

THE CHILDREN

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INT. SANDY ARGANTE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

An open window. Wind rustles shear curtains and the leaves of a banana tree. The khaki colored subtle creme tinted tones of 90's suburbia permeate the room.

SANDY, athletic, young, Big 10 post-graduate with everything going for her, moans, the bed creaks.

An empty wine bottle, a glass rocks back and forth on its side.

Sandy rolls, MARCUS all lean muscle and alpha male attitude, climbs on top of her, his breath ragged, he smiles, caresses her face.

MARCUS

I love you.

She smiles at him, pushes him back.

SANDY

I love you...

A massive shape slams into Marcus, he rips from the sheets, crashes into the wall.

Sandy scrambles backwards, hits the ground with the pop of shattered glass. She pushes backward, bloody palm prints in her wake.

THE DOCTOR stands in the door, exceptionally tall, he wears a long white lab coat, a mask covers his face, large spectacles frame his cold eyes.

THE DOCTOR

So perfect.

He sniffs the air, leers at Sandy as she covers herself.

Marcus grunts, shifts, attempts to stand.

The Doctor hisses, Marcus had been forgotten. His attention stays on Sandy's body.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

A moment.

The Doctor lifts his pistol without malice or haste. Crack, Marcus slams back into the wall. The Doctor looks at the pistol with a hint of surprise.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Simple, elegant, an infinitesimal
flicker of the nervous system, and
then he's gone.

He looks back at Sandy, steps closer.

She snatches the jagged wine glass and lurches at him.

Her momentum halts, her brow furrows.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Now, now, my love. Now, now.

In her belly a needle, The Doctor's thumb on the plunger.

She whimpers, the glass slips from her fingers to the floor.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE DOCTOR'S LAB - LATER

White light blinds us. The clank of metal on metal, a chain
rattles against stainless steel.

Sandy struggles in a hospital bed, handcuffed to the rails.
The black of her underwear offset by the stark white the
bandage around her midsection

The Doctor stands at the foot of the bed.

She focuses on him, his hand trails up her leg.

THE DOCTOR
Such strength.

He grabs the inside of her thigh.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
The perfect specimen.

He jams a needle into her leg.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Perfect.

SPLASH TEXT: 15 Years Later (Omit?)

INT. SANDY ARGANTE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Sandy, almost forty, still lithe and fit, rips into a bagel. Earbuds in she bobs her head as she reads the paper. Her hair and FBI PT shirt glisten with sweat.

SANDY

Hurry up.

HENRY JAMESON, mid-thirties, handsome in a classic G man suit steps into the room. He snags the bagel from her hand, kisses the side of her head. He flicks one of her earbuds out.

HENRY

Get cleaned up, just got the call.

He takes a bite of bagel.

She glares at him, takes the last bite of the bagel back. She strips off her shirt, tosses it at him.

SANDY

And?

He sniffs the shirt.

HENRY

Murder, pretty violent. Third one in 3 weeks...same MO. Locals decided the FBI should handle it.

He tosses the shirt over a chair.

HENRY (CONT'D)

My guess. They would rather we get the bad press.

He opens the door of a wine cabinet, kneels next to a safe.

HENRY (CONT'D)

We drew the short straw because Dawkins is handling that crypto-currency murder.

He types in the code, removes his service weapon and chambers a round.

SANDY

Dawkins...

He stands, holsters his sidearm.

Sandy pulls her sports bra over her head as she leaves the room.

SANDY (CONT'D)

You better go on ahead. We show up
in the same car and light bulbs
start going off.

He watches her leave the room.

HENRY

Wouldn't be so bad.

He grabs his keys.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

From above we look down on the crime scene. A WOMAN'S hand, red painted nails in sharp contrast to the white sheet from which it peaks.

A well appointed home, whites and greys spattered with dried blackish blood. Photos of a young woman, fit, pretty, a wedding gown, a graduation gown hooded for a PhD.

INVESTIGATORS, immaculate white bunny suits erase any individuality, sweep the scene.

