt hair from her soft, diluted gaze.

GORDON (CONT'D)

What are they giving you?

Savoy's momentary smile falls back to a sense of fatigue. She finds it hard to say the long names.

SAVOY

Paliperidone, Ana... franil.

GORDON

Has anyone from the Machine come to see you? Asking questions?

SAVOY

Yes. Some men came. The doctors spoke to them. Are they looking for you?

Gordon leans in to confide the news.

GORDON
I'm on the run. Audrey Ajay...

Savoy's eyes sharpen, a deep focus overtakes her body.

SAVOY
The U.N. Secretary.

GORDON
She sent her security team in where
I work. I got out, ran.

Savoy hesitates but gets her thoughts in order.

SAVOY
Audrey's very ambitious. She was
behind your father's arrest. Stay
away if you can. She probably wants
more.

GORDON
It's the Palimpsest. They found it.
They think I can put it together
for them.

Savoy fights through the haze, grows more alert. She leans in to him.

SAVOY
Your father's work has found you.

Savoy pulls out a wrinkled photograph from beneath her pillow case. Frail but focused, she pushes the photo into Gordon's hand.

In it, we see two children, arm in arm, identical mirrors of the other. Blythe and Gordon, 10 years old.

SAVOY (CONT'D)
Where's Blythe?

Gordon looks at the photo - a world ago.

SAVOY (CONT'D)
Where is she? Tell me.

FLASHBACK EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - DAY

A FEMALE VICTIM, like that of Savoy, slumps fatally over the steering wheel of a totaled vehicle.

SAVOY (CONT'D)
 My pill bottle, red cap. On the
 table. Give it to me. Hurry.

Gordon gets up and sorts through the many bottles and finds the one. He comes back to the bed.

Savoy fights to stay lucid. She takes the bottle and unscrews the top.

Inside we see a small note. It reads "**CHARLES BELLOWS.**"
LATITUDE - 41° 54.175.'

SAVOY (CONT'D)
 A name and an address, a
 restaurant...

Gordon takes the small note and sees the series of numbers. Savoy's eyes flash momentarily - hints of the real treasure.

GORDON
 What am I looking for?

SAVOY
 The longitude sequence. Bellows has
 the other bottle. The other half of
 the location.

GORDON
 The coordinates to the second
 book...

SAVOY
 Yes, but even then you must see,
 look carefully. It's where you'll
 find a *Paradox*, where two sides
 have equal value. That is where
 your father has buried it.

Two Isaac Lowell DOCTORS (40's) enter. Covering, Savoy places her hand on the photo of the brother and sister.

SAVOY (CONT'D)
 You and *Blythe*, the same value, two
 sides, one equation. Together,
 destined as... the *truth*.

GORDON
 Are we the paradox?

SAVOY
 You will be when you find your
 equal half. And, then you'll bring
 the *Machine* to its knees.

GORDON

It's what Severin died for isn't it?

SAVOY

Now, you know and what you must finish.

EXT. MISS OLIE'S T'CHAKA BAR - NIGHT

Little Haiti - a gritty, vibrant dive.

Smoke coils from street food carts. Creole music hums through open doors.

Bar patrons drift in and out, wary, watchful.

INT. BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

CHARLIE BELLOWS (28), daughter of the referred archivist Charles Bellows - sharp features, sits behind an oversized desk that was never hers'.

A familiar non-descript medication bottle rests indiscreetly on a shelf behind her - (the other half of the equation).

A big, loyal and affable Haitian bouncer named JOUBERT (30's) bounds in through the door - stress-class, Creole accent.

JOUBERT

Some guys are in here asking about Charles.

CHARLIE

Charles? Who are they?

JOUBERT

Skunky boys. Dirty Machine fucks, man.

CHARLIE

Get our permits out of the safe. I'll deal with them.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Two junior STATE MACHINE INVESTIGATORS (30s) loiter near the counter. Their suits and surveillance posture scream "government."

Charlie steps up, cool.

CHARLIE
I'm Charlie Bellows. Can I help you gentlemen?

Both flash badges.

INVESTIGATOR # 1
You're Charles Bellows?

CHARLIE
Charlie Bellows. Charles was kinda' my father. Looked after me, but at arm's length, you know?

INVESTIGATOR # 1
He ever mention a man named Severin Marlow? Researcher.

CHARLIE
He may have. He died when I was a young girl. I'm not going to remember if he did. So, unless there's something else?

INVESTIGATOR # 1
There were rumors he was stockpiling denied copies of U.N. scientific submissions. Archiving the applications for the underground.

INVESTIGATOR # 2
I'll remind you, not being forthcoming, would be flagged with consequence.

CHARLIE
Look, keep the flags, I've never heard of your, "Mr. Marlow" and I've never heard of any "scientific underground". But you're welcome to look around if that's what you want?

The investigators hold their gaze - Charlie doesn't flinch.

INVESTIGATOR # 1
May we check your pin?

Charlie turns her back to the two men and pulls her hair off her neck.

CHARLIE
How could I ever deprive the
Machine of that?

Investigator # 2 runs the reader over the Charlie's barcode.

INVESTIGATOR # 2
Clear.

INVESTIGATOR # 1
Thank you for your cooperation.

The men turn and exit. Charlie gives the finger to their
backs.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Gordon steps into the bar - a box of haze and suspicion. As
the only white man in the room, the locals clock him
instantly.

A 200-gallon tank of poisonous Stone and Red Lionfish glow
ominously to the side.

He finds a stool. Sets his backpack below his feet. Charlie
approaches.

CHARLIE
What'll it be?

GORDON
Actually I was looking for someone.
Was this restaurant once called,
"Charlie Bellows?"

CHARLIE
Used to be. Died years ago. You're
a little late.

A Machine-aligned PATRON (60s) half-listens, eyes locked on a
muted TV - thumb already flicking out a silent message under
the bar.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
He passed it to me. Quasi-daughter,
for whatever that means.

The Machine patron discreetly texts.

GORDON
Can we speak privately?

CHARLIE
This is getting interesting. Why
not? Joubert? Take the bar.

INT. BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Gordon enters, sets down his bag. Charlie shuts the door
behind her.

CHARLIE
Three minutes. Make'em count.

Gordon spots a photo - young Charlie with an older man.

GORDON
The man whose knee your on? Is that
Charles?

CHARLIE
Could be. Depends on your story.

Gordon turns back to face her.

GORDON
My father and Charles knew each
other. My name is Gordon Marlow.

CHARLIE
Son of Severin, I take it?

GORDON
How do you know that?

CHARLIE
Agents of the Machine were just
here asking about him.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Three lower-tiered MACHINE MUSCLE MEN (30's) enter. The men
spread out looking for Gordon.

The Machine Bar Patron makes eye contact with Muscle Man # 1
and points to the back office door.

INT. BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Gordon scans the bookshelves. Charlie follows what Gordon
peruses.

GORDON
Charles may have been holding
something. A keepsake, an heirloom.

CHARLIE

Like what?

GORDON

Something he may have passed down,
or found important, kept close.
Anything sound familiar?

CHARLIE

Sounds valuable?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Machine Muscle steps toward the office - Joubert intercepts.

JOUBERT

Bathroom's the other way.

MUSCLE # 1

We need to speak to the man inside.

Joubert blocks him.

JOUBERT

Maybe we play polite, wait our
turn.

MUSCLE # 1 drives Joubert into the office door with a chest
kick. THUD! Holds the Haitian up against the door.

Charlie opens it from inside the office.

CHARLIE

Joubert! What the hell?!

Muscle # 2 throws a punch. Joubert ducks and the man's fist
lands squarely into Charlie's face.

POW!

Charlie is sent backwards with force into the office with a
short right hand. Gordon catches her falling backwards
tipping over a chair.

GORDON

Hey?

INT. RESTAURANT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joubert rebounds and roars back into the fight.

JOUBERT

Pèmèt jwenn li sou, bitches!

The fight spills - tables flip, customers scatter.

INT. BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Gordon gets Charlie seated - holds a cloth to her nose and face.

GORDON
Stay here. I'll be right back.

CHARLIE
Gladly.

Gordon exits.

Charlie limps toward the shelf, blood still trickling down her temple.

She grabs the bottle, cracks the lid. Inside - a tiny scroll. LATITUDE sequence and dog tags.

Military Tags read: **CHARLES BELLOWS. D.O.M.E.**

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Alright, Charles... One last ride.

INT. MAIN RESTAURANT FLOOR - NIGHT

Customers now attack the Machine muscle. Full brawl is on.

Gordon approaches the main floor. Across from him - the exotic fish tank.

He grabs a shot glass off the bar, gets a feel for the weight of it, heads back to the office.

INT. BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Gordon enters. Charlie tucks the pill bottle in her pocket and turns.

Nearly caught - covers.

GORDON
You alright?

CHARLIE
Who knows? Shit! I think my nose is broken. You're a real riot aren't you?

GORDON
We're getting out of here!

CHARLIE

Only way out is through the front door. Why not stay here? Lock it, ride this out.

GORDON

If we do we'll be buried here. Just stay behind me. I gotta' plan.

CHARLIE

This is your rescue, buddy! You broke it - you bought it!

INT. MAIN RESTAURANT FLOOR - NIGHT

Joubert squares off mid-floor - full on brawl!

Gordon and Charlie shoulder up to the edge of the bar itself. Front door - across the floor.

CHARLIE

How are we getting through that?

GORDON

When I say run, RUN!!

With the fish tank in sight, Gordon, cocks and hurls the shot glass at pitched, point-blank range into the 200 gallon aquarium.

SMASH!

Shattered glass, seawater and deadly fish flow from the tank onto the restaurant floor.

Machine men slip, flip and drop.

CHARLIE

My tank!!

GORDON

RUN!!

Gordon reaches for Charlie's hand and leads her through the brawl out the front door.

Joubert takes a bottle and crushes it across the face of Machine Muscle # 1.

JOUBERT

Ou pa t yon ti gason politès!

CHARLIE

Joubert? Meet me at the loft. Get
my fish!

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Rushing outward from the dark alleyway, Gordon flies onto the main city landscapes with his motorcycle.

GORDON

Hold on!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Strike Team Vehicles "M" round the corner.

Drones whir upwards, spider dogs trot out and suddenly give chase.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Gordon guns his bike! He throws a look back. Drone dogs in full flight.

On the move!

GORDON

Spider dogs. Son-of-a-bitch. Here
they come!

