

Cataclysmo

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BLACK SCREEN

SOUNDS OF HEAVY BREATHING

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

POV SHOT: We are running down a cold, clean, futuristic hallway with emergency lighting running along the bottoms of the walls. Up ahead of us is a man in military dress clothes. He repeatedly looks over his shoulder and flails about, panicked. He drops out of view as he descends some stairs. We gain on him and reacquire him enough to get a good look at him, ORZIBAL HASTINGS, 60's, beaten and bloody. Before him the clear prism patterned doors split along an invisible line and dissolve into the walls on either side. Hastings disappears into the THRONG OF PEOPLE OUTSIDE. We follow...

EXT. MAINSTREET - CONTINUOUS

...into the chaos outside. A FRANTIC, HYSTERICAL MOB fills the streets. People in odd, futuristic dress are running in all directions, pushing, shoving. Parents clutch children, people kneel praying, huddling together for protection. Everyone is paying keen attention to the sky. We get a good look at the city-- large spires and odd structures tower several hundreds of stories upwards, a few in the distance appear to approach a thousand. In the immediate surroundings, a large hill leads down to the ocean and a MAMMOTH MILE LONG PIER that is currently being DEMOLISHED by an OUT OF CONTROL, angry sea. SMALL TIDAL WAVES attack the land, ENVELOPING HOUSES and THRONGS of unfortunate people. We once again, reacquire Hastings before tilting upward, where we see for the first time the MOON. It is HUGE, ominous, taking up a frighteningly unusual amount of sky.

THE SOUND OF A LONG GASP BRINGS US...

INT. CLIMUT'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLIMUT HYD, early 30's, bursts up towards the camera, eyes still closed but slowly widening until nearly bugging out, trying to force himself awake. Panicked, he takes in his surroundings: his neatly organized bedroom, ceiling fan making a slight audible "whoosh". He leaps out of bed and rushes to the sliding glass door that serves as the rooms only window. He throws the blinds, then the door open. LA sunshine, stucco houses, random PEOPLE lurking about.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It's the size of a closet. Climut splashes some water on his face, his breathing returning to normal. He takes a good look at himself in the mirror. There's a strange spiderbite looking SORE on his cheek.

CLIMUT
Something bit me?

INT. CLIMUT'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Climut is dressed in his office casual work clothes. He sits at his clean, well kept kitchen table in the middle of his clean, well kept kitchen. He pours himself some tea.

INT. FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Climut goes to the closet, grabs his coat and primps himself a bit in the mirror. He grabs his keys from the table by the front door. He hangs around his neck an ID badge-- his picture, the words: CLIMUT HYD, LABORATORY ENGINEER and a LOGO of two W's arranged in some fancy way. Lastly, he puts on his RADIATION BADGE, an elaborate, expensive looking device the size of a ballpoint pen with an LCD readout.

I/E. CLIMUT'S CAR - LA STREETS - DAY

Climut commutes to work. All seems normal save for the subtle ionizing of the air, giving the sky an unsettling, milky, purplish-green color. He is listening to some ambiguous talk radio.

HOST (ON RADIO)
Can you tell us why, now? Why is this suddenly such a threat?

SCIENTIST (ON RADIO)
Well, I'd say that's inaccurate to speak of this as if it's a sudden thing. We've known about this for decades now. Of it's inevitability.

HOST (ON RADIO)
I'm sorry. I have to interrupt you there. Are you saying-

SCIENTIST (ON RADIO)
That's exactly what I'm saying, Jerry.

HOST (ON RADIO)
Nope. No, I'm not buying it. Shut
his mic off. Shut it off now!

They devolve into an unintelligible shouting match and Climut changes the channel. Some inane pop song comes on as the traffic moves along.

EXT. WINZOR/WESTUS - CONTINUOUS

CLIMUT'S CAR pulls up to a GUARD GATE at the entrance to the parking lot. He flashes his ID BADGE to the GUARD.

GUARD
What's up, Climut?

CLIMUT
Morning, Ed.

The camera pulls back to reveal the building; unassuming in appearance and architecture for an LA building except for a thick ominous dread seeping from it. The big double W logo rests on the side of the building above big, official letters spelling out "Winzor/Westus Laboratories".

INT. WINZOR/WESTUS LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Climut enters the plain, septic lobby. A SECURITY DESK extends from one wall, where there is a steel door and a LARGE ONE WAY MIRROR, to the opposite wall. The only way into the building proper, is through an elaborate ARCHWAY in the center of this desk. A SECURITY GUARD with SIDEARM mans the controls. Beyond all this, one double glass door. There is a small RECEPTION AREA visible beyond that, but overall, the vibe is not welcoming. Climut steps up to the archway.

INT. LOBBY MONITORING ROOM - SAME TIME

We see the lobby through the opposite side of the one way mirror. Climut is standing in the archway. Below this vantage point is a whole console of various monitors, displays and lights of unknown purpose. One monitor displays an X-RAY OF Climut. Various metal objects show up on his person. Nothing dangerous. No one appears to be in this room that we're in, but a presence is felt.

INT. WINZOR/WESTUS LOBBY - CONTINUED

Security Guard is looking at his monitor behind the Security desk. On screen: the ID BADGE PHOTO of Climut and various personnel info.

SEC. GAURD
Good morning, Mr. Hyd.

CLIMUT
Good morning to you, too.

Climut proceeds to the door. The CLANG of magnetic locks being released is heard. Climut enters.

INT. WINZOR/WESTUS MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Climut walks down a clean, professional building hallway; a few unremarkable office doors on either side.

INT. WINZOR/WESTUS SCIENCE WING - CONTINUOUS

He rounds the corner. The facilities now take on a more hospital-like, institutional atmosphere. There's double doors at various intervals with windows into LABORATORIES on either side. On his right is a long WINDOW showing an OBSERVATION BOOTH. Some SCIENTISTS and OFFICIAL PEOPLE are watching some MEN IN RADIATION SUITS in a CLEAN ROOM working with some ambiguous technical instruments. Beyond this window are some more office doors and a door marked "Engineering".

INT. MAINTENENCE - CONTINUOUS

A small room with a few WORK BENCHES covered in half assembled DEVICES and PARTS. TOOLS and SHELVES with more DEVICES in various stages of assembly line the walls. More half assembled MACHINES and LAB EQUIPMENT are scattered on the floor. A COAT hangs on the back of one of TWO STOOLS. Climut appears in the doorway, looks around briefly and leaves.

INT. SCIENCE WING PERSONNEL AREA HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Climut comes through some double dutch doors. Just beyond is the KITCHEN/BREAKROOM. Climut stops as his attention is drawn to a KEY CARD READER on the wall. He goes over for a closer look. It's just hanging around in the middle of the wall. He looks around, tries to pull it off, but it's really on there. There is no evidence of any door or opening anywhere. He walks on.

INT. KITCHEN/BREAKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Climut walks into an upscale working environment break room, MICROWAVES, COFFEE MAKER, VENDING MACHINES, STAINLESS STEEL REFRIGERATORS and COUNTER-TOPS. A TV is mounted to the ceiling, displaying the morning news-- more talk about an impending disaster. A scientist in labcoat, DR. DAN SCOFFIELD, sits at the table with a newspaper and a cup of coffee. A casual but office appropriately dressed man, ESTEBAN, is pouring himself some coffee.

ESTEBAN

What's up homes? The centrifuge is down in 2. I'll be doing that all morning. Could you see what's up with the chiller in 4?

He turns to see Climut preoccupied with TV.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Hey, bud. This work stuff boring you?

Climut comes around.

CLIMUT

Did you install that card reader in the wall?

ESTEBAN

What card reader?

CLIMUT

The one in the middle of the wall? With no door anywhere near it?

He motions out to the hallway.

ESTEBAN

I don't know.

CLIMUT

Did you see it?

ESTEBAN

Been kind of a busy morning, dude.

SCOFFIELD

I saw it.

ESTEBAN

Well there you have it. Talk to Dr. Dan.

SCOFFIELD

I don't know what it is. Some new wing they're putting in.

CLIMUT

So they put the card reader in before the door?

SCOFFIELD

Want a section? Sports page?

Scoffield holds out the newspaper. Esteban takes it.

SCOFFIELD (CONT'D)

Fucking depressing shit.

ESTEBAN

You ain't kidding, homes. Talk about feeling helpless.

CLIMUT

What is it?

SCOFFIELD

Uh?

Scoffield checks his watch.

SCOFFIELD (CONT'D)

Time to save the world. One petri dish at a time.

ESTEBAN

Yeah, I hear that.

Both Scoffield and Esteban turn and start to leave.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Get down there as soon as you can.

An advert for a TV show called "Cataclysmo" appears on TV.

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN: Images of a MOON BASE EXPLODING, SCIENTISTS in various labs, very 70's stylized sets. Quickly edited shots of VARIOUS CHARACTERS arguing, fighting, running.

SCOFFIELD

You watch that show, Climut?

CLIMUT

What's that?

SCOFFIELD

Fucking great show. Check it out.

ESTEBAN

Are you serious? Don't waste your time, man.

Esteban and Scoffield leave. Climut turns the newspaper on the table, righting it for his viewing.

CU. ON NEWSPAPER: Big Headline-- "Disaster Imminent?", by-line: "Scientists, United Nations to Brainstorm". The headlines and article are accompanied by a pictures of the ANTARCTICA sky ablaze with intense colored lights. Another nearby article deals with wildlife in Canada, accompanied by a PICTURE of a huge pile of DEAD CARIBOU.

CLIMUT

What is happening?

DR. LOU, another scientist, enters.

LOU

Hey, morning Climut. I was looking for you. Mary wants you to come see her. She wanted me to tell you as soon as I saw you because she's in observation all day and can't leave, and you have your cell off.

Climut looks at his cell.

CLIMUT

My cell is on. It's always on.

LOU

Whatever. Just being the messenger as usual.

Lou looks at the front page.

LOU (CONT'D)

Jesus.

CLIMUT

Yeah, what is this all about?

LOU

(a beat)
I know what you mean.

CLIMUT

No really.

LOU

Well, yeah. That's what everyone wants to know. Where have you been?

CLIMUT

(a beat)

Don't look at a paper much.

LOU

I hear that. Keep that negative mojo away, huh? Gotta keep our heads up. For all we know, WE'RE bringing on the end with all our pissing and moaning, uh? Ha Ha.

CLIMUT

Right.

Climut walks out as Lou laughs to himself in his coffee.

INT. WINZOR/WESTUS SCIENCE WING - MOMENTS LATER

At the end are some double doors marked, "Climatology and Environmental Research-- No Unauthorized Personnel". Climut pulls his card key from the retractable zip line attached to his belt. He swipes it. Light turns green. He enters.

INT. CLIMATOLOGY - CONTINUOUS

Climut walks down another hallway. He passes several different LABS: PEOPLE IN LAB COATS and BUSINESS CASUAL can be glimpsed in each through the windows on the doors. Climut stops at double doors marked "Spectrophotometry", swipes his card and enters.

INT. SPECTROPHOTOMETRY - CONTINUOUS

The EQUIPMENT here is more state of the art and expensive than we've seen thus far. Lots of big cube shaped devices on counters and the floor. Several COMPUTERS are set up, most recent models, thin plasma screens. In front of one in MARY MONSTEDT, early 30's, geeky but very cute. She wears a tight T-shirt under her lab coat. She's entering data of some sort into her computer. Climut enters. She lights up when she sees him.

MARY

Good morning. Turn your cell on.

CLIMUT

It's been on.

She motions "come here" with her finger. He does, and she gives him a quick peck.

MARY

I love you. Please don't kill me.
You're totally gonna kill me.

CLIMUT

(a beat)
You're working late.

MARY

Yeah
(adorable frown)
I'm sorry. I really am.

CLIMUT

It's fine. I mean it's a pain in the ass. But I understand.

MARY

I really do want to seriously discuss, you know. Moving in and all.

CLIMUT

It's too early for this...

MARY

I know. I'm not saying right now. Definitely not right now. I got a new supervisor today. He reminds me of my crazy grandfather.

CLIMUT

As opposed to your sane one?

MARY

(good natured)
You're a dork.
(a beat)
You're upset.

CLIMUT

Preoccupied.

MARY

You do seem a little tense.

She starts caressing his shoulders. Then she glances at his weird face sore.

CLIMUT

Yeah. A little.

MARY

What is it?

CLIMUT

I keep having these dreams. I don't really remember them. I just wake up very uneasy.

(a beat)

It doesn't go away. Don't you worry?

MARY

What? The whole impending end of the world bit? It's just the fear card.

CLIMUT

I know. This is different.

(a beat)

I should go. Wrong time and place.

MARY

Well are you gonna be okay?

CLIMUT

Yeah.

He kisses her.

CLIMUT (CONT'D)

I love you. Have fun saving the world.

MARY

Okay. You too.

(a beat)

Not to make you self-conscious, I'm just strictly concerned...

CLIMUT

What?

MARY

What's that on your face?

CLIMUT

Just a zit. Something bit me or something. Thanks for pointing it out.

MARY

I hardly noticed it. You're still super hot.

INT. MICROBIOTICS - LATER

Climut, TOOL BAG in hand, shuts the door behind him. The lights in the lab go off. The electric locks engage. As he turns to walk, he sees a MAN exiting from a lab up ahead. He's got his nose buried in some data on a clipboard and doesn't notice Climut. An air of recognition appears across CLIMUT'S face and he follows him. It's ORZIBAL HASTINGS, the same man from the dream.

INT. SCIENCE WING PERSONNEL AREA - CONTINUOUS

Climut follows Orzibal into the main hallway. Climut is suddenly hobbled by dizzy spells. He grabs the wall to steady himself. Orzibal still doesn't notice he's being followed as he rounds the corner. Climut is starting to sweat. The color drains from his face. He stumbles around the corner.

CLIMUT'S POV: skinny shuttered, bleach bypassed, he's browning out. We catch a tail end glimpse of Orzibal seemingly approaching the doorless card reader. Before we can tell for sure, our view drops to the floor...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SCIENCE WING PERSONNEL AREA - LATER

Climut's eyes open with a start and he launches himself up and runs up the hallway. He checks down both corridors. No one is there. He turns to double back and runs right into Esteban, bringing SMELLING SALTS and a cup of water, which spills.

ESTEBAN

Whoa, bro! Take it easy! You alright, man?

CLIMUT

Yeah, why?

ESTEBAN

You look sick. Are you feeling alright?

CLIMUT

I'm fine. Did you see that man just now? Older guy, grey hair?

ESTEBAN

I didn't see anyone. I was coming to get you. You were lying on the floor.

CLIMUT

I was? Oh. I passed out I think.
What time is it?

ESTEBAN

Quitting time. Are you gonna be
alright to drive?

CLIMUT

Wait a minute, what? Six o'clock?

ESTEBAN

Yeah, dude. What time did you think
it was?

Climut starts to sweat again, confusion on his face.

CLIMUT

Uh...Six o'clock I guess. The day
flew by.

ESTEBAN

Man, you should take tomorrow off,
homes.

CLIMUT

I'll be fine. Really.

He starts to walk away.

ESTEBAN

You sure, man? No problems, dude.

CLIMUT

(slightly short)
I'm good. Thank you.

He continues walking.

I/E. CLIMUT'S CAR - 405 FREEWAY - EVENING

Climut sits in his car, stuck among the throng of frustrated commuters. He is sweating again. He loosens his collar, turns up the A/C. There is a commotion in the car directly in front of him. The car is rocking back and forth. Through the back window, Climut can see a MAN getting attacked by his DOG. He has his arm up to fight the animal off, but the arm is getting viciously chewed. Other people start to notice. The Man and his dog spill out onto the ground. Blood is gushing out of the wounds. All fifty pounds of angry dog start to pin him against the freeway.

MAN

Down! Down! Carlito, down! Stop!

The guy in the car to the left, HOLLYWOOD BIGSHOT, gets out to see what's happening.

HOLLYWOOD

Hey! Watch it! Watch the fucking car, asshole!

OTHER PEOPLE have taken notice and gotten out of their vehicles.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN

Someone do something!

TURTLE WANNABE

Dude's getting fucked up!

The dog has gone for the Man's throat and takes a good hard chomp. The Man's eyes go wide and he starts flailing at the animal, digging his thumb into it's eye. Climut is so transfixed on the happenings in front of him that he didn't notice the SQUAD CAR that just pulled up or the COP charging in, GUN drawn.

COP

Everyone, get back! Clear the way!

He raises his gun, fires. The dog's neck explodes, spraying blood everywhere and leaving it's severed head still attached to the man's neck.

CLIMUT

Ohh! Oh! Jesus Christ! Fuck!

Climut is doing his worst to not look, but can't turn away. He stares into the dog's dead eyes as the Cop runs in and pulls the limp head off the Man's throat and tries to staunch the gushing blood while shouting into his hand mic. Hollywood has started vomiting his pricey lunch all over the side of the freeway. The headless dog's carcass KICKS and SPASMS. Chaos all around. Climut starts shaking and gets back into his car.

INT. CLIMUT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Climut sits on his couch, staring at the TV, dishevelled and drained looking. On the TV is the evening news.

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN: FEMALE REPORTER stands under an overpass sign for the 405/10 junction. Traffic is at a standstill behind her.

REPORTER

Police and Animal Control are still at a loss to explain the nearly three dozen animal attacks on the Los Angeles County stretch of the 405 freeway this afternoon. There have been no reports of attacks outside of this zone.

A STATE POLICE CAPTAIN appears on screen:

CAPT

From about shortly after the start of rush hour, uh, none before, uh.....

Climut leaps up from the couch and rushes to the window. He searches all about, the sky, the street. He can see into the neighbors back yard. A regular black and white HOUSE CAT is pacing back and forth, looking straight down, scared and angry.

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN: There's a middle aged HIPPIE WOMAN, with weird blue streaks in her hair and wearing lot's of weird beads.

HIPPIE

They know. I think they know. Animals are plugged to the greater consciousness. They're more in tuned with nature than us. Something's coming. The animals know.

INT. CLIMUT'S APARTMENT - LATER

Climut sits hunched over on the edge of his couch, leaning on his knees, face resting in his hands. His eyes are wide, but his face is blank. He is very still, transfixed on the TV.

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN:

EXT. HOUSTON SUBURB - NIGHT

DR. LAMBERT, late 30's, handsome and wearing sci-fi futuristic clothes stands in his backyard, looking at the night sky. He holds his thumb out in front of him to the sky.

LAMBERT'S POV: thumb covering the MOON.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

The moon. It's celestial light, a
fascination since the dawn of
time...

INT. WEST WING WAR ROOM - DAY

Several OLD WHITE MEN of official looking airs sit around a long boardroom table. The camera dollies forward along the surface, passing each of the OLD MEN as they raise their hands and say "Yea", continuing to the head of the table and ending in a MS of PRESIDENT CLARK. He nods affirmatively.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

...now the solution to the Earth's
growing overpopulation.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL - DAY

SIX ASTRONAUTS in streamlined futuristic SPACE SUITS are boarding a souped up SPACE SHUTTLE.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

The worlds greatest engineers
assembled to push the citizens of
Earth...