INVESTIGATOR 1

Agent.

Henry pops his head in the room.

HENRY

What you got.

He kneels beside the body, exposes her thigh. Carved into the flesh, crimson on milky skin: Our Father Knows.

INVESTIGATOR 1

No doubt about it being connected.

Henry nods, makes a note.

HENRY

Your chief told me he kept that
part out of the media.

SANDY (O.C.)

Which part?

Henry turns toward her voice while he points to the body with his pen.

HENRY

Same text, same place, all three females.

Sandy pushes past him, shoos the Investigator away. She lifts the sheet. In her eyes we know what she sees.

INVESTIGATOR 1

Belly sliced open, then an OD on morphine. Same in all three cases.

Sandy drops the sheet but it falls away from the victims face. Their eyes meet.

FLASHBACK BEGINS

EXT. HOSPITAL - ER ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Night illuminated by halogen and neon. Wet, dirty pavement reflects the red cross of a hospital.

The quiet hum of electricity is pierced by the screech of tires.

Sandy lay in a heap on the ground, she groans, retches.

SANDY

Help me.

She tries to stand, collapses. Blood stains her white tank top and panties as it seeps from the bandage around her midsection.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Help.

With one arm holding her stomach she uses the other to drag herself to the automatic doors.

They glide open as she flops onto her back, breath rapid and shallow. She stares at the doors track as they attempt to close and open again.

A PARAMEDICS face appears over her.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Marcus?

He bursts into action.

PARAMEDIC
Get me that gurney.

He checks her neck, her eyes.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)
It's going to be okay. You're
going to be fine.

INT. HOSPITAL - ER - LATER

NURSE (O.C.)
She was about six weeks. The
trauma, blood loss. She had
miscarried before she was dropped
off.

Two pinpricks of light widen into the hazy outline of a NURSE
and POLICE OFFICER.

POLICE OFFICER
No ID?

Sandy's fingers twitch as her hand tries to rise.

NURSE
None, she had on underwear and the
bandage.

The Officer takes notes, bored.

POLICE OFFICER
She stable?

NURSE
For now.

Sandy fades away to the slow beep of the machines.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - LATER

The Nurse hangs a bag of fluid, a smaller bag of medicine.
Sandy moans, wakes up with a start, vomits into a kidney
shaped bucket.

NURSE
Hand it over ma'am. I'll take care
of it.

Sandy attempts a smile.

SANDY
My husband?

The Nurse frowns at her.

NURSE
This will help you sleep.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM

Henry shakes Sandy's shoulder.

HENRY
You in there.

She nods, reaches out and closes the woman's eyes. She looks at his hand on her shoulder and shrugs it off.

SANDY
Not here.

She stands, scans the room, focuses on a wedding photo.

SANDY (CONT'D)
The husband?

HENRY
Dead, neck snapped from an impact
with the wall.

She turns in a small circle.

SANDY
Middle of the night, evident
alcohol consumption?

He watches her, puzzled.

HENRY
Yeah, but...

SANDY
All three cases the same?

HENRY
Pretty much, first husband was shot
gangland style in the back of the
head, second was tossed out of a
twenty story window.

SANDY
He doesn't care about the men.

Henry grabs her shoulder and turns her to him.

HENRY

How do you know that? What do you know about these cases?

She looks at the woman on the floor.

SANDY

This guy's the reason I joined the FBI.

She motions to the woman.

SANDY (CONT'D)

This is my case, I could have been her.

INT. FBI REGIONAL OFFICE - SANDY'S OFFICE - LATER

Not the biggest office in the building but close. Evidence boxes lay open on a glass and steel desk. The monitor flashes through a fingerprint database as it checks against a partial.

Files are scattered on a matching conference table, Sandy props her feet in the chair next to her, flips through a folder.

A flat screen on the wall shows the local news.

A REPORTER, the quintessential blonde in red, looks into the camera as the News Splash comes to a close.

REPORTER

A fifth grotesque murder in as many weeks has gripped our city with fear.