Spider dogs gain ground. Engines scream. Our heroes thread the needle through the city chaos.

Gordon dangerously swerves from right to left between garbage trucks and onto sidewalks.

A spider dog leaps but slams into the side of a truck.

Gordon yells over the engine roar!

GORDON (CONT'D)

Listen! I can't take you where I'm
going.

CHARLIE

You're not leaving me where you
found me!

Top flight speeds. Cars rush by.

GORDON

The more you know, the more trouble
there is!

Spider dogs leap over cars and gain ground on our heroes. A tunnel comes up at high speeds.

CHARLIE
If you want what Charles left,
you're going to need my help in
getting it!

Oncoming tunnel.

GORDON
Then he did leave something?

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Our heroes enter the dark tunnel at 100 mph plus. The engine howls off the concrete.

Spider dogs screech behind them, pure sonic terror.

Gordon throws a look back at her.

CHARLIE
Maybe.

The canines enter the tunnel and close in.

GORDON
Open up the saddle bag under your
leg. Right side.

Charlie finds an odd looking flare gun.

CHARLIE
What is this?

GORDON
Just aim, point and squeeze.

Charlie loads the flare.

CHARLIE
Hold the bike steady!

Spider comes dangerously close. Charlie aims and fires! A white hot flare is sent. Direct hit.

Spider dog explodes and comes apart. The tunnel blooms with fire.

Charlie shoots another, and a third. Smoke and fire trails from the snub nose barrel.

Boom! Boom!

EXT. TUNNEL EXIT - NIGHT

The motorcycle bursts into open air, smoke in their wake, spider dogs lost in the blast behind.

Gordon slows down to 70 mph. He turns back to her.

GORDON
You won't like where we're going,
Charlie!

CHARLIE
Didn't like where you found me,
GORDON!!

INT. THANT MANSION ROOM - NIGHT

Fire licks upwards in Thant's oversized fireplace.

U.N. Diplomat Alfonso Krebs muses over a number of theatrical masks in Thant's collection - the kind worn at the Bonham's Knightsbridge Auction in London.

U.N. Executive Liaison officer Trygus Thant sits nearby.

KREBS
Curious, isn't it - how suddenly
she's taken an interest in the
barrio boy?

Krebs sits opposite his counterpart.

THANT
If we're being candid, she's got
her own history with the father,
Severin. She buried his permits,
then charged him with failing to
file.

KREBS
Execution by proxy. Clean.

THANT
Like her mercy extermination
policy? *Benevolent genocide?*
Packaged and sold with a glint in
her eye and blood in her teeth.
And, now she wants the boy like she
did the father.

KREBS
And, the London auction?

THANT

The Palimpsest is being held until
all monies are delivered and
received. She'll have her hands on
it soon enough.

KREBS

And, the boy to put it together.

THANT

...if she's successful.

INT. LOFT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joubert is on his knees, turned away from us and bent over a
floor safe. He puts the restaurant cash into the safe.

Machine Muscle # 1 and # 2 enter through the doorway. Muscle
2 holds long, saw-toothed butcher's knife behind his back.

MACHINE MUSCLE # 1

Hello, Joubert.

Joubert turns.

INT. LOFT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The freight elevator doors rumble open into a long, wide
industrial hallway. Gordon and Charlie step out, cautious.

CHARLIE

Left.

From down the hall, a tinny radio plays faintly - cheerful,
out of place.

Stepping forward, we see a hallway with two dead bodies lying
prone and lifeless.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

She's the property manager. Mrs.
Marks.

A landlady, clean kill shot through the head cradles
lifelessly against the wall.

A few steps farther - a ripped grocery bag spills across the
floor.

A second woman, middle-aged, lies face down.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Shannon... she lives on this floor.

Gordon looks ahead - door hangs ajar.

GORDON
Is that your loft?

Charlie nods.

Gordon leads the way and pushes himself inside.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Stay behind me.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

Gordon and Charlie enter. The radio blares - dissonant.

The loft is wrecked. Torn furniture. Smashed lamps. Debris everywhere.

Charlie crosses and turns off the radio. Silence.

She moves to her fish tank - impossibly, the fish are back.

CHARLIE
Joubert was here. He brought back
'em back. I need to find him, tell
him to stay out of this.

GORDON
Where's your safe?

CHARLIE
Bedroom.

GORDON
Get your money and let's get out of
here.

INT. LOFT BEDROOM - DAY

The two enter to see...

Joubert's powerful body violently flung across the bed, hands bound, carpet soaked red.

CHARLIE
(breathless)
No.

Charlie circles the bed, approaches - trembling. Joubert's head lies just out of reach.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Ahhhhh!!! Joubert. Oh, God... no...

Gordon holds frozen, he quickly looks down the hallway - empty.

The room falls quiet.

GORDON
The Machine must've come in when he
was making the deposits.

CHARLIE
Joubert.

GORDON
We have to hurry, Charlie. Your
safe. Move!

Charlie, trembling, falls to her knees. She pulls back a
throw rug where we see a floor safe.

Her fingers shake while she spins the dial. Opens it. Reaches
in retrieving the night's deposits.

CHARLIE
It's all here.

GORDON
He was on his way out when they
came in. Take what you need. A
coat... We need to check something.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER - NIGHT

Gordon and Charlie enter through the back room. What was once
a bustling space is now hollowed out.

Tables. Chairs. Bar. Ovens. Gone.

CHARLIE
They took everything...

GORDON
You're being erased.

CHARLIE
What's that mean?

GORDON
The Machine has made you an
official target. Nothing about you
will ever have existed. No records,
your name, no past... wiped clean.

Charlie steps forward into the emptiness. She turns back to
Gordon.

CHARLIE

(beat)

I swore to Charles I'd never speak of it. But there's a place you're gonna' want to know about. It has to do with your father.

INT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A sealed door creaks open. Charlie pushes through, followed by Gordon.

Both enter a hidden, underground library - endless rows of cabinets stretch into darkness.

GORDON

What is this place?

Charlie shuts the door behind them.

CHARLIE

Charles called it "The Library of the Rebellion". Copies of every scientific permit submitted to the U.N., all kept here.

GORDON

So they couldn't be buried.

Gordon scans the meticulous filing system.

CHARLIE

They would courier a copy to him. Charles archived them here.

GORDON

Through the restaurant?

CHARLIE

A front. That's how he knew your father. His submissions are probably here.

The two walk deeper into the library. They arrive at section "M".

Gordon sees the litany of scientific names catalogued on each library card file - Mao, Mandal, Mai, "Marlow".

GORDON

Here.

Gordon slides out the file and begins running his fingers through his father's various permitting applications.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Dirac equation, paradox - loop
quantum gravity.

CHARLIE
Spacetime tells matter how to move,
and matter tells spacetime how to
curve.

GORDON
How do you know that?

CHARLIE
Charles wasn't much of a father but
he did teach me things. And, look.
Denied, denied. Audrey Ajay.
Denied.

We hear a door open and close from the far end of the
warehouse - footsteps. Shhhh...

GORDON
Who else has access to this place?

CHARLIE
I don't know.

Gordon pulls out the lengthy index file and empties his
father's denied applications into his backpack.

He pushes the file quietly back.

GORDON
Go around the aisle. Push him my
way.

A hunched up old man, FRITZ SCHRODINGER (75) wears a long
overcoat and fedora. He too pulls open a file drawer.

He flips through denied permits.

From either end of the aisle, Charlie and Gordon appear.

Gordon sets his backpack down.

CHARLIE
Hey?

The old man turns to see he's not alone. He quickly shuffles
away from Charlie but directly into Gordon's grip.

GORDON
Hey...? Easy!

The old man struggles. Gordon muscles the intruder up against the file shelves.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Slow down! I SAID, "Hey!"

FRITZ SCHRODINGER
Let me go! Let me go!!

Suddenly, Schrodinger pulls a capsule from his coat and rushes it in his mouth.

FRITZ SCHRODINGER (CONT'D)
(mockingly)
The Machine protects, the Machine provides.

Gordon lunges — grabs his throat, chokes his with his right hand.

GORDON
Spit it out! I said "Spit it out!!"

The man coughs out a cyanide bullet onto the floor and begins hacking uncontrollably.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Get up. Get on your feet!

Gordon gets the old man upright and pushes him up against the cabinets. The old man takes a feeble swing.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Stop fighting.

The Old man finally speaks with a heavy German accent.

FRITZ SCHRODINGER
I'm not working for the Machine.
You can kill me if you'd like.

GORDON
What are you looking for?

Charlie takes the permits out from Fritz's hands and peruses them.

CHARLIE
Looks like, electromagnetics, gluon fields.

GORDON
What're you working on, Fritz?

FRITZ SCHRODINGER
Small things you wouldn't know
about.

GORDON
How'd you get in here?

Fritz produces a set of keys.

OLD MAN
My name is Professor Fritz
Schrodinger. Charles Bellows. I
knew him. We all did. Our work -
it's all here. Denied. Buried.

Gordon turns Fritz around and pulls his coat off of his
Machine code. **F 7 R 6 I 2 T 3 S 8 S**

GORDON
Hamburg. Okay. Grab your bag,
Fritz. I think we can help.

EXT. BACK ALLEY BUILDING - DOOR - NIGHT

A yellow taxi idles, tucked between rows of dumpsters and
flickering street lamps.

Gordon, Charlie, and Fritz step out into the narrow alleyway,
shadows stretching across wet concrete.

Gordon pays the cabbie through the window. The car drives
off, leaving them alone.

Charlie approaches Gordon - Fritz stands by. A moment of
silence.

CHARLIE
You trust him he won't turn on us?

GORDON
He's hunted like we are.

Charlie shrugs.

CHARLIE
What do I know anymore.

GORDON
Okay. It's a mandatory twenty-years
for anyone removing a state
encrypted algorithm. If you do, you
might go to jail. If you don't,
they'll track you down and you'll
probably go to jail.

FRITZ SCHRODINGER

As long as I get to keep the scar,
so I don't forget.

GORDON

That's a given.

They approach a steel door, battered and unmarked. Gordon
knocks.

A slit in the door slides open. It's Manx, gaunt and wary. He
opens it slightly.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Hello, Manx. Fellow travelers.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Gordon leads the way, flashlight beam sweeps across concrete
and steel.

Fritz and Charlie follow in silence.

They reach Manx's work area: a grim, surgical setup -
spotlight overhead, a single metal chair - not a chance of
Novocain.

MANX

Who's first?

A beat of silence. No one moves.