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

On the JUMBOTRON, the SHUTTLE LAUNCHES. In the streets, a THRONG OF PEOPLE watch with fascination.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

...into the next stage of human
development.

EXT. SURFACE OF THE MOON - IN SUNLIGHT

Several large INDUSTRIAL STRUCTURES are arranged around a LARGE CONICAL SHAPED BUILDING. HUNDREDS OF MEN IN SPACE SUITS work with heavy machinery and large WELDING DEVICES, assembling a NUCLEAR REACTOR and it's CONNECTIVE STRUCTURES to the CONICAL BUILDING. More large SPACE VESSELS land in the vicinity.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

In the span of a decade, humankind
had constructed it's greatest
masterpiece, a monument to
progress...

EXT. SURFACE OF THE MOON - DECADE LATER

The word "ARTEMIS 1" fills the screen. The camera pulls back, slowly revealing a fully functioning and finished version of the SPACE STATION being worked on in the previous scene.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
Artemis 1. Mankind's first
extraterrestrial colony.

INT. SCIENCE HALL - DAY

The camera peers down a long white hallway, track light running along the floor and ceiling.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
The creators and visionaries of
Artemis 1.

Lambert emerges from out of frame and walks forward, the camera dollying backward with him.

NARRATOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Dr. Jorgson Lambert...

He is joined by DR. GALL, mid 40's, sleek looking--

NARRATOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Dr. Sebastian Gall...

--then a woman, DR. KELLY, late 20's and very pretty.

NARRATOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Dr. Eudora Kelly...

And finally DR. MONTARIUS, an imposing but wise looking African man, joins them.

NARRATOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
And Dr. Adewele Montarius...

MONTAGE OF SLOW MOVING STILL IMAGES:

--a group of INDIAN SCIENTISTS looking at the camera.

--a group of GERMAN SCIENTISTS looking at the camera.

--a group of ASIAN SCIENTISTS looking at the camera.

--a group of AFRICAN SCIENTISTS looking at the camera.

AND SO ON UNTIL END OF NARRATION:

NARRATOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 ...assembled the finest minds from
 all over the globe to create a new
 society founded on justice,
 progress and the dream of peace,
 thousands of miles from Earth.

EXT. SURFACE OF THE MOON - AT SUNDOWN

Hanging above the ARTEMIS STATION is the EARTH, the SUN slowly going behind it. The camera cranes down in the fading light to the ground, where a strange, BIOMECHANICAL CRYSTALLINE CAPSULE with ORGANIC VEINS running through METALLIC PANELS and a SKELETAL MEAT-LIKE quality breaking through randomly, sits nestled in the MOON DIRT in the foreground. As the sun is fully covered by the EARTH, the screen goes dark...

NARRATOR (O.C.)
 It was supposed to be our finest
 hour.....not our most
 harrowing....

TITLE CARD: CATACLYSMO

ON SCREEN ACTION TAKES OVER:

I/E. ARTEMIS 1 - AIRLOCK - IN SUNLIGHT

From the exterior of the moon, TWO MEDICS in SPACE SUITS push a MAGNETIC HOVERING GURNEY into the AIRLOCK. On top of the gurney is another man in a SPACE SUIT: GUNDAR. Through the mask, we see the stunned shock on his face. Now fully inside the AIRLOCK, Medic 1 pounds a switch. The outer door slams shut. JETS OF OXYGEN come shooting in. A computer monitor measures the pressure equilibrium.

MEDIC 1
 Come on, come on, come on!

Medic 2 takes out a large SYRINGE and plunges it into Gundar.

MEDIC 2
 Zerpreline is in. What happened?
 Gundar, can you hear me?

Pressure seals release.

INT. ARTEMIS 1 MEDICAL WING - CONTINUOUS

The Medics whisk Gundar down a long corridor. He breathes heavily as the lights whiz by his head.

MEDIC 1
Pressure's dropping.

MEDIC 2
Gundar, stay with me.

They are met at the end of the hall by a team of SIX DOCTORS of various ethnicity and sex, all outfitted in SPACE AGE SCRUBS. From out of the ER springs DR. GUPTHA, 40's, Indian. He waves a WANDLIKE DEVICE over Gundar. All his vitals show up in a little monitor at the end of the wand.

GUPTHA
Let's move.

INT. MEDICAL WING ER - CONTINUOUS

GUNDARS POV: the six Doctors go to work on him. Strange instruments go in and out of sight.

Gundar gasps, attempting to speak.

GUNDAR
(incredibly garbled)
Please! Get away from me...

GUPTHA
(to Medic 1 & 2)
Where's Cavanagh?

The Medics look at each other.

MEDIC 1
There wasn't much left. I'm not
certain it was even him.

Guptha looks at them with grave seriousness. Gundar screams. PUSTULES start forming on his face. His eyes roll back.

GUPTHA
What in God's name?...

INT. ARTEMIS 1 - GENERAL'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

In a small, industrial bedroom/living space, GENERAL KRYSTOF sleeps. FAMILY PHOTOS, MILITARY ACCOMMODATIONS and such, decorate the walls and furniture.

A small PLANT sits under a UV LAMP. Krystof is asleep in his civvies. A RUSSIAN GENERALS UNIFORM hangs neatly by the small closet. A BOOK OF FAMOUS WORLD GEOGRAPHY PHOTOS lays open on his chest. The doorbuzzer sounds, waking him.

KRYSTOF

Yes, come on in.

A man in BRITISH AIRFORCE DRESS, LIEUT. CHADWICK, slowly peers in.

CHADWICK

Sorry to bother you at this late hour, sir. But there's been an incident.

KRYSTOF

An incident?

EXT. CALIFORNIA - DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

Nothing as far as the eye can see. Just dust, tumbleweeds and the central Cali hills. A faint, strange, almost musical sound is heard in the distance. It gets louder and louder very fast-- TWO MISSILES whiz past along the road-- gone before we know what has happened. The camera lurches forward and catches up with them at obscene speeds, acquiring two TURBO GLIDESKELTS: futuristic road sleds that glide on a magnetic cushion, inches above the road. The pilot lies face down, head first. One is slightly edging out the other.

INT. COCKPIT OF GLIDESKELT ONE - SAME TIME

Lambert grins. A fuel gauge, heights, sonar readings and a speedometer bouncing between 260 and 270 k/h. reflect off the visor of his helmet.

LAMBERT

Speed too much for you, old man?

INT. COCKPIT OF GLIDESKELT TWO - SAME TIME

Gall smiles big; same battery of readouts reflecting on his visor.

GALL

I created speed, smart ass.

EXT. CALIFORNIA - DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUED

CROSSCUT WITH COCKPIT VIEWS:

The surroundings screaming towards them, Gall starts inching forward.

GALL

Uh, oh. Getting tired, young one?

LAMBERT

Not even.

Up ahead, the terrain becomes hilly. It's approaching fast.

LAMBERT (CONT'D)

Ease off old man. We're almost out of the flats.

GALL

This is the best part.

Gall shoots ahead of Lambert; the readout on Gall's visor hitting speeds close to 300 k/h.

LAMBERT

That's too fast, Gall.

GALL

Observe.

Gall whizzes over the hills, catching more air each time. Lambert tries to keep up. He whizzes over the hill with about half the grace that Gall has managed. He comes out of one particularly hard.

LAMBERT

Son of a bitch!

GALL

Ha ha ha!

Adding insult to injury, Gall catches extra air off the last hill and does a perfect barrel roll.

GALL (CONT'D)

Yee-hah! Did you see that?! Did you see me!?

LAMBERT

Yes, we're all very impressed with you.

Gall skids across the little painted finish line, complete with the word "victory" painted in little kid font with a backwards "y". Lambert follows suit. The top of Gall's GLIDESKELT splits down the center and descends into the sides and he simply pushes himself up. He removes his helmet. Big smile, very sweaty. Lambert is just getting up from his.

LAMBERT (CONT'D)

What are you smiling about?

Gall tosses him a stop watch. Lambert takes a look at it.

LAMBERT (CONT'D)

Great. Record time for you. Bravo.

GALL

That's your time.

(a beat)

Outstanding.

Lambert smiles big.

LAMBERT

You son of a bitch.

A ringing comes from Lambert's watch.

LAMBERT (CONT'D)

Who's calling on my day off?

Now Gall's watch is ringing. They look at each other. They are no longer smiling.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE HALL - DAY

A large windowless industrial building somehow has an aura of hope to it. A motorcade of BLACK VEHICLES, all floating on a magnetic cushion, pull up out front. FOUR MILITARY PERSONNEL exit a LIMO MODEL, followed by Lambert and Gall, now in suits. They all pile into the building.

INT. INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

On the lobby floor is a huge LOGO for THE INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH and ADVANCEMENT. Dr. Kelly, in ARMY DRESS, runs up to greet Lambert, Gall and the Military Escorts; who salute her on arrival.

KELLY

At ease.

(to Lambert, Gall)

(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)
It's not serious yet, but we should
hurry. They're about to try
and...capture it?

LAMBERT
Capture it?

The elevator door opens ahead of them. The three of them pile
in. Military Personnel stays behind.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Kelly hands Lambert a flat MONITOR TABLET. Gall moves in to
take a look.

KELLY
These are the latest pictures.

Lambert starts to toggle through them using the touch screen.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Canvanagh, an onsite surveyor, took
these right before the thing killed
him.

Lambert and Gall look at various angles of the same CAPSULE
from the opening of the show.

GALL
Wait, go back.

Lambert goes back.

GALL (CONT'D)
Is that...a mouth?

KELLY
The quality of those images doesn't
give us much to go on. But
Cavanagh's 2nd swears he heard a
screech.

LAMBERT
How'd he hear anything on the
surface of the moon?

KELLY
It's what he said. Right before his
brain began to liquefy.

Elevator opens.

INT. CONFERENCE FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Presentation and Conference floor of the Hall; everything is set up for comfort and luxury. The three pick up the pace.

KELLY

We've been hoping to speak to him directly. They've got him on a battery of drugs. It appears to have him stabilized for the moment.

GALL

He's not coming back. Just let him die.

LAMBERT

Montarius?

KELLY

Got here ahead of us. He was working today.

LAMBERT

On what?

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

It's a large, posh auditorium designed for the purpose of presenting scientific breakthroughs to the scientific elite and occasionally the public. At the front is a stage-like platform. Behind the stage, covering the entire wall, is a GIANT PLASMA SCREEN displaying the SCIENCE FEDERATION LOGO. A long BOARDROOM STYLE TABLE sits in the middle of the stage. U.S. PRESIDENT CLARK is up and pacing a bit. His Secretary of Defence, JACK SCORNWORD, sits calmly at the middle of the table. At various other seats are OTHER WORLD LEADERS including BRITISH PRIME MINISTER THORNE, CHINESE PRESIDENT CHANG, and VARIOUS INTERNATIONAL MILITARY PERSONNEL. Montarius rises from beside Scornwood to greet his other team members, pulling them aside.

MONTARIUS

Listen, this is going to get out of hand. I have a bad feeling about this.

LAMBERT

Where did this thing come from?

MONTARIUS

You know as much as we know at this point, right?

Kelly nods.

GALL

Has anyone gotten anything out of Cavanagh's 2nd?

MONTARIUS

You didn't expect to did you?

GALL

Of course not.

MONTARIUS

Mr. Gundar died. A few hours ago. Now I guess we're all up to speed. Before we go over there, you should know, Krystof wants to destroy that thing. I agree. There's no reason to put the Artemis in danger.

LAMBERT

We don't even know what it is. Or what will destroy it. Do you have anything in place?

MONTARIUS

Krystof is taking care of it.

LAMBERT

You've been speaking with him?

MONTARIUS

I've been consulting with him since we got word of this.

Lambert is about to open his mouth.

GALL

What does the President want to do?

MONTARIUS

He sees this as your baby. He doesn't want to piss off team Artemis. It's your call.

LAMBERT

Let's get some more information before we make that call.

Lambert shoots Gall a look meant to quell any opposition. They start to walk. Lambert leans in to Gall.

LAMBERT (CONT'D)

Could you not do that? Please let me speak for the team.

GALL

Alright, don't get defensive. You can be a little micromanagey. Adewele knows what he's doing.

President Clark is starting to get impatient.

CLARK

Please, can we settle in? I trust we're all up to speed?
(quick look around)
Good. Let's proceed.

Scornwood presses a button on a CONSOLE in front of him. The PLASMA WALL springs to life.

ON PLASMA WALL: ARTEMIS 1 - BROADCAST CONTROL ROOM. Gen. Krystof stands with Chadwick and SEVERAL UNIFORMED PROGRAMMERS manning CONSOLES.

SCORNWOOD

General, can you hear me?

KRYSTOF (ON SCREEN)

Yes. Yes, we have picture also. Are we coming through?

SCORNWOOD

Loud and clear. I've got the Federated Nations with me.

KRYSTOF (ON SCREEN)

Good evening.

SCORNWOOD

Yes. I've got the board here too. The Federation has given the order to proceed. I turn you over to Dr. Lambert.

LAMBERT

Good evening, General.

KRYSTOF (ON SCREEN)

Good evening.

LAMBERT

Listen, let's just do this by the numbers. Just like we trained.

KRYSTOF (ON SCREEN)
 Certainly. Our science team is on site. We'll be sending you the feed momentarily.

GALL
 What do you have in place to protect your team?

Lambert twitches with minor annoyance.

KRYSTOF (ON SCREEN)
 I have a squadron deployed to the surrounding area. Should we encounter a problem they are in place to shower the area with Iridium. If no more questions, I'll switch you over.

LAMBERT
 Very good. By the book. Let's see how smart we are.

Screen switches to a view outside the Artemis, where a handheld camera captures a SCIENCE TEAM waiting.

EXT. SURFACE OF THE MOON - IN SUNLIGHT

The Science Team: SMITH, JONES, RYAN, BRANCH, GORO, BARR and FLORES, stand by in futuristic space suits. Another unseen team member acts as our camera man. They receive some sort of cue.

FLORES
 Oh, looks like we're up.

They all start their moonwalking up over the hill.

FLORES (CONT'D)
 (breathy from the weight of the space suit and nerves)
 The object is right over this rise...about sixty meters...We will be attempting to...to ascertain...what it is...and what...what happened to Gundar...and Cavanagh.

They clear the rise. The OBJECT is seen very small in the distance. There are a series of three PYRAMID LIKE ENERGY GENERATORS dropped somewhat sporadically around the object. At the tip of each PYRAMID is a shiny, glowing METAL SPHERE.

A slight visual distortion can be detected spanning between them.

FLORES (CONT'D)

Okay. There it is...as you can see,
the...our friends in the
army...have been kind enough
to...to drop some Gaffis...to
contain any sort...

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - SAME TIME

THORNE

Gaffi?

KELLY

Slang. The inventor. It spreads a
radioactive blanket over a
biological threat.

President Clark is leaning in to Scornwood and having some sort of intense conversation. Scornwood listens with a serious expression.

EXT. SURFACE OF THE MOON - SAME TIME

The Team is nearing the perimeter of the Gaffis.

FLORES

Okay...We're just...about there.
...General, if you would be so
kind...

EXT. MOON BURM - SAME TIME

TWO SPACE MARINES stand by an INTERSTELLAR WAR CRAFT(IWC), resembling a giant, stream-lined, Black Hawk. Marine 1 stands before a PORTABLE CONTROL BOX that folds up and collapses to be quickly set-up and quickly struck. He pulls a lever. Some digital bars on a gauge next to the lever drop away. Marine 2 brings his hand up to his ear.

MARINE 2

Shield deactivated.

INT. ARTEMIS 1 CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

KRYSTOF

Shield is down, Dr. Flores. You may proceed.

EXT. SURFACE OF THE MOON - CONTINUED

FLORES

Thank you, General.

The Team Members all take out FUTURISTIC PHASERS. Smith and Jones each pull out of their back packs some garish looking APARATI with all sorts of ANTENNAE and SENSORS protruding from them. Ryan and Branch equip themselves with other GARISH DEVICES of similar appearance.

FLORES (CONT'D)

Okay, right now we're arming ourselves. Their firearms will fire a freonic organite which burns off of it's own oxygen supply and will kill any organism on contact. Dr's Smith and Jones will scan the object for biologicals. Ryan, Branch, please lead the way.

They begin their moonwalk again.

FLORES (CONT'D)

Dr's Ryan and Branch are...equipped with Hazmat readers, and will...will be able to tell...us if we need to...to back off...our suits will in fact protect us...to an extent...as we've seen, they don't protect against everything.

They are now just a few yards from the OBJECT. It's METALLIC PANELS and oddly bright PINKISH-RED FLESH contrast with the vast grey/brown of the moon's surface.

JONES

I'm getting some definite heat signature.

SMITH

Yes. Could be a fuel cell.

FLORES

Ryan, Branch?

RYAN

Nothing.

BRANCH

Nothing, here.

JONES

You seeing that, Smith?

SMITH

What?

JONES

It looks like....a heartbeat?

SMITH

Really? I'm not picking it...Oh!

FLORES

You guys seeing this back home?

JONES

That's a definite on biologicals.
I'm picking up EKG, signs of
neurological activity.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - SAME TIME

On the WALL PLASMA SCREEN, the SCIENCE TEAM surrounds the OBJECT. The camera man zooms in on the OBJECT. The shaky image shows the OBJECT'S seemingly haphazard array of organic and mechanical parts, simultaneously accidental and sensible. The ORGANIC SECTIONS seem to be breathing.

FLORES (ON SCREEN)

It appears to be breathing. Are you seeing this? What is it breathing?

GALL

Any signs of danger, Dr. Flores?

FLORES (ON SCREEN)

Signs of danger...Ryan, Branch?

RYAN (ON SCREEN)

I'm not picking up anything.

BRANCH (ON SCREEN)

Nope.

The board all exchange glances.

LAMBERT

Shall we try this?

KELLY

We could learn a lot from it. There could be more of them. Anything we learn could be invaluable.

MONTARIUS

Let me ask you, do you ever feel
that something is too good to be
true?

GALL

Way to take the fun out of this,
Adewele.

MONTARIUS

No really. I have just...a bad--

GALL

A bad feeling about this. Right.
What do you want to do?

FLORES (ON SCREEN)

We are standing by.

MONTARIUS

Destroy it.

SCORNWOOD

Gentlemen, ma'am?

LAMBERT

(to team)

Enough

(to Flores)

Dr. Flores, proceed. You may try to
capture it.

GALL

But first sign of danger you
destroy it. We've lost enough life
today. Understood?

FLORES (ON SCREEN)

Understood.

LAMBERT

(to team)

The whole point of this project,
the reason we started this, is
sitting right there in front us.

MONTARIUS

The whole point of this project was
our overpopulation problem.

GALL

(waving Montarius down,
speaking to Lambert)

I understand that.

(MORE)

GALL (CONT'D)

But maybe we should decide ahead of time how many lives we're willing to spend for progress.

Lambert is angered slightly.

MONTARIUS

I'd prefer none.