Shots of the bodies being removed from the scene, lights flash, local officers mill about, warning tape flutters in the wind.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

In all cases a young woman has been found in her home with very few signs of struggle.

A splash screen shows the faces of the victims.

Sandy glares at the screen, sits up.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

News channel four has learned from an exclusive source that all five woman were also marked with the words "Our Father Knows."

Sandy scrubs her hand across her face.

SANDY

Shit.

REPORTER

The local police have handed the case over to the FBI, however, as of yet they have declined to shed light on what is being to done to stop this horrible nightmare.

Sandy frisbees the file folder into the TV.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Lock your doors ladies, tomorrow is the beginning of a new week.

The TV clicks off.

HENRY

Most TV's have power buttons.

Sandy stands, flicks him off.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Deal.

She glowers at him, smiles.

SANDY

Prick.

He sets the remote down, starts to collect the file from the floor.

HENRY

Guilty.

She kicks off her heels and stretches her back.

SANDY

Some local dropped the ball. The media is going to stir this into a fire storm.

Henry tosses the file on the desk, closes the door.

He grabs her waist, pulls her over.

HENRY

We're going to get this guy.

She pulls away.

SANDY

With what leads?

He watches her.

She leans on the desk, stares at the pictures of each scene.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I'm going for a run.

EXT. PARK TRAIL - DAY

A cracked concrete path winds through a copse of trees. The sounds of CHILDREN at play, PEOPLE jog past, a COUPLE sits with books in hand by a tree.

Sandy rips down the path, her arms and legs churn, sweat pours from her brow.

Her breath is ragged, she heaves, pushes her body harder.

She slows, steps off the path. Hands on knees, she sucks in the slow even breaths of a seasoned runner.

EVE, not yet twenty, athletic, fiercely beautiful, pale eyes sharp with intellect, jogs by. She glances over her shoulder at Sandy, their eyes meet.

Sandy straightens, her breath catches.

Eve rounds the corner of the trail, Sandy takes off after her.

When she rounds the corner, Eve is nowhere to be seen.

Sandy flags down a JOGGER.

SANDY

Did you see a young woman run by?
Younger than me, pink top?

The Jogger shakes his head and jogs off.

INT. SANDY ARGANTE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Sandy sips wine, flips through a file.

She frowns, steps into the bathroom.

SANDY

Abortion?

The wine glass clicks against the marble counter. She turns the shower on.

She steps back into the bedroom, tosses the file on the bed. At the top, under the words case file, we see her name.

We watch her through the bedroom door. She strips, tosses her clothing to side and hops into the shower.

Steam fills the room.

We move through the living room, slowly, silently. At the bedroom door we scan the room. Her clothes lay crumpled on the chair, her sidearm sits on the bedside table.

The file, our small hand reaches out and takes it. We open it, focus on the picture of a much younger Sandy.

The water shuts off.

Sandy slides back the door, steps unto the cold tile, grabs a towel for her hair.

She steps into the bedroom and stops. The bed is empty.

She snatches up her service weapon and clicks the safety off with her thumb.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Henry?

Naked, focused on the task at hand, she clears the small apartment.

She finds her door cracked.

She pushes the door closed, locks it, and strides back to the bedroom.

She grabs her cell from the table and dials. Puts it to her ear.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Office, thirty minutes.

Her arm drops to her side.

SANDY (CONT'D)
He won't believe a word of this.

INT. FBI REGIONAL OFFICE - SANDY'S OFFICE - A WEEK LATER

DIRECTOR BLAKE, grey but fit, slaps a Newspaper on Sandy's desk. Cheeks red, he pokes the headline, leans forward.

DIRECTOR BLAKE
Number six. Eleven dead in six damn weeks. Not just murders but mutilations.

He picks up one of the files, spins it around, grimaces.

DIRECTOR BLAKE (CONT'D)
Shit. The DA is inches away from calling it seventeen murders.

He scrubs his hand through his hair.

DIRECTOR BLAKE (CONT'D)
The fact that these woman were all pregnant leaks, and we're screwed.