GORDON

(beat)

Figure it out. I'll be outside.

EXT. BACK ALLEY BUILDING - DOOR - LATER - NIGHT

Gordon waits beside the door, alert.

Behind him, Charlie and Fritz emerge - pale, unsteady, towels
draped around their necks like tourniquets - silent, shaken.

Headlights sweep across them - Dr. Hun's black sedan slides
into view and stops.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

Charlie gets in the sedan and crosses Dr. Hun. Fritz follows
also crossing Dr. Hun. Gordon gets inside - all settled.

DR. HUN

Looks like you've made some
friends?

GORDON
With quite some stories.

EXT. ROAD TO UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE - LATER - NIGHT

The sedan pulls beneath an isolated home - a safehouse.

DR. HUN (V.O.)
We have a jamming system, weapons
and panic room if needed.
Everything here is built to vanish
and for us to be invisible.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Dr. Hun leads them inside. The door closes behind them.

The space is surprisingly warm and lived-in - a spacious
country home off the grid, quiet and secure.

DR. HUN
So, what are we looking at?

GORDON
Maybe the first of the thousand
minds in the room. Tell him who you
are, Fritz. And, tell him what you
told us.

FRITZ SCHRODINGER
My name is Dr. Fritz Schrodinger.
I'm a scientist. My specialties are
very small things, string.

GORDON
We found him in Charles Bellow's
secret archive - *The Library of the
Rebellion*.

DR. HUN
You've seen it?

GORDON
We're in it. This is Charlie
Bellows. The daughter, or step-
daughter of Charles himself.

Dr. Hun grows very focused.

DR. HUN
Why were you there, Mr.
Shchrodinger?

FRITZ SCHRODINGER
I was looking to retrieve a number
of early theorems denied by the
United Nation's Permitting Office.

GORDON
Electromagnetics, gluon fields,
curvature.

DR. HUN
Precursors to unification, Dr.
Schrodinger. Are you working on it?

FRITZ SCHRODINGER
Who isn't now that the Palimpsest
has resurfaced? But we're being
targeted.

GORDON
Who's being targeted?

FLASH SCENE: INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

A distinguished man, BYERS (60s), sits quietly by the window,
watching the countryside blur past.

The train's PORTER (mid-40s) approaches, calm but purposeful.

FRITZ SCHRODINGER (V.O.)
We either work for them, or we're
hunted down like dogs.

The porter raises his hand gun and executes the traveler in
his chair. POP! The dead man slumps against the window.

SECOND FLASH SCENE: INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

PROFESSOR INGRID SEGRE (40s), poised and commanding, lectures
before a large chalkboard dense with complex equations.

Students scribble notes.

FRITZ SCHRODINGER (V.O.)
They're gathering us up.

The lecture hall doors open. Two MACHINE PERSONNEL (50s),
expressionless in dark uniforms, enter.

MACHINE PERSONNEL # 1
Ingrid Segre?

INGRID SEGRE
Yes?

The professor is escorted out of the classroom.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Fritz stands quietly - a lost look overtakes him.

FRITZ SCHRODINGER (V.O.)
Ingrid Segre was her maiden name.
She was Ingrid Schrodinger. My
wife. The Machine decided to take
her - to get to me.

Dr. Hun steps forward, closing the distance between himself
and Dr. Schrodinger.

FRITZ SCHRODINGER
Sixty-two have resisted, sixty-two
taken.

DR. HUN
You're safe here, Doctor.

Dr. Hun turns to Charlie.

DR. HUN (CONT'D)
Would you see to it Dr. Schrodinger
is comfortable and has what he
needs? I'd like to speak with
Gordon.

EXT. TERRACE - MINUTES LATER - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Dr. Hun and Gordon move towards the terrace railing. The view
is expansive, the future, uncertain.

GORDON
I got in to Isaac Lowell. I saw
her. Saw my mother, spoke with her.

DR. HUN
She stable?

GORDON
They're pumping her with
psychotropics, regular intervals.
Underfed - a ghost.

DR. HUN
I'm sure seeing you gave her
strength, hope?

Gordon digs in his pocket for the photo of Blythe.

GORDON

She said Archimedes had written a second volume, a companion that answers the equations of the first.

DR. HUN

A second Palimpsest?

GORDON

My father coded its location. She gave me half the cipher - in a medicine bottle. The rest, you'll need my sister for that.

Gordon gives the photo to Dr. Hun. Charlie lingers in the doorway, eavesdropping.

DR. HUN (O.C.)

And where's she?

GORDON (O.C.)

Dead, I think.

Gordon reaches into his coat and pulls out Savoy's weathered bottle.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Here's the first half of the coordinates to the second work.

Dr. Hun takes it, eyes narrowing.

DR. HUN

And, where's the other half?

Charlie steps out onto the terrace. She looks from one man to the other.

CHARLIE

He's rattled but resting.

Gordon looks at Charlie.

GORDON

You're looking at her. She just doesn't know it yet.

INT. NONDESCRIPT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Audrey Ajay stands alone before a large military-grade, tactical holographic screen.

Footage loops in silence: a thermo-detonation blooms. Beaches rupture, water folds into sky.

Two Senegal government OFFICIALS (40's) approach Ajay expressionless.

She fixates on the screen - motionless.

AUDREY AJAY
Termination Mandate #5654 with
plausible deniability. Your enemies
have been delivered.

They set down two large cases filled with gold, silver and cash.

SENEGAL OFFICIAL
Full payment. Gold and cash, U.S.
dollars and German deutschemarks.

The men turn and exit.

Ajay doesn't move - transfixed by destruction, aroused by the choreography of power.

INT. THANT MANSION STUDY - LATE - NIGHT

Thant sits alone, bathed in the cold glow of a monitor.

On-screen: a hacked bank statement.

****ACCOUNT NAME: AUDREY AJAY****

Lines of illicit deposits scroll into her personal account - cash, gold, silver, dollars, francs, Swiss kroners.

Krebs approaches from behind carrying a large folder in his hands. He sits.

KREBS
Good to know who you're working
with. Lario, Celest, Grandi. All of
them, Audrey's associates. Same
play, offshore transfers.

THANT
They've turned the U.N. into a
wholesale, mercenary pipeline.

KREBS
Why go to war when you can buy the
U.N. as your own personal
mercenary? São Tomé Gulf, Sydney,
Santiago?

THANT

That's the threat of the barrio kid.

KREBS

Audrey would be out of business.

INT. SHARED ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Gordon and Charlie move quietly, preparing to rest.

The small, bare room feels suffocating, the silence is thick with unspoken worry.

CHARLIE

So, what happens now?

GORDON

We won't be able to stay here too long. We need to keep out of the reach of The Machine.

CHARLIE

Is that possible?

GORDON

I don't know.

CHARLIE

And, your mother?

Gordon's eyes darken, voice barely a whisper.

GORDON

I have to get her out - somehow.

CHARLIE

And, your sister?

GORDON

If she's alive, Hun will find out. And, if she's not alive, then, we're all just on the run.

CHARLIE

(beat)

And, if you're caught, Gordon? What happens to me?

GORDON

If I'm caught, you keep running.

Charlie nods slowly but a world of uncertainty.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Hun will offer protection.

Gordon turns down the light. Charlie slides into the bed. He lies on top of the covers.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Let's try to sleep.

They lie back together, side by side, staring at the cracked ceiling above.

GORDON (CONT'D)
For whatever it's worth, I'm glad
you're here.

CHARLIE
For whatever it's worth, I'm still
thinking about it.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - MORNING - DAY

Early morning. The day is quiet. CRG guards patrol the grounds.

INT. SHARED ROOM - MORNING - DAY

Morning light cuts through the curtain. Charlie stirs. Reaches beside her - Gordon is gone.

INT. GARAGE WEAPONS ROOM - FOLLOWING MORNING - DAY

An armory built for war: rocket-loaded motorcycles, shoulder launchers, crates of explosives.

Gordon scans the weapons, calculates.

Dr. Hun enters. Gordon turns to Hun.

GORDON
Morning. Just working through your
arsenal and thinking about how to
get Savoy out of Isaak Lowell.

He picks up an odd looking container with a top, high-pressure release nozzle.

DR. HUN
Violet Mist. We think it will take
down city drones.. Still
experimental but effective.

Gordon puts the container down and turns.

GORDON
And, Charlie. She didn't ask for
any of this. Can you protect her?

DR. HUN
If she'll travel, we'll provide it.

Gordon nods and grabs an automatic rifle, checks the sight.

GORDON
Appreciate it. So how much can I
take?

DR. HUN
Whatever you think you need and the
personnel to do it.

GORDON
And, the last thing.

DR. HUN
What that?

GORDON
The home address of Audrey Ajay.
I'm going to kill her, Dr. Hun.

INT. ROOM 43-B - FOLLOWING DAYS - NIGHT

4:00 A.M. Savoy sleeps with her back turned away from us.
Orderlies begin to move her onto a gurney.

EXT. TWO LANE ROAD - NIGHT

Full headlight beams of a repurposed sanitation hauler bears
down straight towards us.

We float across the truck and glide over the back of the
lumbering vehicle.

Two ambulances in close formation follow at high speeds.

EXT. ROAD - ISAAC LOWELL - NIGHT

The convoy makes a turn onto the Isaac Lowell access road.

Behind the wheel is Gordon Marlow. His partner to his right
is a fully armed CRG MILITIA (35).

CRG MILITIA
4 minutes to breach.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A MALE NURSE (55) rolls the gurney towards the mercy suite.

Savoy jostles awake,

SAVOY
What is it?

MALE NURSE
We're going to move you today, Miss
Kayson. You're now getting the
biggest room.

EXT. ISAAC LOWELL HOSPITAL ACCESS GATE - NIGHT

Gordon pulls up to the guardhouse.

Ambulances follow behind him. The GATE GUARD (40's) exits the gate house and approaches the truck.

The Guard sweeps his flashlight throughout the truck's undercarriage - then the light up to Gordon's face.

GATE GUARD
Carry on.

The boom gate rises. The convoy rolls into Isaac Lowell grounds.

EXT. ISAAC LOWELL ADMITTING - NIGHT

An ADMITTING NURSE # 1 (30's) greets the ambulance.

The CRG AMULANCE DRIVER (40's) gets out of his cab and lifts a weapon into the face of the woman.

AMBULANCE DRIVER
Shhh.. Get inside and take off your
clothes.

EXT. GARBAGE PICK-UP AREA - NIGHT

The garbage truck rumbles to a stop behind the hospital loading dock.