LAMBERT

This creature dropping into our laps is a gift. It's a gift to science.

GALL

Or a trap.

EXT. SURFACE OF THE MOON - CONTINUED

Goro and Barr are now equipped with what look a bit like stream lined Ghostbusters Proton packs. A WAND extends out of an ENERGY SOURCE on their backs. The WANDS each have a tip of recycling PLASMA.

FLORES

Dr's Goro and Barr, will now attempt to suspend the creature in a subatomic, nano-plasma solution.

We now get our first really good look at the CREATURE. The FLESH PANELS look like that of any thin skinned mammal, purplish, mottled pink. Blood can be seen coursing through veins just underneath the skin. The FLESH PANELS become more translucent on inhales. Goro and Barr get on either side. The CREATURE makes an EXTREMELY SUDDEN move. It lifts itself up and FOUR LIMBS, having the appearance of plucked chicken wings with a deep sickly purple color, pop out from underneath; a mean looking CLAW at the tip of each. A METAL PANEL towards the head slides out of the way, revealing a "mouth". The ORIFICE has what looks like BALEEN strewn all across it and little fluorescent NODES that could be teeth protruding at random. A CHROME-LIKE EYE sits above it. There is a faint trace of an iris, appearing as if projected onto the eye from elsewhere.

BARR

Definitely not a cute little guy.

FLORES

Whenever you're ready.

The other Scientists have surrounded the CREATURE with WEAPONS drawn.

GORO

That thing flinches...you know what to do. Ready, Barr?

BARR

Ready.

Barr starts to move in. A JET of a psychedelic OIL SUBSTANCE launches from the CREATURE'S orifice, right into Barr's face-- so violently sudden, that Barr is still WALKING forward as his head and much of his upper body quickly DISSOLVES AWAY. The rest of Barr stumbles over onto the CREATURE and is disintegrated and turned to dust by a super heated GUST before he ever hits the ground. One of the FLESH PANELS stretches out into a first GELATINOUS, then SOLID TENDRIL and whips through Goro at lightning speed about fifteen times, leaving a glowing laceration with each swipe. The sections of Goro drop apart to the ground.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - SAME TIME

CLARK

Oh my God!

LAMBERT

Jesus!

GALL

Get out of there!

The onlookers explode into various states of shock and awe.

ANGLE ON SCREEN: We quickly see everything descend into silent chaos. The camera has been dropped and takes in everything from it's vantage point on the ground: other Team Members getting violently dismembered, firing weapons and falling victim to friendly fire as the CREATURE zips around in a horribly efficient manner. Flores and Jones make it up over the rise as an IWC flies in from the other direction, dropping it's payload and the image goes black.

INT. ARTEMIS 1 CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

KRYSTOF storms out of the control room.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS WING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

In an industrial hallway barely built for comfort, Krystof runs down to...

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

...a reception area with a huge window overlooking the horror outside. Krystof watches the spectacle: IWC's going back and forth over the area dropping a GREENISH BLUE PLASMA that burns without oxygen. A MARINE SQUADRON closes in, some coming to the aid of Flores and Jones. Krystof drops his head.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - CONTINUED

Lambert and Gall look on with anger and sadness respectively. Scornwood and Clark are feverishly conferring quietly to each other. A SOUND OF A RINGING PHONE...It gets louder...

INT. CLIMUT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The loudness of the phone ring reaches it's peak. Climut's eyes burst open, and he abruptly and awkwardly galumphs across his king-size bed to the nightstand. He picks up his cell phone: "Restricted". He answers.

CLIMUT
(groggy but intense)
Hello?

PHONE VOICE
Climut Hyd?

CLIMUT
Yeah. Who is this?

PHONE VOICE
Listen, you need to check it out.

CLIMUT
Check out what?

PHONE VOICE
You know. Just look into it.

CLIMUT
Look into what? Who the fuck is this?

PHONE VOICE
Just do it! It's worse than you think. Much worse.

The call is disconnected.

INT. CLIMUT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Climut's eyes open. He gets out of bed and immediately goes to his sliding doors, throws open the blinds and whips his attention to and fro. He pauses, turns his attention back to the nightstand. Within seconds, his phone is in hand. He looks at the display. It's scrambled as if malfunctioning.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Climut splashes some water on his face. He looks in the mirror and notices his face sore has doubled in size. He paws at it, feeling it's texture and hardness. There is a noticeable, almost metallic shininess in the center.

CLIMUT

What the fuck?

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Climut has his overpriced pastry. That strange purplish green discoloration is out again over the ocean. A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT is walking out with his huge order of fufi drinks.

CLIMUT

Do you see that? It's getting worse.

PA

Yeah

(a beat)

I heard it's like Aurora Borealis or something.

Climut turns to look at him.

PA (CONT'D)

Magnetic stuff.

(a beat)

It's messed up.

Production Assistant walks on. A RANTING MAN can be seen across the street. His clothes look semi expensive but not washed in some time. He's got a backpack on, yelling to no one as he storms by.

RANTING MAN

I fucked up! I made a mistake!

(a beat)

I made a mistake! We all make mistakes! I made one!

He continues his rant around the corner. TWO OMINOUS MEN-- clean cut, greying hair, DARK AVIATORS, khacki slacks, grey/blue BOMBER JACKETS over button down shirts-- are following him. Their faces seem blurred and hard to see. They are also trying their best to be inconspicuous. They disappear around the corner. Climut itches his sore.

INT. MAINTENENCE - DAY

Climut has got some sort of contraption on his work bench. He's pulled a circuit board out and is soldering some wires back in place. Esteban puts his phone down.

ESTEBAN

Okay, bro. I'm going to lunch.

CLIMUT

Have fun.

ESTEBAN

You going out? Want me to grab something for you?

CLIMUT

All good. Thanks.

ESTEBAN

Okay, homes.

Esteban winces and touches his face in the same place that Climut has his face sore. He's about to say something but Climut has turned around. He leaves, his footsteps trailing off down the hall. Climut slowly gets up and goes to the door.

INT. SCIENCE WING - CONTINUOUS

Climut pokes his head out. The footsteps trail off around the corner. He steps out in the opposite direction and goes through the double dutch doors.

INT. SCIENCE WING PERSONNEL AREA HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He approaches the mystery CARD READER. He swipes his card. It reads something then gives a red "read failure" light. He tries again. Same thing. He takes a moment to look around. No one is coming.

ANGLE: Through a security eye in the wall, slightly infrared, fish-eyed enough to see Climut's whole body and the surrounding area. Climut runs his hands over the surface in front our view.

Climut runs his hands along where door edges would be. Just to the left of the card reader, he takes out a screwdriver and pushes on it slightly. It indents a bit. He pulls the screwdriver away and it fills in again. With his hand and the screwdriver, he starts at the floor and feels a straight, solid line, upward.

CLIMUT

Son of a bitch.

He sticks the screwdriver in. The surface of the wall sinks in with the pressure. The screwdriver stops with a metal "clink". He pulls it out. The wall goes back to normal. His focus is interrupted by the "pinging" of his RADIATION DETECTOR. He checks the LCD readout, a digital meter zips back and forth around the "MODERATE/HIGH" range.

SECURITY 1 (O.C.)

Sir, step away from the door.

The authoritative voice startles him. He turns to see TWO SECURITY OFFICERS standing on each side pointing tazers at him.

SECURITY 2

Please come with us Mr. Hyd.

SECURITY 1

And drop the screwdriver.

CLIMUT

Listen, I work here. I'm not going to attack you with a screwdriver.

SECURITY 1

And I'm NOT gonna tell you again.

INT. WINZOR/WESTUS SUPERINTENDANT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

On a plainish NAME PLAQUE on the desk: "BUILDING SUPERVISOR JARROD PLINKAGE". PLINKAGE himself sits at this desk which seems too big for him. Climut sits across from him in similarly large chair. At the window, in front of open blinds giving a Michael Bay vibe in an otherwise authoritarian office, stands Orzibal Hastings. Office decor is mostly generic pictures of wildlife and things left by the person who previously held the job. Plinkage eyes Climut a little bit longer before he speaks.

PLINKAGE

What were you doing?

CLIMUT

I was just curious.

PLINKAGE

Can you appreciate that there is business going on in this building of a sensitive nature?

(a beat)

That's not rhetorical. Feel free to answer.

CLIMUT

Yes. I can. But come on.

PLINKAGE

Come on what, Hyd? Sensitive stuff. "Terrorists would love it" kind of stuff.

CLIMUT

I understand...There's a card reader in the middle of the wall.

PLINKAGE

That's right.

CLIMUT

Okay. Can you see how I might wonder why? Maybe check it out? Has anyone else been curious?

PLINKAGE

Yeah. People have even tried it. You're the only one so far that actually attempted to pry a door open.

CLIMUT

I wasn't trying to pry it open.

PLINKAGE

We have you on surveillance. You shoving an instrument into--

CLIMUT

A screwdriver! You think you can pry a steel door open with a screwdriver?! Come on!

PLINKAGE

Firstly, no one said anything about a door--

CLIMUT

You just did!

PLINKAGE

SECONDLY!...I can't have this kind of thing going on. Climut, we offer a secure environment here. The tenants depend on it. They pay good money.

CLIMUT

Alright! I won't mess with it anymore.

PLINKAGE

I don't know if I can have that risk hanging around.

Orzibal, for the first time, turns around.

ORZIBAL

Oh, come now. Let's not overreact. No one needs to lose their job over this.

He looks right at Climut. Climut struggles to place him.

PLINKAGE

Well then, it's your call Dr. Hastings. It's your wing.

ORZIBAL

If Mr. Hyd can give his word that he won't go snooping anymore...I can accept that.

PLINKAGE

(surprised)

You're a more trusting man than I.

Orzibal moves a bit closer.

ORZIBAL

Oh, this man is not dangerous. I know a dangerous man when I see one.

(to Climut)

My word is my bond, Mr. Hyd. How about you?

Climut is still searching for recognition.

CLIMUT
Yeah. Yeah, you have my word.

ORZIBAL
Okay then.

He starts to leave.

ORZIBAL (CONT'D)
Thank you both for your time.

Climut quickly gets up to follow.

PLINKAGE
Yeah, nice talking to you, Hyd.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Climut catches up with Orzibal.

ORZIBAL
Can I help you with something else?

CLIMUT
Who are you?

ORZIBAL
Yes. Very ill mannered of me. Dr.
Orzibal Hastings.

He reaches out his hand. Climut hesitates, then takes it.

CLIMUT
Yes. Climut Hyd. Nice to meet you.
Except I swear I know you from
somewhere.

ORZIBAL
Can't imagine where from.

CLIMUT
(a beat)
No. We've. Definitely.

ORZIBAL
Have you been overseas?

CLIMUT
No?
(a beat)
I don't...know.

As he stares at Orzibal, his face starts to SHIFT-- several different versions of his face and similar faces are being "morphed" in and out of his at a rapid clip (effect similar to that in Zemeckis' Contact). It's as if the audiences' recognition is wavering in and out.

CLIMUT (CONT'D)

What's going on?

ORZIBAL

Mr. Hyd? Are you alright?

CLIMUT

(angry, dazed)

What are you doing here?

Climut keels over.

SMASH CUT BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Climut is lying on the ground. Dr. Dan Scoffield is over him with smelling salts. Mary kneels beside him, wiping his forehead. A few other STRAGGLERS are milling about. Plinkage is peeking out of his door down the hall but drops back in once Climut is okay. Climut starts pushing the smelling salts.

SCOFFIELD

There he is.

MARY

Honey, what happened? Are you alright?

He tries to get up.

SCOFFIELD

Hold on. Take it easy. Just sit tight.

He lies back down. Mary strokes his forehead. Scoffield takes his pulse.

CLIMUT

Really, I'm okay.

SCOFFIELD

Yeah. I believe you. Just being cautious.

Climut starts to get up.

SCOFFIELD (CONT'D)

Slowly.

MARY

Don't be a hero, babe.

He's up on his feet. Mary has him grasped firmly; being a human crutch. Esteban comes running up.

ESTEBAN

Jesus. I can't go to lunch without you pulling the place apart. What happened to you?

MARY

I'm going to take him home. He's under the weather.

CLIMUT

I'm fine. I feel fine.

ESTEBAN

You pass out again?

MARY

What do you mean again?

ESTEBAN

Passed out yesterday.

MARY

(to Climut)

You didn't tell me that.

ESTEBAN

Listen, bro. Don't come in tomorrow. I got it covered. Go to a doctor.

MARY

Yes, go to a doctor.

ESTEBAN

You come in tomorrow I'm going to be fucking pissed at you. I mean it.

CLIMUT

Alright! I'll go to a fucking doctor.

ESTEBAN

Go home and get some rest.
(to Mary)
Take care of my boy.

MARY

Good night, Esteban. Thank you.

They walk away, arms around each other. She smiles at him.

MARY (CONT'D)

You ARE gonna go to a doctor

INT. MARY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mary lives in a far nicer place-- nicer furniture, more ornate in decor, kitchen not in the living room. Mary comes in the front door, followed by Climut. She barely has the door shut before Climut grabs her, kissing her hard. She's pleasantly taken aback and gives more than she gets, nearly biting him. Her fingers claw at the back of his head. He drops to his knees and peels her skirt off, ripping it, smiling an apology at her. She is damn near laughing. He tears open her blouse, buttons pinging about the room. He grabs her hips and starts violently digging in her navel with his tongue. She braces against the wall with one hand, the other gripping the back of his head, breathing like she's fallen in a frozen lake. He yanks her panties down, kissing down her belly to her vagina... Within a minute or so she is there. She comes hard, thighs trembling, knees buckling. As she catches her breath, Climut embraces her around her waist. She wraps her arms around him, smiling and laughing.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - LATER

The covers are disheveled and kicked to the edge of the bed. Climut and Mary lie naked in a post-coital embrace. She rests her chin on his chest, looking with a mild concern at the sore.

MARY

I've been meaning to ask you. Did you find out what that is?

CLIMUT

What?

She reaches up and touches his face around the sore. He takes her hand.

CLIMUT (CONT'D)

I don't know.

MARY

It looks like it hurts.

CLIMUT

I really don't notice it unless I see it.

MARY

How long have you had it?

CLIMUT

A couple of days. What do you think it is?

MARY

You're asking me?

CLIMUT

You're the doctor.

MARY

Well, I've never seen anything like it.

CLIMUT

You don't think it has something to do with that place?

MARY

(perplexed)

Why do you think that?

CLIMUT

(hesitantly)

Nothing. No reason.

MARY

(a beat)

Come on. What's been going on with you?

CLIMUT

(nervous)

I don't know.

MARY

Hey. Climut. Talk to me. What's bothering you?

CLIMUT

Either I'm going nuts or something ...fucked up is about to go down. Have you noticed weird shit going on? Really weird shit?

MARY

It's just another one of their vague threat level things. They always turn out to be nothing.

CLIMUT

No. This ain't nothing. Have you noticed the sky every morning? The strange colors?

MARY

Yeah, I guess so.

CLIMUT

Purplish splotchy skies. Weird splotches. Doesn't raise any alarm bells?

MARY

No...Don't worry about it. Trust me. It's nothing.

CLIMUT

I saw a dog try to rip his owner apart yesterday on the freeway. Totally unprovoked. Cop had to shoot the animal. Blew it's head clean off...That's not nothing. That's seriously wrong. I can't get that image out of my head. But the thing that really freaks me out is I understood why the dog did it. And I can't for the life of me articulate how. They said it was happening everywhere. Animals freaking out.

MARY

I'm sorry. I should have come over last night. You were upset yesterday...

CLIMUT

It's like earthquake weather or something. I don't know. I just have this overwhelming feeling that...this city is...something horrible is going to happen here.

Mary sits quietly.

CLIMUT (CONT'D)

Can't we go somewhere for a while?

MARY

(a beat)

This is just not a good time. I know we don't get to see each other much lately...

CLIMUT

Listen. I'm not kidding about this. I understand you get busy. I understand all that. I'm talking I fear for my safety, your safety right now.

MARY

I can't right now.

CLIMUT

What is so important?

MARY

I not trying to belittle what you're telling me. Okay? We're just...we're on the verge of something big. I can't walk away from it right now.

CLIMUT

What is it that goes on there?

MARY

(disappointed)

Climut...

CLIMUT

(pointing at his sore)

You know what I think this is from? That building. There's some fucked up stuff going on in there.

MARY

What are you saying? What is going on in there that's giving you a gaping sore on your face?

CLIMUT

Why don't you tell me.

MARY

(a beat)

You're being irrational. Nothing is going to happen here.

CLIMUT

How are you so blind? Everyone seems to accept that something is wrong but no one cares. You obviously don't.

Mary covers her face, fighting back the tears. She goes over and embraces him again.

MARY

Please, baby. I see you so little. Can we not fight? Please? I don't want to fight with you.

She kisses him on the cheek.

MARY (CONT'D)

If something at work was hurting you, I'd stop it.

(a beat)

Of course I've noticed some strange things. I get it. I understand it's freaking you out. I do. It's just not freaking me out.

(a beat)

I SHOULD be going away with you. I know that....and I'm not....and I really suck for that.

Climut takes her arms from around him. He starts to get dressed. Mary can't hold back the tears anymore.

MARY (CONT'D)

Your car is at work.

She starts to put some clothes on.

CLIMUT

I'll get a cab.

MARY

Climut....I'm sorry. Let me give you a ride.

CLIMUT

That's not a good idea.

MARY

(a beat)

Climut, I love you. I really do. No matter what, please believe me.

Climut is fully dressed. He goes for the door and stops.

CLIMUT

I love you, too, Mary...I really
don't know what else to say.

Climut leaves. Her hands are over her mouth. She does her best to collect herself through the tears.

INT. CLIMUT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The TV is there. It's presence is known. It's prominent in every shot. CLIMUT ignores it. He's got his head in his hands, sitting on his couch. Finally, the TV can't be denied. He stares at it. After a time he get's up and turns it on.

ANGLE ON SCREEN:

EXT. SURFACE OF THE MOON - AT SUNDOWN

The opening shot of "Cataclysmo". The moonbase with the big Artemis 1 sign. The camera cranes down to the OBJECT, Earth covers the sun, blackout...

TITLE CARD: CATACLYSMO

ON SCREEN ACTION TAKES OVER

INT. INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE HALL COMPUTER TERMINAL - DAY

Lambert is staring intently at something. A translucent image covers his face. Cutting away, we see a series of images hanging in the air above an IMAGE PROJECTOR, the LOGO for THE INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH and ADVANCEMENT smacked on the side. The images vary--

FILE PHOTOS, varying angles, of a protective suit clad SCIENCE TEAM pulling away bits of the STEEL PLATES from the OBJECT/CREATURE. Several ARMED MILITARY PERSONNEL and other SAFETY MEASURES are seen in place in the backgrounds.

He moves over and pulls one IMAGE over in front of him and opens his fingers causing it to grow in size, like an Iphone screen.

