

THE CHANGER

by

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WGAw

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FADE IN:

INT. INSIDE AN ATOM

The streaking path of an electron is frozen momentarily in an empty black space.

MAN (V.O.)
Your mind is your most powerful
weapon.

The electron smear moves faster and faster. It rotates into a blur of a rounded bow-tie pattern around a distant nucleus of protons and neutrons.

MAN (V.O.)
It can fill emptiness with reason,
and dispel the darkness with light.

We fly back further and observe a sea of electrons whirling in spherical, bow-tie, and ring-shaped patterns. Tiny beads of yellow light fly out from the electrons as they orbit.

MAN (V.O.)
It can touch the smallest things in
the universe...

We fly back faster and see a few atoms, then many tetrahedron crystals of silicon and oxygen atoms, then a grain of sand.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Then millions of grains of sand pouring out from a MAN'S right hand.

MAN (V.O.)
... and see the beauty in a grain
of sand.

The base of his index finger is scarred, like it's been cleaved off and poorly healed back in place.

EXT. DESERT - MEDIEVAL BATTLE FIELD - DAY

Sand continues pouring from the man's hand as

A WHIRLING WIND

Laps our ears. The brittle clanging of a steel sword repeatedly slamming on another steel sword reverberates in the background.

THE DIN OF A MEDIEVAL BATTLE

Creeps in from a distance. Until savage screams and battle cries engulf the battlefield.

MAN (V.O.)
But your mind is also capable of
darker things. Of violence. Of
greed. Of envy. But if you learn to
master it, you can carve your own
destiny.

Dust blows across a SHADOW on the ground.

Casting the shadow is a MEDIEVAL KNIGHT, the man. His helmet is off, steel chain mail covering his head.

There is no color in the carnage of battle. Except for the brilliant CRIMSON color of blood streaked across his armor.

The knight is on one knee. Eyes fixed on the grains of sand pouring out from his right hand.

Slow, steady BREATHING drowns out the sounds of chaos.

MAN (V.O.)
It can steady your nerves, slow
your breathing,...

He closes his eyes. Takes a deep breath. TENDRILS of an engorged artery bulge across his left temple and forehead.

MAN (V.O.)
... and isolate a single sound in
the chaos of a thousand sounds.

A voice percolates above the din.

ARAB CAPTAIN (O.S.)
(in Arabic; subtitled)
Crush these infidels! To the sea or
into the sand! Give no mercy!

The man throws his eyelids open. Springs up. And charges in the direction of the Arabic commands.

He focuses, brows crunched together in concentration. He is willing the steel of his chain mail armor to transform into a weapon. A blade.

Two GLISTENING blades slowly GROW, protruding from each chain mailed forearm.

MAN (V.O.)
Your mind can manipulate nature,
bend the will of men, and
ultimately change the world.

He lunges at the mounted Arab CAPTAIN and unseats him from his horse. A battle on foot ensues.

The knight is surrounded by the captain's GUARDS battling him from all sides.

The brutal precision of his thrusts and cuts are amazingly fluid, surgical, almost supernatural.

The enemy is momentarily stunned, awed that some of their swords seem to DISINTEGRATE as it touches the man's armored body. But they recover and attack en masse.

Time crawls as the mass of hatred and steel lunges at him. He parries blades and spear tips and kills several enemies. But it is too much.

A BRILLIANT GLINT OF CRIMSON

Sparkles in the sunlight overhead.

Time slows down as a Damascus steel scimitar is in mid-swing, blood slipping from the blade as it screams toward the knight's chain mailed neck.

An Arab WARRIOR is AIRBORNE. His entire weight behind the swinging scimitar. A scowl of hatred is frozen on his silent, shouting face.

As the scimitar blade nears the knight's neck, the steel mail armor around his neck quickly LIQUIFIES then re-shapes into small thick plates of staggered armor.

A microsecond before impact, time catches up as the blade flies in. The Arab warrior's battle shout RUSHES IN as a loud CLANG of steel upon steel is heard.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN

EXT. AMPHIBIOUS LANDING CRAFT - D-DAY - DAY

A man is startled awake. He rubs the back of his neck. His hand has the same scar on the right index finger. He is wearing Staff Sergeant stripes on his olive drab uniform.

He is huddled next to the bulkhead wearing an unstrapped GI-issued steel pot helmet. He tucks a metallic-looking sweater back under his olive drab fatigues.

He sways with the boat in the choppy waves. From over his shoulder, sea spray collects on the stubble of his 5 o'clock shadow. His face is still unseen.

The landing craft interior is a washed-out tone of gray and olive drab. Occasionally punctuated by sharp red hues of a Big Red "1" on uniforms and helmets.

ARMY LIEUTENANT

Jesus Christ, KINCAID! Control your damn weapon before you get somebody killed!

Private BILLY KINCAID, a scrawny 17 year-old from Nebraska, picks up his standard-issue M1 Garand rifle from the metallic floor of the landing craft.

BILLY

Sorry LT. I'm just uh...

The LIEUTENANT flashes him a stern look, then stares back ominously at the smoke-shrouded high bluffs over Omaha Beach.

MAN

We all feel it, Billy.
(brown EYES on the
lieutenant)
Just have different ways of dealing
with it.

The man looks at the casemates and pillboxes lining the approaching bluffs. He is studying their positions, weaknesses, overlapping fields of fire.

MAN (CONT'D)

(to Billy)
Just stay behind me.

His soothing, rich voice is the calm before the fire storm.

EXT. OMAHA BEACH - NORMANDY - CONTINUOUS

The landing craft hits the sand bar. The front bulkhead slams open. BOOM -- a mine goes off nearby. Bloody water and sand spray across scared faces.

Two MEN up front die instantly from Nazi machine gun fire.

In the background, others follow the same fate. Lifeless bodies plopping into the watery waist-high graveyard.

Bullets, explosions, screams, death. Everywhere.

Whizzing bullets SPARK OFF the man. Arms out to his sides, he is blocking, deflecting them with his body. Protecting his soldiers. They watch in horrified amazement from behind.

EXT. OMAHA BEACH - NAZI FIRING POSITION - SAME

A Nazi MACHINE GUNNER is ruthlessly spraying bullets at a landing craft.

The bright yellow glow of a speeding tracer bullet crawls in time straight towards the man ON THE BEACH.

EXT. OMAHA BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The bullets shred the man's uniform. His chain mail armor LIQUIFIES then quickly re-forms into staggered solid steel plates.

The impact of the bullet causes a ripple of shock waves across the man's chain mailed body.

EXT. OMAHA BEACH - NAZI FIRING POSITION - CONTINUOUS

The Nazi machine gunner's

EYES

Are shocked. His tracer rounds are peppering the American soldier who, to his stunned amazement, just will not die.

NAZI MACHINE GUNNER
(in German; subtitled)
Impossible!

He continues to focus his fire on the man, disregarding the horde of other American soldiers gathering elsewhere on the beach.

The gunner is in a crazed frenzy. Completely fixated on killing this one super soldier.

EXT. OMAHA BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The man's uniform is shredded by the barrage of bullets. Patches of his uniform begin to rip and tear and heat up AND BURN from the metal fire storm.

The chain mail is visible now. And turning RED HOT. Kinetic energy turning into heat energy under the pounding of the machine gun bullets.

Troops are huddled behind him. Billy reaches out to brace himself against the man, then jumps back. Hand singed by the red hot chain mail.

BOOM -- an explosion goes off nearby. The soldiers are too scared to be amazed by their superhuman sergeant. They just want to stay behind the man. And live.

The man is contorted in agony from the burning heat and the non-stop barrage of lead bullets. He is in despair. Like a man almost beaten and about to give up. His reflexes are starting to get slower.

His men grimace at the stench of burnt flesh coming from their sergeant.

EXT. NAZI FIRING POSITION - CONTINUOUS

The Nazi machine gun crew inside the pillbox begins to argue amongst themselves.

NAZI SPOTTER
(in German; subtitled)
Over there! Right flank! Shoot!
Shoot! Shoot! What are you doing?!

The gunner has completely lost it. His mania twitching into demented scowls with each squeeze of his MG-42 machine gun trigger.

The SPOTTER is yelling at him to turn his machine gun to the other side where a gaggle of American soldiers is amassing.

The two get into a panicked shouting match. The spotter punches the crazed gunner's arm to get his attention.

A dull clanging sound --

An American grenade is bouncing around in the pillbox. The Germans frantically scramble to exit --

BOOM -- the grenade explodes.

EXT. OMAHA BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The man looks up from the beach at the exploding machine gun position.

He leads his men to the safety of a shallow ravine on the beach. He falls on his back, writhing in pain. He douses himself with his canteen to cool his chain mail armor.

Gray steam rises from the steel. It doesn't cool the armor.

His troops stare in amazement now.

BILLY

(blubbering)

Jesus Christ, Sarge! What the hell just happened? Why aren't you dead? Oh God...

(puke on the ground)

I don't wanna die. What's going on. I don't wanna die.

MEADERS

(feigning self-control)

Holy crap, Sarge! How the hell...!

Corporal HOWARD "HOWLER" MEADERS, a tough no-nonsense soldier with a mouth unencumbered by any kind of mental filtering.

MEADERS (CONT'D)

You should be dead! How'd you do that? And what the hell are you wearing?

The man's MOUTH shudders in pain as he speaks. His surrounding men shroud a full view of his face.

MAN

This ol' thing? From back East.

MEADERS

They don't sell nothin' like that in Brooklyn. Christ! You're like the superhero comics, Sarge.