Gordon leans in and pulls the hydraulics release lever. With a groan of metal, the back of the truck yawns open.

From the dark steel belly, CRG MILITIA spill out - a human wave of precision.

Half wear tattered patient gowns, IV ports taped to their arms.

The rest wear hospital admin uniforms, clipboards and forged badges in hand.

Gordon steps out of the cab. He grabs a white coat from a hidden compartment, shrugs it on.

Beneath a dripping downspout, he slicks back his hair, transforming from rebel to doctor in seconds.

The CRG team tightens into a circle around him. Ready.

GORDON

The security here is not armed.
We're just doing one thing. Try not
to hurt anybody. Go!

The team disperses silently, melting into the hospital perimeter like shadows with credentials.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Gordon races up the stairwell, two steps at a time, breath tight. Second floor landing - he doesn't stop!

EXT. ADMITTING - NIGHT

CRG AMBULANCE ATTENDANT (40), calm and methodical pushes an empty gurney through the glass doors toward the admitting nightshift staff.

At the admittance desk, two bleary-eyed NIGHTSHIFT PERSONNEL glance up from their screens.

CRG AMBULANCE ATTENDANT

Pick up for Sylvia Kayson.

NIGHTSHIFT PERSONNEL

She hasn't deceased yet. We're
still waiting.

The attendant draws a suppressed weapon from his side holster, low and unseen by any patients in view.

CRG AMBULANCE PERSONNEL

Where is she?

NIGHTSHIFT STAFF

Passive euthanasia. Third floor.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

CRG "Inmates" flood the first floor in full chaos - knocking on doors, pushing hallway benches and medical carts, waking up patients, calling out FIRE!!

Patients stir from rooms, some frightened, others cheering – the ward erupts into confusion.

Administrative staff follow behind feebly restraining the early morning patient-militia to no avail.

The nude receiving nurse walks aimlessly down the hallway corridor pushing an empty wheelchair.

As planned, a circus of madness.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - NIGHT

A SECURITY ADMINISTRATOR (60's) picks up the phone.

SECURITY ADMINISTRATIVE
We have a Code Red. Multiple
5150's. Machine support requested.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Gordon hits the second floor running. Alarms wail, hospital staff flies by. He directs them away...

GORDON
First floor. Downstairs! Patients
are out.

EXT. AUDREY AJAY'S PERSONAL RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Krebs and Thant stand at Audrey's front door. She opens it without surprise.

AUDREY AJAY
They're extracting Savoy Marlow.
I'm sure the boy is not far behind.

INT. 1ST FLOOR ELEVATOR - NIGHT

CRG ambulance personnel wheel a gurney briskly through the corridor.

As they approach the elevator banks, an elevator dings open – ISAAC LOWELL SECURITY rush out, bypassing the CRG without suspicion.

The CRG slide their gurney inside the same elevator.

The doors close.

INT. RESIDENCE SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A wall of flickering monitors glows in the dark.

Ajay, Thant and Krebs stand before the screens – live security feeds from Isaac Lowell psych hospital fill each one.

The displays are fragmented, numerous.

CRG militia locking down halls, staff being restrained, the nude nurse wandering disoriented.

Audrey scans it all, cold and precise.

AUDREY AJAY
What resources do we have at Isaac
Lowell?

ALFONSO KREBS
Minimum security staff.

One screen flashes:

GORDON MARLOW – entering the second floor, concussion grenades strapped across his chest.

Audrey steps closer. Eyes lock.

AUDREY AJAY
And, there he is. Son of Severin.
Gordon Marlow.

We zoom in on Gordon in 50 different ways and angles.

AUDREY AJAY (CONT'D)
Get everything we can out to the
hospital. Call in a capture order.
I want the boy alive!

INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Gordon passes by an open 2nd story window. He tosses out two smoke grenades.

Boom! Boom! Smoke billows from the courtyard below.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Gordon arrives at 43-B.

INT. 43-B - NIGHT

He bursts in – Empty. Bed stripped. Linens neatly folded on the corner.

Gordon's breath catches.

He steps to the bed, grabs the chart clipped to the frame:
It reads: MERCY SUITE.

GORDON
(sinking)
I'm too late.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Gordon bursts out of Room 43-B and sprints down the corridor toward the 2nd floor admin office.

He SLAMS his fist against the glass.

A startled NURSE (20s) looks up. She crosses quickly and cracks the door.

GORDON
Where's the patient in 43-B? Sylvia
Kayson!

NURSE
They moved her early this morning.

GORDON
WHY?

NURSE
We were told to move her.

GORDON
Why?

NURSE
Passive euthanasia.

GORDON
Where is it?

NURSE
The Mercy Suite. Third floor.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Gordon leaps upwards three steps at a time. He plunges himself through the third floor hallway door.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gordon hits the hall sprinting. He arrives. The plate of the door reads "**PASSIVE EUTHANASIA - MERCY SUITE**".

INT. MERCY SUITE - NIGHT

Gordon enters the room.

His mother lies still and motionless on a narrow bed. Gordon approaches. Savoy appears cold, her face - ashen white.

He reaches for her hand - there is warmth. She barely breathes but she is breathing.

GORDON
Savoy... Ma'?

Gordon leans closer to her ear. Whispers...

GORDON (CONT'D)
Wake up... Please. Please wake up.

Savoy's eyelids blink, quiver. She turns her head but with little strength or breath.

SAVOY
Gordon.

Gordon holds her hand. Blasts explode in the distant courtyard.

GORDON
I'm here. You're with me now.

CRG gurney men enter the room. Gordon turns and waves them over.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Anybody seriously gets in our way,
cut'em down.

EXT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gordon and his CRG unit push Savoy on a gurney toward the elevator.

They pass under a glowing wall plaque: "MERCY SUITE."

Gordon rips it off and slides it under the blanket with his mother.

They reach the elevator. Ding. Doors part-

Exiting the elevator are Isaac Lowell's security team. They hurry their way towards Gordon.

He pulls the white sheet over his mother's face.

GORDON

Hold on.

CRG members prep for an assault. Security members approach.

SECURITY TEAM MEMBER

Where's that body going?

GORDON

Transferring from euthanasia.
Admin. Securing TOD for the death
certificate.

SECURITY TEAM MEMBER

Use bank two. The patients have
taken over the first floor.

GORDON

Copy.

The teams pass each other. Tension eases. Gordon leans in to
his squad, urgent but low.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Get the truck. Bring it around. The
Machine's close. Set the Gatling -
full loads.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Ding. Bank Two elevators open.

Gordon and his CRG team face Isaac Lowell's security - four
men with riot batons, bruised and on edge.

GORDON

We'll wait for the next one.

SECURITY TEAM MEMBER

There's room. Get in.

Gordon nods, cautious. He wheels the gurney inside. The CRG
follow.

Doors close. Now: enemies shoulder to shoulder.

GORDON

Busy night?

SECURITY TEAM MEMBER

Patients broke loose. Maybe raped a
nurse. North wing is on fire. If I
were you, I'd clear the grounds.

INT. 1ST FLOOR - ADMITTING - NIGHT

Lowell security members go left.

Concussion blasts rock in the distance. Boom... Boom...

Gordon pushes the gurney out of the elevator and to the right - through the glass doors to the awaiting ambulance.

EXT. ADMITTING - NIGHT

Gordon arrives at the ambulance - CRG militia assist in loading up and securing Savoy's stretcher inside the ambulance.

An EMT (40's) circles the ambulance and approaches.

GORDON
She's been on no food or liquids.

EMT
She'll need an I.V. And, a steady
ride back.

GORDON
I'm working on it.

EXT. ISAAC LOWELL ACCESS GATE - NIGHT

The garbage truck - now fortified and barreling forward - SLAMS through the receiving guard gate.

CRASH!! Metal and glass explode as the truck tears past.

Two CRG ambulances follow in formation, engines howling in the early dark.

EXT. TWO LANE ROAD - MORNING - DAY

Dawn breaks over the distant hills.

The battered garbage truck leads the makeshift convoy, backlit in morning mist, roaring toward the horizon.

INT. RESIDENCE SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Audrey zooms in - we see on her security monitors the escaping vehicles.

AUDREY AJAY
Send everything we've got. But I
want the boy alive!

EXT. TOP OF GARBAGE TRUCK - DAY

CRG SNIPER #1 lies prone atop the cab, scanning the horizon - his rifle locked forward, eyes sharp behind the scope.

INT. AMBULANCE ONE - DAY

Savoy, strapped in securely. An EMT works fast, sliding in the I.V. line. Fluids begin to drip.

EXT. TWO LANE ROAD - DAY

A SQUADRON of TEN MACHINE ASSAULT STRIKE VEHICLES barrels down the highway - black, armored, teeth-bared.

EXT. GARBAGE TRUCK - DAY

On the move, Gordon climbs up the side ladder, hands gripped, foot nearly slipping off the rung. Concrete rushes by.

He finds a grip and lies down between the two rocket launchers.

GORDON

How many?

CRG ROCKET LAUNCHER

10 ground units. Heavy drone
escort.

Gordon lifts out a black, matte canister with glowing VIOLET RINGS from his shoulder bag.

EXT. GARBAGE TRUCK - DAY

The drone swarm begins to descend - hundreds of predator machines screaming in V-formation.

Gordon climbs up to his knees and yanks the canister valve.

A VIOLET MIST bursts out - luminous, wide, unnatural. It spills upward fast - blooming like an alien ink cloud.

INT. RESIDENCE SECURITY ROOM - DAY

By way of the lead Strike Vehicle, Gordon's convoy comes in to view.

AUDREY AJAY

There they are. And where do they
think they can go?

EXT. MACHINE SUV #1 - DAY

Incoming sniper rounds hit windshields and protruding vehicle mirrors. Pop, pop, pop! It's getting live!

INT. AMBULANCE #1 - DAY

Gordon drops himself through the passenger window and makes his way through the small hatch door separating EMT's from patients.

INT. PATIENT CARRIAGE - DAY

Gordon sits on the bench next to an oxygen cylinder, leans into his mother whose face is covered with an O2 mask.

GORDON
We're going home, ma.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Strike Team vehicles close in and bear down.

We see images of the garbage truck, snipers, the two ambulances.

Suddenly, from the doors of the second ambulance, Gordon flies out on his motorcycle.

He fires a side rocket directly into the lead Machine vehicle, exploding, driving the SUV off the road.

