

# WE CALLED THEM GODS?

PILOT

"WE HAVE WORK TO DO"

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## TEASER

BLACK -- SILENCE -- NOTHING...

FADE IN:

### **EXT. SPACE**

Below, a colossal, cigar-shaped rock coasts through space. It barrels through an asteroid field, pulverizing anything in its way. Chunks fracture from its petrous facade -- REVEALING -- patches of flawless, shiny-black alloy. The hull of a vessel lies beneath. This is one big fucking spaceship.

It approaches a planet, achieves a low orbit, and below are light blue oceans and tan landmasses -- SUDDENLY -- the ship opens, and wide beams of light emanate to the ocean below. The beams vacuum water up into the ship, and now, instant acceleration out into space. TOWARD...

MUSIC CUE: Some weird-ass-ethereal space orchestration providential in tone. Mass with LSD-laced Sacrament is the vibe.

-- HOLY SHIT -- a MEGASTRUCTURE -- one blueish semi-transparent shell encapsulates what must be another planet -- the ship approaches -- this is not a smooth-hollow sphere at all -- CLOSING IN -- the shell is comprised of perfectly adjoined tiles -- creating a truncated icosidodecahedron - beautiful decagons, hexagons and squares perfectly arranged, form the aquamarine shell -- BREATHTAKING...

Off in the distance, something takes shape -- FOR FUCKS SAKE - - it's a black hole.

-- THEN -- THRUMMM!! -- the thing sharts out a bunch of greyish dusty debris -- source unknown -- NOW -- smaller black holes materialize around the shell -- these suck up the shart debris like a Hoover, resulting in hundreds of funnel clouds - Mega-tornadoes in space. At the center of each little black hole, the debris spins, creating a gray ball -- THEN -- I shit you not -- the fucking balls turn red and fades away like some apparition...

But the laws of physics persevere. Information is never lost; it's only transformed. Something was manufactured. Translucent, egg-like objects coalesce on the other side of the black holes.

Green goo sloshes inside, making them wriggle like water balloons; that don't freeze in the vacuum of space.

The eggs descend, passing through the MEGASTRUCTURE - the ship pursues.

The planet below is hidden behind dense dark clouds. The ship matches its descent with the eggs- these eggs are behemoths, city-sized. Roughly 1000 eggs carry trillions of liters of fluid each...

-- WOH -- the ship emits a stream of particles, nano-tech... It looks like the most enormous swarm of gnats ever - the swarm moves with intelligence and purpose. It attacks the eggs. One by one, the eggs burst, releasing town-sized chunks of falling green goo.

The goo enters the lower atmosphere, where a strange phenomenon occurs. The Jet Stream rips the chunks into smaller droplets, making the sky nothing but a green haze.

The ship breaks through the dense clouds and the planet finally reveals itself... a single purple/blue ocean -- a water world.

-- WAIT FOR IT... -- SPLASH -- green drops pelt the ocean with the force of a billion hail storms, covering every square inch.

**SUPER: EARTH 3.6 BILLION YEARS AGO -- DIRECTED PANSPERMIA - THE SEEDS OF LIFE ARE PLANTED**

The ship descends -- THEN -- rockets toward the horizon and circles the planet in low orbit -- FASTER -- FASTER -- Above, all evidence of the aquamarine megastructure disappears. Below, the surface rapidly changes -- landmasses appear and move, the continents become familiar, plant life takes over, ice overthrows the planet...

*--represents the passage of time*

-- NOW -- the ship fires back out into space like a bullet. The strange "sister planet" is gone... in its place is the Moon. The ship achieves a low orbit, zooms around to the dark side of the moon, and parks; where it remains.

MUSIC CUE: "Brain Damage" (Verse 4-5) by Pink Floyd

*Cha-Ching! Synch fee. Apologies, I do have music cues, yes. If you don't like them, use a Sharpie and redact them. I know there is a budget and the Producer will say "Pink Floyd? Fuck no!" The music mainly sets the vibe for this crazy beast. OK, Allons-Y.*

Roger Waters' iconic voice sets the tone... *The lunatic is in my head. The lunatic is in my head...*

-- SLOWLY -- a portion of the ship's rocky exterior separates like a huge sunroof -- INSIDE -- is...

-- HOLY CACA! -- a Garden of Eden the size of Florida -- untouched, pristine. Beautiful alien plant life, mountains, rivers, herds of alien animals running free, it is -- JAW DROPPING, PERFECT -- a complete habitat lies within this spaceship.... -- FUCKING BONKERS!

In the middle of this paradise, something hovers a meter off the grassy ground -- a big green... uhhh... thing. A blob about 5m tall -- Nope, correction -- this thing is more than a blob. **IT BEATS, LIKE A HEART, IT IS ALIVE** -- THEN SUDDENLY -- it emits blinding, neon-green light, preventing further inspection.

As the **GREEN-HEART-MONSTER** lights up, the song ends, and its final line resonates -- *"I'll see you on the dark side of the moon."*

END MUSIC CUE

**END TEASER**

ACT I

A story unfolds - it begins as a blurry reflection off of a dark cobalt watery canvas -- Moving in, it becomes clearer.

**EXT. SPACE - CIGAR SHIP**

A quick look for reference.

**INT. CIGAR SHIP - CARGO BAY**

Only DRAMATIC SCORE plays throughout the bizarre and dramatic scene.

- A huge BAY, bustling with activity - ten stories of spiraling catwalks above. Viewports reveal space outside. -- 100s of human-like people with radiant-gold skin and bright green eyes scurry about the bay. Their anxiety is palpable; something is wrong.

- On a CATWALK, 1000 or more small, wispy, **GREEN-GHOSTLIKE-ENTITIES** float in a line like they are waiting to get into a concert.

- One GOLD MAN stands at the front - he scans them, one by one - each scan triggers a conveyor which raises a POD - it opens -- REVEALING - an unconscious gold person - a green ghost enters the body - it animates then saunters off... then the next and the next...

- Three gold people, A WOMAN and TWO MEN, sit atop the bay. They don unique robes with alien insignia, which likely signifies leadership. Their conversation seems essential.

- Something grabs their attention -- a SUSPICIOUS MAN below. They seem to recognize him. The three appear to be communicating a plan. The WOMAN seems to be in charge as she barks orders. They split up.

- The two men sprint out of the bay down a corridor. The woman draws a weapon and follows the suspicious man. He stops, looks back at her, and smiles. He holds up a small spherical object. She yells and gestures for all to evacuate.

- She inputs something into a hologram emanating from her palm. It initiates forcefields that seal the bay, trapping most inside. Silent screams, chaos...

- The two men run back to the entrance and struggle through the fleeing crowd.

- The men see the woman through the forcefield. She glances back and mouths, "I love you" to one. He falls to his knees, screaming "NO!!" out to her.

- She sprints toward the madman and tackles him. The little pebble-like sphere trickles from his fingers and rolls off. It opens and releases a 2D black circle the size of a large coin -- it floats up and hovers 10 meters off the ground.

-- FLASH -- in an instant, everything is sucked in -- metal, people, ghosts - all mashed and pinned to the circle - frozen in time -- THEN -- it all turns red and fades away.

- Only the black circle and space remain on that side of the forcefield.

- The two men look into the void. One weeps, the other consoles. They stare at the singularity. It stares back, taunting them, bouncing slightly - left and right... up and down... a tiny POLKA-DOT-OF-DEATH

#### **INT. KEMP'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Easing back -- the watery canvas - a dark cobalt iris -- an eye -- a man's face takes shape. KEMP ALBURN (50, Black-British) is a muscular, rugged Alpha with serious gravitas. His dark eyes have stories to tell, but his gruff demeanor says he is not much of a storyteller.

Kemp sits up in bed, puts his face in his palms, rubs his eyes, and yells out -

KEMP  
(Brummie-British-Badass-  
Peaky-Blinders accent)  
NIN, wake the fuck up you. Have  
work today...

NIN  
(same badass accent)  
Ok Dad, give me a bit, fuck....

#### **SUPER: WEST MIDLANDS COUNTY, UK - 2028**

NIN, Kemp's son (mid-20s Black-British), is also a total badass.

The OLD HOUSE is pretty run-down. It looks like two guys with little regard for cleanliness live here. It's a dump.

They meet in the KITCHEN for breakfast and eat like prisoners - fast, efficient.

NIN (CONT'D)

So what's the job?

KEMP

Got two. First, we gots a bit of wet-work for our MI-5 mates.

NIN

Why can't they do it themselves this time?

KEMP

Cause they want it done right is why. We meet at the chopper in 30.

NIN

What's the other job?

KEMP

For the Americans.

NIN

Fuckin CIA minges again.

Kemp's phone dings. Kemp checks.

KEMP

MI-5. Time to strap up.

They head back to KEMP'S ROOM. Kemp slides a big lockbox out from under his bed -- REVEALING -- a shit-ton of guns, knives, grenades, and badass shit.

MUSIC CUE: "METAL GODS" by Judas Priest

*I'm kind of fond of this cue. But again, Sharpie, if you must. But this is money, folks.*

- Kemp puts on black combat pants and a tactical vest - secures various blades in pockets -- the KNUCKLE KARAMBITS are the filthiest

- Sounds of zippers and Velcro find the rhythm.

- He removes two handguns, a SIG SAUER P228 and a CZ 75

- Nin puts on his camo combat pants and tactical vest. His choice of the blade... Two HARPOON PUSH DAGGERS. His gun -- BARETTA 92.

*HARPOON PUSH DAGGERS? Really Bruh? For fuck's sake. -- Yes... Really!!*

- They place their guns on the desk - side by side

- At otherworldly speed, they tear the guns down - a blur.
- Lay components on a soft towel and clean the parts.
- Reassemble gun components in unison - like it's a race -- again, the speed -- supernatural.
- The sounds of gun-metal as it engages -- CLICK - CLICK -... synchronize in beautiful rhythm with the music of their Birmingham brethren -- Judas Priest.