The man is still writhing from the agony of his burnt flesh.

MEADERS (CONT'D)

Except, looks like being invincible hurts like a bitch.

MAN

(preoccupied, in pain)

Yeah. Got that right.

He begins to take off the steel mail armor MELTED to the skin of his muscular and chiseled physique. Red patches of burnt skin are peeling off his body.

MAN (CONT'D)

Ahhh! God...

He takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, exhales. The scorched skin instantly begins to heal. His men are stunned.

The washed-out gray and olive drab scene falls into the man's tired brown eyes, into his ROUND BLACK pupils, and INTO --

INT. HILLTOP HOME - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

... the blackness of a ROUND BLACK brewed cup of coffee atop a brown study desk. Steam wafts from the cup across a yellow pencil and a green pad of engineering graph paper full of physics equations.

Soft, melancholic piano music echoes in a cavernous hall.

The steam wafts across the desktop. It passes by opened textbooks on "Quantum Mechanics by Cohen-Tannoudji," "Electrodynamics by Jackson," "Statistical Mechanics by Landau and Lifshitz," and "String Theory by Polchinski."

A docked smartphone displays the tag "Bach Concerto No. 5 in F Minor for Keyboard, Second Movement."

The steam rises upward and dissipates revealing a palatial hilltop home. The view outside is magnificent. It looks down into the coast and into the city.

The walls are all glass. It is spartan inside with only a grand piano and a cello to accent the simple furniture.

A soft breeze wisps against the bottom corner of a beige curtain

NEAR THE MARBLE FLOOR

Gliding across it at ankle height. The draft dances into the backyard. It saunters over a glassy, long rectangular pool of still water, eager to reflect the subtly waking dawn.

At the far end of the pool is the man. Alone. His standing form SILHOUETTED against the orange horizon.

His clothes are flowing in the soft breeze. Only a slight profile of his face is discernible from the back.

He is motionless. Somberly waiting to greet the day's first light.

The breeze gently tousles his clothes and shoulder-length hair. In the background, tail lights and headlights of distant cars move as if they are moving in fast-forward.

Everything is moving unnaturally fast. Except for nature's breeze, the still reluctant sun, and him.

From over his shoulder, the first golden fingers of the morning's light caresses his lightly-stubbled face.

He revels in its warmth. Its enduring, unfailing company.

The distant sunrise gets closer. Its hue saturates into an orange diffused orb.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

The

ORANGE DECIMAL POINT

Of a marker punctuates a physics equation on a dry erase board. Multi-colored equations litter the board. A man's RIGHT HAND glides across the board as he writes.

It is the same hand with the same scar on the right index finger. The man talking is Professor QUINTUS ATRAYU.

His back is to us. He sports black shoulder-length hair and eyeglasses.

From over his shoulder, a CORNER of his eyeglass lens magnifies the busy board. His full facial features are not yet seen.

He is dressed in a checkered, long-sleeved shirt, rolled up at the cuffs. Tight blue jeans slightly worn out, over polished black shoes.

He has a slight hunch as he mumbles to the white dry erase board. The title on the dry erase board reads, "Gravitons and String Theory." He appears to be alone.

QUINTUS

Like phonons that mediate heat,
gravitons mediate gravity.

A beautiful COED scribbles something on a note pad. She turns the note pad around, shows it to another beautiful GIRL next to her. The words "Phonons are HOT!" are written in red ink.

The second coed bites her bottom lip. Then stares at the butt of Quintus' tight jeans.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
 (mumbling to himself)
 Perturbation leads to... six
 dimensional manifolds... of
 gravitons...? Supergravity.
 (head shaking, surprised)
 Can't be right. That means...
 (looks across other end of
 the board)
 Strings are opening and closing?

Quintus takes a different color marker. Draws a zigzag line connecting one part of the over-filled board to another part of the board with a question mark between two long equations.

A SMALL BLOOD VESSEL

Begins to bulge at his left temple.

His movements are a flurry of writing, mumbling, erasing, connecting equations.

STUDENT #1 (O.S.)
 Professor.

Quintus continues without acknowledging the STUDENT.

He is writing with BOTH HANDS now. Tendrils of a second blood vessel bulging at his right temple.

Each hand is independently deriving complex physics equations. He shifts his attention occasionally from one hand to the other and then back again.

While focusing his attention on his right hand, he puts down the marker in his left hand, picks up a dry eraser, erases part of an equation, and continues adding to his left-hand derivations. A few more seconds pass and then again --

STUDENT #1 (CONT'D)
 Professor, we're not sure how or
 where you --

Quintus casually raises his left index finger without turning around and continues his frantic derivations.

There is a GRIN on his partially-exposed face. He sees something in the cacophony of colors on the board.

A view of the class over his shoulder shows an uncharacteristically large number of females in the physics class. They are looking at each other, amazed, bemused. Shrugging their shoulders at the ambidextrous onslaught on the board.

PROFESSOR #1
Professor Atrayu.

Quintus continues his blitz on the board.

PROFESSOR #1 (CONT'D)
Quin!

Quintus quickly turns around, looking over the rim of his glasses. First, curiously at the rude interruption. Then at his class with a charismatic smile.

Finally, his ENTIRE face is seen.

He looks young for a professor. He appears to be in his late 20s, early 30s. He is tall, well-built, brown-skinned, and handsome. His facial features could place him from anywhere and nowhere in particular in the world.

By the door is sociology professor PHIL CUNNINGHAM. He is a pudgy, middle-aged man wearing a tattered tweed suit that looks like it belongs in a '70s movie. He is flanked by a gaggle of students waiting to use the room for their next class.

PROFESSOR #1 (CONT'D)
(touching his watch,
perturbed)
You're eating into my time, Quin.
Come on.

QUINTUS
Sorry, Phil.

Quintus writes "DO NOT ERASE! - Prof. Q" all over the dry erase board.

PROFESSOR #1
Jesus, Quin. I need that board
space for my class.

Of four large dry erase boards in the classroom, three are taken up by Quintus' derivations.

QUINTUS
(exits, slaps Phil's arm)
Looks like a good day for a pop
quiz.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

VIKRANT SINGH, Quintus' PhD student and protege is seated, engrossed, looking at his smartphone. He is watching a video feed of a women's tennis match.

ANNOUNCER #1

(on smartphone)

The Swedish sensation ELIN SKOLDSTROM is at it again, folks. She's on her way to her 1st Grand Slam Title since taking up tennis only two years ago. You heard that right... only two years ago!

ANNOUNCER #2

(on smartphone)

JIM, that's incredible. This blonde bombshell is a phenomenon. She's got quite a cult following online too. Not only is she the defending women's Ironman Triathlon champion, she also holds the world record for the javelin throw and is a favorite for the women's heptathlon in next year's summer Olympics.

ANNOUNCER #1

(on smartphone)

Speaking of phenomenal, this woman is a child prodigy. Quickly picks up anything you throw at her. Rumors are floating around the twitter-verse that she once played the current world chess champion KARLSTADT in a friendly game and trounced his butt. Of course he denies it.

(to the tennis court)

Ohhh! Did you see Skoldstrom dive after that ball and volley it back out of KARCHENKO's reach?! Man! This is amazing tennis, folks!

ANNOUNCER #2

(on smartphone)

From an amazing woman!

QUINTUS (O.S.)

How's the calibration going, Vik?

Vikrant is startled, quickly puts away his smartphone in his pocket, and gets up from his chair.

VIKRANT

Um...

He takes out his smartphone again. Fumbling through the apps.

VIKRANT (CONT'D)

Ready for lasing in two hours.

Quintus examines some laser instruments mounted on a table.

QUINTUS

That stuff will make you go blind
you know?

VIKRANT

Uh, what stuff?

QUINTUS

Facebook. Twitter. Snapchat. All
just... mental masturbation.

VIKRANT

(defensive)

There's nothing wrong with it.

QUINTUS

Didn't say it was wrong.

VIKRANT

It's productive. Everyone's on it.
Connects the world. It's not
useless.

QUINTUS

Crowd-sourcing... productive.
Online circle jerks... not so much.

Vikrant is annoyed. Insulted. He shakes his head.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

I'm on to something, Vik. I need
that high power laser working.

VIKRANT

(looking at watch)

Don't have much time, sir. I have a
study date.

(catching himself)

Uh, study group.

QUINTUS

(suppressing a smile)

Who is she?

VIKRANT

Who?

QUINTUS

The study girl.

VIKRANT

She's... someone out of my league.

QUINTUS

(back facing Vikrant)

No such thing.

VIKRANT

Easier said than --

Quintus turns around. Faces Vikrant.

QUINTUS

Stand tall. Arch your back. Chest out.

Vikrant subconsciously straightens up.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

Look into her eyes. Her pupils.
Hold it. And hold it. For no more
than four seconds.

VIKRANT

What?

QUINTUS

Four seconds. And with the tiniest smile, casually say something like "Hi" or "How are you." Then just as casually, turn your attention to something else. The moment you take your eyes off her, she's going to feel like she connected with you somehow. Primal part of her brain is going to convince her that she's attracted to you. It's a powerful instinctive reflex. Read her eyes, body language.

(shrugging)

Then play ball.

Vikrant is pensive. Trying to take it all in.

VIKRANT

(out loud to himself)

Four seconds...

QUINTUS

Most men never have the balls to step up to the plate for even four seconds. Just end up spectating from the stands. Twelve ounce can of regret in one hand, foot long envy in the other. Don't be that guy.