Henry enters the office, poster tube in hand.

DIRECTOR BLAKE (CONT'D)
You two fucking fix this.

He turns toward the door.

DIRECTOR BLAKE (CONT'D)
Find this guy now. There can't be a number seven.

He strides past Henry.

HENRY
Looks like I missed coaches halftime pep talk.

SANDY
You heard the only part that mattered.

She looks at the tube.

HENRY
Say you love me.

She looks him in the eyes.

SANDY
What you got?

He pulls a map from the tube and rolls it out over the files, weighs it down with items from her desk.

HENRY
After your discovery last week I had the guys in research work this up for us.

He taps the dots on the map with his finger.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Operating under the idea that you were this guys first, I had them exclude the location and just compare the facts.

He looks at her, rests his finger on a dot.

HENRY (CONT'D)
This was the first, six weeks ago.

The next dot.

HENRY (CONT'D)
The second.

The next dot.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You get the point. They radiate out from some point within this circle as he got braver.

SANDY
So what's at the center.

HENRY
A place to start.

He touches a black dot.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I had them check the medical records. All six women had abortions within the last five years. Most while they attended University.

He taps his finger for emphasis.

HENRY (CONT'D)
All six had them at this clinic.

She stands, pulls her pistol from her drawer.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Field trip?

She nods.

SANDY
Plain clothes.

INT/EXT. CLINIC - OFFICE - LATER

A squat white brick building with the words Student Health Free Clinic above the door.

PROTESTORS wave signs and yell as Sandy and Henry approach.

A protestor spits, Sandy side steps, flips her badge out, holds it up.

SANDY
Do it again.

The protestor steps back, Henry holds the door for Sandy.

Eve stands among the crowd, watches them enter.

They step into the waiting room.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Self righteous...

Henry looks around the room, Sandy rings the bell at the empty reception desk.

A NURSE, weary eyed, slumped shoulders, peaks through the window.

Sandy holds up her badge.

SANDY (CONT'D)
FBI miss. The Doc here?

She nods and pushes a button on the desk, the door to the back buzzes and clicks.

Henry opens it and they are led to a small office. Reading materials, informational posters, books, and sales materials cover every available surface.

The nurse closes the door behind her as she leaves.

A bowl of free condoms sits on a little table by the door.

Henry picks one up tosses it back in bowl.

HENRY

Little late for that if you're
sitting in here.

Sandy glares at him.

SANDY

This place is about more than the
reason we're here. I use to work
here during school.

Henry frowns, looks around the office.

HENRY

I didn't know. I'm sorry. I just.

He sits next her.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I know this case strikes a nerve.
I know you hid a lot of these
things to protect yourself.

She gives him a look of warning.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'll give you some space, but you
need to know I love...

Henry cuts off as the door opens.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD, tall, hints of grey, fit and handsome steps
into the room. He smiles, his eyes alight with some
merriment. He looks Sandy up and down.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD

Sandy, or perhaps, Agent Argante is
appropriate?

She stands, smiles, gives Eric a quick hug.

SANDY

Eric, I had no idea.

Eric looks down at Henry, they shake.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD

Agent?

HENRY

Jameson.

Eric smiles again and steps around his desk, sits.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD

I would ask how a top of her class Nursing student ended up with the FBI, but I have a feeling your questions are more important.

Sandy nods, sits.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)

What can I help you with?

Sandy hands him a list of names.

SANDY

These six women had an abortion here within the last five years. Now they're all dead. I need to see their files. I need to know whatever you can tell me Eric.

Eric frowns, stands, reads the names again.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD

Follow me.

INT. CLINIC - FILE STORAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Old file cabinets sit in rows along the walls, halogen lights flicker on with a hum. The tops of the cabinets and every other available space is covered with paper file boxes, loose files at odd angles.

A new computer, out of place in the antiquated room, glows in one corner.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD

I took over here three months ago. I felt like I needed to give back.

He points at the computer.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)

The nurses have been taking turns digitizing all the records. My predecessor left a horrible mess. He may be your best bet as far as these woman are concerned.