*"Mehhhhtal Gahhds...."*

*"Mehhhhtal Gahhds....."*

*One hell of a trailer right there, folks. Fuckin' Idris Elba, Sope Dirisu, guns, knives; Judas fuckin Priest. I see millions of new streaming subscriptions. I see us driving new Ferraris to the beach as we laugh and drink Mai Tai's. Mr. Elba is there, wearing a diamond-encrusted speedo made of 24 Karat-Gold... Just Brilliant!!*

**EXT. GRASS FIELD - DAY**

A Helicopter lands in a field -- Kemp and Nin exit their RANGE ROVER and are greeted by a DAWN (40s) MI5, no doubt about it.

DAWN

Alright, you brawny Brummies, ready to take down a terrorist?

KEMP

Would like to finish breakfast. We be quick about it.

DAWN

Good, he is a nasty one.  
 DRAMMAD KASSAR, Real name - WILLIAM CORNCHESTER. Intel has it; he is planning attacks on schools right here in the Black Country.  
 Expat with ties to about every terrorist organization in the Middle East and Eastern Europe.

NIN

Oh, fancies himself a big tyma, does he? Let's put an end to this piece of shit.



DAWN

This is his big play in getting an invite from Syria. Let's nip that in the bud, shall we, boys?

KEMP

Ar. Enough fartin' about. Let's go do a job.

They hop in the chopper.

**EXT. GRASS FIELD IN THE BLACK COUNTRY - DAY**

They land in thick morning fog on a field at the edge of the forest. A hundred yards out is a lone abandoned TENEMENT.

DAWN

There are 10 guards. Drammad is on the third floor making the bombs. Be careful and be quick.

NIN

I am a scalpel, miss, always quick. I do take my time at other activities though... Bab.

He winks at her.

KEMP

Ignore Junior; my apologies, miss.

Kemp smiles and gives him a "you're saft" look.

KEMP (CONT'D)

We are gonna move in from the north. When I raise my hand, cut the power.

DAWN

Got it.

Kemp and Nin get night vision goggles and screw on silencers.

Then -- POOF -- they're gone. Brief snapshots through gaps in the fog reveal they move at otherworldly speed. They are already there... impossible. Kemp signals to cut the power -- lights out.

They stand, backs to the door -- pull down night vision and enter. It's a turkey shoot. Five men dead in less than four seconds.

NIN

Clear.

They go up the stairs, where more unlucky bastards have no chance in hell.

Nin de-throats one with his HARPOON PUSH DAGGER - No voice box = No screams - Throws him over the rail -- THUD -- Shakes throat flesh from dagger in one motion, flinging it towards potential viewers -- SPLAT --

Blood spattered camera. Shit... vocal chords slowly ooze down the lens. Barbaric shit here. Dude, this is ancient violence.

Kemp seems content with putting silent bullet holes in men's foreheads -- Nin gives a "you're lazy" shrug -- THEN -- Kemp pulls his Karambits, one in each hand -- spins them around his fingers, and does a dance-of-death -- 3 calculated strides, one snake-like uncoil and two surgical slashes to 2 mens' necks -- Carotids spray like firehouses.

DRAMMAD (50s), a typical dead-eyed weirdo, bursts out of a room, holding a trigger.

DRAMMAD

(Re: to the trigger)

I will blow this fuckin place.

KEMP

Really, you would blow it all up?  
That wouldn't be memorable now,  
would it?

Looks to Nin.

KEMP (CONT'D)

Would it, son?

NIN

We are ghosts in the eyes of King  
and Country. It will be written up  
as some wannabe knobber terrorist  
who blew hisself up and shat his  
pants.

KEMP

"The Brown Bomber" be the headline.

They laugh hysterically.

NIN

Good one, Pop. You still have it.  
So... WILLY, can I call you Willy?  
(MORE)

NIN (CONT'D)

Drammad is arse, I'm gonna call you Willy.... Is that a dead man's trigger Willy? Never seen one. We got a fancy chap here.

DRAMMAD

Yes, if I let go... boom, we all die.

NIN

(yells loud)

BOOM!! He says.

Drammad is startled.

NIN (CONT'D)

HAHA! And the bomb, where is the bomb for that trigger? I don't see a bomb. Are you lying to us Willy?

Kemp laughs and coughs to stop but can't.

KEMP

Don't Nin, I am going to pee myself.

DRAMMAD

Of course, there's a bomb. It's in the room.

NIN

Alright.

Nin goes into the room and returns with the bomb, and two other smaller bombs.

NIN (CONT'D)

This one is rigged to the trigger?

DRAMMAD

Yes.

NIN

I ran off with the circus when I was a lad. I wanted to juggle knives and fire and shit like that. But jugglin' bombs... Ace of aces. Do you mind?

KEMP

(laughing)

You shite, I might have tinkled.

DRAMMAD

Are you saft? You'll kill us all.

Looks to Kemp; panicked.

DRAMMAD (CONT'D)

Tell your boy here to stop.

Kemp is too busy laughing to respond. He manages to get out -

KEMP

Let the boy live his dream.

Nin proceeds to toss one bomb up -- catches it -- like a warm-up. Then he tosses two up and nearly drops one. Drammad is terrified by these crazy bastards.

NIN

Ok, I think I feel the weight now.  
I got it...

He starts to juggle -- stops -- runs at Drammad holding bombs -- squeezes his hand to secure the trigger -- pushes Drammad, and bombs through the window -- He explodes right before he hits the ground. They look down at the mess.

KEMP

You think he fudged hisself?

NIN

Oh... he shat alright. It's a shame. He wasn't even Level 1 boss material, kinda disappointed pops.

KEMP

Well we gettin paid, ent that enough? Let's get back home and see what the Americans want. Maybe we meet a last level boss, like a Bowser.

NIN

Metroid - Mother Brain, that's a boss battle.

KEMP

Yeahhh! We play Metroid tonight after our work is done.

**INT. KEMP'S KITCHEN - DAY**

Kemp and Nin sit at the table and finish breakfast, as if they didn't like kill a bunch of dudes and blow one up.

KEMP

Next job, simple. Spooks want us to deliver some darknet-druglord

NIN

Should be easy. We will need ZAZ for all the Tor dark-net shit.

KEMP

He is already on his way.

NIN

You know the CIA made the Tor network, but now they hire out when they need to find some dodgy fucka.

KEMP

Nobody wants to get their Donnies dirty anymore. Want deniability, so they outsource. It's the American way.

NIN

Question... What the fuck does the CIA want with a dark-net drug dealer? That's feds, not spooks.

KEMP

I learnt not to ask questions and get paid.

They nod and finish eating -- KNOCK-KNOCK --

Kemp answers the door. A peculiar, short-skinny Welshman stands at the entrance. ZAZ (late 40s), he looks like he does not get much sun, and gives off the 5-alarm nerd vibe. The Boba Fett T-shirt being the 5th alarm.

KEMP (CONT'D)

Alright ZAZ. It's been too long, mate.

Gives Zaz a bearhug.

ZAZ

(in a discernible Welsh accent)

KEMP, you ol' cont uffar. Been too long it has. Harder to keep track of time the older we get.

KEMP

Ar ta that, ol' salty dawgs is what we are.

They laugh.

**INT. KEMP'S GARAGE - DAY**

Zaz has all of his tech set up and ready.

ZAZ

We are on the dark net, folks. It took a whole one minute. It's scary. A sprog can do this. What's the market called?

KEMP

God's Kingdom... gawby.

ZAZ

AHAA, there's lovely. Let's gander at all the tasty treats, shall we?

A drug market - God's Kingdom -- it's like the Amazon of drugs with extra flair. Illustrations, cryptic watermarks, statues of gods. It all gives off this ancient vibe. Oh... and ahh.... drugs, ya, like every drug ever.

ZAZ (CONT'D)

Quaaludes! They haven't made those since the 80s I thought. What is in a Quaalude anyway? Shit, can I buy some?

Kemp gives him a "fuck off" look. They examine the market for clues.

KEMP

That logo there, can you save that image and open it up bigger?

Zaz nods and opens the image in another window.

KEMP (CONT'D)

That looks pretty familiar. Do you see it?

ZAZ

I see pearly gates and St. Peter, I do. It is God's Kingdom and all.

KEMP

No... not the fuckin gates. There -- zoom in there on that thing.

ZAZ

Sure... one sec... You are right.

A green wispy UMBRA is on the screen, identical to the ghost things from Kemp's dream.

NIN

Go back down. Look.

The admin's handle is UMBRA, and he signs under the name EA.

KEMP

He wouldn't be that careless now,  
would he?

ZAZ

Oh... my... That is most curious.  
How long has it been since you seen  
em?

KEMP

A long, long time... It can't be  
him... selling drugs; that's  
bananas.

NIN

Probably some wannabe nutta. I'm  
sure Zaz here has a Boba Fett  
handle, but he is not. Are you  
Boba Fett Zaz? Are you a... what  
are they called? Mandy--

ZAZ

Mandalorian, thank you, and no I am  
not Boba fucking Fett. Let me dig a  
bit here. Couple hours and I will  
have this bloke's address, phone,  
who he is having it off with, and  
the size of his Plonker.

**END ACT I**

ACT II

**INT. CHIC BATHROOM - DAY**

**SUPER: FORT COLLINS, COLORADO - 2028**

JOHN JONES (45-white) sits atop the throne. He is well dressed -- black sweater and slacks that appear casual but reek expensive. His dark cobalt eyes mesmerize.

He removes a small panel from the side of the sink cabinet -- REVEALING -- a small electronic safe -- punches in code. Inside are black zippered POUCHES, a 9mm HANDGUN, 2 large ZIPLOCKS full of what appears to be meth and opiates, and a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE labeled "Ambien."

Chews 2 Ambien.

MUSIC CUE: Maybe some "Bodysnatchers" by Radiohead, perchance?

QUICK CUTS:

-- Unzips pouch, removes a rubber tourniquet 2 prefilled syringes.

-- Ties tourniquet with his teeth - bites off syringe cap

-- Nice juicy vein in the antecubital space of arm

-- Needle pierces skin then vein - plunges solution in

-- Rinse and repeat with the second syringe

-- puts everything back into pouch, zips, and drops in trashcan.

John shows no junkie-like satisfaction. This was simply business. He pulls down his sleeve and leaves.

END MUSIC CUE

The rest of the HOUSE IS QUITE NICE, AND IT IS definitely upper-class. He enters the KITCHEN, where a young lady greets him.

BETH JONES (15) eats scrambled eggs while her head bobs to and fro. She misses the mark frequently, based on the egg in her hair.