VIKRANT

Don't know if I'm --

QUINTUS

(cutting him off)

Confidence. With women, if you don't think you're good enough, then you're not.

He turns his back. The words stinging Vikrant's ego.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

Speaking of good enough, I really need that laser to be good and ready.

VIKRANT

Gotta grab the magnets from the basement. Be right back.

Vikrant leaves the lab.

Quintus continues to prep the laser equipment.

He senses something unusual. Something dangerous.

THE VEINS IN HIS ARMS

Begin to bulge in response, like some subconscious fight-or-flight reaction. He stops writing, turns toward the laboratory door, and sees a short dark STRANGER in a long, black trench coat and ponytail approaching.

The stranger's movements are deliberate, coiled, cautious. His eyes fixed on Quintus' as he approaches.

The once amiable, stooped-over professor slowly begins to grow tall, hulking, menacing.

The stranger's EYES hesitate, then he commits.

Two 18-inch katar push daggers shoot open, strapped to the stranger's forearms. Steel assassin's blades glinting silver.

The man lunges at Quintus and punches with his razor-sharp katars. Quintus' movements are fluid, surgical, efficient. Supernatural.

Quintus dodges the attacks but doesn't counter. He wants to know more about this strange man. Through combat.

Quintus sees an opening and counter-attacks. The man parries and ripostes. Quintus is impressed.

The stranger's onslaught continues. The room is trashed.

The stranger vaults himself into the air and throws a flying superman punch with his right katar. Straight at Quintus' heart.

Quintus avoids the thrust. Lightning reflexes dragging time as the blade slowly passes by. Quintus flicks the blade with his finger like a man flicks away a fly.

The

SHARP PING

Of steel resonates and echoes as the blade disintegrates into millions of tiny steel crystal pieces sprinkling down onto the floor.

The man is incredulous. He looks at the disintegrated blade, then at Quintus.

His face changes from incredulity, to surrender, to humility, to shame in the span of seconds. He is breathing heavily. Like a man who's given everything he's got.

He falls to one knee, head bowed down, neck exposed.

In crisp movements, he unstraps the remaining katar blade and pulls a lighter from his pocket. He slams them both on the lab floor and spits next to them.

AJIT

My weapon, fire, and water...
Everything that keeps me alive is
yours. My life is yours to end for
this great dishonor.

A group of curious students gather outside the lab door. Vikrant returns. And sees his uncle AJIT SINGH kneeling before his professor.

QUINTUS

(in Punjabi; subtitled)
You move like fire.
(MORE)

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

It would be a shame to extinguish
such a light. Rise, guru. You have
brought no dishonor to your tribe.

AJIT

(in Punjabi; subtitled)

I have only dreamt of this day. To
live in the time of the Chronicles.

Quintus evades the comment. He picks up the katar and
lighter. Hands it back to Ajit. He surveys the destroyed room
and the gathering crowd outside the door.

QUINTUS

There is nothing special about this
day, guru.

AJIT

So says the immortal.

Quintus tenses. But intrigued -- that someone knows...

AJIT (CONT'D)

I should be the one calling you
guru. My teacher.

QUINTUS

(smiling)

One is never too old to learn more.

Two campus security policemen rush through the crowd at the
lab door.

CAMPUS POLICE

(itching for action)

What's going on here?

QUINTUS

Nothing, guys. Just... dropped some
lab equipment. Wanna help clean up?

CAMPUS POLICE

(surveying, disappointed)

Nah.

The two campus police report back to dispatch on their radios
as they depart.

QUINTUS

Let's finish the introductions over
naan bread. I'm starving.

INT. HILLTOP HOUSE - DAY

Quintus, Ajit, and Vikrant are seated on the floor eating traditional Himalayan food from a small table.

Vikrant notices Ajit fiddling with his wristwatch. A TINY LENS on the side of the watch faces Quintus.

AJIT

I saw you in one of Vik's Facebook posts from his lab. It's uncanny... your face, your facial profile. So, I came here. To know for sure.

Quintus is inhaling his food.

AJIT (CONT'D)

Quite an appetite you've got there.

QUINTUS

High metabolism. Need lots of nutrients in order to heal.

AJIT

(looking around house)
You always live this way?

QUINTUS

(surveying)
Wouldn't you?

AJIT

(smiling)
Easier, I suppose, if my money had a thousand years of compounding interest.

Quintus smiles, nodding in agreement between bites.

AJIT (CONT'D)

How old are you?

QUINTUS

5,000 give or take a hundred.

Vikrant pauses eating. Bewildered.

AJIT

You must have seen, learned so many things in that time. Like the meaning, the purpose of life?

QUINTUS

(pauses eating)

What if I were to tell you that the purpose of life is to be born, grow, live, have sex, kids, then die? Not romantic, is it? Not what most people want to hear. But there it is. Now, the meaning of life... There's the better question.

Ajit and Vikrant stop eating, waiting for the answer. Quintus starts eating again, then notices the silence.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

(pauses eating again)

When they come to a river, a tiger stops and listens to sounds then smells the water, a deer smells the air and then the water, and man... sees himself.

Ajit and Vikrant wait for more, but there is none. They chew on the words, contemplating, vexed.

AJIT

It must be lonely. Wives? Children?

QUINTUS

Twice. Only twice.

The air seems tense, sensitive. Ajit changes the subject.

AJIT

Have people changed much in 5,000 years?

QUINTUS

The same passions create the same good. And the same lusts create the same evils. Biology reigns supreme.

AJIT

But the world? Surely it's changed?

QUINTUS

Most people today live like kings of old. The fruits of advanced technology at their fingertips. But the grip of the baser instincts still strangles the human potential.

(MORE)

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

Their lives on standby, whether drinking on a Babylonian street corner or detached from today's world behind texts and videos on a mobile screen. So much potential squandered on idle time.

VIKRANT

(defensive)

People are more connected, more informed because of technology.

QUINTUS

Connected electronically, not emotionally. And information... If I took the average person off the streets today and transported them back to ancient Greece, could they explain, much less recreate, the science or technology behind the light bulb, the telephone, internal combustion engine, penicillin? We haven't even talked about the integrated circuit or the internet. People today think they're smarter than those who've come before simply because they wield knowledge gained by a few. The few, the doers, the dreamers who always end up carrying the world on their shoulders onto progress. These are the changers of the world. The true titans.

AJIT

But titans can also come in dark forms.

QUINTUS

(recalling)

... Yes, the Brotherhood.

AJIT

And if the Brotherhood captures you, takes your scroll, and learns the secret to eternal life, that would be a dark world.

Quintus listens somewhat absentmindedly, then interrupts Ajit.

QUINTUS

I'm afraid they want more than my scroll, my friend. Much more.

Quintus takes a sharp knife from the table.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

It is a curse of men to envy that
which they do not have.

Quintus slices the palm of his left hand. Vikrant is startled, Ajit curious.

Quintus opens his palm. He takes a napkin and wipes off the blood pooling in his palm. There is a long, deep cut.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

But it is a far greater curse to
have that which no one else has.

Quintus closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and slowly exhales.

Ajit and Vikrant see the wound on Quintus' hand miraculously begin to heal. Quintus opens his eyes and looks at the now healed wound. There is no trace that his hand was ever cut.

Ajit and Vikrant are incredulous.

VIKRANT

If you can do that, then why do you
have a scar on that finger?

QUINTUS

(rubbing scarred finger)
This is what happens when you defy
a pharaoh.

INT. THRONE ROOM - ANCIENT EGYPT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The ancient memory of a throne room is over-saturated in sepia hues. Quintus is in a shepherd's garb. He is holding a shepherd's staff. He is bowed-down in front of the pharaoh.

NOTE: The dialogue in this scene is spoken in ancient Egyptian and is subtitled in English.

QUINTUS

Exalted one, I come from my village
to beg your forgiveness. Our crops
are dry. Our animals are dying. My
daughter has died from your famine
upon our lands.

PHARAOH

My famine? How dare you. This
famine is not of my doing.

QUINTUS

But divine one, surely you --

PHARAOH

Do not interrupt me! Your child's death is of your doing, not mine. Your ineptitude as a shepherd and father killed your pathetic daughter. Do not presume to make me care about her insignificant life or death.

QUINTUS

(grief-stricken, pointing
finger in anger)

You are a god. But we are not insignificant. My daughter's life... was neither pathetic nor insignificant.

PHARAOH

(angry, rabid)

Insolent rat! You dare raise your finger at the god Horus! Guards!

The royal guards rush in.

PHARAOH (CONT'D)

(to guards)

Cut off that finger.

The pharaoh turns to return to his throne.

PHARAOH (CONT'D)

(to his priests)

Then his heart. Piece by piece. While he has full lucidity. Bring it to me to feast upon.

PRIESTS

(bowing, in unison)

By Horus.

END OF SUBTITLES

The guards drag Quintus from the court yard. Quintus screams. Defiant. Terrified.

INT. PYRAMID TEMPLE - ANCIENT EGYPT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The sound of a heavy CHOP breaks the still night.

A blood-curdling scream echoes through the corridors.

A severed and bloody right index FINGER lays on a white linen cloth atop a bronze plate.

Quintus is laid supine on a blood-stained stone table. Limbs held down by ropes and shackles. He is surrounded by five priests.

The circle of priests cuts into his chest. There is no anesthetic.

Quintus screams. This one more horrible than the first.

Bones CRACK as the chest is pried open. A priest cuts a small piece from the apex of the heart.

Guttural screams of unimaginable pain penetrate the temple walls, into the valley outside.

A priest places the small slice of Quintus' heart unto the ornate linen and bronze plate. He begins to leave.