EXT. TWO MILE CHECKPOINT - DAY

A CRG AMBUSH TEAM prepare for a lying-in-wait, surprise attack.

Men and Women load up with machine gun nests, various road and attack positions, antiarmor mortars, Centex.

CRG AMBUSH LEADER
Incoming, two minutes. Two friendly leads, and our truck... everything else, with prejudice.

EXT. TWO LANE ROAD - DAY

The two ambulances pull into the left lane at high speeds and pass the garbage truck now taking lead positions.

EXT. TWO MILE CHECKPOINT - DAY

Closing, closing, closing, the ambulances race through the checkpoint. Wooosh # 1!! Wooosh # 2!!

The garbage truck slows, spilling in its wake a spread of oil on the road behind it - parks lengthwise creating an ambush wall

Machine vehicles race at top speeds towards to unsuspected ambush.

Seeing the barricade, the lead strike vehicle hits his breaks but only to slide sideways out of control.

Multiple machine gun nests unmercifully unload.

CRG troops step out from the forest with flame throwers spitting out 40 foot bursts of red hot torch!!

The slick two-lane road ignites a hell on earth engulfing Strike Team members and their attack vehicles.

They burn.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Gordon weaves between tall trees, throttle wide, wind screaming past.

INT. RESIDENCE SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Audrey stares at her wall of surveillance monitors - the last feed dies, screen after screen going black.

She exhales. Tight. Cold.

Pulls the robe belt tighter. Then sits.

Krebs and Thant stand nearby, silent. The air thickens.

KREBS

Apparently, the boy has friends.

Audrey turns to Thant.

THANT

You got what you asked for, Audrey.

AUDREY AJAY

And, what's that?

THANT

(cutting)

The boy's a live.

She lets that hang - then stands.

AUDREY AJAY
Deploy the Hunter-Class.

THANT
Why the hardware?

AUDREY
Because muscle speaks louder than
whispers. And, when we run out of
those, we send the thunder.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Gordon approaches on his motorcycle. He takes off his helmet,
puts his backpack over his shoulder.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Gordon steps inside. Dr. Hun, Charlie, and Fritz are waiting.
Concerned.

GORDON
Where is she?

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Savoy lies motionless on the bed.

A CRG EMT monitors her vitals - her face gaunt, breathing
shallow.

Gordon enters with Charlie close behind.

GORDON
How is she?

CRG EMT
They were going to let her slowly,
starve to death.

Gordon takes a seat bedside.

GORDON
I'll sit with her.

Charlie and the EMT quietly step out, leaving him with her
alone.

Gordon gets off his chair. He reaches for his backpack
pulling out the "Mercy Suite" plague from Isaak Lowell.

He places it on the bureau.

He lies back on the bed next to his mother. He reaches for her hand.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Now we're in the "Mercy Suite".

INT. SAFE HOUSE KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING - DAY

A makeshift family of Dr. Hun, Fritz and Charlie work together in prepping a meal.

CHARLIE
This was the most popular at Miss
Olie's T'Chaka. When I used to have
a restaurant...

Our heroes share a bit of unexpected safety and camaraderie between them knowing the challenges to come.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
A little ground corn, or creole,
some warm joumou, soup, diri kole
ak pwa - red beans. My friend,
Joubert taught me this one!

FRITZ SCHRODINGER
Brotchen, maybe some gouda?

Gordon enters. Cleaned up, shaven, relieved, rested. The room grows quiet.

CHARLIE
How is she?

GORDON
Sleeping. She needs to be brought
back slowly. They were starving her
but she's breathing.

Hun gestures for both to sit at the large wooden kitchen table.

They sit. Dr. Hun hands Gordon a file folder.

DR. HUN
We located Blythe.

GORDON
She alive?

DR. HUN
You might say that.

Gordon flips through the folder. We see a number photos of Blythe as a prostitute, tight skirt, wig, on a dance pole.

GORDON
She's a dancer?

DR. HUN
Worse.

Other photos - mugshots. One man stands out: Black. Broad. Cold eyes. Power in his frame, death behind a cracked smile.

GORDON
Who's this?

DR. HUN
Akag Bosco Ntagnanda. Goes by Bass Reeves. Self-styled outlaw - war crimes in the Congolese. Fronts as a strip club owner. Trafficking, possible agent of the Machine.

GORDON
Blythe's being trafficked?

Charlie puts down some plates on the table. Fritz sits across from Gordon.

FRITZ SCHRODINGER
In the springtime when the snows would melt, we would have breakfast outside. German tradition.

Fritz digs into the creole.

GORDON
At least she's alive and we know where she is.

DR. HUN
We could support through the CRG but with Mr. Reeves, the Machine is not far away. We couldn't risk that now.

Gordon hands the photos of Blythe to Charlie. He looks up to Dr. Hun. Then...

GORDON
What's the name of the club?

DR. HUN
Soapland.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER - DAY

Charlie stands at the sink.

Eyes distant - calculating, hollow. In her hand, her father's medicine bottle - afraid to keep it, afraid to let it go.

Takes a breath. Unscrews it.

Inside, we see a half-burned photo - young Charlie sits on the knee of her father, a folded slip of yellow paper, and a military tag.

Charles Bellows wears military fatigues. His face is blurred by photo damage.

She turns his dog tag.

CHARLES WELAM BELLOWES - PROPERTY OF D.O.M.E. (Division of Operational Mind Enhancement - THE MACHINE).

CHARLIE

(gasps)

No.

Her long held fears, confirmed.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, God.

She opens the folded paper. Her hands shake from betrayal as she flattens it on the sink.

Scrawled in sharp black ink - half of the longitude equation to the Palimpsest.

$f(x) = kx^2 - c$, (solve where $f(\infty) = 1/2$ of coordinates).

She stares at it, holds the coordinates in her hands.

EXT. SOAPLAND CLUB - LATER - NIGHT

A sleaze-pink neon sign buzzes: SOAPLAND - smut, sweat, and flesh.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Gordon and Charlie sit parked in the lot, the club glows like a wound.

Charlie nervously futzes with the car radio. This station, that station. Gordon reaches and turns it off.

CHARLIE

I do that when I'm nervous. Sorry.

Gordon scans the photos of Bass Reeves (Bosco Ntaganda) and Blythe - platinum wigs, tight clothes, spandex.

Charlie, dressed for the job - fishnets, tight dress, heavy makeup - fidgets, not with modesty, but with mission nerves.

Gordon reaches for a hat, adjusts a low-brimmed cap to shadow his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey?

GORDON

Yeah?

Charlie reaches in between her breasts and pulls out the second pill bottle. Weighs it in her hand - moment of truth.

CHARLIE

Here it is. The other half. I opened it.

Gordon, quiet.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Charles' dog tags, the equation you're looking for. And, there's something else.

GORDON

What is it?

CHARLIE

Back of his tags read, "D.O.M.E." The Machine's mind enhancement program. He was close to it. Either just recruited, or worse, fully involved. Here.

She hands the medicine bottle to Gordon.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

That's it. That's what I know. My big mystery. My cards all out there.

GORDON

Why now?

Charlie looks at Gordon in a different way.

CHARLIE

I didn't want you to have to ask
for it. I wanted you to know that,
I'm on your side. Completely.

Gordon pauses, takes the bottle. He puts it in the glove box
and locks it.

GORDON

Appreciate that.

Charlie senses real trouble.

CHARLIE

Trouble's coming isn't it?

She looks over to the Soapland entrance. Neon flashes,
peddlers of flesh come and go.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

.., fuck.

INT. MACHINE ARSENAL VAULT - NIGHT

Rows of sealed titanium pods line the chamber like tombs. One
pod hisses - unlocks. Steam spills out.

Inside: a MACHINE HUNTER POD, unnaturally still, wired into
its spine. Eyes closed. Armor grown, not worn.

HUNTER CLASS. EYES OPEN!! THE MACHINE AWAKENS.

INT. SOAPLAND CLUB - NIGHT

Gordon and Charlie push through the velvet darkness of
Soapland.

It's raw inside - naked dancers, neon, sweat, flesh sold by
the pound.

Contraband moves hand to hand like popcorn. VIP sections
pulse behind thick velvet ropes.

Gordon and Charlie approach the bar. Gordon sits.

CHARLIE

I'll look around.

She disappears into the chaos - women on poles, lap dances,
syrupy trap music.

Eyes scanning. She slows.

A private party. Cordoned OFF behind velvet ropes.

BASS REEVES (40s) holds court – part kingpin, part nightmare. Magnum vodka within reach to his right.

Women drape over him like fish on a butcher's block – enticing, doomed.

Beside him – through haze, strobes, platinum hair – a younger woman.

BLYTHE MARLOW (28). Glassy eyed. Moving slow. Present, but very far away.

Charlie double-checks the photo.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Shit. Blythe.

She quickly pivots, gets back to the bar.

BAR AREA – MORE

Gordon now surrounded by dancers. Charlie steps in.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You mind? He's mine. Out! Go on!

The women scatter.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You're not gonna like it.

Gordon gets up.

On the move... Charlie leads him across the crowded floor. Gordon follows ensuring his line of sight.

At the velvet rope: BIG MEAT (40s). Neck like a stump, arms like bridge cables.

Charlie stops and gestures with a nod. Gordon carefully glimpses.

He sees Blythe. She sits beside Reeves, distracted, pale, provocative.

Reeves fondles, gropes and otherwise insists himself up into Blythe's space.

GORDON
(guttured)
That's my sister.

Gordon and Charlie, turn their backs away, regroup.

CHARLIE
That bouncer will kill you. What do
you want to do?

GORDON
We have to find another way into
it.

CHARLIE
(beat)
But he won't kill me.

INT. VIP AREA - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

With moist lips, Charlie approaches Big Meat at the rope
line. She turns on the charm, moves closer.

CHARLIE
Your boss over there. The platinum
blonde next to him?

Big Meat turns.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
She available?

BIG MEAT
Who's asking?

CHARLIE
My client. A little one on one. All
cash, no questions.

Charlie digs out a wad and tucks a healthy amount into the
coat of Big Meat.

BIG MEAT
Wait here.

Big Meat turns and lumbers over to Bass Reeves. Blythe to his
right - porcelain doll in a blast zone.

He leans into Bass, shows him the money.

Bass snaps his fingers. Blythe stands on command. She rises.
Robotic.

BASS REEVES
Follow Big Meat, Zoe. Time to work.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Big Meat leads Blythe down a narrow corridor. Doors open and
close - moans, bodies, sweat-slick walls.