The IMAGE is an EXPLODED DRAWING of a HORRIBLE CREATURE: 4 chicken-wing like legs, joints bending the wrong way, grotesque webbing spread across, mean looking talons at the ends. On top of the LEG STRUCTURE is a strange shapeless mass, a cross between a multi-nuclei amoeba and an legless, liver-spotted octopus. No face. No discernible brain or head.

LAMBERT
Where did you come from?

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - SAME TIME

Gall stands on the stage in the middle of the empty hall. On the large screen above him are images which have him looking away. He forces himself to stare them down--

VIDEO IMAGES: FILE VIDEO-- varying angles of a MAN on an OPERATING TABLE. All over his body are open lesions with liquefied organs and tissue coming out of them. What looks like brain matter is coming out of his ears. A DOCTOR in FULL BIOHAZARD gear is covering the MAN with a sheet as an END OF TRANSMISSION message fills the screen.

Gall raises his hand, two GLOWING FINGERTIPS on his middle and index fingers. On the screen, the image is shifted aside. He waves his hand and pulls another one up from the bottom.

INT. COMPUTER TERMINAL - CONTINUED

Lambert, also with glowing fingertips, sweeps away the drawing of the CREATURE with his hand, giving way to a SERIES OF AUTOPSY PHOTOS--

FIRST PHOTO: The AMOEBIC PART of the CREATURE has been removed, leaving the bottom LEG STRUCTURE. The 4 legs are attached to each other forming an "X".

Lambert moves his hand to another image and taps it, causing it to play--

VIDEO FEED: It unfolds in macabre silence: the LEG STRUCTURE of the CREATURE, scrambling to get off a STEEL OPERATING TABLE as several SCIENTISTS hold it down; the TABLE taking dents from it's struggling.

Lambert taps another still--

VIDEO FEED: It shows a SCIENTIST trying to contain the AMOEBIC PART on top of an OPERATING TABLE, but it's running all over like runny eggs. The AMOEBIC PART tries to grasp the table and SCIENTIST to stay on top.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - CONTINUED

Gall watches the WALL SCREEN--

ON SCREEN: A handheld video image of Dr. Guptha in full BIO-GEAR, escorting the camera through an ER wing full of deceased victims of the organ oozing disease. There is no sound, but Guptha's face displays all his grief and anger. Some BODIES lay uncovered as if doctors were not able to keep up with the death rate. VICTIMS' ages range from 20's on up. Men and women.

Gall watches with his eyes welling up. Kelly approaches from behind. She puts her arms around him. He takes her hand.

GALL

Two-hundred and six. Two-hundred and six people. Turned into that. It doesn't make any sense. What kind of creature causes this? This isn't defensive. This is barbaric.

KELLY

Come. I think you've seen enough.

GALL

Has Jorg seen this? Has anyone heard from him?

KELLY

No.

INT. COMPUTER TERMINAL - CONTINUED

Lambert looks on at all of the IMAGES before him.

LAMBERT

Two creatures that can't function effectively on their own. But form an invincible predator when together. How do you live? What are you?

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - CONTINUED

The lights come on in the hall. Montarius is first to arrive. He shoots a disapproving look at the embracing couple, and glances back as President's Clark and Chang are solemnly entering the room.

INT. INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE HALL CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Lambert walks with purpose.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - CONTINUED

The leaders take their seats as they are joined by Prime Minister Thorne. Montarius gets in close with Kelly and Gall.

MONTARIUS

On top of everything going on right now?

They get the message.

MONTARIUS (CONT'D)

Does Lambert know?

GALL

We'll tell him in time.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUED

Lambert walking...

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - CONTINUED

THORNE

Where's Jack?

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUED

LAMBERT walking...

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - CONTINUED

CLARK

Jack had to take an emergency meeting.

THORNE

A bigger emergency than this?!

Chang puts his hand on Thorne's shoulder. He backs off.

CLARK

He sends his apologies. He's aware of the seriousness of the situation.

(a beat)

The whole world is watching. I'll be known as the president who let...this happen.

MONTARIUS
(to Gall)
Where is Lambert?

INT. INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE HALL GUEST WING - SAME TIME

Lambert walks forcibly up to a door in a Reception/Lounge area guarded by TWO SECRET SERVICE MEN. One of them speaks into his hand and quickly opens the door.

INT. GUEST ROOM/OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lambert enters the room: luxury atmosphere designed for visiting dignitaries and such. Sec. Def. Scornwood stands in the dim light with SEVEN GENERALS, mostly in shadow. He looks towards Lambert, waiting.

LAMBERT
Okay...I'm in.

Scornwood turns to the Generals with a satisfied look.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

On the WALL SCREEN before them is Dr. Guptha, in full BIOHAZARD GEAR, standing beside a bed where General Krystof lays; infected, late stage.

GALL
Hello, Doctor.

GUPTHA (ON SCREEN)
Hello, Sebastian.

They all look on in horror as Guptha removes his BIOHAZARD HELMET.

GALL
Doctor!

THORNE
What are you doing?!

Horror crashes like a wave over the committee; save for CLARK, who is busy checking a text message on his watch.

GUPTHA (ON SCREEN)
There's no use with charades. I'm dying.

GALL

How long?

GUPTHA (ON SCREEN)

It's...early stage. I suspect I'll be dead within days.

On screen, Guptha takes out a LARGE SYRINGE.

GUPTHA (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

I want you all to witness this. I want there to be no illusions. I'll be ending the General's pain.

CLARK

Uh, Doctor? Is this necessary?

GUPTHA (ON SCREEN)

(short)

Necessary? No, Mr. President. It is perhaps not necessary. But I'm doing it. Because he asked me to. Because compassion is all we have left here.

CLARK

But Doctor,...

Chang stays him.

GUPTHA (ON SCREEN)

(a hint of spite)

The General asked me, before his brain began to liquefy, to tell you, the committee, that he wishes you to continue in your pursuit to chart new worlds. Don't let this discourage you.

Lambert enters, looking solemn. The Committee eyes him with a bit of ire. All but Clark, who has a faint smile.

GUPTHA (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

It was his wish that his death not be a barrier to progress.

THORNE

Doctor?

GUPTHA (ON SCREEN)

Yes, Sam?

THORNE

How many are left? How many are still alive?

GUPTHA (ON SCREEN)

The entire administrative board, soon to include the General, is gone. The remainder of the science team has succumb; most being exposed while trying to find a cure. Some maintenance staff, family members are still here. But it's only a matter of time. Probably twenty. Optimistically, thirty.

ON SCREEN: He flicks the needle of the SYRINGE, whispers something to Krystof, and injects him. The life leaves him.

In the CONFERENCE ROOM there's hushed conversation among the political end of group. Lambert very quickly grows impatient.

LAMBERT

Dr. Guptha, you say there are thirty left?

GUPTHA (ON SCREEN)

That could already have dropped.

LAMBERT

Mr. President, how soon could you clear a rescue operation?

CLARK

Just a matter of signing my name. Whatever you need.

GUPTHA (ON SCREEN)

I need you to listen to me now. Listen very carefully. I'm going to administer the same to all who have gone as far as the General. I've already handed out the supply of cyanide tablets to the rest.

CLARK

Let's not be hasty, Doctor.

GUPTHA (ON SCREEN)

Mr. President, you hear me now. This place is damned. We are all going to meet the same fate. Every last one of us.

LAMBERT

We can help you.

GUPTHA (ON SCREEN)

No. You cannot. You have not seen what I have seen. What has happened here...It's best that it disappears. From history, from memory. From existence. This place will be a tomb in days. Please. Do not subject another life to this. Do not come here.

(a beat)

I beg you...Code Black...erase this place. It's all you can do. God be with us all. Good-bye, my friends.

The WALL SCREEN goes black. Everyone is taken aback.

KELLY

What is Code Black?

Lambert and Gall look at each other. There's a dramatic MUSIC BUMPER and then...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. MAINSTREET - FUTURE

SLOW FADE UP.

...Like someone trying to wake from a heavy lucid dream...

We find ourselves in the future city again. The MOON is MASSIVE in the sky. The ocean in the distance a bit more insane and violent than before. The skyscrapers in the distance are visibly BREAKING APART at the tops, pieces separating and drifting downward, much slower than normal. The street is even more crowded, the PEOPLE more panicked than before. Through the CROWD we come to CLIMUT, looking older, possibly 40's with grey beard and splattered with blood. A bloody rag is wrapped around where his thumb would be. He pushes his way through the CROWD, most people recoiling from his appearance. He's confused and disoriented. Then he and EVERYONE stop as if stunned by something. Hair and clothing starts behaving as if submerged in water. Small debris and dust drifts through the air a little too long. Climut picks up a loose piece of BLACK TOP and drops it. He watches it fall, just a little bit slower than expected. The Moon's gravity is now in conflict with the Earth's. Normal movement takes on a slight moon walk appearance. Suddenly, as if all at once, the CROWD stares forward in horror. Climut looks, horror filling his face too.

EVERYONE frantically starts to move up the hill, tripping, fighting. From the opposite angle, A HUGE WAVE is about to hit a big OFFICE BUILDING. The wave rams it like a fist. The BUILDING SHATTERS in spectacular fashion, huge torrents of WATER spraying everywhere. DEBRIS of all sizes careens, TAKING OUT CARS, STRUCTURES, PEOPLE in the vicinity. The WAVE AND DEBRIS tears up the hill after the MOB like a wall. CLIMUT shoots down a side street...

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

...into a Parking garage. It is open all around. He frantically climbs the stairs, first level, second level...

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

As he makes it to the third, something unseen EXPLODES down below. The blast wave knocks him up over the side. He's in free fall...

INT. CLIMUT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Climut hits his bed as if dropping from a height with enough force to break the bed. He awakes shaken, breathing heavily, grasping at his surroundings. He leaps from bed and runs to the sliding glass door. He throws it open and searches the sky. He runs back inside and starts riffling through the drawer in his nighttable, objects spilling onto the floor. He finds a notepad and pen, scribbles the words; "the moon was it real" then a big question mark. He starts to calm down.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Before Climut does much of anything, his image catches his attention in the mirror. His sore has gotten worse. He starts pawing at it. Looking closer, it is almost translucent. As he moves it, there seems to be something hard, something metallic inside.

INT. HOSPITAL EXAM ROOM - DAY

ECU.: Rubber gloved hands manipulate the sore.

DR. COBB
That doesn't hurt?

CLIMUT
No. Nothing.

Dr. Cobb pulls his hands away. Climut sits on the examining table.

DR. COBB

I must say I've never seen anything like it.

He begins checking Climut for swollen glands.

DR. COBB (CONT'D)

Any other strange things happening? Symptom-wise?

CLIMUT

What do you mean?

DR. COBB

Any nausea? Fatigue? Glands don't seem swollen...

CLIMUT

I keep passing out. But it's only--

DR. COBB

It's only?

CLIMUT

Listen, I work at a lab.

DR. COBB

Any exposure to harmful substances?

CLIMUT

What do you think this is? I can tell you what I think it is, but I'm not the doctor. I work in a lab. There's strange things going on and I, I believe that I'm being exposed to high levels of radiation. I think I've been hallucinating at times. I don't even know where to go to report this kind of thing. I think it's a whole lot of things on top of each other. Some of which I don't even understand enough to describe. I also think it's the least of my worries right now but I gotta start somewhere.

Dr. Cobb looks at him for a bit.

DR. COBB

Well...okay. My professional opinion? I'm not sure what it is. I've never seen cancer grow so quickly, so I think we can rule out that. Traditional viral infections can, but if this is viral I couldn't tell you. Truth is, we've been seeing more than a few strange afflictions as of late. Maybe the weird weather or something.

(a beat)

This is beyond me. I'm going to send you to a specialist, Dr. Hanley. Old college friend of mine, has a knack for these sorts of things. I want to get you in today, if that works. I don't know what you have, but I don't want to risk it. Does that work for you?

Climut nods. Dr. Cobb scribbles on a piece of paper, hands it to Climut.

DR. COBB (CONT'D)

Just go down to the second floor. He's in Radiology. It's a left and then a right off of the elevator.

INT. RADIOLOGY - MOMENTS LATER

Climut stares at the unintelligible writing on the PIECE OF PAPER and then the double sliding glass doors before him that read "RADIOLOGY". He starts towards them. Through the glass, NURSE KARA comes barreling forward. The doors part, she goes right up to Climut with a big, warm smile.

KARA

Mr. Hyd?

CLIMUT

Yeah.

She takes the PIECE OF PAPER, glances at it quickly.

KARA

How are you today? Just follow me. We'll get you taken care of.

She leads him into Radiology, a slight hurry and a little hint of stress beneath the sunny disposition. Climut looks around at the PEOPLE waiting, extremely still.

One OLD MAN turns his head, very slowly, to meet Climut's eyes as he passes. He holds his gaze as they pass right by the reception window; and the RECEPTION NURSE with her head down. Kara opens the door to the exam room. They enter.

INT. SECOND EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Climut is motioned to take a seat on the table, while Kara takes a quick look around and shuts the door behind them. She begins to examine him.

KARA
(vaguely accusatory)
So. How'd you get this thing?

CLIMUT
I'm not sure. What do you think it is?

KARA
Well. We'll just let the doctor decide that. Where do you work?

She puts the BLOOD PRESSURE CUFF on him and begins pumping.

CLIMUT
Oh...I fix things. I'm in maintenance.

KARA
Oh yeah?...Where?

CLIMUT
(a beat)
A lab

KARA
A lab, huh? Sounds exciting.

She stops. She looks at him for a moment, a smirk coming over her face. She moves to the counter, back to us. Clicks and snaps are heard. She casually turns around with an INJECTION GUN, bounds up to him, puts the GUN to his arm and pulls the trigger.

KARA (CONT'D)
There. That will take care of you.

CLIMUT
What didge...

A wave of wooziness hits him. She grins sinisterly, and turns away. He lunges at her, but falls on his face.

She conceals what she's doing. He reaches up and grabs her. She kicks his hand away then reaches down and covers his face with a WHITE CLOTH. The door busts open. DR. ORST, male, black, wearing a doctors coat, bursts in. Kara immediately gets to her feet, reaches into her coat and starts to pull out a SILENCED GLOCK. Before she's got it waist high, Orst wraps her arm and snaps it at the elbow. Kara screams in pain. With an unseen instrument in his other hand he quickly stabs her in the cerebellum. The life quickly leaves her and she drops to the floor. He crouches over Climut and quickly injects him with something from a barely seen instrument.

ORST

Can you hear me?

CLIMUT

(dazed)

What the fuck is going on?!

ORST

The drowsiness will pass.

CLIMUT

(still dazed)

Who are you?

Orst looks around quickly, then leans in close to Climut.

ORST

Listen. You never met me. You were never here. Just leave. Don't stop. Don't look around. Understand?

CLIMUT

(dazed still)

No...I don't.

ORST

(regarding his state)

You won't remember anyway...take this, put it on.

He hands him a device resembling a wristwatch-- a ROGON CALIBER. Climut does his best to look at it.

CLIMUT

What's this?

ORST

A Rogon Caliber. People won't be able to recognize you. You need to go! You're in danger! The antidote will kick in soon! Go!

He helps him up, grabbing his arm.

ORST (CONT'D)

I mean it. Do. Not. Look. Around.
Keep your eyes on the floor. It's a
straight shot to the exit.

CLIMUT

(a beat, still hazy)
Okay.

INT. RADIOLOGY - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE IN TIGHT ON CLIMUT: drowsy eyes down, keeping the surroundings vague. All around are SOUNDS OF SINISTER ACTIVITY: CODED LANGUAGE being spoken, TECHNICAL JARGON, furniture being loudly moved, STRANGE MACHINERY. Then there's SEVERAL VOICES in a STRANGE CACOPHONOUS LANGUAGE, angry, scared, heated. Climut moves faster. LOUD MACHINERY precedes SCREAMING and FLESH RIPPING SOUNDS. He winces and starts running.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE RADIOLOGY - CONTINUOUS

He keeps walking, slowly collecting himself. Then walking with a little more purpose, then he breaks into a sprint, eyes filling with rage and fear.

INT. HOSPITAL THIRD FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Climut double times it. Exam rooms are open everywhere, no sign of other people. As he turns the corner, Dr. Cobb is just coming out of his office, locking the door behind him. He wears dark aviators, khacki slacks and a button down shirt. In his arms he carries a grey/blue Bomber Jacket. Climut immediately charges him. Cobb turns in time to be tackled him to the ground.

CLIMUT

Who are you?! What is going on?!

DR. COBB

Fuck you! You're not even supposed
to be here!

CLIMUT

Why are you trying to kill me?!

DR. COBB

Kill you?! I'll fucking kill you!
Kill you real good!

Cobb starts fumbling in his pockets.

CLIMUT

What are you doing? Stop that!

DR. COBB

Fuck you! Go back where you came from! Stop fucking with us!

CLIMUT

What do you mean, where I came from?! What are talking about?!

Cobb has something in his hand. Climut tries to wrench it out of his death grip.

CLIMUT (CONT'D)

Fucking stop it!

Cobb grabs it out of his one hand with the other hand and puts it in his mouth.

DR. COBB

You don't belong, freak!

He smiles, revealing a capsule in his mouth, then he bites down making a plastic-like pop. He starts convulsing. Foam erupts from his mouth. Within seconds, he's dead. Climut gets up off of him, and sidles against the wall, taking it in for a moment before high tailing it out of there.

INT. CLIMUT'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM- EVENING

Climut busts in. Slams the door behind him. He runs to the window, looks out, searching in every direction. Never turning on the light. He runs into the bedroom.

INT. CLIMUT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He grabs a SUITCASE from under the bed and starts throwing clothes in it.

CLIMUT

Fuck this place. Fuck all of it.

He touches his face as he packs. He is startled by a loud RUCKUS from the other room-- VOICES. He stops.

INT. CLIMUT'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He slowly comes in and sees the television has TURNED ON by itself.

ANGLE ON SCREEN: the opening of "Catacylsmo", the capsule in front of the Artimis, the Earth covering the Sun-- then the screen goes haywire, V-hold slipping, crushing the image down to a bright, HORIZONTAL LINE across the center.

Climut watches the HORIZONTAL LINE teeter and rotate to run the length of the screen, diagonally. With a slight "pop" the whole television SPLITS along the DIAGONAL LINE, top half sliding off onto the ground. Slowly, in the dim evening light, movement can be detected coming from inside. He moves closer. A whole MESS OF STRANGE CRITTERS are pouring out-- FOUR LEGGED SPIDERS, made up of four finger-like appendages attached to each other at the knuckle, pointy talons at the end of each. They fan out slowly, FIFTY or so. Stunned, Climut starts to back away. Out of the corner of his eye, his kitchen table.. He turns to look; silhouetted on top is the LEG STRUCTURE OF THE CREATURE, impossibly still. Climut is frozen, a mask of fear on his face. The FOUR LEGGED SPIDERS crawl up the table onto the CREATURE'S back. As they collect, they melt into one another. Slowly, the AMOEBIC PART OF THE CREATURE starts to form. A HIGH-PITCHED RINGING gets progressively louder. Climut passes out.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - FUTURE

Older, future Climut, soaking wet, gets up after falling over the side. He gets to his hands and knees as the water recedes away along the pavement. All around, FISH flop about and OCTOPI of various sizes, struggle against their own gelatinous, invertebrate weight. As he gets to his feet, he sees a pair of feet standing before him. He rises to meet eyes with Orzibal Hastings. He has a wild look in his eyes. He slowly disappears, along with the entire surroundings...