PRIEST #1 (O.S.)
(in ancient Egyptian;
subtitled)
By Anubis! Do you see that?!

PRIEST #2
(staring down; in ancient
Egyptian; subtitled)
His heart is healing!

INT. HILLTOP HOUSE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

QUINTUS
No, Ajit. The Brotherhood wants far
more than knowledge.
(pointing to his heart)
They want this.
(to Vikrant)
It was a long time before I saw
that finger again. When I did, I
could not heal it fully into place.

AJIT
(fascinated)
Does your heart give eternal life?

QUINTUS
Eternal... no. But the pharaoh
lived an unnaturally long life.

EXT. PYRAMID TEMPLE - ANCIENT EGYPT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

QUINTUS (V.O.)

After years of being cut upon, a young priest took pity on me. Or perhaps fearing the wrath of an imprisoned god on earth, conspired to set me free.

A bloodied shepherd holds his arms around the shoulders of a priest clad in dark brown. They move under the cover of night to avoid the guards.

QUINTUS (V.O.)

Knowing that he had defied the pharaoh, the priest had no choice but to flee Egypt with me.

The SILHOUETTE of two escapees are seen against an orange sunset. They sail aboard a large wooden ship across the Mediterranean Sea.

QUINTUS (V.O.)

But the pharaoh had tasted immortality. And he would not part with it so easily.

EXT. ATOP PALACE WALLS - ANCIENT EGYPT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The pharaoh peers down from palace walls. Hordes of ancient Egyptian armies march to the East, South, and West. A fourth cohort sails North into the Mediterranean. Each army carrying a colored standard of azure, vermillion, white, and black.

QUINTUS (V.O.)

He sent his armies and navies to the four corners of the known world to bring back his cure for death.

Four ancient Egyptian generals bow before the pharaoh as they scatter to the four cardinal directions.

QUINTUS (V.O.)

He instructed them to never return until they found his Prize.

THE EYES

Of a defiant and determined young pharaoh transform into the eyes of a desperate and dying old man.

INT. HILLTOP HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

QUINTUS

That is how the Brotherhood came to be. And the Khans that lead the four cohorts.

AJIT

And they still pursue.

QUINTUS

And why I am always changing. From place to place, from time to time, and from life to life.

(recalling a memory)

I will never forget that priest. The first among you.

AJIT

(proud)

The first Darpan. Your protector, in the shadows. But we have not seen you in five hundred years. Yet the Darpan Clans serve you still.

QUINTUS

And for that, I will be forever grateful.

AJIT

I am living in the time of the modern Chronicles, Quintus. These times, this encounter, shall be written of and sung in the Chronicles.

QUINTUS

There is more to the Chronicles.

They listen intently as Quintus speaks of earlier memories.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

I think people look at me as something more than I am. I'm no god, Ajit. No deity. Or even some earthly reincarnation of one.

AJIT

Who is god to you, then?

The conversation continues off screen as a white dove streaks by outside, evading a falcon.

INT. HILLTOP HOUSE - LATER

The doorbell RINGS. An old man's face fills the outer security gate camera.

BILLY
(raspy, pleading)
Sarge. It's me, Billy. Remember me?

Quintus, Ajit, and Vikrant are startled by the image in the TV monitor. The bloodied and beaten face of an 85 year-old man stares into the security camera.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Ya gotta help me.

Quintus recognizes an older Billy Kincaid from World War II.

He opens the security gate with a button push. Ajit and Vikrant follow. They rush to meet Billy at the gate.

BILLY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Sarge. But I had no choice. They're coming.

QUINTUS
Who's coming?

BILLY
(in tears)
They killed my wife... They killed my Betty, Sarge! Looking for you! You're the only one who can save them. Please, Quin, don't let 'em kill my grand kids too!

VIKRANT
(scanning outside)
The Brotherhood?

AJIT
(into his watch)
We have inbound. Stay out of sight. Watch the perimeter.

BILLY
Everyone from the old platoon is gone. Howler, Benny, Satch. They tortured and killed 'em all trying to find you.

QUINTUS
They're not going to kill your grand kids, Billy.
(MORE)

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
 (looking around)
 They already got what they're
 looking for...

INT. HILLTOP HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vikrant is dressing Billy's wounds. They are in the living room sitting in a large circle. Ajit is by the window. Face silhouetted against a pink and violet sunset.

AJIT
 (looking out)
 They will not attack yet, but soon.

Ajit's watch vibrates. He reads and acknowledges it with a button push.

AJIT (CONT'D)
 They are studying the house and
 landscape. We don't have much time.
 You need to escape now.

QUINTUS
 No. I won't run. I can't.
 (looking at Billy)
 Death must stop following me.

INT. HILLTOP HOUSE - NIGHT

The Brotherhood attack. Teargas canisters crash through the glass walls. The room is engulfed in billowing green teargas.

Quintus leads them down to a basement hall. Ajit and Vikrant follow, carrying the wounded Billy.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

It is a long secret passageway, diverging into three separate passage halls.

QUINTUS
 (pointing to the left)
 Go that way. There's a car at the
 end. Instructions. Go!

AJIT
 And you?

QUINTUS
 I need to show them.

AJIT

What?

QUINTUS

(over his shoulder)

That Quintus lives.

The four men depart. Quintus heads toward the tunnel on the right. There is a door at the end of the tunnel.

He enters.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the room is a simple wardrobe. He opens it. An old, tarnished and rust-covered suit of chain mail armor is draped over a mannequin. He grabs it, puts it on.

As he dresses, the black SHEEN of a tight full-body compression spandex under-armour shines under the bright incandescent bulbs.

He closes his eyes and concentrates. Rising arteries emanate from his temples and grow across his forehead.

THE CHAIN MAIL LIQUIFIES

Then instantly changes back into its woven steel form. The RUSTLING of tiny steel chains resonates in the storage room.

Reddish-brown rust particles pepper the floor. The chain mail is no longer rusty.

The GLINTING woven steel armor hugs his body like tight spandex. Accentuating a powerful, sculpted physique.

He grabs a carbon fiber recurve bow and a quiver of metallic arrows from the wardrobe. He exits to the hallway.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Quintus approaches the stairs to the main floor, menacing like a gladiator about to enter the arena. Chain mail glinting in the hallway lights.

He ascends the stairs into the gas-filled first floor. Veins and arteries flow across his taut hands and face. He pauses momentarily. Then takes a deep breath.

EXT. OUTSIDE HILLTOP HOUSE - NIGHT

A Brotherhood LIEUTENANT is looking down through night vision goggles from a helicopter, thermal body signatures surround the living room. Quintus' heat signature is blazing. Brighter than all the others.

LIEUTENANT

There he is. First squad, take him.

With military precision, thermal signatures of an assault squad stalk Quintus.

Quintus senses their presence.

A SOLDIER fires his suppressed AK-47 at Quintus' shoulder.

IN BULLET TIME

The bullet exits the silencer, rifling toward Quintus' shoulder.

As the 7.62mm bullet is near impact, a SPOT in Quintus' chain mail armor suddenly morphs into a golf ball-sized CONCAVE BOWL with TORTOISE-SHELL texture.

THE BULLET RICOCHETS

Slowly, bouncing off the tiny tortoise-shell walls. Its energy redirected by the tiny geometrical facets.

His body and armor are no longer taking the brunt of the bullet's kinetic energy.

It's deflecting it.

Snapping back to regular speed, the bullet bounces off Quintus' shoulder and sparks into an adjacent wall.

The soldier pops up from his rifle sights. Incredulous that he missed.

He fires again. This time shooting multiple rounds.

Sparks are all over Quintus and the nearby walls as his chain mail armor greets every incoming bullet with the tiny deflecting inverted tortoise-shell facets.

Quintus diverts some bullets to take out nearby Brotherhood soldiers.

The entire squad is now firing on Quintus. Illuminating the entire room with yellow sparks.

Bow strapped to his back, his

SILHOUETTE

Reveals 18-inch blades slowly growing from his forearms.

He runs at each soldier firing on him. He slices their rifles in half. Knocks them unconscious.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

Damn it! Hold your fire. I want him alive. Second squad. Close in. Use carbon nanotube nets.

The 2nd squad attacks. They fire tasers at Quintus. The metal barbs just bounce off his metallic chain mail.

A Brotherhood SOLDIER in black commando gear stalks Quintus through his night vision goggles.

He fires a black carbon nanotube net from his shotgun. The spaghetti-thin netting engulfs and squeezes Quintus.

Quintus is curled up into a ball inside the black net.

His THUDDING HEARTBEATS and LONG BREATHS momentarily drown out all other sounds. They are slow, steady, unfazed by the chaos all around.

Quintus liquifies his chain mail and re-forms them into metallic blades. He struggles, surprised by the strength of the carbon nanotube net.

The carbon fibers TWANG violently as he cuts himself free.

Quintus pans the area.

Time crawls as black figures slink about in darkness. Muffled sounds of foot steps, breathing, and whirling helicopter rotors all around.

Quintus closes his eyes and takes a slow, deep breath. He nocks an arrow on his bow, draws, concentrates. And fires.

Time snaps back to normal as the arrow hits a Brotherhood soldier right through the eyepiece of his infrared optics. He drops dead instantly.

He sees a slight shadow behind a wall. He grabs an arrow from his quiver. He touches his temples concentrating. Temporal arteries engorged, throbbing.

The metallic tip transforms into a blunt, round shape. He nocks the arrow, and fires.