Henry scans the labels on the cabinets and slides one open, fingers through the folders.

Sandy jiggles the mouse, the desktop comes to life.

She motions for Eric to sit.

SANDY

The warrant covers the names on the list.

Eric sits, goes to work.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Who was your predecessor?

DR ERIC HOLSTAD

Dr. William Malic. Bit of a bad egg. Lost his license for selling prescriptions. I've got his last known address.

Sandy shares a look with Henry.

EXT. MALICS HOME - LATER

Sandy and Henry pull up in front of a well appointed, manicured, suburban estate. Henry glances at the house then focuses on her.

HENRY

Who was he?

SANDY

A rung on the ladder.

HENRY

Who was he to you?

SANDY

A slippery rung on the ladder.

Henry sighs, starts to open the door.

Tires squeal, a car barrels down the driveway, turns hard, clips the front of their SUV.

Sandy shakes off the wreck, follows, the bumper sparks against the pavement.

INT/EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The car screeches to a halt in front of a multi-story warehouse. A man in a black hoodie, jumps from the car as the SUV rounds the corner into view.

The man fires a few rounds into the front of their SUV before he disappears behind a metal door. Sandy and Henry jump out.

She rushes to the back of the SUV, pops the gate.

Henry follows at a measured pace, cell to his ear.

HENRY

Shots fired, we're following this guy in. Track the car's GPS for the exact location.

He hangs up, takes a vest from Sandy.

They suit up, each carries an M4.

SANDY

Comms good.

Henry taps his ear, gives her a thumbs up.

They jog to the door, he counts down from three with his fingers, opens the door on one.

Sandy pushes in, weapon up. Henry follows.

Flashlights click on, they spread out.

A door slams.

Sandy follows the sound, motions to Henry.

She kicks the door open.

A clatter behind Henry. He turns, sweeps the beam of light around the room.

He turns back towards the door, opens his mouth to speak.

Crack, from the darkness a board knocks him out.

Sandy moves slowly down a long corridor. The bare walls covered in chalk writing.

DNA sequences, fetal growth charts, chemical composition.

Notes in a scribbled hand, too volatile, too animalistic, too compassionate, each followed by a list of fixes.

White light shines from the end of the corridor.

She move forward.

She steps into a large sterile room. White tiles, stainless steel, surgical and lab equipment.

The room assaults her with memory, she grabs at her head, falls to her knees.

SANDY (CONT'D)

No, no, no...

The doctor stands behind her.

Her eyes flutter, she collapses.

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. THE DOCTOR'S LAB - NIGHT

Sandy blinks in and out of consciousness. She tosses on a hospital bed, moans.

ADAM, tall, rigid and thin, a black hoodie to cover his features picks Sandy up.

SANDY

Where?

The Doctor glares at her, checks her pulse, her eyes. He looks into Adams hood, removes his surgical mask. Eric!

DR ERIC HOLSTAD

Follow.

He pushes through a door and clicks a garage door opener. The buzz and clatter of the door heralds the sound of rain, of cars, the city.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)

Dump her outside the ER, and hurry.

Adam steps past Eric and steps into the rain.

ADAM

Yes father.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD
We aren't done with her yet.

Adam jogs into the darkness.

END FLASHBACK

INT. WAREHOUSE - LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Sandy's eyes flash open, her hand finds her gun, she rolls into a crouch.

Eve, head tilted to the side like a curious pet, stands in front of her, the barrel of Sandy's rifle inches from her chest.

SANDY
You.

The rifle lowers a little.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD
Figure it out yet my love?

Sandy whips the rifle around, eyes wide.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)
Has this place given you the gift
of your past.

SANDY
Eric Holstad, you are under arrest
for..

Eve side steps, grabs the rifle and spins, the motion carries Sandy forward as the breakaway snap releases.

Sandy stumbles and turns as Eve finishes the spin and brings the butt of the rifle down on the side of Sandy's head.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LAB - LATER

Sandy, hands and feet zip tied to a chair, sits with her chin on her chest.