INT. CLIMUT'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

Climut opens his eyes to find himself standing in the middle of his living room. A HARSH, VIOLET LIGHT shines through, obscuring the surroundings. Quick glimpses of the FUTURE SETTING AND ORZIBAL PHASE IN AND OUT, taking on the effect of a PHOTOGRAPHIC MISTAKE....

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - FUTURE

Orzibal lunges at Climut with a jagged piece of metal debris. Climut is able to dampen the force by jumping back, but still gets stuck in the side...

INT. CLIMUT'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Climut gets his bearings. He's standing in his living room. He rushes to the window. The violet light is gone. His breathing is heavy and nervous.

CLIMUT
What is going on?

He feels his side and realizes he is bleeding.

INT. CLIMUT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The notepad is sitting on the nightstand. The words "It's him" are staring him in the face. He stares back, confused. He doesn't recognize his handwriting.

I/E. CLIMUT'S CAR - CULVER CITY - DAY

Climut tunes the radio, signal is weak. Nothing but static, some talk radio, and a news report:

REPORTER (ON RADIO)
...have escaped from the set
of....ride of....dead from....

The traffic ahead comes to a dead stop. He slams on his brakes and SKIDS INTO THE BACK OF THE CAR IN FRONT OF HIM. The occupants are gone. Climut gets out and starts walking.

EXT. INTERSECTION IN CULVER CITY - MOMENTS LATER

At an intersection near the Sony lot are a bunch of SMASHED CARS and broken glass all over the ground. In the middle of the intersection is a CAR with it's windshield smashed and fender busted in like it struck something. As Climut walks by he sees what was struck; A VERY LARGE BLACK PANTHER lies dead in the road in front of the CAR. As Climut continues, he now sees another VERY LARGE BLACK PANTHER, stalking around the perimeter of his mate's carcass looking supremely pissed. The nearby cars are empty; the OCCUPANTS watching from a distance. As Climut walks further, he winces and picks up his pace as he sees a BADLY MAULED PERSON lying on the ground.

INT. WINZOR/WESTUS LOBBY - DAY

Climut approaches the SECURITY ARCH.

GUARD

Please step into the square, sir.

INT. LOBBY MONITORING ROOM - SAME TIME

We are looking at the same battery of monitors as before. Still no visible person operating, but a presence is felt.

INT. WINZOR/WESTUS LOBBY - SAME TIME

The Guard is looking at the readout on his MONITOR. Climut's personal info is on the display, but the Guard seems confused. We see Climut for the first time through someone else's viewpoint-- his FACE IS SHIFTING, making recognition impossible. The Guard gets up and enters the door to the MONITORING ROOM. Climut stands alone. Confused. Alarm setting in. After a few moments, the Guard returns.

GUARD

I'm sorry, Mr. Hyd. I just...didn't recognize you.

A cold sweat hits Climut like a train. He slyly, carefully, takes off the ROGON CALIBER. In his nervousness, he drops it.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Oh, you got one of those?

CLIMUT

Hmm?

GUARD

One of those fancy watches I keep seeing people with. A bunch of the scientists have them. I thought they were expensive.

Climut picks it up.

GUARD (CONT'D)

I'm not saying that you couldn't...

CLIMUT

Don't worry about it. It was a gift.

GUARD

Know where they got it?

CLIMUT
Sorry. I don't.

GUARD
Alright, alright. I've wasted
enough of your time.

CLIMUT
No, don't worry. Think they miss me
here? I'm barely noticed.

They wave and go their separate ways. Large CLANGS; the
magnetic locks release.

INT. WINZOR/WESTUS MAIN HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Climut, FACE SHIFTING, roams the corridors. PEOPLE pass him
without incident.

INT. SCIENCE WING PERSONNEL AREA - CONTINUOUS

He comes through the double-dutch doors, and stops short,
alarm setting in. The wall where the card reader once was is
empty.

INT. MAINTENENCE - MOMENTS LATER

CLIMUT ransacks his tool box, knocking things everywhere. He
finds a BIG FLAT HEAD SCREWDRIVER, a STEEL MALLET, and races
away.

INT. SCIENCE WING PERSONNEL AREA - CONTINUOUS

CLIMUT, eyes wild, feels the wall for the door edges. He runs
to the double dutch doors, then back, trying to gauge where
the door was.

CLIMUT
Fuck! Where are you?!

He starts jabbing the wall with the screwdriver, trying to
estimate where the door edges were, chiseling, hammering,
nothing. The clanging gets louder as he looks in vain for the
hidden door.

SCOFFIELD (O.C.)
So did you watch it?

Dr. Dan Scoffield stands before him, casually drinking a cup
of coffee.

CLIMUT

What?!

SCOFFIELD

It's obvious. Whaddidya think?

CLIMUT

What are you talking about?

SCOFFIELD

Cataclysmo, dumb-ass.

Climut just stares back at him.

SCOFFIELD (CONT'D)

Climut? Cat got your tongue?

CLIMUT

How did you recognize me?

SCOFFIELD

That thing on your wrist? Is that what you mean? I don't believe in it.

CLIMUT

You don't believe in it.

SCOFFIELD

That's right.

(a beat)

What do you believe in?

More staring from Climut.

SCOFFIELD (CONT'D)

You should have been able to figure out by now what it's about, right? ...Am I right?

CLIMUT

What are you talking about?

SCOFFIELD

You're a smart guy.

(a beat)

What are you doing to the wall?

CLIMUT

The door. To the new wing...it was right here.

SCOFFIELD

All that's there is a wall, sir.

CLIMUT

No, there was a new wing being put in, you said so yourself!

SCOFFIELD

If you say so. It's your show.

CLIMUT

What do you mean?

SCOFFIELD

It doesn't matter what I mean. What do YOU think is going on here? You know that I know what we're really talking about.

CLIMUT

(rolling eyes)

Do you know what's going on with me?

SCOFFIELD

Keep watching.

CLIMUT

Is this real?

SCOFFIELD

Real?

CLIMUT

Please. Just tell me what's happening. I don't know.

SCOFFIELD

What's real anymore? It's not my place.

Climut stops.

CLIMUT

What do you mean?

Scoffield just smiles while Climut grows agitated.

SCOFFIELD

Going in circles, round, round, round. It's not my place.

CLIMUT

Is this a dream? Am I supposed to be here?

SCOFFIELD

Maybe. Maybe not.

CLIMUT

I know you know what's going on with me. Just give me a straight answer. There was a door here. We both know this. We talked about it. Why is it not here anymore?

SCOFFIELD

Watch the show.

CLIMUT

Just fucking tell me!

Scoffield's demeanor changes. He goes darker, less human, more monotone.

SCOFFIELD

It's not my place to tell you what to do. It could complicate things. The door didn't go anywhere. It's right here.

He takes out his ID card and swipes it on the wall. The edges of the door recede into the wall and it slides back and to the side. Climut starts to enter.

SCOFFIELD (CONT'D)

You're not ready for that.

Climut stops.

SCOFFIELD (CONT'D)

Your mind won't allow you to see what you're not ready to see. You're not ready.

CLIMUT

Will I find answers in here?

SCOFFIELD

Without a doubt. But you won't know you have. And I can't stop you. This is your show.

Climut takes a long look at him and steps forward through the door. When he is all the way through, it shuts behind him.

INT. FOYER A - CONTINUOUS

Pitch dark gives way to dim track lighting along the bottoms of the walls. Small ALCOVES can be seen at random, scattered about the walls with a small shelf-like OUTCROPPING before each. An ominous HUM wells up. In each of the alcoves a HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE appears-- a bizarre OTHERWORLDLY LETTER PATTERN: one SYMBOL at a time, quickly changing into the next as if rattling off a countdown with color changing depending on angle and vantage point. One by one they complete their progressions, starting near Climut and working forward. Finished, a soft, pleasant glow from each alcove ILLUMINATES the corridor: a DOOR visible at the far end. Climut moves closer, stopping for a loud CLANG of magnetic locks releasing. He opens the 60's era industrial door, and walks through.

INT. CORRIDOR A - CONTINUOUS

Climut is in an old hallway, reminiscent of old abandoned hospital wings-- crappy fluorescent lighting, water stains on the panelled ceilings, splatters that look like iodine here and there. Double doors stand at the end. On both sides of him are SLIDING glass doors, 60's vintage. On his left, a sign stencilled in a distinctly 80's font reads, "PARANORMAL & METEMPSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES. The door is slightly cracked.

INT. PARANORMAL/METEMPSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES - CONTINUOUS

Climut enters a mostly gutted foyer. At one end is an empty SECURITY DESK. Behind that, a SECURITY DOOR with no knob or handle. Climut looks for some kind of lock release. Underneath the DESK, among the spaghetti of LOOSE WIRES, he finds a button. He presses it-- "CLICK"...

INT. PARANORMAL/METEMPSYCH./WING B - CONTINUOUS

Climut is in a room full of FILING CABINETS. Old seventies dayglow colored carpet covers the floor. He inspects the CABINETS. Half of them have been BADLY BURNED as if an explosive was used on them. On an undamaged one, a TAG: "1952-1966". At the other end of the room is another door.

INT. PARANORMAL/METEMPSYCH./WING C - CONTINUOUS

The open door is the only light source. As Climut shuts it, he finds himself in total darkness. An ELECTRICAL HUM is heard. Slowly, flood lights fire from the ceiling. He is standing in a high ceilinged room resembling a small sound stage.

STEEL GIRDERS and various other PHYSICAL ASPECTS of the construction are exposed. In the center of the room is a THRONE-LIKE CHAIR, seated five feet up on a RISER. RANDOM PIPES and other UNKNOWN TECHNOLOGY run from the riser to several KIOSKS around the room; each KIOSK containing a COMPUTER TERMINAL and various large REEL TO REEL RECORDERS. Out of the top of the THRONE is an array of JAGGED ANTENNAE-LIKE RODS extending at haphazard, illogical angles, up to a SHINY DOME in the ceiling. The whole thing is rusty, worn and abandoned. Dust and debris covers the floor. Climut tries some of the electronics. No power. He climbs the riser; the arm rests of the THRONE have restraints. A spider-web-like ARRAY OF ELECTRODES hangs down from the HEAD SUPPORT. Now Climut notices the walls. On one side, taking up the entire wall, is a MAP OF SOME UNIDENTIFIABLE REGION. LIGHTS are set in various places as markers. He walks closer to the map. GREEK TEXT can be seen. A word is being formed, A...T...L-- the floodlights trip off.

INT. CORRIDOR A - MOMENTS LATER

Climut bursts back into the corridor. Shaken. He makes for the double doors at the far end. Locked. He shakes the handles. No use. There is DIGITAL READOUT by the handles, but it's blank and doesn't appear to be getting power. He doubles back to the doors opposite the Paranormal/Metempsych. Wing. A cheap, quick sign is affixed to the door: "UNDERSANDRIS UNUS". It's unlocked...

INT. CORRIDOR B - CONTINUOUS

Another barren industrial hallway. Nothing but a single door at the other end. Climut, abnormally serene, starts walking. He gets about fifty yards away and the perspective starts to fall apart due to the patterns on the ceilings and floor. The space appears to be shrinking. He reaches the door. It's unlocked.

INT. UNDERSANDRIS CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Climut enters onto a "U" shaped catwalk that spans around the room, overlooking a very large control room similar in style to, but larger than the one in "Wargames". About 20 feet below, a pathway runs from the back of the room, all the way up to a WALL SIZED SCREEN. Off of the pathway every fifteen feet, is a row of MACHINES and TERMINALS of a seemingly random blend of vintage and neo-futuristic technology. SCIENTISTS in lab coats man these, twisting knobs, looking at and/or entering data. On the WALL SCREEN is a high quality digital image of a WORLD MAP. WEATHER PATTERNS and other UNKNOWN PATTERNS are represented.

A LARGE GREEN DOT designated "EMWWFR 33A" is located on Los Angeles. Over the Indian Ocean is a cluster OF RED DOTS, all with numbered "EMWWFR" designations, a date ranging from the 60's to the present and the words "non-operational". Next to these, another GREEN DOT, designation "EMWWFR 24 Theta". Glassed in offices line the walls on top and bottom. Without warning a SMALL LIMB BURSTS out of CLIMUT'S FACE SORE and quickly retreats. He grabs and covers the sore, shock pinning him against the wall. In panic, he looks around. No one seemed to notice. He starts off around to the left wing of offices, passing Scientists, all with SHIFTING FACES. He enters the second office he comes to.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Climut collects himself, and stands before a glass wall with a door in it, secured by a KEYPAD. Through the glass, there is AN ARCHIVE MADE UP OF SHIFTING SHELVES.

VOICE (V.O.)
 (whispered, layered
 forward and backward,
 various speed and
 pitches)
 One, one, forty-eight, sixteen,
 seventy-two, four, four,
 eight.....one, one, forty-eight,
 sixteen, seventy-two, four, four,
 eight...

The voice continues. Climut rushes to the KEYPAD and starts keying, trance-like. Upon each entry, the available numbers on display changes. He is not slowed or confused. The GLASS DOOR shifts away and he enters the alcove. A TOUCH SCREEN CONTROL PAD with arrows pointing left and right on it's display SHIFTS the shelves, one at a time.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (same treated speech,
 gibberish)
 1963, Gingrich, Olender, Cusp,
 overheat, polls, 1978, 1979, 1982,
 project fonderdance...

Climut starts grabbing various files from the specific locations, shifting shelves around, presciently knowing where everything is.

FAMILIAR WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
 Can I help you with something?

Climut turns around and finds himself face to face with Mary. He freezes. Recoiling slightly. She doesn't recognize him. He glances quickly at the Rogon.

MARY
Can I help you find something?

CLIMUT
No.

MARY
(a beat)
Who are you?

Climut backs up.

MARY (CONT'D)
Answer me. Who authorized you to be here?

Climut begins angling his way out, anger in his eyes as he stares at Mary.

MARY (CONT'D)
Speak. Wait a minute...

She tries to stop him by getting in his path. He grabs her and pushes her to the wall, pinning her.

CLIMUT
(voice shaky)
I don't...want to hurt you. Don't follow me...please.

MARY
What...

There is recognition on her face, then a whole array of conflicting emotions. Files in hand, Climut backs away from her, staring at her, subtly shaking his head. She stares back.

MARY (CONT'D)
How...

Climut bolts.

INT. UNDERSANDRIS CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Climut shuts the door to records. EVERYONE IN THE ENTIRE ROOM has their eyes fixed on him. He makes his way back along the catwalk to the entrance. There is no door knob or handle, just another blank DIGITAL READOUT. Alarm sets in.

He starts around the other side of the catwalk. TWO IMPOSING guards in black uniforms with short cropped hair are coming his way. He starts back the way he came. TWO MORE IMPOSING guards are coming from that direction. Climut looks for a way to evade, but they box him in.

IMPOSING ONE

Just come quietly. No one gets hurt.

Climut avoids eye contact, waiting like a cornered animal.

IMPOSING THREE

Sir? Do you understand?

They close in.

IMPOSING ONE

Don't try to run. There's no where to go.

IMPOSING THREE

Sir?

Climut sizes them up, clutching the files. They're close enough to grab him, when SOMETHING, invisibly fast, shoots out of CLIMUT'S FACE SORE and RETRACTS back in. Climut whips his hand up to cover it as if hurt. They all stop. Imposing One stands, looking at him; his angry expression slowly gives way to confusion. With similar confusion, Imposing Two, standing behind him, watches a trickle of blood from the back of Imposing One's head. Imposing One's cheek starts LEAKING BLOOD, then GUSHING. His hand comes up to stop it but it SPURTS THROUGH his fingers. Imposing Two is sprayed in the face as blood SPURTS out the back of Imposing One's head. Imposing One drops to his knees, then flat on his face. Climut winces as APPENDAGES like the legs of the FOUR-LEGGED CREATURE keep protruding from between his fingers. Imposing Two is still trying to get blood out of his eyes. Imposing Three and Four start backing off.

IMPOSING THREE (CONT'D)

Sir?

Climut darts past the downed and blinded men, around to the right, and down the set of stairs, out of the control room.

INT. STAIRWELL/CONTROL ROOM GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Climut jumps down the stairs. One way leads to ground level of the Control Room, the consoles and freaked out Scientists. The other way is a long corridor...

INT. CORRIDOR ALPHA - CONTINUOUS

A mix of the old 70's structure with modern technological updates replacing broken sections; he passes some DOORS-- symbols for "men" and "women". On the other side he passes some DOUBLE-DUTCH DOORS with round PORTHOLE WINDOWS on them. He peeks in:

INT. HIGH END CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

CLIMUT'S POV: The cafeteria is well occupied with SCIENTISTS, all simultaneously turning to look towards us with blank expressions.

INT. CORRIDOR ALPHA - CONTINUOUS

Climut backs away and continues. At the end is a big STEEL DOOR with a DIGITAL READOUT. The READOUT begins displaying the progression of ALIEN SYMBOLS seen earlier in Foyer A. The progression ends, a long series of METAL CLANGS... He opens the door. A strange PURPLISH GLOW hits him like a ton of bricks.

INT. CORRIDOR ETA - CONTINUOUS

Climut walks down a corridor right out of Star Wars, dense with the purple glow bathing everything and shifting around as if alive. At the other end is an opening. As he gets closer, a MECHANICAL RINGING FREQUENCY gets louder and more disorienting. As he nears the opening it gets unnerving. He is screaming, but we don't hear it. He steps through....

INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--ALL SOUNDS CEASE-- Climut stands on a catwalk. It's grated floor goes all the way around the circular room. FOUR STAIRCASES, equidistant from each other, lead downward at extreme angles. INTENSE PURPLE bathes this room too. He looks over the side. In the center of the room, on ground level is a smaller, tighter engineered version of THE THRONE MACHINE from the Paranormal/Metempsych. Wing. It's angles are more extreme as if being warped by some energy. In the THRONE, cuffed in, ELECTRODE ARRAY attached to his chest, is Orzibal Hastings. His clothes, hair, and all loose articles in his immediate area seem to be pulling upward, looking as if dropping at great speed. His skin is sickly, but he grins contentedly, his eyes peacefully shut.

CLIMUT
(mouthing, no sound)
You.

In a flash, Orzibal's eyes dart open and right to where Climut is standing. Intense pain engulfs Climut, causing a SOUNDLESS SCREAM. He keels over, vomiting SOUNDLESSLY. His FACE SORE BURSTS OPEN, the FOUR-LEGGED BABY CREATURE starts out like a tarantula coming out of it's nest. It struggles to get itself free and crawls down his body, down the stairs and up to the throne. It then quickly climbs up Orzibal. He bows his head, revealing an INDENT, perfectly fitted for the BABY CREATURE. It crawls into it and rests neatly inside. Orzibal raises his head back up.