The arrow bounces off a wall, hits the temple of a Brotherhood soldier. He drops unconscious.

More arrows fly in from out of the darkness. The Darpan warriors join in, protecting Quintus. Quintus looks out into the darkness, nods. Acknowledging the hidden Darpan warriors helping him.

A Brotherhood SOLDIER panics and fires his AK-47 frantically at Quintus.

The others follow suit. Firing their assault rifles like mad in every direction into the darkness.

INT. HELICOPTER - SKY - CONTINUOUS

LIEUTENANT

Hold your fire, damn it! Hold your fire!

It's no use. In the darkness and chaos, it takes a while for the lieutenant's voice to be heard, processed, and understood.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

I said hold your damn fire!

The hilltop comes to a momentary lull.

Suddenly, from the gun-smoke filled hilltop, a metallic arrow ZINGS out from the smoke and finds the chest of the helicopter gunner.

He slumps forward. Death grip still squeezing the M134 Gatling minigun trigger.

The WHIRLING DRONE of the Gatling gun barrels are RIPPING through belts of ammunition. Firing wildly into the ground and into the air. Brotherhood soldiers below are getting fragged by their dying gunner's tracer rounds.

The lieutenant grabs the dead slumped-over soldier, cuts his seat harness. The body tumbles to the ground below.

EXT. FOREST - SAME

Ajit, Vikrant, and Billy come out of a metal bunker door. They are driving a Jeep Rubicon. Headlights off.

Vikrant sees the far away helicopter from his window. Bright tracer rounds are firing erratically everywhere.

The jeep continues in darkness. Revving motor contrasted against the noisy nocturnal fauna surrounding a moonlit dirt road.

EXT. HILLTOP HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The lieutenant tries to maintain order.

LIEUTENANT

(on radio)

Close in on the hottest signature!
Nanonets only! Anyone who fires a
bullet is going to get one through
the head! I want him alive!

The Brotherhood soldiers surround Quintus. They fire multiple carbon fiber nets and again entrap him.

They move in, firing tasers. The taser barbs just bounce off his chain mail. But one manages to hit his hand.

Quintus is jolted by several amps of electricity through 50,000 volts. His body convulses violently, but outlasts it.

His head is woozy. Body still sizzling from the inside.

The carbon nanotube nets are strong. He struggles, and cuts through the thick strands. He frees himself again and keeps fighting.

The soldier with the taser attacks at close range. Quintus slides into his legs with his right foot and knocks the soldier into the air.

In slow free fall, Quintus catches him mid-air. CRACK -- and rams his left knee into the back of his neck. The limp soldier drops with a thud.

He morphs his chain mail by his forearms into katar-like blades and slashes Brotherhood henchmen left and right.

But he is only incapacitating them. Choosing to deliver death only if he must.

Quintus looks up, nocks an arrow, and fires. It strikes the helicopter turbine engine. The helicopter spins out of control.

The helicopter recovers, barely landing at a nearby clearing.

Bodies strewn about ALL AROUND him, he's made his point.

He runs back to the basement. Follows the hallway until he arrives at the middle door. He enters, follows it further, and arrives at a miniature version of a black stealth Comanche helicopter.

A metallic hangar door opens into a small circular hilltop clearing. Quintus hops into the helicopter and quietly escapes.

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Quintus looks back at his destroyed home, then stares into the empty dark sky ahead.

QUINTUS
(into radio)
Ajit, is everyone safe?

AJIT
(on radio)
Yes. And you?

QUINTUS
(into radio)
I'll meet you at the rendezvous soon. I need to take care of something first. Get me a fix on the Brotherhood headquarters. ASAP.

AJIT
(on radio)
Copy. My men will find you.

Quintus looks down and sees

BLOOD DRIPPING

From his arms. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and exhales. He looks down again. The wound is healed.

His helicopter disappears into the black, lonely night sky.

EXT. FOOTHILLS HOME - DAY

The black mini helicopter is parked next to a beautiful home nestled in the Foothills. The home is overlooking the lush valley below. Emerald-blue ocean in the distance.

INT. FOOTHILLS HOME - DAY

The house is adorned with relics, both obscure and mundane.

A poster-sized tubular container hangs on a wall hook at a corner. It is plain, unadorned, nondescript.

An old orange and blue fabric scroll hangs from the wall. The scroll has an intricate repeating pattern. A mandala.

He rolls and packs the meditation scroll into the tube.

A cello sits in the corner.

All around his home are relics. Old black and white pictures. Pictures from World War II. Jimmy, Howler, and the rest of his old platoon posing for hero shots.

He picks up the picture. Nostalgic.

Sorrow-filled eyes search for something or someone in the room. But he is alone. Only relics and memories are there.

He sits down. Sadness creeping in.

His

SHADOW

Drapes across the relics and pictures. The shadow grabs the cello nearby and leans on it.

The shadow picks up the bow and plays on the cello.

The tune is haunting, beautiful, melancholic.

Each vibrato of Vavilov's Ave Maria echoing some melancholic yearning in his soul.

A TEAR DROP

Crashes onto the vibrating strings, splashing the cello face. It's followed by another tear, then another, streaking down the wooden face. The moving opus becomes louder as if it's playing in our ears.

An infinite sorrow shaking the strings. And his bones.

His SHADOW stops playing but the music is still playing in our ears. His shadow silently sobs. Wallowing in lonely torment to the sway of the music.

Over-saturated sepia-toned memories flood his visual cortex.

MONTAGE - 5,000 YEARS OF PAINFUL MEMORIES

-- Silhouette of Quintus stooped over the body of a fallen WARRIOR. He removes his Greek helmet. He cries to heaven. He embraces the lifeless body of his best friend.

-- Visions of his mother in a field. All is washed-out sepia hues except for the dark green of her eyes. She is holding him by his toddler arms as she swings him AROUND. In the background, glimpses of a just-begun construction of the Pyramid of Cheops.

-- The shadows of he and his wife happily walking through fields and forests. A bright red fruit and the stark deep blue color of the woman's eyes are the only colors.

-- The woman is now old, wrinkled with gray hair. The same sparkle in her blue eyes smiling directly at him.

-- His kneeling shadow drapes over the woman's grave stone, tears falling on her grave.

-- Quintus' out-stretched hands are chasing his 8 year-old daughter through a wheat field. She is running to her smiling mother, laughing and mouthing the word "Mama." In the background, the partially built Pyramid of Cheops is silhouetted against the setting sun.

-- His daughter is no longer young. She too has aged. A sad frown is draped over her wrinkled face. Tears from her eyes flowing over lips that are silently mouthing the word "Papa."

-- Quintus' kneeling shadow drapes over his daughter's grave stone, tears falling on her grave.

Quintus is slumped over his cello, using the stringed neck for support. Shadow still sobbing as Vavilov's opus reverberates in our ears.

We pass by a picture of Quintus playing an acoustic guitar and a piano at a nursing home. He looks happy. Smiling. And surrounded by a group of older nursing home residents.

He looks at the picture. EYES BLOODSHOT from crying. He pauses. Attempts a smile.

He regains composure, reminded of something he needs to do.

He grabs the poster tube and a science notebook full of handwritten equations and heads out the door.

INT. NURSING HOME - EVENING

Talking in the hallway are two college students, SARAH and Elin. The 22 year-old brunette is arguing with Elin.

SARAH

Oh come on, Elin. It's only like 15 or 20 minutes.

ELIN

We're supposed to stay here the whole time.

SARAH

It's work-credit. It's not like our job. Besides, professor's not gonna know we left early anyways.

ELIN

Well, I'm gonna know.

SARAH

Jesus! Are you serious?!

ELIN

Take a look around, Sarah. This place could use some help.

The place is a typical nursing home. Lots of residents, not enough staff. Not enough staff that give a crap, anyway.

SARAH

Whatever. I'll be in the car.

From across the room, Elin sees a hefty female nursing assistant forcing a spoon of food down a frail elderly woman's mouth. She rushes over.

ELIN

(angry)

Give me that spoon.

(shoots a disgusted look)

I'll feed her.

She sits down beside LILY'S walking chair. Elin smiles. She brushes Lily's silver hair behind her ear. Lily smiles back.

ELIN (CONT'D)

How are you tonight, Lily?

LILY

(frail)

Oh, I'm fine.

From another room, we watch Elin tenderly feed her and strike up a conversation. Elin fawns over Lily.

INT. NURSING HOME LOBBY - SAME

Sarah leaves the building for the car outside. She passes by an old man entering the nursing home.

His face is veiled by an upturned jacket collar and a gray Fedora hat.

His walk appears labored. Old.

He walks past a congregation of residents in the dining room, gathering around an upright piano. Halfway through the hallway his walk QUICKENS to a lively pace.

Quintus sheds the jacket and fedora, drops it on a hallway chair. He quietly knocks on a resident's door. He steps in.

From across

A LONELY, DIMLY LIT ROOM

Centenarian MABEL SOTHEY is sitting in her wheelchair. She is staring out a window at the night lights outside.

QUINTUS (O.S.)
Good evening, Mabel.

Mabel turns slowly. Forlorn.

She recognizes Quintus' face and lights up with a smile.

MABEL
(slight slur)
Good evening, Quin.

QUINTUS
Why aren't you with the rest of the gang?

MABEL
(shrugging)
Not so social tonight.

QUINTUS
Well, a minor stroke can't keep down the Mighty Mabel of Memphis.

Mabel smiles slightly. Amused. But, she stares back outside.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
(joining Mabel)
What're we looking at tonight?

MABEL
Memories.

QUINTUS

Of?