*Third Breakfast scene. Take that Mr. Gilligan.*



She has wild hair with bits of egg in it. She wears a dirty T-shirt that reads "FRHS Varsity Lacrosse."

The beautiful sound of Iron Maiden leaks out of her earbud. This girl is METAL!

John sits at the table and wipes some egg off her cheek. BETH takes out her earbud.

JOHN

How is my Beth-Bird this morning?

Beth responds without a customary conversational pause.

BETH

So... you know that freshman? The only freshman who made the Varsity Lacrosse team? BETH JONES. Muah...

Beth points her thumb at herself while arching her back into the "I am the shit" position.

BETH (CONT'D)

Well, badass, Beth has a big game on Wednesday. You gonna be there?

JOHN

I wouldn't miss it.

BETH

Sweet. I be goin' B-T-B on those Rocky High fuckers. I'm gonna pick the biggest chick and shoulder check her ass to the grass.

John sighs and droops his shoulders in the classic "I have failed as a parent" manner. He recovers quickly.

JOHN

(calmly)

Let's slow down a moment. First, the language... Please, it's embarrassing. We had this discussion. Second, what are the golden rules again?

Beth looks down in shame.

BETH

(in the "your no fun voice")

Ok... Ok... No head-butting and no stick as a weapon.

JOHN  
Good... Good... Together now.

In unison.

JOHN (CONT'D)	BETH
No head-butting and no weaponizing the stick.	No head-butts and no stick weaponing.

Beth's confident body language has devolved into a slouch.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Aunt French will be at the game,  
and we are going out for dinner  
afterward, so don't make plans.

BETH  
Yeah! She owes me a game of Gin  
Rummy. She said I could try to win  
back the \$20 I owe her. I am ready.

JOHN  
Good luck with that. HAHA.

A car horn -- HONK-HONK --

BETH  
That's my ride. Love ya.

JOHN  
Love you too. Have a good day. See  
ya tonight.

Beth grabs her stuff and runs out.

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

John clocks -- FRAMED PICTURES -- on a shelf and smiles. One picture is of him with a beautiful woman wearing a lei. They have rings on, presumably on a Hawaii honeymoon. John touches his left ring finger--no ring. The other picture is of him and a buddy in Europe, looking like Spain or Italy.

He presses on something behind the TV, and the wall pops open, revealing a... SECRET ROOM -- Fucking drugged-out-Batman here has himself a bat cave...

INSIDE -- a hacker's wet dream. State-of-the-art tech, like seven screens going, server cabinet, and a bunch of other networking equipment. He boots his stack and... HOLY WALTER WHITE -- The screens are filled with all types of shady-ass shit. Crypto trading, drug markets, and one particular market is front and center... God's Kingdom.

John enters his credentials to access God's Kingdom. His username is 'UMBRA.'

The screen is full of druuggas. Handles like Walter-White's-Blue, Tuco's-Tamales... Breaking Bad handles seem to be popular. Meth, Coke, Molly, Pills, you name it. And yes... Quaaludes.

John checks a crypto wallet -- it reads 'XMR Balance 638700.51 = \$100,200,232 USD'

-- HOLY-ELON-MUSK-CACA!! --

A call comes in. John puts in his earpiece, confirms encryption, and then answers.

FRANCESCA MAXWELL, a Quantum Engineer, appears on the screen. She goes by FRENCH (late 30s-African-American/White). She wears thick black glasses and gives off a nerdy-very-sexy vibe.

FRENCH

Hey, how is your day going?

JOHN

So far, so good. Beth left for school.

FRENCH

The game is Wednesday at 5, correct?

JOHN

Yup. And she wants to get back her money after that.

FRENCH

Good luck to her. HA!

French gets serious.

FRENCH (CONT'D)

Have you seen the news about the instability in Russia? It's starting. It won't be long now. We need to move. Soon.

JOHN

I know FRENCH, it's not easy, you know, for many reasons. Soon, promise. Hell, it could be today if I get wild hair.

FRENCH

Ok. And THE KID... he can't wait much longer. We need him.

JOHN

I know, I know. Please tell me it is working before I promise anything.

FRENCH

Oh ya, it's working. Yup...

JOHN

I am not hearing confidence.

Based on his tone, John seems a tad anxious.

FRENCH

Well, we can only test it on animals. Duh. The last five primates were a success. The kinks are out; it's ready.

JOHN

Okay, keep perfecting it. I trust you with my life, sweetie, and I know you got this.

FRENCH

Does he know about this? About where he is going?

JOHN

Yes, he does, and he is okay with it. He turned out pretty good in the end. It's been 30 years now, and considering where he started, he did fine.

John tears up a bit about this person, presumably leaving them.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I don't have much to do today. A road trip to Greeley may help put things to rest. Like you said, make peace with the past.

FRENCH

You do what you have to do. It is ready whenever you are.

John nods and ends the call.

**EXT. NORTH-EASTERN COLORADO - EMPTY HIGHWAY - MORNING**

A perfect Colorado day, not a cloud in the high skies. A long stretch of lonely highway below -- THEN -- a fancy PORSCHE SUV zooms by.

INSIDE -- John drives, sporting some dope-ass RAY-BAN AVIATORS. He scrolls through Spotify on his Nav-Screen, chooses a 90s metal mix, and turns it up loud.

John stares at the eastern plains while headbanging to Type O Negative.

-- The Porsche traverses the highway below...

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

*Buckle up bitches!! Time to indoctrinate.*

**EXT. NORTH-EASTERN COLORADO - EMPTY HIGHWAY - DAY**

The same stretch of lonely highway below, same cloudless skies above -- THEN -- VROOOM!! -- A late 80s BLACK CAMARO, hauling ass.

**SUPER: NORTHERN COLORADO - 1997**

**INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS**

Three young men on a joyride, drinking Olympia Gold cheap-ass beer.

The driver, DAVE YUN (20, Korean-American) -- has a handsome, disarming face and gives off this goofy-ass vibe in a good way. He is a second-generation Korean-American and grew up in Greeley, the Redneck capital of Colorado, one of three Asian kids in town.

DAVE

JOHN, chalk me up a fattie, bro.

JOHN JONES (18) sits in the back. Young John is a bit rawer, dirty, and unkept, and he has mean amber eyes, like a dog's eyes when it is raised to fight.

John takes a big bag of crank out of his 90s flannel shirt, grabs a geode slice off the seat, and starts making lines like a pro. He SNORTS his first, then hands the geode and a rolled-up \$20 to Dave. Dave accepts, and like a master, he SNORTS his without taking his foot off the pedal or eyes off the road.

JOHN

Sorry JASPER, didn't offer you one.  
Shit, take the bag.

John tosses the bag to the young man in the passenger seat, JASPER GNIEWEK (19, Ginger). It's Chucky!! Not a good-looking kid, not hygienic -- greasy ass mop-top under a ball cap, a patchy red beard, and creepy gray eyes.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We have to get to my dad's. He wants us to clean for the cartel heavy-hitter coming tonight.

DAVE

Pedal to the metal bitches!!

JOHN

DAVE. You gonna be good? No twitchy trigger finger, right?

Dave looks flustered and frustrated by the remark.

DAVE

Dude, that was a long time ago.  
Yes. I am good... Shit.

JASPER

Dude, it was 2 weeks ago.

JOHN

I don't like scrubbing brains off walls, Dave. It's fucking nasty.

Dave is visibly upset now. He is defensive about this subject.

DAVE

Fuck, it was an accident, let it go. Fuck! I thought he was reaching for that gun, dude. I didn't murder him. I fucked up!

JASPER

What gun? The guy was pulling his tightie-whities out of his ass crack bro?

DAVE

Bro, it was his shooting hand; you know what that means?

JASPER

No, dumbass, I don't know what the fuck that means. Unless it means he had an itchy ass crack, then ok, ya.

Dave's face is red. Awkward silence. He takes some deep breaths and approaches the subject from a different angle.

DAVE

You wanna know what really went down bitches?

Dave is high as a kite and makes things a bit more colorful. Avoidance, no doubt.

In the most offensive Asian accent.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Soo dis waat rreerry happen. I do some of dat tastee tastee meth and I went ninja mode -- nun-chucked dat droods aasss.

JOHN

Bro, there were no nun-chucks, just your 9mm and the dude's head exploding like a fucking watermelon. I have nightmares fucker.

JASPER

You do? I don't. Was fuckin' cool.

DAVE

Ohh yesh dere-werrrr nunna-chuckas. And me had herrp from -- my friends -- Mr. Miyagi, Chow Yun Fat, Jackie muthafuckin Chan and... Jean Claude Van Damme.

JOHN

Hold on... Jean Claude Van Damme is not Chinese dumbass, he is French or somethin'. And you're not fucking Chinese either... You're Korean, and you know like... 2 Korean words? ... Do they even have fucking Karate in Korea?

JASPER

That would be Taekwondo John... And want to point out that Mr. Van Damme is Belgian.

(MORE)

JASPER (CONT'D)

Belgians shave their pits - take  
baths... The French are the dirty  
people.

Dave and John nod in agreement with Jasper's know-it-all assessment. They turn up the music -- Type O Negative.

Dave puts the pedal to the metal and they all rock out 90's style. Head-banging and the lost art of air guitar are both on display in all of their glory.

From the road -- VROOM!! -- the Camaro speeds right by, kicking up litter in its wake -- it bullets far off in the distance... We remain while bear cans bounce on the asphalt.

**EXT. JONES COMPOUND - DAY**

The Camaro speeds down dirt roads toward a 7-foot tall fence, topped in barbed wire, surrounding a large compound. Basically, a house, 4-5 mobile homes scattered football fields apart, rusted-out train cars, and acres of dirt. Oh, and a big pen where two black bears reside. Tiger-King-style.

The Camaro stops at the front gate. John waves his arm out the window at a camera posted above.

**INT. JONES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

John's father, BILL JONES (late 50s), watches his son wave on a black and white monitor.

OH MY... Bill looks like... shit... A mix between the-poor-man's Tom Cruise and Charlie Manson. He is maybe 5'5" and has crazy cross-eyes. Though, Bill's ambiance is neither Cruise nor Manson-like... it's DUMBASS-METH-HEAD-PERV.