ORZIBAL
(mouthing, no sound)
Has it been a while? Climut?

Climut is already frantically crawling back into the opening he came through.

INT. CORRIDOR ETA - CONTINUOUS

Climut staggers down the corridor. Nearing the door, THE ENTIRE SOUNDTRACK OF THE PREVIOUS SCENE starts catching up-- several versions layered on top of each other at different speeds, treatments, tones. He struggles through the door.

INT. CORRIDOR ALPHA - CONTINUOUS

Climut collapses on the floor. The steel door shuts behind him cutting off the PURPLE GLOW and the HORRIBLE SOUNDS instantly. The series of metal clangs follows. He is on the verge of loosing consciousness.

CLIMUT'S POV: A pair of SEXY CALVES in QUIRKY SHOES is running towards us.

SMASH CUT BLACK

SOUND ONLY:

MAMMOTH LOUDSPEAKER
Five...four...three...two...one...

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL - NIGHT

The FIERY IGNITION of a SPACE SHUTTLE'S BOOSTER ROCKETS fills the screen.

MAMMOTH LOUDSPEAKER
We have ignition.

The enormous force lifts the SHUTTLE off the ground.

MAMMOTH LOUDSPEAKER (CONT'D)
We have liftoff.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM - DAY

Behind the curtain is President Clark and Sec. Def. Scornwood. Just beyond, The SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE addresses the LARGE PRESS CORPS from the PRESS PODIUM.

CLARK
(hushed tones)
Who leaked it? I want his name! I want him destroyed!

SCORNWOOD
That's not important right now, and you can't let on that it is.

He holds up fingers, counting off talking points.

SCORNWOOD (CONT'D)
Not a viral outbreak, but a radiation leak.
(beat)
Rescue team will do what they can to ensure survival. Bring up families. Remember the families, this is about the families of the scientists.

CLARK
You instructed them personally, right? About...it?

SCORNWOOD
That's affirmative. It's taken care of. Don't worry about it. Just go sell the story.

CLARK
Like '36 all over again.

He puts his hand on Scornwood's shoulder.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Thanks, Jack.

Scornwood signals to the Speaker, who raises his hand to stop taking questions.

SPEAKER

Ladies and Gentlemen, The President
of the United States.

INT. INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE HALL COMPUTER TERMINAL - DAY

Lambert and Gall sit at the console. The VIRTUAL MONITORS hang in the air displaying different feeds: broadcast of the Presidential Address, the shuttle launch, a feed from inside the shuttle, international news broadcasts, technical specifications for an unknown device.

GALL

I still can't believe they're going
ahead with this. It's not right.

LAMBERT

What are you gonna do? It's out of
our hands.

Gall stands up and begins to pace.

GALL

I don't know.....Why are you so
calm? Are you getting this? The
crew, the new one, the people we
just sent up, they're going to die.

LAMBERT

It's out of our hands, Sebastian.
We were vetoed. It's what happens
when other people hold the
checkbook.

GALL

Our argument could've been fought
harder, and you know it.

LAMBERT

It's too late for that, and I'm not
gonna drive myself crazy thinking
about the "what ifs".

GALL

(a beat)

You're right...you're right. We
should be trying to figure out how
to stop this from happening.

LAMBERT

Sebastian. Please. Let it go.

GALL

No. You're not grasping this, kid. The crew is being sent to their deaths. It makes no sense. Everyone heard what Guptha said. All our data, all the military personnel, everyone advised against this. There was to be no action involving the Artemis without our consent, and they went ahead anyway. And you're gonna let 'em. I taught you better.

LAMBERT

You taught me to be a professional! We're licked here. You walk away with your dignity. Wait for the next time.

GALL

There might not be a next time. That virus gets down here? You thought about that?

LAMBERT

This is the kind of doomsday, extremist talk that I can't stand.

GALL

We're dealing with an extra-terrestrial virus the likes of which we've never seen! It spread to everyone! 100 percent casualty rate! That's a global killer! Plain and simple!

LAMBERT

They're trained personnel! They know what they're doing!

GALL

(a beat)

What's happened to you? What's going on here?

LAMBERT

Thinking about the future.

GALL

Your future!

LAMBERT

Yeah, my future!

(a beat)

You want to throw this away? All of it? Everything we worked for, you do it without me.

GALL

So it's about legacy, huh?

LAMBERT

Whatever you wanna call it. At least I'll leave one.

GALL

As the man who destroyed the human race?

Lambert shoots a glare right through him.

LAMBERT

(a beat)

You reactionary bitch. Go fuck yourself!

Lambert storms out.

GALL

Yeah that's it! Walk away! You fucking child!

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - AFTERNOON

Gall sits at the conference table with Montarius and Kelly. All silent, a thick tension between them.

GALL

I never thought there would be a need for it. Jorg and I...we just thought it would be better to keep it to ourselves.

No response.

GALL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

MONTARIUS

Oh, I'm not naive, Sebastian. It's always been his and your baby in the end. Think I'd be surprised to find secrets between you two?

KELLY

Now is not the time for blame.
Artemis has gone blue planet. As
far as I'm concerned, we've nothing
to lose.

MONTARIUS

A multi billion dollar installation
is not nothing.

KELLY

Adewele, you can't be serious. The
alternative? I'd be willing to lose
a few billion dollars versus a few
billion lives.

MONTARIUS

And ethically I agree. But this is
not a decision to be taken lightly.
Someone needs to be playing devil's
advocate. I'm not comfortable
discussing this without Jorgson.

GALL

(a beat)

I don't know where he is.

MONTARIUS

Well, I think we need to track him
down.

KELLY

Well, when's the cut off, Ade? Do
we wait for the team to arrive and
then blow it up?

MONTARIUS

That's not what I'm saying.

GALL

They haven't reached the point of
no return, yet. But they will soon.
I don't see any other way. Public
outcry didn't have an effect.
Plunges in approval rating didn't
have an effect. Something
underhanded is going on here.

MONTARIUS

If I were to withhold my blessing
on this?

KELLY

Adewele...

GALL

I'm sorry. This is bigger than us.
I would have to do it anyway. Hope
someday you'll understand.

MONTARIUS

(a beat)

Okay. You obviously have my
blessing. But do you really want to
go behind Jorg's back?

KELLY

I have my suspicions about him.
He's in on this somehow.

GALL

(troubled)

What?

KELLY

Oh, don't tell me that thought
hasn't crossed your mind. I know it
has. I've seen it on your face
lately. He's never here. The way he
is with Scornwood, the glances...

She gets up and walks over to Gall and tenderly touches his
head.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. We've gotta do this
without him.

She kisses him on the cheek and leaves.

MONTARIUS

I didn't want to admit it to myself
either. You hope that if it's not
spoken out loud...it might not be
real.

Montarius stands up.

MONTARIUS (CONT'D)

I'll call him and at least tell
him. There's no way he can stop it,
is there? Once it's started?

GALL

Not once it's in motion. There's no
fail safe once it's activated.

MONTARIUS

That's a little scary.

GALL

Re-direct run off from the Tyridian core. Fries the power terminal, chain reaction to all systems...The core burns out in the process, goes dormant.

MONTARIUS

No core detonation.

GALL

(nodding yes)

Damage will be strictly structural. Heat will be great enough to kill any living thing.

(a beat)

It ain't perfect...but I never thought it would be necessary.

A sad smile is exchanged. Montarius leaves Gall sitting by himself.

INT. LAMBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

Lambert sits at his ornate DESK in his meticulous office. He has a bottle of OLD SCOTCH in front of him from 20XX. He holds a FRAMED PICTURE IN OF HIM AND KELLY in a romantic embrace, fall foliage around them. He takes one last look, opens a drawer and tosses the picture in. He pours scotch into a space age TITANIUM SHOT GLASS. Also on the desk is A DOCUMENT.

CU. OF DOCUMENT: a contract from Defense Secretary Scornwood, revealed here to be cochair of Westus Weaver Industrial, whose stationary this is printed on. Words focused on-- "Authorization for Westus Weaver to retrieve "scientific specimen" from the Artemis, in exchange for shares in the company and profits made". At the bottom are the signatures, all very similar in hand, written next to respective typed names of Jorgson Lambert, Sebastian Gall, Eudora Kelly and Adewele Montarius; Board of Directors for Project Artemis 1.

Lambert downs his shot. Pours another. A sudden TONE goes off; his COMMUNIQUE WATCH laid out on the desk in front of him. After a few cycles, the TONE stops, and a SMALL HOLOGRAPHIC STILL IMAGE OF MONTARIUS projects from it.

MONTARIUS (FROM PHONE)

Jorgson, it's Adewele...I guess I just wanted you to hear it from us first. If you're there, can you respond?...Alright, then. We came to this decision together.

(MORE)

MONTARIUS (FROM PHONE) (CONT'D)
 I just wanted it all out on the
 table. We set the self-destruct.

A look of vitriolic fury shoots across Lambert's face almost immediately.

MONTARIUS (FROM PHONE) (CONT'D)
 It's already done. There's no
 reversing this. I wish it didn't
 have to come to this...

Lambert is up and out the door in a flash.

INT. INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE HALL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

LAMBERT charges full steam, ready to kill someone.

INT. COMPUTER TERMINAL - MOMENTS LATER

Lambert bursts in, boots up the COMPUTER. One by one the VIRTUAL MONITORS pop up: a news broadcast, the shuttle feed-- a diagnostic readout of the Tyridian core and it's power level dropping to non operational levels.

LAMBERT
 No. No, no no no NO!

He starts frantically waving his hand around, pulling up menus, cycling through data, selecting, moving items around.

LAMBERT (CONT'D)
 You dumb son of a bitch! What did
 you do?!

He pulls up a plain interface, just a place to enter digits. He types away at the VIRTUAL KEYPAD. Another plain interface comes up: "Estimated time to total system overload: "16:37:08, 07, 06," etc. Under the clock is a bunch of instructions about evacuation, safe distances and such. Lambert shakes his head over and over. He flips through the time table of recent system activity, hand scrolling the list downward to authorization code. He stops here. Time entered is displayed and user ID: SGALL. He stares for a moment, anger bleeding into eyes welling up. He steps away from the terminal, paces for a bit, head in hands, then stops, gears turning. He jumps back to the terminal, hands flying.

INT. GALL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Gall sleeps on top of his bed, still dressed. His apartment is one loft-like room. Industrial, but clean and homey.

There's a SMALLER VERSION OF THE COMPUTER ROOM SET-UP, less monitors, less hardware, everything stamped with the LOGO for THE INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH and ADVANCEMENT. His THREE VIRTUAL MONITORS hang in the air, two blank, the other displaying the official readout for Tyridian core dormancy. It now reads: 02:16:34, 33, 32... Suddenly the COMPUTER makes a haunting ALARM TONE. Big letters reading "SYSTEM FAILURE...03-TX1111111...0000" appear on the screen in an almost antiquated DOS fashion, a "blue screen of death" vibe. The ALARM wakes Gall with a start. He rushes to the COMPUTER and starts flipping through screens to see what's going on. His WATCH rings...

MONTARIUS (FROM PHONE)
Sebastian, are you there?

GALL
Yeah.

MONTARIUS (FROM PHONE)
What's happening here?

GALL
I don't know.

MONTARIUS (FROM PHONE)
The system seems to have crashed?

GALL
Yeah, I can't get in from over here either.

MONTARIUS (FROM PHONE)
I don't like this. You need to get back here...

GALL
Yeah...

HOLOGRAPHIC KELLY'S IMAGE appears above his WATCH.

GALL (CONT'D)
Yeah, I'll see you there. I got another call.

MONTARIUS (FROM PHONE)
Copy.

GALL
Hey, Eudora, I'm locked out too--

KELLY (FROM PHONE)
 (panicked, very upset)
 Sebastian! The core! The Tyridian
 core! It's been breached!

The blood drains from Gall's face.

GALL
 What?!

INT. CONFERENCE FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gall triple times down the hall. He enters...

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly and Montarius sit at the table looking like they've died. Gall enters, disheveled and frazzled. President Chang stares through him, shouting at him in angry, anguished chinese. PM Thorne puts his arm around him. He begins to cry.

GALL
 (urgent, barely contained)
 What is going on? What happened up
 there?

Kelly walks up and embraces him. She hands him a FOLDER. He opens it to reveal SATELLITE PHOTOS of an EXPLOSION ON THE MOON'S SURFACE. Under this, another PHOTO OF THE MOON NEARLY ENGULFED IN FLAMES, then another PHOTO OF THE MOON, SURFACE NOW A BLACKENED COLOR.

GALL (CONT'D)
 What happened?!

LAMBERT (O.C.)
 What is going on here?! You started
 the self-destruct?!

They turn to see Lambert, looking like a wounded child.

GALL
 Jorg...
 (a beat)
 I'm sorry.

KELLY
 Somewhere between twenty-three and
 twenty-four hundred, there was a
 full system failure of the Tyridian
 purging system.

GALL

There couldn't have been. It's 100% fail-safe.

LAMBERT

Nothing is 100% fail-safe!
Especially when you tax the system
by redirecting the runoff! I told
you this could happen! Did you not
think of the risk!?

Gall is speechless.

MONTARIUS

(face grim)

Men...what's done is done....

KELLY

(resigned but shaky)

The explosion was strong enough to
drop the moon from it's orbit.

Silence.

MONTARIUS

It will be a matter of days before
it enters our atmosphere...

He looks at Lambert and Gall, trying to ascertain if they understand.

LAMBERT

That's...

KELLY

Extinction Level Event...

GALL

Oh my God...I...did...

KELLY

This was not just your call. You
don't own this.

MONTARIUS

This was up to all of us.

GALL

(looking at Lambert)

No...not all of us...

LAMBERT

What's done is done, Sebastian.

President Clark bursts in the room.

CLARK

You! What gives you the right!?

Scornwood follows, shooting a very disappointed look Lambert's way.

EXT. SPACE - SAME TIME

A shot OF THE EARTH from SPACE. The looming shadow of the MOON comes into frame, dwarfing the EARTH. A big SWELL OF DRAMATIC MUSIC...

FADE TO BLACK.

SCREEN SHUTS OFF as if someone shut off a television.

EXT. MAINSTREET - FUTURE

Future Climut is taking fists to the face, nose swollen, bloody. The fists come from Orzibal. Climut falls to the ground, spits out a swig of blood. The GIANT MOON is turning an orange-red color. The FRIGHTENED MOB is more hysterical than before. Orzibal moves in, a maniacal look in his eyes. Climut scampers away on his back, flips over onto his stomach as Orzibal grabs one of his feet and starts to drag him on his face. Climut flips over onto his back again and frantically boots at Orzibal's head. He let's go and grabs his face with a high-pitched shriek. Climut get's up and runs into the FRIGHTENED MOB, heading up the hill to safety from the encroaching OCEAN. Orzibal, holding his head and shrieking, gets swallowed up in the MOB. The surroundings, the people, everything starts getting brighter. People look upward. The MOON is starting to take on a FIERY GLOW. Climut stops to look, people bouncing off of him, throwing him off balance. He gets sucked along with the current. A wild MANIACAL LAUGHTER grows in volume. Orzibal is on top of him again, pulling him out of the THRONG.

CLIMUT

This isn't real. This is a dream!
It's a show!

ORZIBAL

No show! No show! Hahahahahaha!

Climut freezes as he gets tossed about. Horror coming over his face. He begins to toss right back.

CLIMUT

It's not a show...You did this! You fucking did this!

ORZIBAL

You are dense! Dense! Dense! Dense!

CLIMUT

You fucking destroyed it!

ORZIBAL

Go home! Go back home! You're not ready! Child! Go home!

Orzibal grabs Climut and tosses him like a bowling ball back into the THRONG. BODIES trip and toss in all directions.

INT. CLIMUT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Climut wakes with a start on his couch. The TELEVISION SCREEN displays a "Satellite Failure" message.

ORST (O.C.)

Nightmare?

Climut whips around to see Dr. Orst sitting at his kitchen table, looking at the DOCUMENTS. Climut gets up and runs right past him to the window, frantically searching the sky.

CLIMUT

Is it real?

ORST

Come again?

CLIMUT

What year is it? Is this a dream?

ORST

What do you mean? Yeah, this is real. It's as real as it gets around here.

Climut turns his attention back to Orst.

CLIMUT

How'd you get in here?

Orst starts to answer.

CLIMUT (CONT'D)

How did I get here? Did you bring me back here? How'd I get here?

ORST

You were here already. You've been unconscious. Just now you started tossing and turning. Heavy sleeper, you.

CLIMUT

I was asleep?

ORST

Yeah...people do it from time to time--

CLIMUT

So it,...so that's the dream?

Orst is starting to get impatient.

CLIMUT (CONT'D)

And the moon? It's okay?

ORST

Okay?

CLIMUT

It's not falling out of the sky?

ORST

(short)

The moon is fine, man.

CLIMUT

What year is it?

ORST

20XX. Get it together.

CLIMUT

You didn't get me out of there? I was in Winzor/Westus. You didn't get me out of there? Before...

ORST

I figured the operation went off without a hitch.

CLIMUT

Wait...Operation? What operation?

ORST

Please come away from the window.

CLIMUT

Those documents--

ORST

Come away from the window and I'll explain. It's not safe by the window.

Climut takes a seat.

CLIMUT

(re: the Documents)
I remember those.

ORST

You stole them.

CLIMUT

I did...How--

ORST

(referring to the ROGON)
We programmed you.

CLIMUT

This thing? You programmed me?

He takes it off and throws it down.

CLIMUT (CONT'D)

What gives you the right? Are you doing this to me? All of it?

ORST

(gravely)
Do you not understand what's going on here? What Winzor/Westus is doing?

CLIMUT

No...

ORST

Magnetic poles, Mr. Hyd. The entire magnetic field of the planet is changing, somewhere in the next few years. Everything could be wiped out. It seems people are working to change that. Truth is, that's a huge mistake. It's not meant to be changed...not even by us.

CLIMUT

Who is us?

ORST

It's best I don't tell you. It's for our safety, not yours.

CLIMUT

Safety from who? Winzor/Westus?

ORST

That's just a front corporation for the people behind the scenes. Same old people. The ones with all the power and the money, pulling all the strings. On the surface it would seem that all that money and power is finally in service of the good. But it's only surface. What is it about your people that you can't ever just save yourselves? There always has to be a way to profit?

CLIMUT

What are you talking about?

ORST

These documents tell it all. Controlled pole shift. A fraction of a shift, as opposed to a possible cataclysmic natural shift. They've been at this for decades. Tell me, Climut, is it worth being alive if your sole existence is to be that of a slave? What good is a society that values material over humanity?

CLIMUT

I'm not following?

ORST

(contemptuous)

Of course not. Why would you? The natural order is being violated, Climut. Nature is trying to correct itself but it appears to be losing.

CLIMUT

That sounds like what we want.

ORST

You're not getting it. No matter the outcome, the infrastructure of your society will be destroyed.