MABEL

Family.

He stares out. Solemn. The word cuts deep.

MABEL (CONT'D)

(voice breaking up)

I miss them, Quin. Their smiles,
their touch.

(closes her eyes)

Their laughter.

Quintus reaches out and holds her frail, veiny hands.

MABEL (CONT'D)

(looking outside)

It's a wonder how the world can
still manage to turn when one of
your children dies. The audacity of
people to keep on going like
nothing happened. Don't they know
she just died? That she existed?
Why aren't they mourning her death?
Why aren't their hearts breaking?
Dying like mine?

Quintus knows the pain of that infinite sorrow all too well.

QUINTUS

(lost in thought)

Ya. Wish I could heal that. Make it
just... go away.

MABEL

Some things time just can't heal.
Hope you never have to experience
your own children dying before you.

Quintus looks at her. Forces a pained smile.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Sometimes, being old feels more
like a curse than a blessing.
World's a lonely place when
everyone you ever cared about is
dead or dying.

Quintus slowly exhales.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Can surround yourself with people.
But... you're still alone.

Quintus stares blankly out the window.

He gently strokes her silver, shoulder-length hair.

QUINTUS
You're not alone, Mabel. I'm still
here.
(thumb pointing over
shoulder, more upbeat)
They're still here.

BEBOP PIANO MUSIC

Is stirring from the other end of the hallway. A fast-tempo'd improvisational harmony is waiting for a melody.

Quintus looks at Mabel with a childish smile.

MABEL
Go on. EARL's calling you.

QUINTUS
(spritely)
Let's join the gang.

He pushes Mabel in her wheelchair down the hall.

INT. NURSING HOME HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Muffled bebop notes echo off the walls as Quintus and Mabel proceed. The light becomes brighter, the sound more lively.

INT. NURSING HOME LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Quintus parks Mabel's wheelchair in the center. He sits next to Earl, who's pounding away on a slightly out-of-tune Steinway upright. Earl is surprised and smiles, but never skips a beat.

EARL
Hey Quin. Where you been?

Quintus answers Earl's syncopated harmony with his own impromptu melody. Two old friends conversing with music.

The room is alive. Residents and staff flock to the animated duet like moths to a bright light.

They are dancing in wheelchairs and walkers. Fresh smiles on faces that suddenly look decades younger.

Elin enters with Lily. She sees the two men playing on the piano. Their backs toward her.

Quintus feels strange, light-headed. His heartbeat pounding inside our ears.

He looks down and sees the veins in his hands and arms begin to bulge. His breathing -- HEAVY.

Quintus pauses. Looks to his left and right.

QUINTUS
(dismissive)
Can't be.

He shakes his head in denial and continues to play.

Elin takes a seat closer to the piano. Then --

His vision blurs. Goose bumps all over. He stops playing.

EARL
(still playing)
You okay, Quin?

QUINTUS
Ya. I'm fine. Just... need a break
for a bit. Sorry Earl.

Quintus starts to get up, turns around. Then --

He sees her. She sees him. Instant mutual attraction.

Quintus and Elin are standing now, practically nose-to-nose.

The music grows MUFFLED, recedes from hearing, until it vanishes and is replaced by --

The sound of HEARTBEATS and BREATHING.

No one else matters or exists in the room, in the universe, but for them.

ELIN
(remembering a dream)
Have we met?

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
(remembering a face)
Have we met?

ELIN
Do you work here?

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
Do you work here?

ELIN
Work study.

QUINTUS
Volunteer.

Sarah enters from outside.

SARAH (O.S.)
(distant, muffled)
Elin, its been forever. Let's go.
(to Quintus)
Professor Q?

The universe begins to fade back into existence.

QUINTUS
(still looking at Elin)
Yes.

SARAH
You teach my boyfriend's physics
class.

ELIN
(fixated on Quintus)
You... professor?

QUINTUS
Ya.

SARAH (O.S.)
That last physics test was so
unfair. He was... so... lost.

Sarah is now feeling like a third wheel.

QUINTUS
Ya... it can do that...

ELIN
(captivated)
... So lost...

SARAH (O.S.)
Elin, match tomorrow? We gotta go.

QUINTUS
Match?

Sarah rolls her eyes. Pulling Elin out the door.

ELIN
Tennis match. 10 a.m. Center court.

QUINTUS
The Pro Match?

ELIN
(poking her head back in)
Be there.

QUINTUS
I can't. I just... How about after?

ELIN
(poking her head again)
Boar's Head Bar and Grill. Five
o'clock.

SARAH (O.S.)
(tugging Elin)
Come on, Elin! BRANDON'S picking me
up in ten. Let's go already.

INT. BOAR'S HEAD BAR AND GRILL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The bar and grill is busy on a Saturday night. Quintus sits at a table near the bar waiting for Elin. He is wearing a baseball cap and eye glasses.

A small flat screen television displays sports highlights of the tennis match.

ANNOUNCER #1
(on TV)
Skoldstrom did it. Two sets. Two
wins. Against the number three
seeded player in the world. Man is
she on fire!

An old couple walks by looking for an open table.

QUINTUS
(standing up)
Mr. and Mrs. RILEY. You can have
this table.

MRS. RILEY
Thank you, professor.
(to her husband)
At least some kids still have
manners these days.

Quintus suppresses a smile.

As he stands, a piece of popcorn hits his face. He looks and sees two linebacker-sized college JOCKS dressed in striped rugby shirts two sizes too small. They snicker and look down at the floor.

He looks in the direction of the door and sees Elin approaching. He finds two empty chairs by the bar.

ELIN
(plopping down)
I'm exhausted. Could use a drink.

QUINTUS
Can't be that bad. I saw the match
on TV. You were awesome!

ELIN
Two hours. She was pretty good.

QUINTUS
(flashes two fingers at
bartender)
You played the number three seeded
person in the world. And she was
just pretty good?

Elin smiles, sips her beer, and proudly feigns indifference.

A couple pieces of popcorn hit Quintus' face and neck. Elin flashes a look at the snickering jocks looking away from them.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
Don't worry about them. I'll handle
it.
(to bartender)
Got any tin foil?

The bartender hands him a shiny sheet. Quintus continues talking to Elin while crinkling pieces of tin foil between his fingers.

A small artery radiates from his temples. Elin notices.

ELIN
You've got a...
(pointing to her own
temples)
Thing growing on your...

Quintus continues to shape several pieces of tin foil.

QUINTUS
Instinctive response.

ELIN

To what?

QUINTUS

Assholes.

He places the pieces of foil on the counter top in two separate paper plates. Elin looks at the pieces. Recognizes the words formed by the backward letters.

ELIN

So that's how you're handling it...
tin foil therapy?

QUINTUS

Something like that.

Another piece of popcorn hits Quintus.

ELIN

(to the jocks)
What is your problem?

QUINTUS

(pulling Elin back to her
seat)
You're supposed to be relaxing,
remember?

ELIN

Those guys are jerks. They think
they can push anybody around.

QUINTUS

I know these kinds of animals. Too
many trees, not enough piss. Think
they can intimidate every man in
here and satisfy any woman. Fancy
themselves as Alpha dogs,
Casanovas, Silverbacks. Hell,
they're the baddest superheroes in
the room, if you ask them.

They both look at the smirking jocks. The jocks' uptight jaws
seething with envy with each chew of popcorn.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

But the fact that the most
beautiful woman they've ever seen
is now having drinks with...

(looks at Elin, removes
eye glasses)

This eye-glass wearing, brown-
skinned ethnic man...

(MORE)

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

Whew, I might as well put their gonads in a vice grip while I'm at it.

ELIN

(chuckling, beer dribbling from chin)

Oh god. I pictured that. Say something else. Quick. Gotta clear that image.

She is flattered by his compliment.

QUINTUS

They just need a little reminder.

ELIN

Of what?

QUINTUS

That they're not.

Quintus stands up. Two paper plates of tin foil in his hands.

He looks around, gauges distance, and puts the plates on two separate tables nearby.

He approaches the two jocks. The jocks quickly stand up. They bow-up their chests. Every muscle in their brawny bodies looking for a reason to fight.

JOCK #1

(with a snarl)

Got a problem?

Quintus looks down.

QUINTUS

(casually re-arranging their chairs)

I was just thinking...

JOCK #2

Yeah... thinking about what a girl like that is doing with a poser like you?

QUINTUS

Well, maybe you're thinking that. But, I was just thinking about who wants to be the ASS and who wants to be the HOLE?

The jocks are in perturbed confusion.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
 (alternately pointing at
 each jock with both index
 fingers)
 Are you the ass or are you the
 hole? Or are you both assholes?

The jocks lose it.

They lunge forward. But their outer feet and shoelaces get caught in the chairs that Quintus rearranged surreptitiously in front of them.

They lose their balance and begin to fall forward. Their outside hands trying to hold on to the chair backs in front of them to stop themselves from falling.

As they fall, Quintus simply takes a step forward, steps on both of their inside feet, and traps their inside arms to their sides. With both feet trapped and both hands tied-up, their bodies slowly tip forward like tall falling trees.

SLAM -- their foreheads smack straight into the paper plates.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
 (sarcastically, out loud)
 Oops. Looks like you tripped on
 your chairs.

The jocks, face still in the table, are dazed and confused. Quintus walks over in between them.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
 (whispering in their ears)
 Never. Mistake kindness. For
 weakness.

He flicks their ears with his fingers as he walks by. He smiles up at Elin and they walk out of the bar together.