The Doctor watches her, Eve stands nearby.

Henry, a black bag over his head, struggles against Adam's iron grip.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD
Wake up my angel.

She stirs, moans.

Eric grabs her hair, pulls her head back.

He plants a rough kiss.

She winces, squints at Eric.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)
Oh good, you're awake.

Eric steps away, motions to Henry.

Sandy watches Henry struggle.

She tugs against her bonds.

SANDY
Eric, don't make this any worse for
yourself.

Adam cuts Henry's wrists free and removes the bag.

Eric smiles at Sandy and nods to Adam.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD
You and your partner made it here
very quickly, you didn't wait for
backup, you didn't report your
location.

He glances around the room.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)
Do you really think you were
talking to dispatch?

Adam unlocks the door to a large cage, the hinges squeal as
it opens.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)
Do it.

Adam pushes Henry into the cage, slams the door.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)
I've been here for years.
Planning, experimenting, giving
life to my children.

He strokes Eve's hair, her face remains blank.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)
For fifteen years I tried to make
another like her, another like you.

He motions for Adam.

Adam approaches, back straight.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)
Adam, my son, basically me, not a
clone, but me...

He pauses, smiles.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)
Without my faults. One of a kind,
my prodigal son.

Sandy shakes her head, keeps her eye on Henry as he stands at
the bars.

SANDY
You've lost your mind, think about
what you've done, all the people
you've killed.

Eric laughs, a smile plays across Adam's face.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD
I've created perfection. Over and
over again I tried to replicate my
Eve, half me, half you.

He pulls Eve to him, holds her by the shoulders.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)
The daughter you never wanted,
smart, strong, beautiful,
unstoppable.

He walks towards the cage, pulls a small dog whistle from
around his neck.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)
But something was missing. Some of
my other children were too
animalistic, too hard to control.

He blows the whistle.

Scraps and thuds behind Henry cause him to turn, THE DOCTORS
CHILDREN, some hunched or malformed, others normal in
appearance, emerge from the darkness.

SANDY

What are you doing? Let him go.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD

I couldn't bring myself to destroy them. My children.

His eyes fill with tears.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)

I found that regular violent outbursts kept them docile.

Henry backs against the bars. The Children shove each other, snap and growl as they jockey for position.

Eric smiles.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)

There are others, out in the world. Some of the other woman had compatible genetics.

Sandy pulls her eyes away from Eric and Henry. She turns to Eve who watches her.

SANDY

I had no idea. I didn't know that I..

Tears.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD

She is mine Sandy, unless you help me, she will only ever be mine.

SANDY

I don't understand.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD

Oh, but I think you do.

One of The Children breaks from the pack, slings Henry into the group like a toy. He fights them off as best he can.

SANDY

You want me.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD

Right in one. But, do not think that just because I want you, I will not simply take what I need.

Henry slams against the bars, slumps to the floor.

SANDY

Fine, deal, get him out of there,
let him go and I'm all yours.

Eric turns to the cage, watches as Henry is pulled back into the group.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD

I'm not an idiot my love. You'll
need the proper conditioning.

Eric walks to the cage, places his hand on Adam's shoulder.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD (CONT'D)

Besides, toys are almost never this
much of a diversion.

Adam and Eric watch The Children toy with Henry, they smile as one.

Sandy looks into Eve's eyes.

SANDY

If you are really any part of me,
this can't be something you want.

Eve watches her.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I would have loved you every day,
I'm proud to have a daughter like
you.

Eve turns to watch her father and brother.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Please. Help me. This can't be
what you are.

EVE

I watched you.

Eve pulls a knife.

EVE (CONT'D)

I read the files. It was only
chance that I saw them.

SANDY

Take another chance now.

All at once Eric turns as Adam bolts towards the two woman.

Eve cuts one of Sandy's bonds, drops the knife into Sandy's hand.

She spins to meet Adam's advance with a kick to the chest.

They fight with unparalleled speed and agility.

Sandy cuts her bonds.