(MORE)

ORST (CONT'D)

They've readied a whole new system to put in place once it's over. Right now you live with at least an illusion of free will. Even that will be gone. Death would seem a favorable fate. Decades, Climut. Planned out to the last possible variable.

(a beat)

This satellite disruption is happening all over the world.

(a beat)

It's started.

Climut's hand slowly comes up to touch where his face sore was.

ORST (CONT'D)

They used the technology of my people to do it.

CLIMUT

Your people? There was a strange language everywhere.

Orst doesn't acknowledge

CLIMUT (CONT'D)

Are you an alien?

ORST

Are you serious?

He reads Climut's expression to be completely sincere.

ORST (CONT'D)

No...I'm no alien. We're very much a part of this planet. More so than your people. Certainly more so than you. We wouldn't have used you for this otherwise.

CLIMUT

And now you'll explain what that means...?

ORST

Like I said, the natural order is breaching. The impossible is becoming possible. I trust you understand what I mean? You don't belong. You're in-between. Unstuck as they say.

(MORE)

ORST (CONT'D)

A phenomenon that happens through natural means very rarely. Almost never in Western culture.

Climut slumps in his chair. Neither comforted or alarmed by the explanation.

ORST (CONT'D)

You read me? You're a variable that could never be planned for. For all intents and purposes concerning "reality", you don't exist.

CLIMUT

What? What is happening to me? Will I--

ORST

Relax, Mr. Hyd. The entity of you is very much here. But this vessel of Mr. Climut Hyd?...Let's get something straight. My people chose you. They believe in you. Not me. I don't know why you're here, but I know something severe had to have happened to effect the very fabric of reality.

CLIMUT

I am as in the dark as you are.

ORST

Well, if it's all the same to you, I will continue to regard you with skepticism.

CLIMUT

(slow to respond)
Forgive me...if I do the same.

ORST'S CELL PHONE RINGS.

ORST

Then we understand each other.

He looks at his CELL PHONE. His face hardens.

ORST (CONT'D)

It's time for you to leave....Now!

Climut runs to the window.

ORST (CONT'D)

Don't go near the window!

Climut catches a quick glimpse of an OMINOUS MAN, like the ones seen following the Ranting Lunatic before. His FACE IS SHIFTING. He raises his arm, SOMETHING DARTS out. The window SHATTERS. Climut turns around. A TAIL of some sort is zipping into a wound in Orst's chest. He thrusts the DOCUMENTS at Climut and he takes them. Orst drops to the floor, body convulsing; TEARING, RIPPING SOUNDS coming from inside him. They get louder and Climut turns away in horror. He grabs the ROGON and bolts for the bedroom in the opposite direction.

INT. CLIMUT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Climut cautiously opens the sliding glass door and slips out.

EXT. 2ND FLOOR PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Climut steps out onto the slate tiled patio. The sky is more PURPLE/GREEN than ever, discoloring everything. Climut drops to a crouch, slinks to the side and peeks over. There's an unknown model BLACK CAR waiting in the street, partially obscured by trees. He slinks over to the front wall-- the Ominous Man is quickly proceeding to the front of the house. Climut doubles back and hops the wall onto the roof of the open air garage below. He drops to his stomach and shimmies to the side sloping away from the street. He slinks to the edge. Ten feet below, the neighbors huge HUMMER is stuffed into one of the smaller spaces, ass hanging out. He carefully drops a leg over the side, fear of falling engulfing him. He drums up some courage and drops the other leg over the side. The weight combined with the slope of the roof throws him right over the side. He lands ass first on the roof of the HUMMER, denting it and making a CONSIDERABLE RACKET, then tumbles backward onto the pavement. He lands hard, but quickly gets himself up and on his way around the corner. Thirty yards away is the Ominous Man, closing VERY fast with an inhuman GLIDE-LIKE STRIDE. Climut immediately heads in the opposite direction towards the BLACK CAR.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Climut leaps into the street at full steam. The BLACK CAR lurches forward, right into his path. Both passenger side doors open. Climut climbs onto the hood and over. The driver side doors open. Climut cuts across the street. A strange PROJECTILE flies past his head, accompanied by a slightly delayed METALLIC WHIR, and SLAMS a parked VAN. A gelatinous OBJECT the size of a softball with a TAIL WILDLY WHIPPING ABOUT borrows into the metal. The Ominous Man continues on foot. Climut runs full speed into the intersection. The BLACK CAR rights itself and continues pursuit, tires screeching.

EXT. VENICE BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

Climut darts into traffic, HORNS BLARE, BRAKES SCREECH. A CAR SWERVES to avoid him, hitting the CAR next to it. He jumps onto the median and continues running. The Ominous Man deftly hops onto hoods and over stopped vehicles to pursue. The BLACK CAR guns up past Climut, hops onto the median in front of him and slows down, blocking him. With the Ominous Man closing the distance, Climut cuts into oncoming traffic. The BLACK CAR swerves left to block him, forcing him further out into the street. HORNS BLARE, BRAKES SCREECH, EXPLETIVES YELLED. The BLACK CAR continues trying to block him, inching further and further into oncoming traffic until it's CLIPPED by an ONCOMING CAR, pushing it right at Climut. He jumps straight up onto the hood, rolls off and continues, eyes wild at the narrow escape. The Ominous Man LEAPS FIFTEEN FEET INTO THE AIR, over the BLACK CAR traffic jam and continues the chase. The BLACK CAR backs up and continues on the median, pursuing. ASSHOLE DRIVERS pull around wrecks, keeping traffic going, SCREAMING SWEARS.

--A MUSICAL SNAPPING/WHOOSHING SOUND accompanies a HALF SECOND FREEZE OF ALL MOTION--

OMINOUS MAN 2 appears immediately post freeze out of the ether and pushes Climut right into the path of a briskly moving RED CAR. Climut hits the ground and ROLLS further into the street. The RED CAR swerves, missing him by mere inches and jumps the median; plowing right into the first Ominous Man. His legs are violently knocked out from under from him, throwing him end over end, into the air, HITTING THE GROUND HEAD FIRST at such a velocity that his HEAD POPS LIKE A GRAPE. The BLACK CAR SLAMS the RED CAR-- caving in the front of the BLACK CAR and launching the RED CAR onto it's side and sliding along the pavement. Climut is grabbed by Ominous Man 2

--A MUSICAL SNAPPING/WHOOSHING SOUND/HALF SECOND FREEZE OF ALL MOTION--

is immediately followed by the appearance of OMINOUS MAN 3 and OMINOUS MAN 4. They close in on Climut just as Ominous Man 2 gets him in a sleeper hold. Without any warning-- KABOOM!!! The BLACK CAR EXPLODES with unnatural force, leaving a small MUSHROOM CLOUD. The BLAST WAVE TOSSES several GOOD SAMARITANS SEVERAL YARDS, knocks Climut and the Ominous Man off of their feet and UPENDS several NEARBY VEHICLES. Climut skids on the pavement, clothes tearing, ROAD RASH on his face. He collects himself and gets to his feet. Ominous Man 4, bleeding from the ears, grabs his leg. Climut boots him, steps over Ominous Man 2's unconscious body and runs into the STOPPING TRAFFIC. There's a METALLIC WHIR as he ROUNDS a STOPPED TRACTOR TRUCK.

The corner of the CAB EXPLODES INTO A LIQUID, GELATINOUS SLUDGE, right where his head was a mere second earlier. Stunned momentarily, he turns to see Ominous Man 3 already up and in pursuit.

EXT. VON'S PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Climut runs into the busy parking lot, street traffic starting to back up into it. DRIVERS lean out their windows swearing, some exiting their vehicles. Climut runs past.

MOTORIST ONE (O.C.)
Hey man, you alright?

MOTORIST TWO (O.C.)
Dude got fucked up!

He approaches the first person he sees, SURVIVALIST GIRL, loading BOTTLED WATER and BAGS OF CANNED GOODS into her trunk.

CLIMUT
I NEED YOUR CAR!

The girl spins around, wide eyed and startled at his appearance and demeanor. She sidles to the car next to her.

CLIMUT (CONT'D)
GIVE ME THE KEYS!

She looks towards the trunk. The keys are still in the lock. He grabs them. Ominous Man 3 and Ominous Man 4 are approaching. He opens the door.

CLIMUT (CONT'D)
RUN! GO! IT'S NOT SAFE!

The girl immediately runs off.

CLIMUT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I scared you!

He starts the car, puts his seat belt on, and angles for the side street exit. As he hits the gas, his door opens and Ominous Man 3 grabs him. Climut floors it, dragging him along the ground. Climut glimpses in the rearview mirror-- Ominous Man 4 is getting close. Climut cuts left, Ominous Man 3's legs are thrown under the car. The car HITS SQUARELY against the side of the Supermarket Building. BLOOD AND VISCERA EXPLODES into the car, which then "speed bumps" over Ominous Man 3. Climut floors it for the exit which is starting to JAM UP with traffic.

METALLIC WHIR!-- The whole rear passenger side roof and upper cabin TURN TO A DRIED HUSK THAT BLOWS AWAY. On the front passenger window sits a DYING MASS OF PUSS AND MATTER RESEMBLING FISH EYES AND A FLAILING TAIL. It ceases to move and blows off like dead insects as Climut busts into traffic on the side street, cutting people off, CLIPPING A FEW CARS.

I/E. GIRL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

CLIMUT collects himself between laughing and crying...He turns on the radio.

EXT. WINZOR/WESTUS - MOMENTS LATER

Climut pulls into a parking space in the front lot. The purple/green haze is thicker than ever. An IRON HIPPIE TRINKET hanging from the rearview hangs at a slight angle towards the building, then briefly the other way, then back. As he watches, his face begins to SCRAMBLE.

INT. WINZOR/WESTUS LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Climut walks in, hair fixed up as best as possible, road rash barely discernible among the shifting facial features. He's still wearing torn and bloody clothes. The Guard notices.

GUARD

(quiet, passive)

Are you alright, sir? Do you need a doctor?

CLIMUT

No. I'm fine. I had a bike accident.

GUARD

Are you sure?

Climut says nothing, just stares ahead.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Please step into the arch.

Climut does as he's told.

INT. LOBBY MONITORING ROOM - SAME TIME

That same room. Same deal. Same presence felt but not seen.

INT. WINZOR/WESTUS LOBBY - CONTINUED

The Guard looks up from his monitor, something not right. Climut coils up, ready to lash out. The Guard looks back and forth between Climut and the monitor several times.

ANGLE ON MONITOR: Climut's personal info with big letters stamped across-- "EMPLOYMENT TERMINATED" accompanied by a flashing, "Threat Level Red".

The Guard looks back at Climut, who is ready to spring. The Guard slowly rises, never breaking eye contact as he backs towards the Monitoring Room door. He slides his card key and enters. As the door closes on him, he looks to his left and calmly unholsters his SIDEARM-- Door closes. Time passes. The LOUD CLANG of the magnetic locks being released follows. Climut tentatively steps out of the arch towards the glass door. Once through, A HUGE STEEL DOOR slams down, sealing the front entrance.

INT. MAINTENENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Climut's finger runs down a list of extensions to DR. DANIEL SCOFFIELD. As he picks up the PHONE he senses a presence. He turns around; Esteban is right there, unsettling grin in place. He grabs Climut's wrist and slams it down on the desk, smashing the ROGON. Climut cries out, his face DESCRAMBLES.

ESTEBAN

You shouldn't have come back. I convinced them to let you go. IF you stayed--

Esteban pimp slaps him.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

--the fuck--

Esteban slugs him in the gut.

CLIMUT

Hoooouuuuuhhhhhh!!!!

ESTEBAN

Away!

Climut drops to his knees.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Can't let you live now.

Climut grabs a screwdriver and goes to bury it in Esteban's nutsack. He catches it in a JUDO grip, forcing him to drop it and then knees him in the skull.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)
Dirty fucking pool!

Climut gets to his feet and lunges desperately for a can of RD-90. Esteban advances, covering his eyes but Climut gives him a mouthful instead before grabbing him and slamming him into the desk. Esteban, turning green, frantically tries to clean his mouth out while Climut goes for the door. It's jammed shut. Esteban PROJECTILE VOMITS all over his desk. Climut turns back, grabbing a WOODEN CHAIR and smashing it over his back. He is unfazed and comes right at him. Climut's hand frantically searches the work bench behind him and grabs the first thing-- he swings a BROKEN TRIPLE BALANCE SCALE back around. Esteban dodges backward and loses his balance, falling over into the BROKEN CHAIR. Climut moves in with a LARGE WRENCH and stops, face filling of remorse. Esteban is IMPALED on the BROKEN CHAIR-- a JAGGED WOOD STAKE entering him under his left armpit and protruding out the right side of his neck. He tries to get up, blood gurgling from his mouth, drowning out his anguished death rattle. He falls back down. His arms start to fail him. He kicks his legs, eyes wide. Climut has begun to cry.

CLIMUT
I'm sorry.

He brings the wrench up to slam it down on him. He grits his teeth, shuts his eyes tight-- The kicking stops. Then the arms. Esteban goes limp. The life drains from him. Climut drops to his knees, exhausted. He grabs his head, dizzy and nauseous. He lies on his back, covering his face and sobbing, trying to compose himself. After a few moments he notices ESTEBAN'S BADGE.

INT. SCIENCE WING PERSONNEL AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Climut stands in front of the hidden door. The CARD READER is back. He swipes ESTEBAN'S KEYCARD. The door opens.

INT. CORRIDOR A - MOMENTS LATER

The far door opens as CLIMUT steps in. He heads right to the door for Corridor B.

INT. CORRIDOR B - MOMENTS LATER

The door to Undersandris is gone, a big rectangular discoloration in it's place, recently sealed and painted. Climut pauses, than pounds it with his fist and kicks it for good measure. It's solid. He doubles back.

INT. CORRIDOR A - MOMENTS LATER

The "Paranormal & Metempsychological Studies" entrance is no longer there. Just a plain wooden door. He opens it to a supply closet-- MOP and ROLLING BASIN, PUSH BROOMS, SLOP SINK full of plaster chips. Strange TONES sound off. He follows his ears to where they are coming from. Up ahead, down the corridor, The Double Doors. The digital readout next to the door has power now and is going through the familiar progression of ALIEN TEXT. He shoots over as it finishes it's progression. CLANG! The magnetic locks release.

INT. UNDERSANDRIS CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Climut is on the "U" shaped walkway in the Control Room again. At each COMPUTER TERMINAL below, is a SCIENTIST, perfectly still, eyes forward on the WORLD MAP WALL SCREEN. A LARGE BLUE BAND stretches from the LA LOCATOR: "EMWWFR 33A" to the INDIAN OCEAN LOCATOR: "EMWWFR 24 Theta". All the other locators are gone. Above the BLUE BAND is a large "21%". Crazy ALGORITHMS count off on a translucent section off to one side of the map. On a RAISED PLATFORM at the head of the consoles is Mary, staring up at it all, arms folded behind her back. Her head cocks a little, sensing something behind her. Slowly, she turns around and looks right at him.

MARY

Climut?

Climut hobbles to the stairwell. Her eyes follow him all the way down and out the bottom stairwell. He hobbles up to her.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh my, God, Climut. What happened to you?

She reaches out to catch him, embracing him.

MARY (CONT'D)

(hushed)
You shouldn't have come back here.

CLIMUT

What?

MARY

I don't think I can get you out of here this time. Why did you come back?

CLIMUT

I don't really know. I'm not well. But I have to stop this. Leave here.

MARY

You can't stop this. It's too far along.

CLIMUT

This is causing everything. The chaos.

MARY

Please go.

CLIMUT

What? Are you staying....

MARY

Climut, they're coming for you and they will kill you. Please go.

(beat)

Why are you back here?

Coming down both stairways are TWO ARMED GUARDS EACH. Climut looks to the upper walkway, FOUR MORE ARMED GUARDS stand, RIFLES trained on Climut. ARMED GUARD ONE and ARMED GUARD TWO start to close. He stares at her with a look of betrayal.

MARY (CONT'D)

Please! Don't look at me like that! You don't know what's going on!

ARMED GUARD ONE

Come with us please.

ARMED GUARD TWO

Ma'am are you alright?

MARY

(doing her best to regain her composure)

Yes.

The Armed Guards each take one of Climut's arms. He stares at her, heart breaking. She turns away.

MARY (CONT'D)
Please, Climut. Don't fight them.

They CUFF him and escort him out. Mary turns away, gritting her teeth, making fists, tears coming anyway.

MARY (CONT'D)
(whispered to herself)
Please, please, please....

INT. UNDERSANDRIS - CORRIDOR BETA

The Two Guards forcibly escort Climut--

CLIMUT
Where are you taking me?

--towards a set of double doors. The DIGITAL READOUT goes through it's TEXT PROGRESSIONS, the doors open. ZAP! Armed Guard One hits him with some unseen DEVICE. Climut starts to convulse. They drag him through the door.

INT. UNKNOWN WING FORECORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Climut is dragged along a dark subterranean environment of SPACE AGE DUCTS and PANELLING. Track lights along the tops and bottoms of the walls are the only source of light. They pass by LONG WINDOWS-- fleeting glimpses inside of PEOPLE WORKING WITH OUTLANDISH MACHINES. In another window-- A MAN is silhouetted against a GIANT TESLA-ESQUE GLOBE shooting ELECTRICITY everywhere. They round a sharp corner.

INT. UNKNOWN WING FORECORRIDOR B - CONTINUOUS

LIGHTING is falling out of the ceiling. Walls are rife with WATER DAMAGE. In another LONG WINDOW-- several PEOPLE in BIO GEAR dissect an ALBINO version of THE CREATURE. Climut starts to resist, but he is too weak to do so.

ARMED GUARD ONE
Almost there.

ARMED GUARD TWO
Suffergy um brewnig claritone
on....

A LONG WINDOW runs the rest of the hall...

CLIMUT'S POV on window: A BLACK HEAD covered in EYES, PUPILS all trained on us, peers from the darkness.

As we are whisked by, the BLACK HEAD tracks along the bottom of the window, KNEE JOINTS behind it BOUNCING up and down, never taking it's eyes off of us as we are tossed into a room. The door shuts, cutting off all light.

INT. VOID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Climut hits the floor the lights come on. He's lying on his back on hardtop. Something has his legs and starts to drag him...

EXT. MAINSTREET - FUTURE - CONTINUOUS

Orzibal drags Climut's bloodied, barely conscious body off of the street. The MOON, GIGANTIC AND BLAZING RED, bathes everything in a hellish glow as it tears through the atmosphere. A visible HEAT SIGNATURE is everywhere and the once frantic MOB OF PEOPLE is slowing, showing signs of severe heat stroke. The tops of BUILDINGS in the distance have a WHITE-HOT GLOW. Orzibal drags Climut up a grassy hill. The now STEAMING OCEAN below in the distance pummels the UNCONSCIOUS MASSES OF PEOPLE with a biblical rage. The coastline buildings and landscape are in ruins. A large, clear ENERGY BUBBLE waits at the top of the hill. A GIANT RUMBLE comes from above as the MOON gets brighter. Orzibal grunts louder and louder as he drags Climut...