A GROUP OF COLLEGE STUDENTS

Are gathered by the bar to see what the commotion is all about. From over their shoulders, the jocks peel their faces from the table. We cannot see their faces, but the students can.

STUDENT #1
 (wincing in pain)
 Oooh, snap! Dude, you got somethin'
 on your face!

The jocks swipe their faces. Pieces of tin foil fall down. Hands bloody.

STUDENT #2
 Ho... ly... crap, dude!
 (chortling)
 You... you need to get that looked
 at.

The STUDENT and the entire crowd laugh and disperse. The two jocks remain standing. Dazed. Embarrassed. Foreheads in strange pain.

They look at their reflection in the mirror behind the bar. Trying to read their bloody foreheads.

JOCK #1
 (at the mirror)
 What's that say?

He turns to the other jock and does a double take. He sees the bloody letters spelling "ASS" branded on the other jock's forehead.

JOCK #2
 (feeling own forehead)
 What's it say?

The second jock sees the word "HOLE" branded and bleeding into the other jocks forehead. He checks his own reflection again, now realizing the three letters just branded onto his head. Humiliated, he pushes the other jock toward the door.

JOCK #2 (CONT'D)
 Let's get outta here.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Quintus and Elin exit the bar to an alley way. Elin is smiling. Quintus, cautious and leery.

ELIN
 Oh my god. How did you do that?

QUINTUS
 Do what?

ELIN
 That thing. Their faces hitting the tin foil!

QUINTUS
 (shrugging)
 They tripped and fell.

ELIN
 Ya right. Into the plates. That you
 made. With those words.
 (shaking her head,
 jubilant)
 That was epic.

QUINTUS
 Gonna be on their faces for an
 epically long time too.

They chuckle.

Quintus is still looking over his shoulder. Elin starts to
 look over her shoulder too.

ELIN
 Who we looking for? Muggers?

QUINTUS
 Not thugs I'm worried about.

EXT. DORM ROOMS - NIGHT

Quintus talks to Elin under a lamp post.

QUINTUS
 People are looking for me. I have
 to leave you for a while, don't
 want to put you in danger.

ELIN
 People? What people? What danger?

QUINTUS
 Dangerous people.

ELIN
 What does that mean? We just...
 met.

QUINTUS
 It means if they knew how I feel
 about you, they'll come after you.

ELIN
 Feel about me?

QUINTUS
 (gazing into her eyes)
 Of all the beautiful things I've
 seen on this earth, you're the most
 radiant and most fragrant flower.
 (MORE)

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
 Can't decide if I should hold you
 in my hands or just stare at you
 forever.

ELIN
 (smiling)
 Don't leave.

They hold each others's eyes. Slowly leaning in for a kiss.

A group of students walks by.

A male STUDENT bumps into Quintus. A bundle of books and notebooks fall to the ground. The student proceeds to collect all the books except for one open notebook.

Inside, the words "Captain's Log, 1010" is written in bold, black marker.

The student continues to pick up his belongings. Makes eye contact with Quintus.

STUDENT
 Sorry 'bout that. Gotta meet my
 study group.
 (points to writing)
 Test tomorrow.

QUINTUS
 (nods slightly)
 It's okay.

The student closes the notebook and departs.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
 (to Elin)
 I'll find you. I need to go.

Quintus gently caresses her face with one hand, turns, then walks away.

ELIN
 (still swooning)
 What?

Elin watches him leave.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Quintus cranes his neck upward. Reads "Captain's Log" emblazoned atop the entrance. The "2600 Crunch Way" address punctuates the obvious phreaker and hacker hangout. His watch reads 10:10 a.m.

A blue toy bosun whistle rests inside a glass collector's case. A cook blows out a 2600 hertz tone on a similar whistle dangling from his neck. A waitress swings by to pick up the greasy burger.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Quintus crosses the threshold of the cafe entrance. In one full footstep, time crawls as he scans the cafe from right to left looking for cues. And trouble.

QUICK FLASHES - QUINTUS LOOKS FOR POSSIBLE TROUBLE

His RIGHT foot ASCENDS -- He pans the cafe from right to left. The man with a buzz cut facing the door has a bump on his right hip... off-duty cop. One exit door. The jittery pony-tailed guy with untied shoes has a nose-ring... doped-up, pocket pistol somewhere.

His foot PEAKS -- Second exit door in the kitchen behind the cook. The thick-necked Puerto Rican man sipping black coffee with his girlfriend has a folding knife clipped to his jeans... jujitsu fighter. Ceiling tiles with no masonry wall preventing access to back... third exit.

His foot DESCENDS -- A man wearing Berluti Warhol loafers and a Patek Philippe Calatrava watch has a newspaper in front of his face... looks out of place. Broom, mop, chairs... useful weapons. The kind old grandmother of two has a purse with a zipper on the side... 9mm pistol likely inside the easy access zipper. A man with an open button-up shirt, toothpick in mouth, reflective Ray Ban aviators, and wearing Berluti brogue shoes... trouble.

The right foot LANDS.

BACK TO SCENE

He takes another step. Scenarios running through his head.

QUICK FLASHES - QUINTUS TAKES CARE OF TROUBLE

His LEFT foot ASCENDS -- Ray Ban man rises, close the distance, pin arm to chest as he reaches for his gun, sweep his right leg, take him down to floor, crush throat with heel. Stop grandma before she can take out her pistol from her purse. Pick up broom handle. The man reading newspaper is still reading despite the chaos... who is he?

His left foot PEAKS -- The jujitsu fighter is in fighting stance, roll to his right knee, leg lock, tear knee apart. His girlfriend attacks with a chair, kick her in the stomach from the floor.

His left foot DESCENDS -- Pony-tailed guy pulls out .32 pistol, break his wrist, yank back on his ponytail, his throat is exposed, crush larynx with elbow. Off-duty cop pulls out his Glock 17 pistol, Quintus raises his hand.

BACK TO SCENE

Quintus enters the cafe.

He sits down at a small round table. Looks up. Large metal commemorative plaques hang high on the surrounding walls near the oval-shaped ceiling. The metal plaques face canted downwards. Like reflectors.

The oval cafe has TWO FOCI. Represented by two small round tables. All other tables are square.

Quintus sits at one round table.

His anonymous contact is disguised as a homeless man. He sits in the other round table, back to Quintus.

CONTACT

(to waitress)

All's I got is 55 cents. What can I get for that?

WAITRESS

Coffee, maybe a donut. Tell ya what hun, you can have a cup on the house, okay?

CONTACT

Thanks.

The homeless man fumbles in his pocket for loose change. And an "ON" SWITCH. He activates it.

Quintus takes out his smartphone. Places it on the table. "CHIRO CHIRP" app set to "Receive" at an ultrasonic frequency of 55 kilohertz. Well-above the human range of hearing.

His smartphone is receiving rapid pulses of ultrasonic sound coming from the homeless man. They bounce off the walls and metal plaques from one foci to the other.

The squiggles of a spectrum analyzer occupies half of his smartphone screen. The other half is the text translation of the inbound ultrasonic morse code.

SMARTPHONE

(on screen)

2.8333° S, 171.7167° W.
(MORE)

SMARTPHONE (CONT'D)
Phoenix Islands, Kiribati. At
Equator and International Date
Line.

The man with the BROGUE SHOES and Ray Bans plops himself into a seat at Quintus' table. Taser gun hidden in hand.

LIEUTENANT
(thick Russian accent)
Is this seat taken?

Quintus is stoic. Looks at the taser gun.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
(referring to the gun)
All plastic. Don't even try to
change it.

Quintus is still unfazed.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
You texting your new little tennis
squeeze? Yeah, we know about her.

Quintus casually grabs a metal fork with his right hand.
Prongs hidden in his left hand.

A vein on the left side of his temple bulges out momentarily
then subsides.

The Brotherhood lieutenant notices. Scared, he sinks further
back in his chair.

Quintus returns the fork to the table. A tine is missing.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
You come with me and she doesn't
have to get involved.

Quintus knows it's too late. She's already the bargaining
chip.

He casually opens his left hand. A small sleek splinter of
metal rests on his open index and middle fingers.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
What are you going to do with that?

QUINTUS
(in Russian; subtitled)
Improve your looks.

Quintus FLICKS the metal shard with his right middle finger.
The METAL SPIKE FLIES from his left fingers.

The sharp point of the metal splinter CRACKS the left Ray Ban lens. Lodging into the lieutenant's left eye ball.

The lieutenant violently jumps back off his seat. Holding his eye ball, screaming in agony.

The cafe patrons panic.

The off-duty cop reaches for his concealed pistol. The grandma struggles to open her purse with the concealed revolver. The Puerto Rican MMA fighter stands up to see what's going on. The man behind the newspaper doesn't move.

Quintus casually picks up his phone and exits the cafe.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CAPTAIN'S LOG - DAY

Quintus exits the cafe. Several men dressed in gray suits flush out from the surrounding crowd. They run toward him at full speed.

Quintus ducks into a nearby alley and runs. The suits give chase.

He turns a corner into a main street. And smashes into Elin, grande-sized coffee flying off her hands.

QUINTUS

What are you doing here?

ELIN

What? You texted me to meet you at Captain's Log.

QUINTUS

(looking over shoulder)

Wasn't me. Let's go. Keep up.

He grabs her hand. Runs through the crowd, into a store, out the back, and into another alley.

They tear down the alley and come to a tall metal fence. He scales the fence with ease. Elin struggles over it.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Quintus and Elin sprint, turn a corner, and approach a much taller chain link fence. Main street on the other side.