The boys enter the HOUSE, and John makes a B-line for the fridge -- grabs three beers, hands one to Jasper, and holds one out for Dave. Dave ignores - and walks right by -- down the hall. Dave enters a BEDROOM. On the door is a handwritten sign -- "**DAVE YUN - ADULT PRODUCTIONS**" -- Dave is a naughty boy.

A small room with three twin beds pushed together in the middle, a COSTUME AREA, lighting, and an EDITING STATION with a couple of VCRs and TAPES. A bunch of INDUSTRY STANDARD EQUIPMENT is peppered about the room as well.

Pride exudes from his face. He looks serious and focused. This isn't a just a porn studio to Dave. Looks like he fancies himself an artist. This is not like some pervs sex den; he put a ton of work into this.



He starts picking up items with his bare hands and placing them in a bin. He tidies up the costume area, highlighted by...

- FORREST GUMP'S WHITE SUIT AND SHOOOOES
- MARTY MCFLY'S DENIM JACKET/ORANGE VEST ENSEMBLE
- ARNIE'S LEATHER TERMINATOR OUTFIT
- A MAN AND A WOMAN'S SUIT with ID BADGES that read "XXX-FILES-AGENT PUSSY" "XXX-FILES-AGENT POUNDER"

-- last is the centerpiece --

- A fucking VELOCIRAPTOR COSTUME, spread eagle with a wonderful CROTCH-HOLE.

Hold on... Only one dinosaur costume... please, there has to be at least one more... Nope. Only one. GOOD GOD! BUDGET ISSUES, I PRAY.

The production area has VHS TAPES with hand-written titles; **The Sperminator, Boink to the Future, The XXX-Files, Forest Hump**, and... FOR FUCK'S SAKE -- **Whore-Ass-Lick Park**.

*There is a lot to unpack here... Take your time... Good... Good... Where you see problems, I see \$\$\$. Done? OK >>ALLONS-FUCKIN'-Y>>*

Dave's CHIHUAHUA runs in to greet him, -- BARK - BARK -- he picks her up and gives her a kiss.

DAVE

(baby talk voice)

Hey there, my little SPORTY SPICE.  
Ohhh, you have been pooping in the house. Haaahh-vent you? Haaah-vent you? You sneaky minx.

BILL (O.C.)

Dave, get your ass out here. Got business. Your Gono-rrheeea den can wait!

Dave makes his way out to the living room and sees John and Jasper standing attention. Bill looks ridiculous, with his back arched like a tiny general. Dave falls in line.

BILL (CONT'D)

Boys... we got a VIP coming. This man is cartel-connected - can take 3 pounds a month off our hands. So, gotta do some work. First, ...

Bill PAUSES || .... REWINDS << a touch... then PLAYS >

Maybe like some neurological issues going on here? He is a twitchy motherfucker.

BILL (CONT'D)

Firstly, first... we need to clean our kitchen, want it like... like... Betty Crocker could bake cookies in there. Want steel and glass to shine like a ... like a... like a... Mermaid's butthole. Get it?

Based on the confused looks, they don't. And the fact Bill does a creepy fish/duck-hybrid face isn't helping anybody's comprehension here.

Oh yes... Bill definitively has meth-brain. He nailed the first simile, then... splat... Give him credit for so bravely jumping into the tenor, eyes closed. If only he could land the elusive vehicle...

BILL (CONT'D)

First... cause it's important... Dave...

|| Blank stare..... --NOW... >

BILL (CONT'D)

Dave... Second, nobody will be shooting nobody tonight. No killing anyone. I had to cut the bastard up with the chainsaw and feed him to the bears - shit-heel.

Dave nods -- Bill seems satisfied -- Then Dave opens his fucking mouth.

DAVE

Ya, unless he draws, of course.

JOHN

He was pulling his undies out of his butt dude!!

JASPER

The guy had an itchy crack bro! A bad wipe is all.

Bill looks pissed -- he takes three steps toward Dave -- plants his hands on Dave's shoulders -- creates a wide base for balance -- swings his leg back then forward, leading with the knee -- BONE, MEET BALLS -- perfect contact between Patella and Testicles. It must have felt like a home run off the bat.

Dave falls to the ground, grunting. Bill looks stunned and points to his kneecap.

BILL  
I can still feel both balls on my  
knee... That was perfection,  
boys... OOOWEEEE!!

Dave's eyes well up with tears, tears of shame. He closes his eyes...

**INT. SMITH HOUSE - BILL'S LIVING ROOM - (FLASHBACK)**

**SUPER: 2 WEEKS AGO**

Bill and a MAN (50's) stand having a pleasant conversation. The man wears a flashy WHITE AND LIGHT BLUE SUIT, circa 1982, accentuated by one hell of a porn-stache.

Dave stands next to Bill, sweating like Elvis doing a set in his Karate years. Jasper and John sit five feet away, playing cards.

Dave's mind is churning something ferocious --

**DAVE:** *{Can't hear them-- something about how to brine a turkey?} -- heartbeat overwhelms all sound -- BUHH-BUMMP!! -- BUHH-BUMMP!!... {too fast -- shit, my heart is gonna explode}*

Bill and the 80s man laugh. Everyone is relaxed except Dave.....

Dark circles under Dave's eyes -- jaw grinding away -- looks back, like someone behind him. The dude is high AF, sleep-deprived, dehydrated, you name it.

**DAVE:** *{Can't see} -- BLURRY -- CLEAR -- BLURRY... (Re: 80s Man) {He is going for his gun...}*

-- NOW -- crystal clear reality -- 80s man moves his hand toward his behind -- picks and scratches his rear.

**DAVE:** *BLURRY -- CLEAR..., sweat drips over Dave's field of view -- {Shit... He is going for a fucking gun -- crazy fucker -- I knew it -- fucking sneaky mustache...}*

Dave's pupils like pin-dots.

**DAVE:** *SHAKY -- BLURRY -- {IT'S A FUCKING DIRTY HARRY GUN -- How the fuck did that fit in there? -- Oh... evil fucker is smiling. It's now or never.}*

Dave's shaky-ass hand reaches for a gun, tucked in his back waist -- gun fumbles around and... whoopsie...

Tracking it -- time slows -- this fucking gun, I shit you not, it strikes the ground nose first -- awkward double-bounce, barrel-to-grip -- this flings the fucking thing up and forward on a trajectory through the gap between Dave's legs -- gun safety class FAIL!

Dave's crotch above -- gun rotating on y-axis at a funeral's pace -- now entering Dave's danger zone -- gun ...lingers... as the barrel points at his nuts -- clears his crotch -- sticks the landing on the carpet, halfway between Dave and 80s man.

Well shit... Everyone looks confused. Nobody interprets this as hostile. Everyone has a gun somewhere on them -- a mere faux pax is all.

-- SILENCE -- They all stare at the gun with "What the fuck just happened?" followed by, "Should I pick it up? Or should you pick it up? We can't leave a gun on the fucking floor, so... what do we do?" non-verbal exchanges. All cordial -- polite.

80's man takes the initiative.

80'S MAN  
(politely)  
: It's OK, son. Let me help you  
with that. You could have been  
hurt.

80s man approaches Dave to retrieve the gun.

**DAVE:** *A menacing 80s man bends down for the gun -- TUNNEL VISION -- BLURRY -- THEN -- ADRENALINE RUSH -- INSTANT-PERFECT-FOCUS -- NOW -- PINNED ON GUN*

Dave's adrenal glands release a meth-assisted-fight-or-flight-adrenaline-burst (it's a thing, I swear) -- he swoops in and beats 80s man to the gun -- like Jackie muthafuckin Chan -- grabs it by the handle -- points gun at 80s man -- thumb flicks safety -- No need safety was off -- 80s man is still fucking bent over -- has no clue -- "this is how it happens" never crosses the poor bastard's mind.

80s man -- GROAN -- getting back into standing position -- raises his head -- clocks barrel of the gun pointing at him.

80S MAN  
You gotta be more caref--

-- BANG -- the man's head explodes -- Brain, blood and bone cover the wall -- the recoil flings Dave's arm up like a pendulum -- gun aimed at the ceiling -- second -- BANG -- a big fucking hole in the ceiling -- it rains sheet rock chunks and dust on Bill and Dave's heads.

Dave stares blankly at the wall. He is in shock and, like the other four people in the room (including the dead guy), has no idea what the fuck happened.

**BACK TO SCENE - SAME LIVING ROOM**

Easing in micro close on the couch, small dried chunks of skull, blood, hair, and brain adhere to the fabric and wriggle as a slight breeze passes through the room.

Bill is laughing so hard at Dave that he gets a nasty fit of smoker's cough. He bends over and puts his hands on his knees to catch his breath.

BILL

You will not shoot this man. I don't care if he tries to lick your scrote. You will sit back and get your berries licked, then ask for a rim job. Got it?

Dave nods yes from the ground, still in agony. Jasper stands over Dave now.

JASPER

How bout we get your stupid dog to lick your balls? You like that shit, don't ya? Don't ya? Nasty fuckerrrr.

Jasper laughs like a hyena, then kicks things into high gear, mimicking a dog licking balls. He uncoils and flexes his muscular, snake-like tongue -- NOW -- SLURP, SLURP --

OH MY... Bill and John approve... by joining in. John thinks a moment and becomes genuinely inspired, not only licks for John's pantomime, noooo... he adds the most vital piece... a cradle of course. A subtle addition ensuring authenticity. Though a dog would not cradle of course, but it is irrelevant at this point. Ummmm... Lord, So Bill, he has no fucking clue. He jumps while licking, as if the balls were dangling from a tree? The poster boy for sex injury right here. Ok, they are done. A total shit show.

Dave slowly gets up.

BILL

Give me your gun.

Dave hands him his 9mm - head down in shame.

BILL (CONT'D)

You will be cleaning your sex room;  
do not leave that room until I tell  
ya. Make sure to burn them ass-  
streaked sheets and kill every last  
herrrr-peeess!

Dave nods.

BILL (CONT'D)

Needs to be cleaner than my  
prick... after...

Bill | | and..... >

BILL (CONT'D)

... doin' a whore.

*He starts so strong with these things... it's a shame. Oh, hang on.  
Bill is going to attempt a simile-recovery.*

BILL (CONT'D)

A whore... with... crabs. Ya. You  
know? Gotta scrub that shit out of  
it.