INT. CORRIDOR ETA - PRESENT

Climut stands in the middle, eyes shut. Complete silence, PURPLE LIGHT engulfs everything. Eyes open, he walks forward.

INT. THRONE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Climut stands in the PURPLE LIGHT and complete silence. The THRONE is GONE. In it's place is a big, old 70'S COLOR TUBE TV. It turns on, screen full of static. The SOUND OF STATIC begins to fill the room. He slowly makes his way down. SOUNDS of SHOES ON METAL GRATING fade in. He gets to the bottom level. ON TV SCREEN-- the static starts to break, reception improving as he gets closer. Finally, the reception is strong and clear. He stops.

ON TV SCREEN-- the opening shot of "Cataclysmo", Artemis in the distance, OBJECT in the foreground. Earth blocks out the sun. Fade out. No title card.

INT. INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE HALL COMPUTER TERMINAL - DAY

Sitting at the Terminal are Gall and Kelly. On the FLOATING MONITORS: news reports about the impending Moon crash, coverage of a GARGANTUAN MISSILE LAUNCH and in a more prominent placing, an address from President Clark.

CLARK (ON FLOATING MONITOR)

I could try to paint it up. Make myself the hero. That's what I would have done in the past. Truth is, I want to go into the past and find that son of a bitch. I want to beat some sense into him. Ask him if his ambition is worth the lives of every man, woman and child on the planet.

(starting to well up)

I could say I'm doing this to redeem myself. Truth is, when I stare God in the face, as I likely will soon, I cannot ask for forgiveness. I don't deserve it. Only an eternity in Hell can redeem what I've done. From the bottom of my heart people. I am sorry. To all of you. In every country. But I have not given up hope. May these missiles we are about to launch into the face of what was once a symbol of wonder and joy, may they impact with the force of God's hand. If not...
God bless and protect you all.

He drops his head.

OPERATOR (FROM MONITOR, O.C.)

And we're out.

Clark looks back up.

CLARK (ON FLOATING MONITOR)

Can you hear me Sebastian? Eudora?

GALL

Yes, we're here.

CLARK (ON FLOATING MONITOR)

I meant everything I said. To you both especially--

ORZIBAL (O.C.)

My favorite part is coming up.

INT. THRONE ROOM - PRESENT - CONTINUOUS

Climut whips around. Orzibal Hastings stands before him.
"Cataclysmo" continues on the TV.

ORZIBAL
So dramatic...so sad.

CLIMUT
Are you the cause of it all?

ORZIBAL
Which "all" are we speaking of?

Climut slowly approaches him.

CLIMUT
How's the take over going? You
think I don't know what you're up
to?

Climut lunges for his throat, teeth clenched, gripping it
like a vice.

ORZIBAL
(choked, garbled)
Killing me won't change anything.
It's set in motion.

CLIMUT
Then it won't matter if you die.

MONTARIUS (ON TV SCREEN)
(troubled)
Sebastian.

ORZIBAL
(gasping for air)
It will...matter...to me...

MONTARIUS (ON TV SCREEN)
(very distressed)
I...you gotta see this.

GALL (ON TV SCREEN)
What is it?

ORZIBAL
(very labored)
My heart...was...broken...

ON TV SCREEN: Montarius hands Gall a printout. Montarius is
close to tears.

MONTARIUS (ON TV SCREEN)
He triggered it, Sebastian.

KELLY (ON TV SCREEN)
What?!

GALL (ON TV SCREEN)
(printout in his hand)
No...no...there's no way. It's
impossible. No way...

ORZIBAL
(struggling)
We're from the same neighborhood.
Graduated from the same school, got
our asses beat by the same gang.

CLIMUT
I've never met you. You crazy fuck.

Orzibal drops to his knees.

ORZIBAL
(garbled)
We...brought it...down...

MONTARIUS (ON TV SCREEN)
You didn't cause this. The self
destruct was tampered with.

ON TV SCREEN: Gall gets up, clutching the printout.

GALL (ON TV SCREEN)
Why would he do this?!

Orzibal's face is turning purple. Climut's face a blank
resolve.

ORZIBAL
(horribly constricted)
Just...wait...please...

ON TV SCREEN: Kelly, Montarius and Gall all look towards the
door. Lambert has appeared...

LAMBERT (ON TV SCREEN)
(cocky)
Yeah, I--

Climut's full attention whips towards the TV.

CLIMUT
(cocky)
--did it.

Climut turns back to Orzibal with horror in his eyes, and immediately let's go of him.

GALL (ON TV SCREEN)
Are you crazy?! Are you out of your
fucking mind?!

Orzibal's eyes go huge as he tries to retrieve minutes worth of lost oxygen. He drops on all fours.

CLIMUT
What is this?! Where am I?!

LAMBERT (ON TV SCREEN)
It wasn't my decision to destroy
everything we've worked for.

ORZIBAL
(very hoarse)
Hitting you yet?

Climut looks towards the TELEVISION but it's no longer there. "Cataclysmo" is now PROJECTED ON THE WALL, taking the full shape of the room, dwarfing them.

LAMBERT (PROJECTED ON WALL)
Yeah..I made my deal.

ON WALL: Gall barely contains his emotions.

ORZIBAL
We made a beautiful team. All the
things we did. Wonderful things.

Climut shuts his eyes tight, and covers his ears.

GALL (PROJECTED ON WALL)
Yeah you did! You got right in
their pocket! You sold your SOUL!

ORZIBAL
Winsor flu pandemic. We cracked it.
Together. Alone, we were nothing.
But together...

MONTARIUS (PROJECTED ON WALL)
How could you not see this!? You're
smarter than that!

ORZIBAL
We saved the human race, Jorg....I
know you remember. You have to.

LAMBERT (PROJECTED ON WALL)
 (cold, emotionless)
 Oh, that reminds me, Ade. How long
 did you know about them?

GALL (PROJECTED ON WALL)
 Is that what this is about? A
 woman?!

ORZIBAL
 Was it, brother? A woman? Why you
 threw it all away?

INT. COMPUTER TERMINAL - FUTURE - CONTINUOUS

MONTARIUS
 We're all going to die over your
 petty jealousy?!

Kelly stands, teeth clenched, tears streaming.

LAMBERT
 You sanctimonious fucking ass!
 Always! Having to be reminded how
 much older and wiser you are! And
 you...
 (regarding Kelly)
 The little princess, I accepted
 that we don't work long ago. Don't
 flatter yourself, honey.

Kelly lunges for him, Gall grabs and restrains her.

KELLY
 You mutherfucker! Fuck you!

LAMBERT
 No, FUCK YOU! You all have that
 little respect for me?! Like I was
 too stupid to find out?!

GALL
 We kept it from you because this is
 how you react!

LAMBERT
 Oh, shove it up your ass. You think
 I need you!? You think you're
 somehow responsible for everything
 I am!

INT. THRONE ROOM - PRESENT - CONTINUOUS

Climut makes a run for the stairway out of the throne room, but the stairs are now THREE DIMENSIONAL PAINTINGS on the walls; an OPTICAL ILLUSION.

ORZIBAL

You can't run from what's inside of you!

Climut turns back to find Orzibal now a part of the PROJECTED IMAGE on the wall.

LAMBERT (PROJECTED ON WALL)

Where did the respect go? Where did the brotherhood go, brother?

Orzibal, on screen, bows his head as his face starts to SCRAMBLE. Climut runs to the screen but is stopped in his tracks by a SNAP!!! as the PROJECTED IMAGE BECOMES a SOLID FLAT WALL that comes out to meet him. Climut feels his face start to scramble. He grabs at it and shakes his head furiously. The PURPLE LIGHT in the room grows more intense.

MONTARIUS (PROJECTED)

I don't believe this!

The IMAGE starts MOVING CLOSER. CLIMUT backs up.

LAMBERT (PROJECTED)

And you knew all along and said nothing. You talk about loyalty?

The IMAGE is closing fast. He pins himself against the far wall.

LAMBERT (PROJECTED) (CONT'D)

This is not about some woman. This is about you always doing it your way, Gall.

The IMAGE is on top of him, about to envelope him. He screams, his face SCRAMBLING WILDLY.

LAMBERT (PROJECTED) (CONT'D)

You let no one in on the process! It's how you've always been! Make decisions regarding others without ever fucking asking!

The IMAGE ABSORBS Climut completely.

INT. COMPUTER TERMINAL - FUTURE - CONTINUOUS

Future ORZIBAL has taken the place of GALL and future CLIMUT has taken the place of LAMBERT.

ORZIBAL

Take responsibility for what you've done! I was just looking out for you!

CLIMUT

You'all got caught, alright!? I've always put the team first, but it has become dysfunctional! And so I did something on my own. I did it without you. We could have learned things we can now only imagine from that creature. But you had to go and destroy it because it wasn't your way.

ORZIBAL

(searching for words)
My God, you are completely gone.

CLIMUT

You pushed the button. You set in motion an untested and dangerous procedure. Tell me your ego wasn't involved there. You spend the rest of your short life celebrating that for a legacy.

The word legacy cuts right through Orzibal. He is instantly on top of Climut, throwing all his weight into him, slamming him into the wall. Climut barely registers the hit, grabs Orzibal right back and swings him into a BOOKCASE, barely missing Montarius. They grapple like animals, teeth gnashed, tossing each other into everything in sight.

MONTARIUS

Stop this! Stop it right now!

They pound at each other, drawing blood. Kelly yanks at her hair, screaming. Orzibal grabs Climut by the throat and pummels his face. Climut jams his thumb into Orzibal's mouth and proceeds to yank hard, tearing at his cheek. Orzibal gets the thumb between his teeth and bites down. All the way. Climut screams as blood spurts from the stump. Orzibal spits the thumb out as Climut gets low and wraps him around the waist, lifting him up off the ground, carrying him across the room and slamming him down on top of the COMPUTER CONSOLE. Climut takes Orzibal's head and slams it into the HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTOR. The lenses shatter.

The VIRTUAL MONITORS disappear. SPARKS shoot out. Orzibal screams in pain and rage, fists full of Climut's hair, his head getting electrical burns and cuts from the broken glass. Kelly jumps on Climut's back, getting him in a sleeper hold. He repeatedly elbows her in the ribs as she starts to cut off his oxygen. Montarius rushes over to help Orzibal. Climut backs up, slamming Kelly into the wall. She immediately let's go, stunned; a horrible, constricted exhale the only sound she can muster. Her eyes go wide as she gasps for air. Climut is elsewhere as he slams her in the face. She drops to her knees, leaving a large blood smear down the wall. He proceeds to kick her repeatedly until Montarius grabs him from behind and begins to pound on him. Orzibal watches in disbelief as Kelly falls over on her face, a RIB sticking out of her back, gushing blood. Climut throws Montarius backwards over a chair. He lands hard. Climut tears one of the OPTICAL PROCESSING DRIVES (about the size of a DVD player) out of the dock and stalks over to him. Orzibal watches, frozen.

MONTARIUS (CONT'D)

Don't do it, Lambert! Don't go out like this!

CLIMUT

We're all as good as dead, anyway.

As Montarius tries to get to his feet, Climut swings the DRIVE. The rear connectors hack up Montarius' face and the impact dislocates his jaw. He falls to the ground. Orzibal watches in horror as Climut stands over Montarius and swings the DRIVE downward repeatedly. Then he stops, covered in blood, breathing hard. He drops the DRIVE. Orzibal backs through the doorway. Climut stalks his prey and lunges forward, full force. The camera SPEED RAMPS to a ridiculous frame rate, slowing the action to a crawl as Climut walks right towards us, closer and closer, wild eyed...his breathing growing heavier and louder...

SMASH CUT BLACK

SOUNDS OF HEAVY BREATHING

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

POV SHOT: We are running down a cold, clean, futuristic hallway with emergency lighting running along the bottoms of the walls. Up ahead of us is a man in military dress clothes. He repeatedly looks over his shoulder and flails about, panicked. He drops out of view as he descends some stairs. We gain on him and reacquire him enough to get a good look at him, Orzibal Hastings. As before, we continue through the prism patterned doors to Hastings into the THRONG OF PEOPLE OUTSIDE. We follow...

EXT. MAINSTREET - CONTINUOUS

...into the chaos outside. A FRANTIC, HYSTERICAL MOB fills the streets.

Climut looks around him, eyes welling up as he takes in the chaos, parents clutching children, people on their knees praying, huddling together for protection. He looks up at the MOON, as huge and ominous as it was when we began. The camera moves in on it, continuously, until we are standing on it's near molten surface.

EXT. SURFACE OF THE MOON - CONTINUOUS

We sail over the glowing, red-hot dunes and craters. HEAT SIGNATURES obscure the view. We follow a fountain of flames upward, to the surface of EARTH as it fills the sky, seas erupting with a horrifying fury, forests and cities in flame. We launch towards it. The west coast gets bigger. The detail increases. California. Los Angeles. A GOLD TRANSLUCENT BUBBLE on a hill...

INT. BUBBLE SHELTER ON HILL - CONTINUOUS

Climut opens his eyes, standing in the one safe zone within view. Through the translucence of the walls, random debris, cars and charred bodies all float as if suspended in water. The OCEAN in the distance is doing unnerving things.

CLIMUT

What is this?

Orzibal stands before him.

ORZIBAL

I erected this...not too long ago it seems...Tell me, how many different times did you live in?

CLIMUT

Times...

ORZIBAL

I experienced four different times. One about one-hundred years ago, when I built this shelter. One where we met yet again--

CLIMUT

What was real? Mary, the purple sky? That was real? How can that...

ORZIBAL
Did it feel real?

CLIMUT nods.

ORZIBAL (CONT'D)
Then who's to say? I spent one of my realities in a sanitarium. I used that time to try and figure out what was happening. It was a fruitless endeavor. It's just against the natural order. Our psyches have fractured and become independent of body...perhaps time too...

CLIMUT
(troubled)
So who are we? Is this who I am?

ORZIBAL
We simply played our parts, Jorg. We did what we were supposed to. I see it all now, being unstuck.

CLIMUT
No. I can't shirk responsibility. I have free will.

Climut looks outside the Bubble as a HUGE WAVE makes it all the way up the hill and soundlessly washes over the Bubble. He looks up at the FLAMING BALL in the sky and wells up.

CLIMUT (CONT'D)
I deserve what everyone else got! I deserve to burn for what I've done!

ORZIBAL
Was Mr. Hastings any more of an angel? Are you really such a bad guy in the end, Mr. Hyd? You are him as well, are you not? The man who tried to STOP a catastrophe?

CLIMUT
I didn't stop it! There's got to be some consequence for what I've done!

He puts his hands out and is about exit the Bubble.

ORZIBAL
Please, wait! Don't go! I forgive you!

Climut stops.

ORZIBAL (CONT'D)
We still have some time.

CLIMUT
I don't deserve it.

ORZIBAL
It's yours regardless.
(beat)
You know I didn't recognize you at first. I was very surprised when I realized it was you.

CLIMUT
I think I met others. They did things. They knew.

ORZIBAL
Yes, I saw them too. There are things beneath the surface of reality that I certainly don't understand. Even if I did, I don't know if I could explain. The mind is not meant for this stress. We perceive time linearly for a reason. I've discarded so much. I don't trust what my mind tells me...

He looks at Climut with wide blank eyes.

ORZIBAL (CONT'D)
Were you happy? In the other time?

CLIMUT
There were moments. There were reasons to live.

ORZIBAL
It's where you're meant to be. Your influence is strong there. And that is where you succeeded.
(a beat)
You've got to go, now. This will all disappear soon.

CLIMUT
I know.

ORZIBAL

No. You don't understand. This didn't need to happen. And it will never happen again.

Orzibal rushes up and hugs Climut.

ORZIBAL (CONT'D)

I love you, brother. Forget all about this place. Forget it existed. But don't forget what you learned. It will be essential.

He kisses Climut, then very suddenly shoves him through the wall of the bubble. At first the heat doesn't register. Climut's hair EVAPORATES almost instantly. His clothes COMBUST, DISINTEGRATE and FLOAT OFF. He emits a BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM as his face begins to BLISTER and PEEL AWAY. He pounds on the outside of the Bubble, begging to get back in. Orzibal begins to cry and turns away.

ORZIBAL (CONT'D)

Forget about me! Good bye, my--

EXT. WINZOR/WESTUS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CLIMUT'S POV: A WOMAN'S face covers the camera. She pulls away, tears streaming down her SCRAMBLING face-- Mary. Her hands compress the chest, just below our view.

MARY

Come on, baby! Come on! Wake up!
Don't you leave me!

Climut lies still on the ground. Mary finishes chest compressions, and goes back to mouth to mouth. Climut's eyes shoot open. He has a big PAINFUL GASP for air, then screams and lurches up. She grabs him.

MARY (CONT'D)

Climut?! Climut can you hear me?!

He frantically searches his surroundings.

MARY (CONT'D)

Come on, breathe! That's it!

He starts to calm down, feeling his body, realizing it's no longer on fire. He breathes, eyes still wide.

MARY (CONT'D)

Can you hear me?

Climut nods. He takes in his surroundings. At the other end of the parking lot, the WINZOR/WESTUS building is in flames, a great deal of it's structure badly damaged from IMPLOSION. Other PEOPLE are streaming out.

MARY (CONT'D)

Can you walk?

Climut starts to get up.

MARY (CONT'D)

Okay, easy. Slowly. I got you.

He reaches up to touch her face. She realizes he doesn't recognize her. He goes for her wrist and finds a ROGON. She takes it off. Her face DE-SCRAMBLES. She tosses the ROGON down and smashes it under her foot.

MARY (CONT'D)

It's over. We don't need those anymore.

He touches her face. She takes his arm around her shoulders and they hobble across the street. In the distance, the first EMERGENCY VEHICLES are coming.

CLIMUT

What happened?

She embraces him.

MARY

You.

CLIMUT

Who am I?

She kisses him, then glances back at the FLAMING BUILDING. Dr. Dan Scoffield catches her eye. He sees her and nods. She nods back. He puts on a baseball hat and slips away. She turns back to Climut.

MARY

We should leave here. They'll be looking for us.

CLIMUT

Leave the city?

She smiles at him, realizing the irony. She hands him a map. He takes a look at it and opens it. It has several slightly different versions of an unknown terrain with probability percentages next to each.

Each version has it's own slightly different path leading to one mass of land similar to the one Climut saw on the map in the Paranormal/Metempsych. wing. It is labelled in Greek (for Atlantis). He looks at her as she's watching it sink in on his face. He looks at her with uncertainty, a look she mirrors back. Then she shakes her head and smiles. He laughs and they kiss. As they hobble up the street. Climut notices the sky, clearer than it's been in LA for decades, filled with stars. We take in the blacked out city, no lights on as far as the eye can see, just the fire of the Lab. The Mountains in the distance are clearly visible against the starry sky.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Casting a beautiful blue glow across the calm waves is the most peaceful, bold and majestic full Moon we've ever seen.

SMASH CUT BLACK