Gordon and Charlie follow at a distance.

They arrive at Closet 12. Big Meat unlocks it. Blythe steps in - routine.

BIG MEAT
If you want to join in, it's more.

CHARLIE
No. Just the two. I'm a concierge
like you. (smiles) I'll wait.

Big Meat turns away. Gordon and Charlie stand beside the entrance.

GORDON
Get the car. Pull it up front. It's
about to go sideways.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Two HUNTER CLASS MACHINE PODS (HUMANOID) drive into the parking lot.

They park.

Pod Hunter # 1 stares forward behind the wheel, while Pod Hunter # 2 scans - thermal, movement, faces.

Charlie crosses in front of them to her car. Pods vacantly scan up and down - quietly menacing.

CHARLIE
What the fuck you looking at?

If she only knew?

INT. SEX CLOSET - NIGHT

Gordon enters. A small, tight swirl of lights bathes the room. The twins resemblance, obvious.

The faces of brother and sister come in and out through the spinning lights. Likeness, blurred.

Blythe, on drugs and high is oblivious to that of her own brother. She begins to dance.

Dirty walls covered in faded mathematical equations come into view - like in Gordon's apartment.

She turns her back and begins to seductively move for her client. Gordon, stunned at Blythe's calculations.

" $f(z) = (cz + d)/(az + b)$ " " $\nabla \cdot E = \rho/\epsilon_0$ " " $f(x) = kx^2 - c$ "

The last line – the same incomplete formula he found on the yellow paper inside their father's pill bottle.

GORDON
(whispers)
The Palimpsest equation...

INT. SOAPLAND CLUB - NIGHT

The club pulses, bass-heavy, bodies close, light soaked in sweat and sex. The front doors open.

The Two Hunter Pods step inside. Not flashy. Not loud. Just... present. No badges. No logos. No questions.

POD Hunter # 1 lingers near the entrance, almost casual – but its head pans slow and deliberate, absorbing the space.

POD Hunter # 2 drifts deeper into the club – not walking so much as gliding past dancers and open drug dealers.

INT. SEX CLOSET - NIGHT

Blythe turns away from Gordon and begins undressing.

BLYTHE
I haven't seen you in here before.

Blythe's dancing, both erotic and discouraging.

GORDON
First time.

She comes closer, spins and straddles Gordon's lap, grinds, runs her fingers through Gordon's hair.

BLYTHE
You smell nice. Most guys smell like smoke. Yeah, you like that?

Blythe scratches Gordon's back, begins unbuttoning Gordon's shirt.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)
You're tight. Relax. I'm not going to bite.

INT. SOAPLAND CLUB - VIP PERIMETER - NIGHT

Velvet ropes. Bottles on ice.

BASS REEVES (aka BOSCO NTAGNANDA) holds court – shirt open, diamonds flashing, laughter, lingerie.

A show of strip club majesty.

Just outside the rope line, POD Hunter # 2 drifts to a halt. He locks on to Bass.

Expressionless. Silent. Its faceplate pulses – a soft click-hum barely audible.

BOSCO NTAGNANDA KNOWN AFFILIATIONS: Tri-House Cartel, D.O.M.E. (defunct), Blackline 5 – **OBSERVE / DO NOT ENGAGE.**

INT. SEX CLOSET – NIGHT

Blythe unbuttons Gordon's shirt. Spinning lights bathe and spin over brother and sister.

But something's off, somehow weirdly familiar to Blythe. She stops.

Gordon continues to slowly unbutton his own shirt. We see his chest is covered in small font, mathematical tattoos.

BLYTHE
Where'd you get those?

The hazed-out twin begins to sense something too well-known, something long-familiar of another world, another time.

GORDON
(quietly)
Do you remember?

Blythe's memory churns in bits and pieces, fragments and shards.

She runs her fingers over the Gordon's math proofs covering his chest.

BLYTHE
What's your name?

GORDON
My friends call me, Feon.

Gordon begins to unbutton his sister's top. Carefully, seductively, he pushes off the shoulders he top.

We see corresponding tattooed mathematical formulas covering Blythe from her neckline downward.

BLYTHE

Feon?

Gordon zeroes in.

GORDON

But my family calls me, Gordon.

Gordon leans into his sister's ear and whispers...

GORDON (CONT'D)

Remember, Blythe. "What's on the
one side of an equal sign?"

Blythe pulls back from Gordon - a phrase from the math games
between brother and sister from a long, happy time ago.

She stares at Gordon deeply, searchingly, the echo of herself
now becomes faintly visible.

BLYTHE

"Same value... to what's on the
other side."

Blythe holds her brother's face in her hands and stares at
him, penetrating.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

Gordon?

GORDON

It's me.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Charlie nervously taps her fingers on the wheel.

INT. SOAPLAND CLUB - NIGHT

Pod Hunter # 1 sits below a sprawling dancer. Scans the
ringside men who throw their money.

Target Profile: **GORDON MARLOW**; Current threat classification:
ACTIVE / FUGITIVE - PRIORITY SEARCH - NEGATIVE.

INT. SEX CLOSET - NIGHT

Dressed as Gordon, Blythe begins walking down the narrow
corridor, past Big Meat and through the bar with Gordon's hat
covering her eyes and head.

Pod Hunter # 2 picks up her heat signature - scans.

Analyzing nose-to-cheek ratio, shoulder-to-waist arc. Close to Gordon's likeness, but...

Scan reads; **UNCERTAIN RETURN - BIO-SIGNATURE MASKED. NO ACTION TAKEN.**

The don't pick her up. Blythe walks cleanly out through the front door.

Midnight Express - Blythe is free.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Charlie gets out of the vehicle and rushes over to Blythe.

CHARLIE

Hi. I'm Charlie. This way.

Both move quickly to the car.

Charlie opens up the door. Blythe gets inside the backseat. Charlie circles around the truck.

She opens it - wees an arsenal of weapons, a flare gun and shells.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

There you are!

She takes it.

Charlie gets behind the steering wheel, tucks the flare gun under the passenger's seat.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I've heard a lot about you. Hold on.

INT. SOAPLAND - NIGHT

Wearing Blythe's clothes and platinum wig, Gordon begins his escape.

He gets closer to Big Meat working hard to be invisible but that's impossible.

Big Meat sees Gordon's figure and opens up the VIP rope thinking it's Blythe. Gordon keeps his head down.

BIG MEAT

Bass is waiting.

Gordon stops, unsure. He then enters the VIP area and sits down next to the distracted Bass Reeves.

Gordon lounges in a curved velvet booth, platinum wig slicked into place, lips stained cherry.

Pod Hunter # 2 stops at the rope line - scan's the VIP party - Gordon specifically as Blythe.

Gordon sees he's being targeted by the Pod. He crosses his legs seductively, flirts wig bangs over his eyes.

Pod Hunter # 2 SCAN MODE.

A red lattice grid crosses Gordon's face. Angle, symmetry, heat, breath rate - all tracked.

JAW STRUCTURE - 72% MATCH, OCULAR SPACING 81%

The system hesitates. Analysis reads **FALSE POSITIVE**. Identity confirmed, **BLYTHER MARLOW (LOW CONFIDENCE) - NO ACTION TAKEN**.

A near miss in a sea of noise.

Without looking Bass places his hand on Gordon's leg - begins working his fingers up Gordon's thigh landing on Gordon's package.

Bass turns to the man in the platinum wig.

GORDON
A little change in plans, Bass.

In a flash, Gordon grabs Bass's wrist and spins his large body to the ground.

BASS REEVES
Arrgg...

Gordon reaches for the Magnum Vodka bottle out of the ice bucket and smashes it down over the head of the man.

CRASH!!

Big Meat lunges in. Gordon grabs the velour rope and tangles up the big man's steps. He goes down.

BIG MEAT
I'll fucking kill you!!

Gordon rakes his fingernails across Big Meat's face. A melee begins.

The Pods step back, do not engage but visually recon the room and people - **AUDIO, VISUAL, HEAT, FACIAL INDEXING**.

Big Meat stands, recoils and falls backwards onto a nearby table. Shattered glass flies!!

Laser strobes cut through the smoke. The two Pods step through the chaos, scanning.

POD VISION - THERMAL + FACIAL OVERLAY

A sea of heat signatures. Then - a positive lock on Gordon.

Gordon leaps out of the VIP area and makes for the front doors.

BASS REEVES
Get him!!!

POD HUNTER # 1
Get him!!

*

EXT. SOAPLAND ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Gordon bursts from the doors. The car waits.

Blythe sits in the backseat. Charlie gets out of the car and tosses Gordon the keys, takes the front passenger's seat.

Gordon gets in the front seat behind the wheel ripping off his platinum wig!

GORDON
We got Bass and Hunter Pods behind
us. Get Dr. Hun. We're going to
need him.

INT. - EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Gordon reverses the car and slides sideways now heading for the parking lot exit.

GORDON (V.O.)
Tighten up your belts.

EXT. MAIN DRAG - NIGHT

Gordon accelerates into traffic and is soon followed by Soapland vehicles and the men of Bass Reeves.

Behind Reeves, Machine Hunter Pods.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Charlie holds out the phone on speaker.

CHARLIE
Here! He's on.

INT. (INTERCUT) - SAFEHOUSE - DR. HUN'S LAB - NIGHT

Banks of monitors. Satellite feeds. Hun leans in.

DR. HUN
Sounds like you made progress.

GORDON
We have Blythe. Warlord's on us.
And, Hunter Pods - active. We need
a way out.

DR. HUN (V.O.)
Locking in.

EXT. MAIN DRAG - NIGHT

Gordon speeds down the thoroughfare.

1/2 a dozen Soapland vehicles snake their way at high speeds
through the maze of traffic bearing down on Gordon.

Gordon makes a right onramp turn on and pulls out ahead of
his pursuers.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Gordon accelerates to 100 mph. Charlie holds out the phone.

GORDON
We're on the west side, heading
East on the 114.

DR. HUN (V.O.)
Follow the coordinates precisely on
your device. We're setting up some
interference. You'll lead them
through it.

In Gordon's rearview mirror, Soapland vehicles gain ground -
shots fired. Pow! Pow!

GORDON
Shit!! You better get to it quick!!

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The pursuit is now in full play. Reeve's men are gaining,
swerving, bumping nondescript cars out of their own way.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Charlie reads the coordinates.

CHARLIE

Can you get across the expressway?

GORDON

Is that what it reads? He wants me
to cross it? Hold on!