*No, we do not know Bill. Please enlighten us.*

BILL (CONT'D)

You gotta... You gotta... scrub...  
your... shit... out -- those nasty  
little fuckers biiiiite.

What the fuh...? Bill starts in like he is at a poetry jam.  
Whatever this is, Bill obviously thinks rhyming is overrated.

OH MY! -- Bill grabs his crotch and moves the contents in a  
circular motion. OH NO! -- it looks like Bill is gonna take  
this to another level -- yup -- fucker just breaks into song -  
- a country song...

BILL (CONT'D)

You gotta... You gotta... wash...  
that sack... boys -- after layin'  
with a nasty wuhuhhman.

Ball-lickin' time is over, people -- it's ball-scrubbin'  
time. Bill's body suddenly takes motion, like a  
leprechaun on speed -- It looks like a dance from Hee-Haw on  
fast-forward. The boys watch... confused -- processing...  
AND... A FREESTYLE BREAKS OUT!

Yeehaww! They are killin' it... Cowboy boots a-stompin- -- imaginary lassos a-twirlin' -- even quick draws of pointer-finger-guns... one-handed quick draws, of course... Why?

For this number, there seems to be one unspoken rule: "ONE HAND MUST REMAIN ON BALLS AT ALL TIMES"--everything else is garnish.

Even Dave is back in play -- doing a phantom ball scrub.

Finally, after ten long seconds, the **DANCE OF THE BALLS #2** is over -- and everyone is a bit better off.

*Bill deserves some credit. He taught these boys real-life lessons in hygiene, using only the power of song and dance. Kinda like a meth-head-trailer-park Sesame Street would.*

BILL (CONT'D)

Now, let's get to work. This place  
needs to be tighter than ah... than  
ah... Virgin's Vah...

The sound fades before Bill finally lands a simile.

**END FLASHBACK**

**END ACT II**

ACT III**INT. KEMP'S GARAGE - DAY**

Kemp and Nin enter the garage.

KEMP

Any progress Zaz?

ZAZ

Yes, I found him. Exit node was compromised. The layman's version is, I tickled its front bits and snuck in its back bits. CIA had no chance, shite hackers they are.

KEMP

You are a miracle worker, my old friend. So... who is he?

ZAZ

Not the type for sure. Single dad lost his wife to cancer 3 years ago and has a teenage daughter. Poor guy has his hands full. But... he is rich, like fuckin Elon Musk rich. All off the books.

KEMP

Oh... Ok then. Explains the CIA. He musta dipped his Johnson in somebody's porridge: name and location.

ZAZ

John Jones lives in Fort Collins, Colorado. It looks like we are headed to the States, boys! Vegas is about a 30-minute flight from Denver. I wanna to put it out there.

KEMP

After we get paid Zaz. Calling CIA blokes now. Alright, lads, gear up. We got a plane to catch.



**INT. KEMP'S HOUSE - DAY**

No time to waste, they prepare for the trip.

- TRAVEL MONTAGE TIME!!

MUSIC CUE: *Thoughts for a travel montage tune?? Hmmm, what's got the highest Synch Fee? Dude!! Googled it, AC/DC "Thunderstruck" - \$500,000. Shit... OK, maybe it's me, solo, killin' it on my old Casio keyboard for this one. John-Carpenter-style. WE GO CHEAP; FINE BUT.....*

**- NO FUCKING MAP-WITH-TOY-AIRPLANE DEVICE NONSENSE.**

HMMMM... I got it! Let's... try... this -->

MUSIC CUE: Virginia Plain by Roxy Music. HAAAA

RAPID FIRE:

-- Luggage -- Crack, ZIP, ZIP, ZIP --

-- Sad looks as Kemp and Nin return all guns and knives to the storage box -- BLUMMP, CLICK, CLICK --

-- Nintendo Switch with original Metroid packed - Kemp and Nin smile.

-- House door -- SLAM --

-- A cab ride. Car door -- SLAM --

-- Arrive at Heathrow

-- On their phones in the security line. Kemp plays Candy-Crush

-- Nin sets off the security body scanner. The airport police officer points to a screen -- a red square blinks on Nin's crotch

-- officer frisks him

-- Nin winks and smiles at an attractive WOMAN while gesturing toward the red crotch square

-- She smiles

NIN  
(whispers to woman)  
Happens every time.

-- Plane takes off -- HEEEEHHHEEWWW --

-- All three sleeping like babies on the plane. Zaz's head on Nin's shoulder.

-- Nin exits the airplane bathroom, followed by the woman from the security line. Her hair is messy. Nin sits down, lipstick all over his neck.

-- Wheels hit the ground -- BUMP -- BUMP -- FROHHHHHHH-SHHHHHHE -- SQUEEEELL ...

-- They un-board the plane...

**INT. DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY**

Our three crazy blokes walk through DIA, clocking all the weird shit. There is some bizarre shit at DIA.

-- CREEPY GARGOYLE SCULPTURES

-- ALIEN SKULL ENCASED IN GLASS

-- APOCALYPTIC MURALS WITH NAZI-ZOMBIE-LOOKING DUDES HOLDING SUBMACHINE GUNS.

-- Clock - RENTAL CAR - signs.

END BADASS TRAVEL MONTAGE AND MUSIC CUE

**INT. DIA - PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

A dark underground parking garage.

NIN

So what car you get? A luxury vehicle? A Tesla?

KEMP

You know we haven't been paid yet, right? This is all on my ackers son. And a fuckin tiny Tesla? No...

Kemp takes out the keys and presses the button -- HONK --. A shitty old DODGE CARAVAN lights up. A MAN, sporting blacked-out sunglasses, is chillin' by the Minivan. Possibly CIA?

Kemp waves as they get within 40 meters -- BUT -- something alerts him, other than the fucking sunglasses. In his periphery -- clocks -- a man's hand, exposed from behind a concrete pillar. He turns the other way and spots another person hiding terribly.

KEMP (CONT'D)  
(smiling and whispering)  
Slow down, these ent friends.

NIN  
These? As in more than one? I see  
the one bloke. Do they all have  
fucking sunglasses on?

KEMP  
Don't mooch... at least two more.  
It's a perfect trap. Our lot here,  
fresh off the plane, no weapons.  
So, do we leg it, or do we scrap  
boys?

ZAZ  
You know me, I love some good  
ballistic therapy.

KEMP  
Scrap it is. Stay close, follow my  
lead.

Kemp stops to tie his shoes. Zaz starts to do the same --

KEMP (CONT'D)  
(whispering angrily)  
Stop, ya saft fucka. Why don't we  
all tie our fuckin shoes together  
now? That don't look suspicious.

ZAZ  
You said to follow your lead. The  
sunglasses are more suspicious than  
tyin' shoes, they are.

Kemp removes a sharp plastic blade sewn into his shoe and  
stands up with a huge fake smile. He yells out to Corey Hart  
dude...

KEMP  
Alright, you. You the tossa?

No answer.

KEMP (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
The tossa; are you the tossa?

Getting closer, only 15 meters...

MAN  
 (American accent. Way  
 confused)  
 Uhhh... sure. I'm a Tossa... uhhhh

5 meters..,

KEMP  
 Let me show you something, Tossa.

1 meter... Kemp gestures for Zaz and Nin to find cover --  
 SUDDENLY -- Kemp pounces like a lion -- Four quick thrusts to  
 the groin -- severs femoral artery -- a barrage of kidney  
 shivs -- renal artery opened -- BLOOD... This dude is primal -  
 All with a 5-centimeter plastic blade. Absurd stuff...

Gently takes the dying man to the ground.

KEMP (CONT'D)  
 Well... looks like your days of  
 tossin' off the ol' knob are over.

Kemp takes the man's gun as shots come in from both sides. A  
 man pokes his head out from behind a pillar -- Kemp clocks  
 him -- shoots him dead. He looks like he could be chewing  
 gum and blowing a bubble while getting that impossible shot  
 off.

NIN  
 One more, I think. That way. Want  
 me to draw him out?

KEMP  
 Sure, these guys are shit shots.

Nin takes off, faster than Ben Johnson on Stanazol -- WHOOSH -  
 The man takes the bait, steps out to fire, and -- BANG --  
 Kemp beats him to it.

KEMP (CONT'D)  
 (to the dying man)  
 Who the fuck are you? Not CIA,  
 that's for sure.

The man takes off his sunglasses, revealing green glowing  
 eyes.

KEMP (CONT'D)  
 Why find the drug dealer? To draw  
 us out? Better ways to do that, you  
 know.

MAN

You know why. Two birds, one stone...

Kemp doesn't understand.

KEMP

What?... Who is your boss?

MAN

HANBI sends his condolences.

He dies.

ZAZ

What did he say?

KEMP

Nothing. Nonsense is all.

ZAZ

He said Hanbi, didn't he? Bwci-bo...

KEMP

He's half-soaked, Zaz, and probably some cult is worshipping him. He always had more power in death than in life.

ZAZ

You are right. But hearing his name...

Zaz is emotional about this subject.

ZAZ (CONT'D)

Ok.. Focus time. Fuck him, dead fucka. Spit on his grave, I did.

Something grabs Zaz's attention.

ZAZ (CONT'D)

What do we have here?

Zaz inspects the dead man's oversized handgun - it has some weird tech on the barrel.

ZAZ (CONT'D)

A fuckin Umbra Buster, it is. Dirty pool.. coc oens.

Nin is checking the other two dead guys. Identical to the others. He takes their guns. They jump in the Caravan and speed off.

**INT. CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS**

Kemp drives. Nin and Zaz go through a trunk of weapons in the back.

KEMP

Did they miss anything? Wasn't cheap getting it delivered like this.

NIN

Looks good to me, more than enough to take out those weasels.

ZAZ

Fucking Umbra Busters... Jesus, haven't seen one in a long time.

Nin takes a round out of the obnoxiously bulky Umbra-Buster. The bullet has a glowing tip.

ZAZ (CONT'D)

The nano is delivered on the bullet, see? It's lights out forever if we hit with this filthy little shite.

NIN

So, what the fuck were those things? Not human, not ANUNNAKI and they don't strike me as Demis.

ZAZ

All three were identical so unless somebody had triplets, they ent Demis.

KEMP

Somebody is fuckin' with DNA again.