Adam flips Eve onto a table, holds her there.

ADAM

You would choose to betray Father?

He punches her.

ADAM (CONT'D)

For her?

Eve rolls, wraps her legs around Adam's neck and twists.

They slam to the ground.

EVE

I would choose freedom.

Adam flips Eve off of him.

Eric unlocks the cage, steps behind the gate and blows the whistle.

The Children, charge into the lab uncontrolled.

Sandy slides over a work table and grabs for her rifle.

The table is flung away like a toy and The Children crash into it.

Sandy dives away.

One of The Children jumps on Adam's back.

ADAM

Not me brother, them.

Adam flings him away.

Eve kicks Adam into the group and grabs the rifles from the floor at a dead run.

She tosses one to Sandy.

Together they fire into the group.

Some of The Children die, others flee, machinery catches fire, and the tanks containing the doctors unfinished projects rupture.

Adam pulls one of the children in front of him and charges Sandy.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I will kill her for you father.

Sandy empties the magazine, tosses the weapon aside and pulls the knife.

Adam tosses the body into her.

Eve tackles Adam.

Eric tries to push through the back door.

One of the children takes him to the ground, beats him.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD
No my child... Stop...

He stops and leaps off of Eric, forces the garage door open and runs into the night.

Eric crawls towards the exit, bloody and beaten.

Sandy, dazed, pushes the body off of her and rolls to her stomach. Through the wreckage she sees Eric.

She pushes to her knees and stumbles toward Eric.

Fire fills the room, debris crashes around her.

She falls at Eric's feet, grabs his ankle.

He twists and pulls a gun.

She dives on him and pulls it away.

SANDY
Stay down.

The ceiling groans and creaks as the floor above collapses onto Eric, Sandy springs backwards.

He stares at her through the burning rubble.

DR ERIC HOLSTAD
Just perfect.

The rest of the ceiling crumbles in, Eric is crushed.

Adam sees his father die and breaks away from Eve.

He runs for the exit.

Sandy fires a few rounds, misses.

Sandy runs into the cage, coughs in the thick smoke.

SANDY

Henry, where are you!

She trips over him, falls.

She crawls to him, pulls his head to her lap.

HENRY

Hey there partner.

He stares blankly at the smoke.

SANDY

I do love you.

She closes his eyes.

Fire and smoke fill the lab as Eve drags Sandy out of the cage and down the hall.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Black smoke billows from the warehouses windows and doors. Fire splutters at the brick exterior.

A security door marked EXIT bursts outward, the sound of metal as it twists with impossible strength is replaced by the hack and wheeze of smoke inhalation.

Eve easily holds Sandy up with one arm, a pistol in her free hand.

She rushes away from the building.

EVE

We're out.

Sandy coughs violently, manages a grunt in reply.

Eve leads her to an SUV, leans her against the wheel. Eve squints, tilts her head to the side.

She explodes into action, she rolls, fires within a single breath.

She lowers the pistol, it's slide locked back. She shifts her feet, a cat ready to pounce.

On the roof of the neighboring warehouse, Adam drops a metal door from the lab to the pavement below.

ADAM

You're out.

EVE

I won't let you have her.

Both perk up, turn slightly.

ADAM

You won't have the choice.

He turns and disappears from view.

Sirens quiet to our ears.

EVE

Don't look for me.

Eve touches Sandy's hair, so like her own.

The sirens grow louder.

Sandy touches Eve's face with her good hand, Eve nuzzles into it, closes her eyes, and smiles.

EVE (CONT'D)

I'll be around.

She stands, runs down the alley and around a corner.

Tears pour from Sandy's eyes as she watches.

The sirens, louder still, herald the arrival of the FBI, local PD, and FD.

A TACTICAL TEAM exits a van, weapons up, a TEAM MEMBER splits off, stands next to Sandy, scans with his weapon.

TEAM MEMBER

Medic. Right here.

We pull back as a MEDIC runs up.

The fire burns, lights flash.

We follow the smoke up.

FADE OUT.