INT. / EXT. EXPRESSWAY - CAR - CHASE - NIGHT

Gordon takes us down the gliding hill embankment. Soapland
and Hunter Pods mercilessly follow.

Dirt and infield grass fly!

More shots are fired from Soapland spraying the back of
Gordon's car.

Inside, rear window glass shatters.

GORDON

Blythe, get your head down.

BLYTHE

Bass won't stop until he gets
what's his.

Charlie retrieves the flare gun from beneath her seat.

CHARLIE

Let him eat one of these!

Charlie locks in a flare shell, extends out the window and
fires a flare shot across the embankment.

It sails downward skipping off the grass and exploding in
front of Bass.

Gordon accelerates and glides upwards towards oncoming
traffic from the north. The freeway lip sends him skyward.

GORDON

Hold on.

Just missing a head-on collision, Gordon flies over oncoming
traffic. Crash! They continue on.

Two soapland pursuers aren't so lucky. WHAM! WHAM! Explosions
fill the expressway.

Gordon glides into oncoming traffic and uses the sidelines
threading his way through the traffic and away from his
pursuers.

Cars nearly miss, fly directly into the path of the Soaplanders.

Aggressors engage on a parallel path alongside of Gordon but in the middle of the causeway.

CHARLIE
Left. More Soaps!

INT. POD VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Hunter Pods # 1 drives, Hunter Pod # 2 keeps eye sensors on the screen.

The interior is silent but alive with synthetic data streams. Hunter Pod # 1 tilts its head, tracking velocity and ID mismatches.

HUNTER POD # 2
Directive updated. Terminate
Marlow.

Pod # 2 scans the vehicles chasing Gordon.

A screen highlights Soapland vehicles as "**INTERFERING VARIABLES.**"

HUNTER POD # 2 (CONT'D)
Collateral acceptable.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Gordon, one eye on the road, one eye on Hun's map.

EXT. / INT. STREET - CAR - FULL SCENE - NIGHT

Reeves men gain ground. Gordon's side mirrors are filled with both Soaplanders and Machine vehicles.

Blythe throws up on the floor between her legs.

CHARLIE
She's getting sick.

Charlie undoes her belt and climbs over the front seat and gets to the back next to Blythe - wipes Blythe's mouth, rolls down the window.

Gordon tosses the communicator back to Charlie.

GORDON
Here! I can't drive and look at it
at the same time! Where?

CHARLIE
Quarter mile. 27th St. Right.

Soapland chasers gain ground and saddle up on either side of Gordon at 110 plus. Shots fired.

Live rounds are spent careening across Gordon's hood and roof.

Without warning, one POD VEHICLE jerks left, smashes into a Soapland car - metal crunches, it flips.

Another Pod swerves, skimming past traffic, firing precision shock rounds that disable a second Soapland tail.

The Pods aren't helping Gordon, they're clearing the gameboard.

INT. GORDON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Charlie looks back, stunned.

CHARLIE
The Pods just took out the Soaps!
They helping us?

Pods bear down on Gordon and company.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
No!!!!

Gordon turns right into a neighborhood of homes and races down the street at full speed.

Cars race, Gordon and the Pods!

INT. POD VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Target acquisition:

New overlays appear: **"VELOCITY MATCHED. KILL WINDOW: 3 SECONDS."**

HUNTER POD # 2
3, 2...

Waiting for him we see a familiar garbage truck.

Gordon speeds past, the truck pulls itself center-street to cut off Gordon's pursuers.

Hunter Pods barrel down.

HUNTER POD # 2 (CONT'D)

1...

The truck's back doors fly open and we see a 50 caliber machine gun waiting for Gordon's pursuers.

The CRG nest opens fire on the Hunter Pods!!

An overwhelming floor of solid white hot, night-fire lights up the neighborhood.

Pod vehicles, explode, are cut in half and spill onto the front yards of the neighborhood houses.

INT. CAR - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Gordon and our heroes slow their car and pull over - catch their breath. Gordon looks to the back seat to Blythe.

GORDON

We're going home.

BLYTHE

Okay. But next time let's take the bus.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE BALCONY - DAYS LATER - MORNING - DAY

Peace - the kind that only comes after the storm of chaos passes.

Gordon leans on the balcony railing, eyes scanning the morning sun and wide valley below.

The sun creeps in. A quiet world. But one thing still lingers - one more thing, unfinished.

The sliding glass door opens.

Blythe, clean, clear-eyed, stronger now, steps out and joins him.

She leans in next to her brother. The twins exchange a glance - one full of history, one full of paradox.

BLYTHE

Morning.

GORDON

Morning.

BLYTHE

I thought Bass would always own me.
I thought we were all forgotten.

GORDON

That's behind us now. We have work to do. I'm counting on you.

BLYTHE

And, what's that?

GORDON

We're picking up where dad left off.

Savoy, now on her feet and out of her institutional gown is helped to the outside by Charlie.

CHARLIE

Heeey... Look who's up? Good morning everybody.

ALL

Morning...

The view - unlimited.

Our heroes lean against the rail. The family shares a quiet acknowledgment between themselves.

SAVOY

Air's fresh today, isn't it?

Savoy leans in between her kids and hold each of their hands on either side.

SAVOY (CONT'D)

We're together again, aren't we?

GORDON

We are.

A fragile truth.

They're side by side, but not out of the woods. Not yet.

Fritz Schrodinger and Dr. Hun are the last to push through the sliding glass door and out to the balcony - it's been an odd, strange, violent trip but for now, out of danger.

DR. HUN

Morning.

FRITZ SCHRODINGER

Guten Morgen.

All of our heroes take in the view, take a breath, where they've been, where they're going, what might lie ahead.

DR. HUN
 (smiles)
 The Marlow's are together but the
 war is globalizing. The Machine
 won't be far behind. It's time.

Flashbulbs; SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

INT. GARAGE WEAPONS ROOM - DAY

Savoy sits before a camera, passport photos, flash, flash!
 Blythe, flash, flash!

Charlie, flash! Gordon, flash, flash.

A CRG SPECIALIST (50) prepares his medical instruments to
 remove state Machine algorithm stamps.

Savoy approaches his table.

SAVOY
 (quietly)
 Get her mark off me.

INT. SAFEHOUSE ROOM - DAY

Professor Schrodinger puts a travel bag together.

INT. KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

The room is quiet. A single overhead bulb casts long shadows
 across Gordon's face and the weathered wooden table.

He unscrews both medicine bottles, unfurls the coiled up
 equations from both and lays them together out before him.

A note from father, Severin reads; "Where Heaven Meets Man
 And Where Man Meet Heaven".

Gordon begins combining the two proofs.

GORDON
 "Where science greets faith."

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

With eyes closed, warm water rushes over Gordon's head and
 eyes.

Charlie moves close in from behind - quiet, deliberate. She
 presses close, her touch hesitant at first, then sure.

Gordon slowly turns revealing a body covered in a living manuscript, small font mathematical calculations from his neck to the top of his feet.

GORDON
My father's inheritance.

Charlie looks up at him. Then, without a word, leans in and kisses him - warm water rushes over their bodies.

Gordon pulls back.

GORDON (CONT'D)
(beat)
Not yet, Charlie. I have one more thing to do.

INT. UNITED NATIONS SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Audrey opens up an 8 x 11 envelope. Inside, photos of the denied permits from Severin Marlow.

She stares at them - unsettled. She picks up the phone.

AUDREY AJAY (PHONE)
We have a problem from the inside.
Someone is sending us a message.

INT. SAFEHOUSE STAGING ROOM - NIGHT

Savoy, Blythe, Charlie, Fritz and Dr. Hun stand before a table loaded with money in small denominations, passports, identifications for each.

DR. HUN
We'll be traveling separately. More safe houses, met by travel guides as we go. For security measures, you'll only know the next step once you're there.

Dr. Hun, in confidence hands Gordon a file - a file on Audrey Ajay.

DR. HUN (CONT'D)
What you've asked for.

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON- NIGHT

Gordon, alone sits on the edge of the bed.

He opens up a folder which contains a dossier on Audrey Ajay, news articles, photos, documents of her U.N. ascent, photos of his own father - the trial, the execution.

Lastly, a handwritten note - Audrey's address.

A soft KNOCK. The door creaks open. SAVOY steps in, no gown, no weakness, just a quiet, weathered strength.

SAVOY
Charlie said you were "deep in thought" studying something.

GORDON
Ah, yeah.

Savoy moves closer. She takes a seat beside him. She studies the papers spread out like a crime scene.

SAVOY
She's the one, isn't she? Audrey Ajay. The one you've been protecting us from.

Gordon closes up the file.

GORDON
She sat on the council that executed dad. Put her name to it.

Savoy, silence. Then - her voice, calm, deliberate.

SAVOY
Revenge always feels personal. Until you pull the trigger. Then, the weight of it always lands on the shooter - and there's no getting out from under it.

Savoy places a hand over one of the photos, covering Audrey's face.

GORDON
She's putting nations to death.

SAVOY
I've lived longer with this kind of hate, more than you could ever know. It slowly rots you. Eats at all the good parts first.

Her hand lingers. Her voice softens but weighted with something unspoken.

SAVOY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Killing someone - doesn't just end them.

(MORE)

SAVOY (CONT'D)

It ends you in ways you can't
anticipate until it's too late.
You're too young for that.

Gordon - conflicted.

GORDON

So, she just lives? Goes on as she
has?

Savoy leans closer, eyes locked, something darker beneath
them.

SAVOY

I'm saying, some burdens a son
should never carry.

Gordon studies her, trying to read the layers in her words,
but Savoy doesn't give herself away.

She reaches, brushes his hair back like when he was a boy.

SAVOY (WHISPER) (CONT'D)

Let me worry about the monsters.
You hold onto the man your father
raised.

INT. MANSION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gerd Lario moves down the hallway, footsteps echoing softly.
A shadow detaches from the darkness - silenced pistol raised.

GERD LARIO

What do you want?

PHFT!

A single, clean shot. Gerd's body slumps, lifeless.

The shooter quickly unscrews the silencer, tosses it aside,
and melts back into the shadows.

INT. BEDROOM - U.N. MEMBER NGUZI GRANDI - NIGHT

Grandi thrashes violently as three figures tighten a rope
around his neck, hauling him upright.

The chair wobbles, then tips - he swings, gasping, trapped,
eyes wide with panic - breath leaving his body.