ZAZ

Clones... More failed experiments. Empty, mindless, uninhabitable flesh is what you get. Rudimentary clones can't be vessels. We proved this over and over again. Umbra needs an imprint, a consciousness, a frame of reference. Clones are a blank slate.

(MORE)

ZAZ (CONT'D)

Our original clone stock had each of our quantum consciousnesses imprinted into it.

KEMP

Don't have the tech for that anymore. Do we? That fucking bastard Hanbi blew it all to shit.

NIN

Why do humans work as vessels and clones don't?

ZAZ

Humans come with a quantum consciousness. It acts as a totem for the umbra to coalesce into reality. A clone is born with nothing, no soul, no spark... It's like tryin to inhabit a cucumber.

After a moment of quiet, something clicks for Kemp.

KEMP

Two birds, one stone, he said. They brought us here to draw him out. Somebody is making a play, and they don't want anybody impeding their goal. They want us all off the field, him too.

NIN

Draw who out?

KEMP

ZAZ get John Jones on the phone now. It's him.

**EXT. FORMER JONES COMPOUND - DAY**

John drives on a familiar dirt road in his Porsche Cheyenne, parks, steps out, removes his sick-ass Ray-Ban Aviators, and looks out at the compound under the blue Colorado sky.

Only pieces of the old fence remain, rusted, lying in the dirt. The meth lab and the house have burnt down. Only dirt and ruins remain.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

**EXT. JONES COMPOUND - EVENING**

A big fenced-over pen, inside - 2 black bears sleep. About 30 meters beyond, John and Jasper walk toward a sizeable MOBILE HOME.

To the west, the sun is beginning its daily descent.

John pulls out his bag of meth and opens the door -- REVEALING -- One big ass METH LAB inside.

**INT. JONES METH-LAB - CONTINUOUS**

This is an elaborate lab, more than you would expect from Bill. It is not terribly dirty, a tad messy is all.

JOHN

Let's... fuckin... clean!

MUSIC CUE: "Last Cup of Sorrow" by Faith No More

*(Another trailer here...Money is no obstacle, folks... THINK FRANCHISE!! THINK VELOCIRAPTOR COSTUMES WITH CROTCH HOLES -- \$99.99)*

QUICK CUTS:

-- John snorting meth

-- Jasper snorting meth

-- John sweeping

-- Jasper wiping down tables

-- John polishing steel tanks and condensers

-- Jasper organizing tools. Taking time to stop and examine sharp things.

-- John cleaning glassware

-- John snorting meth

-- Jasper snorting meth

-- Jasper mooning John, possibly farting

-- John punching Jasper in the shoulder fucking hard

-- Jasper tonguing a Pamela Anderson poster, then plowing his phantom Johnson to crescendo, flinging imaginary... Yup.

-- John using a toothbrush to clean stainless steel



-- Jasper aggressively licks, humps, and chokes various pieces of equipment

-- Both admiring their work... Proud looks.

END MUSIC CUE

**EXT. FRONT OF JONES COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS**

Nearing dusk. Bill stands waiting for their visitor. John and Jasper approach. Car lights -- a silver Mercedes Benz kicks up dust. John runs to the gate -- lets the Mercedes through.

THOMAS MAXWELL (50s-white) exits the vehicle. He doesn't look like a cartel-connected meth distributor. He resembles Mr. Rodgers with a beer gut. As harmless as they come. Except his eyes. Those dark eyes have seen things, no doubt.

BILL

Mr. Maxwell, how is Colorado treatin' ya?

TOM

It is a beautiful state, I love it. I would live here if the wife didn't like the beach so much.

In the foreground, Dave walks out of the house with a transparent trash bag clearly full of used condoms -- tosses them in a bin. Tom takes notice.

BILL

Do you mind if I call you Thomas?

TOM

Call me Tom.

BILL

Ok, Tom. Would you like a drink? Beer, whiskey... Tab-Cola? We can go in the house and chat.

TOM

I do not mean to be rude, but I am all business, Bill. Nothing personal. I would prefer we do the tour and negotiate.

BILL

I like a man who doesn't slow jerk the pony. First, I am going to have my boy pat you down real quick.

The statement amuses Tom. His eyes say, "Oh, he is that kinda guy."

TOM

Full disclosure. I have a .38  
holstered in my jacket. Concealed  
carry not a crime out here.

They chuckle.

BILL

Thank you, not a problem.

John gives a thumbs up.

JOHN

No wire.

BILL

You can keep the gun, sir, everyone  
here is packin', and I like a fair  
fight. Well, let's not stand here  
dicks ah danglin'.

Bill sways his hips while dangling his arm between his legs.

He gestures toward a golf cart -- They drive toward a  
backdrop of the dark orange Colorado sunset and white-tipped  
peaks of the Front Range mountains.

**EXT. MOBILE HOME/METH-LAB ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

They arrive at the lab.

BILL

...and Florida is the only place  
you can find two one-legged  
hookers, my friend. Gators...

Bill uses both index fingers hopping to signify the number 2  
here. He gets a case of the cross-eyes from looking at his  
fingers up close and shakes his head vigorously to relieve  
the malady.

BILL (CONT'D)

That's the trip I got John Boy his  
first hooker. She had two. Legs,  
that is. Tits too.

John nods proudly. The look on his face is priceless like he  
won a trophy or something.

Tom has been quiet; you can almost see him processing the situation. He seems amused, but he takes on this overly sarcastic persona. He patronizes the fuck out of these assholes, and they don't even get it.

TOM

Well, that was an incredible story, Bill. I'm sure the rest involves copious amounts of Penicillin, but we must push on a friend. The lab, I presume...

Tom pats Bill on the back. They all head into the lab.

**INT. METH LAB - CONTINUOUS**

Shiny polished metal everywhere.

BILL

Look around. It's glorious... like a... like... oiled-up booty-rama. Ya. Shiny. Yehhhs?

Bill grinds his hips on a big stainless steel tank while he makes creepy eye contact with Tom.

TOM

Steel can be shiny, yes.

BILL

(Re: steel tank)

Fucking shiny, smooth bottom here, huh? Can make 4 pounds a cook with this baby. The best in the West. Most wanted meth for five states... in every direction.

(arms open wide. Re: to the lab)

Nobody puts baby... in the... in the... corner... and... nobody fucks her but me! And John-Boy.

Tom cringes. Based on Tom's reaction, it is not clear whether he has seen Dirty Dancing or not. Probably not.

TOM

John-Boy can cook, too!

BILL

John, can you cook?

JOHN

I cook good shit, sir. Hells yeah!!

Again, that awkward look of winning a trophy mixed with approval seeking. John is not well-adjusted at all.

BILL

Second best cook in the West,  
taught him when he was 12.

TOM

Wonderful to hear. I love your  
enthusiasm, son. And Bill... you  
must be so proud. A chip off the  
old block here.

Tom is way over the top. He grins ear to ear and shadowboxes John as if he is 10 years old or something.

TOM (CONT'D)

I have no doubt you cook excellent  
meth, young man.

Tom seems to be impersonating a 1950s TV show dad -- No shit -  
- He acts like a complete douchebag, and these guys don't  
catch on. Tom walks off and explores the lab.

BILL

(to Tom)

Go ahead, take a look around.

Tom does not react; he is going to do whatever the fuck he  
wants; he doesn't ask for permission.

He clocks -- a BOX CUTTER.

TOM

(whispers to himself)

Bingo.

Bill somehow hears this. Tweaker hearing.

BILL

Fuckin A! BINGO, that's what this  
all is. One big fuckin Bingo. A  
Blahhhhhck-ouhht... Some of them  
Bingo ladies too...

Whisper-yells with hand visor over mouth now...

BILL (CONT'D)

Desperate for the D-I-C-K.

Tom has his back turned, still checking out his surroundings.

TOM

(In a "I don't give a fuck" tone)

Oh my... How great is that?  
Spelling it out too...  
Thank...you...Bill.

Tom picks up the box cutter - puts it in his shirt pocket. He unbuttons his holster, oh so casual. Clocks -- a CASSETTE TAPE PLAYER and a STACK OF CASSETTES.

TOM (CONT'D)

Do you guys mind if I put on some music here?

JOHN

Go ahead, man; it's mostly my stuff. Newer stuff. Don't know if you --

Bill cuts John off with a nudge and a stink eye -- mouths, "Shut the fuck up." Tom chuckles.

TOM

It's fine son, I am much much older than you think.

Tom sifts through the tapes, and one gets his attention. Written in pen on the copied tape is "DANZIG - GODZ KILL" followed by a shitty drawing of a skull.

TOM (CONT'D)

Glenn Danzig you beautiful demon bastard.

JASPER

Fuckin-A... Danzig is my dark lord.

Tom laughs and plays the tape.

MUSIC CUE: "How the Gods Kill" by Danzig

The song opens ever gently in the background. "Ohhhh... Hohh Wahh Whooh Whooh-ohhh...."

TOM

Well, gentlemen, I am genuinely impressed by your lab. Smaller, far superior to the ones I oversaw in Iraq.

That statement sounds sincere.

BILL

No shit? I did not know that. Them diaper heads cook meth in the fucking desert? Shiiiiihhht. I bet it paid for Suudaamm's chemical bombs.

Tom's tone is now sharp and academic.

TOM

Wow, Bill. You get an A+... Yes... Amphetamines and opium funded the regime. In fact, I worked for Hussein, running logistics. Ohhh Saddam...

He pauses a moment, then takes on this fascinated tone.

TOM (CONT'D)

Not your average psychopath, oh no. A megalomaniac... Rare breed. This is silly, but I make lists. It's a game my brother and I played. I keep a list of the ten best and worst people I have met. Saddam is number 5 on my worst list. I have met so many people; making any list is impressive.

BILL

We kicked his ass, though. Scud missiles went scuh-daddle.

Tom ignores the dumbass comment.

TOM

Do you know Saddam ordered a Quran be made, written in his own blood? No shit. Some poor kid, maybe 20, was chosen because he had good handwriting.

Let's out a quick "what the fuck" laugh.

TOM (CONT'D)

So this kid slaves away, dipping his pen in a coffee mug of Saddam's blood day and night for a week. He got 10 pages done, maybe. Saddam looks it over, shakes his head, walks to the kitchen, and returns with a paring knife. Without saying one word, Saddam fucking slits the kid's throat.