INT. UNITED NATIONS TOWN CAR - NIGHT

U.N. Security Council Member Javier Celest sits behind the
wheel of his vehicle.

A second car pulls up. Automatic gunfire tears through the driver's side. Celeste slumps forward - horn blares.

INT. LIBRARY OF THE REBELLION - NIGHT

Dim lamplight throws long shadows across walls lined with preserved secret archives.

CHARLIE

Shhh...

Charlie and Fritz lug large suitcases inside, their breath quick, their urgency sharp.

They set the cases on a table, and move towards section "M".

FRITZ SCHRODINGER

Here, Severin Marlow. We get everything for Gordon and Blythe. And, Maryam, Perelman, Turing. We'll start here.

Charlie opens up a small suitcase.

CHARLIE

Lets get'em loaded up!

FRITZ SCHRODINGER

Ya, ya!!

INT. DARK ROOM - 3 A.M. - DAYS LATER - NIGHT

A lavish bedroom, drenched in shadows. Heavy drapes suffocate the moonlight.

On a lacquered stool, a CELLIST plays Sardou's La Tosca naked, bowing furiously, eyes darting to the canopy bed where muffled sounds of sex echo beneath a Chestnut Valencia four-poster.

Click.

A remote sparks a glow - a neon screen flickers to life. Audrey Ajay's face appears on the feed, mid-speech from the U.N. dais.

AUDREY AJAY (ON SCREEN)

"...every citizen's contribution must be measurable..."

From inside the canopy, the view outward blurs - gauzy, dreamlike, like the barrio's rain-streaked night.

GORDON (O.S.)
Every deviation accounted for...

From the shadows, GORDON steps forward. The voyeur's bow stutters. He turns, startled.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Watching is fun, isn't it?

PHFT! The silenced 9mm cracks. The cellist collapses forward, the cello groaning beneath his lifeless weight.

The SECOND LOVER freezes in terror.

Gordon parts the canopy, exposing AUDREY and her companion tangled in blood-soaked Egyptian cotton.

GORDON (CONT'D)
The people are here to collect.

PHFT! A shot rips through the man's forehead. Blood spatters across Audrey's body like a violent brushstroke.

Audrey shrieks, shoving the corpse off her.

At the foot of the bed: Gordon Marlow.

Calm. Unshakable.

AUDREY AJAY
Who are you?

GORDON
The man you've been looking for,
Gordon Marlow. And you must be the
Secretary General Audrey Ajay.

Audrey clutches the covers, trembling.

AUDREY AJAY
What do you want?

GORDON
Just a little squaring of accounts.

AUDREY AJAY
What accounts?

GORDON
My father's. My sister's. My
mother's. You remember them don't
you?

AUDREY AJAY

Your father was a threat to the state. I couldn't stop it-

Gordon snaps the pistol level.

GORDON

Shut your fucking hole. You were the state. You rigged his trial. You stole his discoveries. You executed him by way of your tribunals. Then buried his research so you could bleed it for profit.

Audrey's voice cracks, desperate.

AUDREY AJAY

What do you want?

GORDON

I just wanted to see the face of the woman who tried to erase my family - up close.

Gordon tosses a thick pile of stamped, rejected documents onto the bed.

GORDON (CONT'D)

You lied then and you're lying now.

Gordon lifts up his weapon, levels it at Audrey's face. His finger slides into the trigger guard.

His revenge, a trigger pull away.

GORDON (CONT'D)

He wasn't afraid of you - or, people like you.

Audrey quickly reaches in her drawer for a weapon. Suddenly - BANG!

Not Gordon's silencer but from a heavier, deeper weapon - Savoy's 9mm Glock.

Audrey jerks back, a hole burns through her shoulder, crimson blood spreading across her silk slip.

She slumps against her pillows, gasping, still alive.

Gordon wheels around - weapon up, adrenaline sharp - only to see his own mother in the doorway, Glock steady.

Trygus Thant and Dr. Hun stand like shadows behind her.

Savoy enters, cold fire in her eyes. For the first time, the resemblance between her and Audrey is undeniable.

Twin sisters.

SAVOY
Tell him, Audrey. Tell him the
whole truth.

Audrey writhes against clutching her bleeding shoulder. She glares at Savoy, pain mixing with venom.

AUDREY
(staggered breath)
You always had a taste for the
dramatic.

Savoy moves closer, Glock never wavering.

SAVOY
And, you for betrayal, I should've
stopped you years ago. But I
thought maybe you'd burn yourself
out. I guess you've always been
hungrier than me.

AUDREY
(snapping)
This world needed me. You think
your precious family was so
special? They were numbers in an
equation. Nothing more.

SAVOY
Your "equation" killed my husband.
It nearly killed my children. And,
it looks like it's about to kill
you.

AUDREY
(coughs through blood)
Don't preach to me, sister. You
were always hiding behind your
causes. Behind your boy.

Savoy leans in, voice dropping to a lethal whisper.

SAVOY
Maybe sibling rivalry is just a
bitch.

Savoy fires point blank into Audrey's chest. She's driven into her covers - blood spatters across the room.

Dead bodies and wreckage.

The room falls silent.

SAVOY (CONT'D)
I didn't want that for you, Gordon.
I'll wear it now.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - WEEKS LATER - DAY

Rolling gentle hills bring us back to Gordon's old farm house. A black scar is left where it was once standing.

An old pickup truck rolls through open farmland.

GORDON (V.O.)
So, it was Trygus Thant who was
actually the proxy buyer for Miss
Ajay of the first Palimpsest. Dr.
Hun was Thant's brother.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Behind the wheel, Gordon. Beside him, Charlie, quiet, watching the world pass by.

CHARLIE
So... what's out here?

GORDON
Something I gotta' do.

Gordon arrives to the farmhouse where he left his faithful Sukie.

GORDON (CONT'D)
I owe an apology.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

On the porch, lying exactly where she was left - Sukie, Gordon's faithful dog.

Her ears twitch. Her head lifts, just slightly.

GORDON (CONT'D)
This isn't going to be easy.

Gordon crosses over to the porch. Sukie looks up.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

Gordon sits next to faithful friend but it's now Sukie who pays absolutely no attention.

GORDON
Oh, so that's how it's going to be,
huh?

Sukie shifts her body away, pointedly ignoring him.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Look. I'm sorry. There was some
stuff I had to. It got complicated.

Sukie's silence, louder than any bark could be.

GORDON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Sukie sits up and looks at Gordon. She can still go either way.

GORDON (CONT'D)
You going to forgive me?

WE HOLD:

INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - DAY

A massive hangar hums with energy - filled wall-to-wall with the top 1,000 scientific minds from around the globe.

GORDON (V.O.)
A great experimental, German
physicist once said.

Conversations buzz in a dozen languages. Whiteboards.
Equations. Laughter. Freedom.

GORDON (V.O.)
"Isn't it strange men make the
hardest discoveries which later
appear so easy and simple."

Charlie, Savoy, a clear-eyed Blythe, Dr. Hun, Fritz
Schrodinger and Sukie all enter the hangar from the rear.

ONSCREEN: COTE D'IVOIRE - VALLEE DU BANDAMA - 1 YEAR LATER

From the rear entrance, Charlie, Savoy, a clear-eyed Blythe,
Dr. Hun, Fritz Schrodinger, and even Sukie make their way
into the crowd.

GORDON (V.O.)
So, let's begin in good faith today
towards our free and common cause.

A ripple of recognition moves through the space.

GORDON (V.O.)
In a world where there is no carbon
tax on our thoughts.

Gordon is escorted from the rear to the front of the room.

GORDON (V.O.)
Where discoveries are shared
freely.

As he comes into view, clapping turns into applause, applause
turning into a standing ovation and great cheers!!!

GORDON (V.O.)
Where nations do not fear each
other...

Thunderous applause.

GORDON (V.O.)
Where progress is not hoarded.

Cheers. Whistles. The ovation keeps growing – a celebration
of hard-won freedom, of science unchained.

GORDON (V.O.)
And where friendship can be
grounded in revelation.

Gordon reaches the podium, overwhelmed but grounded.

He adjusts the mic, looks out at the brightest minds of his
time, and is overwhelmed.

GORDON
I see you've all received Dr. Hun's
invitation.

Laughter breaks the tension – warmth rolls across the crowd.

Gordon gestures for his sister. Savoy and Dr. Hun stand
nearby.

Blythe rises from her seat.

GORDON (CONT'D)
I'd like to please introduce,
literally my other half, my very
own twin sister, Blythe Marlow.

Blythe stands from her chair and approaches the podium. More
applause ushers her kindly to the microphone.

She walks slowly to the stage. The crowd erupts again – this ovation softer, but more intimate. A welcome. A reckoning.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Blythe will oversee the preliminary
work of String's initial steps.

Gordon steps aside.

GORDON (CONT'D)
All yours.

Once trafficked. Once silenced. Now, leading. Blythe is exhilarated. Savoy looks on to her two kids – as proud as it gets.

BLYTHE
Where do we begin?

Her voice clear, grounded.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)
We'll start by reformulating
Riemannian geometry in terms of
curvature...

EXT. ITALIAN HILLSIDE – MONTHS LATER – DAY

Gordon, Charlie and Sukie climb up a small crest of a gentle knoll. Sukie barks, chases thrown sticks and butterflies.

Italian skies stretch wide and brilliant over distant hills like a Raphael masterpiece.

SCREEN READS: QUIRINAL – SEVEN HILLS OF ROME

Nearing the top of Quirinal, rising in view, a breathtaking sight unfolds – the Vatican Basilica, rising up like a summer miracle from a distant skyline.

The trio stops, quietly awed. The weight of past struggles balanced by awe and hope.

GORDON
There it is.

A testament to centuries of faith, art, and human curiosity.

CHARLIE
It's beautiful.

Gordon pauses, taking in the view. Charlie slips her hand into his.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 "Where the heavens meet man".

GORDON
 And, "where man meets the heavens".

Gordon and Charlie exchange a look. Smiles break across both their faces.

CHARLIE
 Savoy's paradox. Kind of like us,
 equal halves.

GORDON
 Yeah.

The Vatican rises ahead, golden in the sun, its shadows and secrets stretching into eternity.

GORDON (V.O.)
 Let's find what the universe has
 left us.

They descend together, very small against the grandeur, yet part of the story the world has waited for.

The forgotten alcoves, the sacred mysteries of space and spirit.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
 I like the sounds of that.

GORDON (V.O.)
 Me, too.

We begin to fade...

THE END