Tom's fascinated tone transforms into a sadistic one; he becomes a bit scary.

TOM (CONT'D)

I am watching all of this...  
stunned... Saddam's hands are  
dripping with blood. He walks back  
to the table, picks up an apple...  
bites into it

(mimics biting an apple)  
blood all over his mouth... Like  
nothing happened. The man is a  
fucking animal.

(chuckles)

Then he says to me... "We can put  
my blood in a print press; there is  
no need to write it." I nodded as  
he laughed as blood ran down his  
chin.

Danzig gets louder and clearer without any human  
intervention... *"Would you let it gohh ohhh..."*

TOM (CONT'D)

After that, he dropped the whole  
Quran thing and moved on to his  
next project. Do you want to guess  
what that was?

JASPER

Uhh, Uhhh, killing people. Lots of  
um. Ya.

TOM

No, Jasper. That was his job. A  
project is something you do in your  
free time. Anyway, get this: The  
guy decides to write a novel. Guess  
what kind?

JOHN

Like, a war novel, ya? Where, like,  
he beats America?

TOM

Good guess but no. He wrote a  
fucking Romance Novel, yup, and the  
thing became a bestseller in Iraq.  
They make a fucking TV movie on it,  
A 20-part musical shitshow. Iraqi  
TV is strange. Ok, enough  
reminiscing. It's time we begin.

Tom's eyes begin to sparkle luminescent green. Bill, John, and Jasper stare into them -- hypnotized -- All three nod with flat affect.

-- NOW -- like a fucking Danzig concert from the first row in hell -- a wall of beautiful sound travels through the room -- *"They cannot end this mourrrrrning, of my liiiife, Show-me... how the gaaahhhs kiiiilll..."* The guitar becomes a Banshee as she screeches her warning of impending doom.

BILL

Who are you?

TOM

Who am I? The answer is complicated. I have been many I's. But it's the wrong question, Bill. The right question would be... What am I?

Tom's voice is not human anymore; it shakes the walls of the trailer. His face starts vibrating -- blurry... Tom is the bogeyman.

TOM (CONT'D)

(Re: to "What am I?")

To some, I am a source of salvation; to others, I may be a reminder of lost wisdom. Bill, in this moment, I am death. Aren't you listening to the music, Bill? Danzig is singing to you, shit-face.

Tom focuses his hypnotic stare on only John now. Locks eyes.

TOM (CONT'D)

John, there is still a chance for you to be redeemed. Stay calm, boy, and keep eye contact.

Bill and Jasper come out of their trances -- Bill lunges toward Tom -- THEN -- like-a-fucking-demon-ninja -- Tom pulls the box cutter from his pocket with his right hand -- simultaneously pulls his fucking .38 with his left hand -- One quick blurry motion -- SLICE -- Bill's carotid opens, spewing hot blood -- BANG -- A bullet enters Jasper's skull, perfectly placed between his eyes -- Blade meets flesh and the bullet meets bone at the exact same moment -- Tom's eyes never unlock with John's.

Bill falls to the ground, grabs his neck -- bleeds out -- Jasper dies immediately. Less than one second of violence and two men are dead.



Tom slowly approaches John -- THEN -- he turns the gun on himself -- BANG -- and ends his own life.

**A GREEN GHOST-LIKE ENTITY exits Tom's lifeless body and enters John.**

A green aura surrounds John. His eyes open wide, luminescing green for a moment before changing to cobalt-black.

John returns to the cassette player -- CLICK -- SILENCE

END MUSIC CUE

John hears a voice in his head.

VOICE

Don't worry John, you are still here. Think of what you would have become, and think of what you will become. Now, **WE HAVE WORK TO DO.**

Footsteps outside -- John draws his gun -- Dave bursts through the door with a shotgun but immediately drops it when he sees the three dead bodies.

DAVE

What the fuck!! Jesus fucking Christ man. They are fucking dead. Fuck...

Dave looks at Bill's dead body

DAVE (CONT'D)

You dumb motherfucker. You shoulda let me keep my goddamn gun...

John points the gun at Dave -- BUT -- Dave cries, looking over Bill's body. John now seems intrigued by Dave. Lowers gun.

JOHN

I don't know what happened. One minute the guy is cool, then he shoots Jasper in the head. And Bill ... My dad.

(correcting himself)

My dad... tries to jump him, and he pulls this fucking box cutter. They struggle and I can't get a shot... then blood... I shot him.

DAVE

Shit man. I am sorry, dude. What the fuck? The dude sounded chill.

JOHN  
Not chill, Dave... Not chill at  
all.

John studies Dave, then grins. Maybe this god found  
something. A pet project, possibly?

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I am going to need your help.

DAVE  
Ya, Jefe, whatever you need.

JOHN  
We are going to need the CHAINSAW  
and the BEARS.

**END FLASHBACK**

**END ACT III**

**ACT IV****EXT. OLD JONES COMPOUND - DAY**

John stares out at the wreckage of his old life, making peace with the vessel he has resided in for the last 28 years.

JOHN  
(out load)  
John, do you miss any of this?

REAL JOHN  
(voice in head)  
No... That night, you said "Think of what I might become" I am pretty happy with what I became. I got to see the world, the universe in ways nobody ever has. Thank you. But why me?

JOHN  
I keep Dave around for the same reason. You two were in the worst situation—brave, pure souls surrounded by wolves, with no way out. I pave new paths for those souls. It's been a pleasure having you with me, John. You are a part of me now.

John walks toward the house. Pulls a 9mm out and enters.

**INT. BURNED DOWN JONES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

He stands in what was the living room of Bill's house.

JOHN  
Are you ready John?

REAL JOHN  
As good a time as any.

JOHN  
It's not goodbye, I will see you in the archive one day.

REAL JOHN  
Fucking do it already!!

John moves the gun to his head -- THEN -- Ringing from his pocket. He pulls out his phone.

JOHN  
Fucking now, Jesus.

He answers.

ZAZ  
Is this John Jones? Very important  
message for John. John Jones.

JOHN  
Yes, John Jones. Got it. Here.

ZAZ  
It's Zaz John. I am here with Nin  
and his dad.

JOHN  
Ohhh. Somebody finally found me...  
What do you want?

ZAZ  
We were hired to find you. But it  
was a ruse to get us all together  
to take us off the board. Somebody  
is making a play.

JOHN  
I'm listening. Do they know where  
I live?

ZAZ  
Yes. And you have maybe an hour  
before they get there. We are  
about an hour away. Oh, they have  
Umbra busters.

In the background, we hear Kemp asking for the phone.

ZAZ (CONT'D)  
Kemp wants to talk.

JOHN  
Kemp... That's funny. Tell Kemp  
(sarcastic emphasis on  
"Kemp")  
We can talk after I clean up his  
mess.

Hangs up.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(to real John)  
Sorry, John, it will have to wait.

**EXT. JOHN'S STREET - DAY**

John parks his car up the street -- carefully approaches the house. All clear for now -- enters.

He passes by the pictures in the LIVING ROOM from earlier. That friend, the one with John in Europe... It's Dave, no shit... They are maybe 25, but it's Dave for sure.

John runs to his SECRET ROOM -- dials up French.

FRENCH  
Hey Dad, what's up?

JOHN  
Go to P2P and encrypt.

She nods.

FRENCH  
Done. What is going on?

JOHN  
There is not much time. I have been located. I don't know who, but you could be compromised, too.

FRENCH  
Ok. I will go now.

JOHN  
Good. Burn everything. Not so much as a postcard left behind. Got it? Then hunker down at HQ.

FRENCH  
10-4. I love you, Dad.

Hmmm... Curious...

JOHN  
I love you too, sweetie. See you soon. One way or another. Have it ready in case, and can you make sure Beth is safe?

FRENCH  
Ya. I'll have dumbass pick her up, I guess.

JOHN  
Thank you. God, you're mean to him.  
HAHA.

Ends call -- starts tearing shit apart like a crazy person. Motherboards -- CRUNCH -- under his heel -- RAM chip pulverized -- hard drives nuked in the microwave.

He exposes another hidy-hole - a safe in the back corner of his Bat Cave. Inside -- a PHONE, A USB DRIVE, A 460 SMITH & WESSON WITH SNAKESKIN GRIP, A FOLDED UP PLASTIC SOMETHING, AND A SHINY BLACK PEBBLE THINGY.

-- Removes gun, tucks it in his waist -- Sets aside pebble and plastic thing -- empties pockets; keys, wallet, etc. -- Puts items in safe -- -- places the PEBBLE on his palm -- it hovers an inch above his hand and lights up blue -- he carefully plucks it out of mid-air -- puts it in the safe and closes door.

Three seconds later - a deafening -- THRUMMMM!!! -- from inside the safe. Three seconds more -- BAMMMM!!! -- from the front door.

At the home's ENTRANCE, the front door lays on the ground.

Six COMMANDOES with blacked out visors and AR-15s at the ready.

COMMANDO

ENKI come out -- hands in the air.

JOHN/ENKI

I am back here assholes. And fuck you; I am not coming out, shit stain.

COMMANDO

We aren't here to hurt you.

JOHN/ENKI

Then tell me shit stain... Why the guns?

Looks at his huge, badass 460. Gold metal and snake-skin grip - - it's like a stylish Dirty Harry gun -- thumb-cocks the hammer -- CLICK --

COMMANDO

We have been here too long Enki. We have a way out. The TRANSMIGRATION will happen soon.

JOHN/ENKI

Blah, blah, blah... How in the hell are you going to pull off the Transmigration? The humans aren't ready and our shit blew up 20,000

(MORE)

JOHN/ENKI (CONT'D)

years ago. That slip your mind? Oh, you don't remember because your brain is jello... Clone.

COMMANDO

Yes, I am a clone. I volunteered to inhabit this vessel because our savior has returned. Hanbi will lead us off this planet.

JOHN/ENKI

Really now? I don't know how he did it, but whatever that thing calling itself Hanbi is; it's not him. Hanbi is dead. That thing only code stolen from the archive and packed into an Umbra. Fabrication of an Umbra from archived code never works. When you put it in a human, it will battle the vessel for control, phasing in and out of reality. Making one maladjusted human. A psycho.

COMMANDO

He found a way. It took a very special human vessel. He isn't Hanbi, anymore. He is something new, he is AMBROSE THE DELIVERER.

John smiles a sneaky grin. He grabs the plastic thing and shakes it out—it. It looks like a plastic poncho. He puts it on.

JOHN/ENKI

The Deliverer... my ass! It won't work, because you can't code for the universal quantum anomaly... the soul.

He takes on a disgusted tone and taunts the clone.

JOHN

But you are worse. Clone... You had an Umbra with a soul and you chose to wreck it by inhabiting that worthless meat vessel. You don't come back from that.

COMMANDO

Incorrect. I am from the archive, only code, as you say. I lost my Umbra long long ago.

John is visibly shocked by this claim. Must be something new.

JOHN/ENKI

Holy shit! No way! You should be, like, licking windows. How are you even walking around?

COMMANDO

We have great minds discovering new solutions. And we believe you, too, have a group working on the same problems. Join Ambrose. Together, you will lead us home.

John looks down in thought -- WHEN --

-- BANG -- BANG -- Kemp and co. enter - guns a blazin' -- One Commando down. John joins Kemp -- they go back to back, to cover both sides. John hears a commando behind the wall. Shoots through the wall -- BOOM -- blasts a foot wide hole in the wall -- commando... dead.

KEMP

Just like old times brother. I want that gun Enki.

JOHN/ENKI

Cool, huh? Jesus, you got tall.

KEMP

You got a little fat.

They chuckle -- taking fire.

KEMP (CONT'D)

Question. You expecting rain? What's that ridiculous thing you have on?

JOHN/ENKI

My daughter, French, designed it, it's a Umbra-Buster-Proof-Vest.

KEMP

No shit. She must be one smart cookie. But what a terrible name. Too many syllables. And it's not even a vest. It's like a cheap poncho you buy on a rainy day.

ZAZ

It's like a garbage-bag Enki, you are wearing a garbage-bag...



Enki smiles -- gives a flanking gesture; slips around the hallway with Zaz. Kemp and Nin take the other side.

O.C. -- BANG -- BANG -- BANG-BANG

Around the corner -- all Clone Commandos lay dead. But Enki is gut shot -- bleeding out.

KEMP

What the fuck Enki? That poncho isn't bulletproof. You are supposed to wear a bullet one under it. I'm sure your daughter explained that. Let's get you to a hospital.

JOHN/ENKI

(to Kemp)

That isn't part of the plan ENLIL.

KEMP/ENLIL

You and your plans... Your shite plan is to die right here on the bloody floor? And your brother has to stand here and watch.

JOHN/ENKI

I wasn't planning on dying here and definitely wasn't planning on seeing you today. But this vessel must die for us to take on Hanbi. I've known about Hanbi's resurrection for a while now. Surprised you haven't. Much to discuss, no time.

He grimaces and grunts. Blood pools on the floor.

JOHN/ENKI (CONT'D)

Listen. Go to Big City Pawn Shop. A kid, will meet you there, in an hour or 2. Got it? This is going to blow your mind big brother...

John/Enki closes his eyes and drifts off -- SUDDENLY -- his Umbra exits the body -- hovers by Kemp/Enlil for a moment -- then darts up through the ceiling.

**END ACT IV**

ACT V**INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER**

A dark cavernous bunker with walls of rock. AMBROSE SAMAD (40s - British-Indian) sits on a leather couch and stares at his phone. A thin yet muscular man. He has those long-thick eyelashes that give that natural mascara look -- dark-sexy-crazy-sinister vibe.

AMBROSE

(RP British accent. To someone O.C.)

Bollocks!! This fucking game is killing me. You jump -- your fuckin head gets chopped off in the helicopter blade -- you duck and the fuckin salami slicer thing goes right through your undercarriage. It's eeevil MINI-U.

MINI-U (O.C.)

Maybe a new game sir? Something more... uplifting and less... violent?

AMBROSE

Not a bad idea. I don't know many uplifting apps though. Mindless apps, yes. Now, do you see what the humans have done with all we have gifted them? This shit... Technocratic brats tucked away in their homes.

MINI-U (O.C.)

I do not disagree with you. They have made poor choices. But these are their choices. We can only show them so much; the rest is up to them. Those are the rules.

AMBROSE

My little green friend -- FUCK THE RULES -- We have been on this godforsaken planet for 20,000 years. It's time we break a few. Now, run the sims and give me the numbers.

Ambrose approaches a glass enclosure with a bunch of cables wired through the rock wall. A speaker is mounted above.

Inside the glass is a GREEN BEATING HEART, a miniature version of the one encountered earlier, about the size of a small cat. Ambrose waves his phone in front of the glass enclosure.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

You get it?

MINI-U

(voice from the speaker)

Received... Catenating...

Extrapolating... No, you can't. No.

We have resorted to Genocide now?

This is heinous, I won't help.

AMBROSE

(sadistic)

You will. You will. You think you have choices here?

Evil laugh.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

I made you from a little piece of your big Papa UTU up there. He doesn't even know you exist, no one is going to save you. Oh, hang on. You have to see this little buddy.

Ambrose pulls up something on his phone and turns it to Mini-U -- clocks the screen.

Big Utu does his heartbeat thing in his Garden of Eden up there in the ship. Nothing terribly exciting -- THEN -- Ambrose's pinches out, enlarging an area under hovering Utu.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Do you see it? HAHA. Ya, you do. It's a doozy, my friend; it's waiting for my signal.

On the ground under Utu is a tiny black pebble, like the black hole maker from earlier.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

I had BABA make it special. Oh yes, it packs a punch. So, where were we? Yes, choices, you have none.

MINI-U

Ok, here are your fucking numbers you evil son of a bitch.

(MORE)

MINI-U (CONT'D)

57% percent chance of successful Human TRANSMIGRATION. Just enough to trigger the ship for departure.

AMBROSE

I will take those odds. Best plan yet. Start transmitting to the apes. I want those glorified primates dancing to your tune pronto. You puppet master you.

MINI-U

I have more numbers... and YOU WILL LISTEN. Human fatalities - 7.5 billion. Survivors 800 million. You are walking a thin line between extinction and survival. We, were sent here to protect them, not destroy them.

AMBROSE

Desperate times... And, like you said, enough to trigger the ship. That is all we need.

UTU

What of the BENEFACTORS? They certainly will NOT approve.

AMBROSE

Benefactors...

(laughs)

Have you met one? I haven't. They are myth my little naive... and petite companion.

MINU-U

You are insane... 94% of the dead will be lost without archival. Then what is this phase 2? Genomic analysis of the survivors, what are you looking for?

AMBROSE

I am saving that for later. OHHH, I want to wrap you in a blanket and rock you night night. You are so adorable when you are angry.

MINI-U

Ok, open the glass Hanbi, and see what happens.

AMBROSE

I no longer go by that name. Hanbi died long ago. I am AMBROSE SAMAD, THE DELIVERER, Hanbi version 2.0, bigger and way motherfucking badder.

As Ambrose begins laughing like a crazy person, a flickering light appears behind him. Easing in to locate the source. Around a corner is a labyrinth of tunnels. The light leads to...

An UNDERGROUND GENETICS LAB. Screens full of genome maps, big pods labeled -- "INCUBATOR" -- the words "CLONING GENOMICS" can be seen in multiple places.

On the back wall are three incubators. Easing in on their glass viewports -- three clones of Ambrose - To the left, thousands of incubators become visible. Rows upon rows, seemingly endless and all occupied with clones. It's an army.

FADE TO:

**INT. ANOTHER GENETICS LAB - UNKNOWN LOCATION**

Another incubator, somewhere else. Windows provide a view of a snowy mountain landscape. Easing in on the incubator's viewport... IT'S JOHN... awaiting animation.

French is here, wearing a lab coat and those sexy glasses. She sits at a console -- script runs on a screen -- brain waves and PET Scan images morph. The waves overlap as areas of the PET Scan light up. It's mapping brain activity.

Beside her is a small snow globe-looking thing. Easing in slow... inside -- one tiny POLKA-DOT-OF-DEATH. Bouncing slightly up and down... left and right...

**END ACT V**

TAG**EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

An umbra floats 100 feet off the ground and moves toward a hospital. It darts toward a patient's window and passes through it.

Inside is a sick, unconscious young man, JACK SPENCER (19, White), lying in a hospital bed -- clearly dying of cancer. The room is full of flowers and cards. Popular kid. Tacked to the wall above his bed are pictures of him playing baseball.

In one picture, Jack wears a COLORADO ROCKIES UNIFORM. He is smiling like he won the fucking lottery. It reads - "2024 MLB DRAFT - JACK SPENCER, SS - ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH SCHOOL - FORT COLLINS, CO - 1ST ROUND - PICK #1 BY THE COLORADO ROCKIES". Under the caption is Jack's signature. Dated June 2024, only ten months ago.

Jack opens his eyes to see the Umbra above -- HUMMING -- Jack reaches up with all his strength to touch it -- it enters him -- A green aura surrounds Jack then quickly fades.

The dark circles under his eyes disappear, and his face regains color. He sits up -- eyes open wide. They briefly glow green -- then go dark. Now, he looks like the kid in the pictures, healthy and full of life.

ENKI

(voice in Jack's head)

Hello Jack.

JACK

(Jack speaks out loud to the voice)

Hello.

ENKI

Don't be afraid Jack.

JACK

Are you talking inside my head?  
What is happening?

ENKI

My name is Enki, I mean you no harm. I cured your cancer. In return, I need to borrow your vessel.

JACK  
Borrow? Dude... No, you can't  
borrow... me?

Jack looks overwhelmed. He touches his temples like he has a  
migraine.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I can see your... memories... How  
fucking old are you? Jesus Christ,  
like literally... Jesus. What are  
you? A god?

ENKI  
Interesting... This is a first.  
(Enki sounds fascinated)  
Three questions, ok. Well... old,  
very old. It's complicated. And, I  
have been called a god, yes. Good  
enough?

JACK  
No, it's not. Like, are you staying  
for a while? When do I get my body  
back?

ENKI  
If all goes to plan, soon. Jack, I  
have so much to tell you, but for  
now, relax, let me take the  
wheel... **WE HAVE WORK TO DO.**

**END PILOT**