Quintus looks up at the fence top, looks down at Elin, then walks to the fence. Engorged tendrils run across his temples.

He puts his hand on the fence. It instantly crumbles into metallic dust. Creating a hole.

ELIN
(stunned)
What the...?!

QUINTUS
I'll explain later.

Elin walks through the hole in the fence, examining it as she passes by.

Quintus walks through. Stares down at the heap of metallic powder on the ground.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
Entropy's a bitch. Not putting that
together anytime soon.

He grabs a large green dumpster nearby and easily uses his strength to shove it against the fence to block the hole.

The gray-suited pursuers see Quintus and Elin on the other side of the tall fence. They speak to an ear mic.

Quintus and Elin sprint down another street, then ease their pace.

Behind them is a billboard that reads "GINORM Sale." Quintus does a double take.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
They need a bigger sign.

Quintus senses something. He tilts his head instinctively. A WHIZZING BULLET ricochets off the red mason wall behind them. He looks up. Sees a Brotherhood sniper kneeling on the edge of a rooftop.

The sniper is about to let off a second shot when the soft THUD of a whizzing bullet smacks into the sniper's body. His lifeless shadow careens off the rooftop to the street below.

Quintus looks up to the right at an adjacent high rise. The silencer and barrel of a high-powered rifle retreat inside a room. Shooter unseen.

The Darpan are watching. Protecting.

Quintus and Elin resume their sprint. They dodge inside an abandoned warehouse and into a maintenance utility room.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Quintus looks to his left and right, wary of any pursuers. He grabs hold of the metal door handle. Tendrils of an engorged vein again cross his temple.

The door handle jolts open. They enter and close the door. He places one hand on the door. The metal door and frame momentarily LIQUIFY then FUSE together. There is no door now.

They escape through a labyrinth of stairs and walkways. Elin is stunned, confused, and scared.

INT. MAINTENANCE TUNNELS - DAY

From around a corner, a group of Darpan warriors come to help Quintus. Distant Brotherhood commands and metallic footfalls stampede from a nearby tunnel.

QUINTUS

(to Ajit)

Get her safe.

Quintus rushes down the tunnel toward the incoming footsteps.

AJIT

(to Elin)

Come. We need to go. Now.

ELIN

Who are you? Shouldn't you help him.

AJIT

He can take care of himself. I need to get you to safety.

Gunshots and screams echo in the tunnel. Elin is confused.

ELIN

Help him!

Ajit tries to pull her arm. She resists, more confused.

AJIT

(frustrated)

Listen to me. You don't know him.
He will be fine. We need to go.

ELIN

What's the matter with you!?

AJIT
 (suppressing anger)
 Woman...!
 (in Punjabi; subtitled)
 Stubborn mule!

Elin recognizes the tone of an insult. She fires back.

ELIN
 (in Swedish; subtitled)
 Hairy yak!

Ajit resigns himself. He looks at the Darpan awaiting by his side. Signals the Darpan to help Quintus.

Quintus appears, running towards them in the tunnel as the Darpan lay down cover fire with suppressed guns and arrows.

QUINTUS
 (running)
 Go! Go! What are you still doing here?

ELIN
 What's going on?

QUINTUS
 (at Ajit)
 I told you to get her to a safe place.

AJIT
 I tried, but she wouldn't leave.

Everyone is in full sprint.

QUINTUS
 Well, drag her along then.

AJIT
 Believe me, I wanted to. I really wanted to.

QUINTUS
 You should've. Better than her getting killed down here.

AJIT
 Oh, I'll do it next time. Trust me.

ELIN
 Hello. I can hear you.

Quintus, Elin, Ajit, and the Darpan exit the tunnel through a man hole cover in an obscure alley, away from traffic.

They duck behind a large dumpster. A speeding large black SUV screeches to a halt in front of them. All passenger doors fly open.

Ajit escorts Elin into the SUV. Two other Darpan are already inside.

Before Quintus and Ajit can go in, short bursts of gunfire rake across the black SUV.

QUINTUS
(to the driver)
To the rendezvous point!

Quintus slams the door shut.

The vehicle peels away. Brotherhood cars chase after them. Firing at Elin and the Darpan inside.

Windows and windshields shattering from the bullets.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
Elin!

He leaps over a fence and chases after the black SUV on foot.

Ajit is left behind. But he needs to stay close to Quintus to be his shadow, his protector. He looks around, then down. His face is visibly disgusted at the only thing available. He picks it up.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Ajit is BREATHING HEAVILY. Dressed in warrior garb, black trench coat and long hair flowing behind him. His panting FACE shows grizzled determination.

Pedestrians see him pass by -- on a girl's bicycle. Baby-blue color with hot pink and purple wheels. Plastic pom-poms at the end of the hand grips flapping in the wind.

He is peddling madly. Trying to catch up to Quintus. He sees Quintus running in a nearby street. He veers that direction.

Ajit is still going too slow for the flow of traffic. An irritated CAB DRIVER drives next to him on the street.

DRIVER
(sarcastic)
What a pretty bike! You takin' it
to your sister?

He flicks a cigarette butt at Ajit.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Get off the damn road, idiot!

Ajit is upset. Humiliated. He peels away at the next intersection and resumes his pursuit of Quintus.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Quintus catches up to one of the Brotherhood vehicles. He lays his hand on the metal body. It instantly crumbles to metal powder.

The car interior flies forward. With no metal as support, the tires comically roll in four different directions. The car crashes. Slamming the Brotherhood passengers onto the pavement.

The other Brotherhood sedans now focus their firepower on Quintus, with Ajit close behind. The black SUV escapes.

Ajit grabs Quintus. Leads him through the ghetto part of town. They make a turn into an old commercial area. They are in need of a car. Bad.

On the street is a green AMC Gremlin. Running. Doors open.

They jump into the front seats. Foreheads nearly bump together as they squeeze inside.

Ornaments and beads adorn the windows and ceiling. Sufi meditation music blares on the radio. "Keep Calm And Sufi On" sticker on the dash.

Hanging from the rearview mirror is a green tree Pine Scent air freshener.

The mood is awkwardly TRANQUIL. Quintus takes a quick whiff.

QUINTUS
Piney...

Green pine scent freshener between them. Close to their face.

AJIT
(takes a whiff)
... but refreshing.

An awkward, pregnant pause. Peaceful Sufi music playing. Then the pace quickens back to the frantic chase.

As they drive off with the car, the car's OWNER is furious, shouting, chucking a shoe as he runs out from a nearby store.

Quintus and Ajit manage to lose the Brotherhood and get away toward the rendezvous at the airfield.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Vikrant is on the tarmac waiting next to the running Gulfstream G650 private jet. A group approaches.

AJIT
(to Quintus)
Billy and his family are safe with
my men.

QUINTUS
Good.

Vikrant suddenly recognizes Elin as she walks by.

VIKRANT
You're...
(to no one in particular)
That's Elin Skoldstrom. Tennis --

They board the posh Gulfstream G650 private jet.

ELIN
Who's jet is this?

Quintus represses a smile.

ELIN (CONT'D)
Where are we going?

QUINTUS
Cradle of civilization.

ELIN
Iraq?

AJIT
The other cradle of civilization.
India.

The Gulfstream jet takes off. It lands in Mumbai International Airport.

INT. HIMALAYAS - DARPAN STRONGHOLD - DAY

The Darpan take Quintus and Elin to one of their mountain strongholds and refuge. The Darpan are battered. Some limp by severely wounded from the encounter with the Brotherhood.

AJIT

I underestimated their strength.

QUINTUS

I'm sorry your people are hurt. I just... I wish there was something I could have done to protect them.

AJIT

What could you have done? Bullets are one thing. But grenades...

Quintus stares at the ground. Ashamed that his powers couldn't protect them. Then it comes to him.

QUINTUS

They're the same.

AJIT

What?

QUINTUS

The principle is the same. Metal shards flying out.

(resigned)

Just wish I was near my lab.

AJIT

Why?

QUINTUS

I've been working on something.

INT. MOUNTAIN LAB - DAY

Ajit escorts Quintus to a pair of huge metal blast doors.

AJIT

(pushing a button)

Will this do?

The metal doors swing wide open to reveal -- a multi-story high-tech complex. Sparking metal grinders, bright blow torches, and forklifts carrying pallets dominate the first floor. Foot traffic is heavy.

Liquid nitrogen tanks litter the second floor. Scientists in white lab coats are doing experiments in fume hoods.

A CLEAN ROOM

Is in the back, complete with workers in white bunny suits.

QUINTUS
This will do.

Quintus enters the lab, impressed.

EXT. HIMALAYAS - DARPAN STRONGHOLD- DAY

The mountaintop view overlooks the city in the valley below. On the other side, the towering mountain overlooks the high desert.

Ajit and Elin are in a heated conversation in an antechamber.

ELIN
You're crazy.

AJIT
You are ignorant.

ELIN
Excuse me?

AJIT
We have shadowed him, served him,
bled for him for thousands of
years. We know him. You don't.
(in disdain)
You just met him.

ELIN
Thousands of years? Please.

AJIT
For thousands of years, we have
been his shadow guardians.
Protecting him, and those he cares
about. So, next time I tell you to
move, you move.

ELIN
I'll move when I need to move.

AJIT
Know your place woman.

ELIN
My place? My place is by his side.
Yours is behind him. Where does
that put you?

She begins to walk away.

AJIT
(pointing to a stone bust,
angry)
That stone statue has been in this
cave for thousands of years. If you
don't trust your lying ears,
(points to Quintus
outside)
Then maybe start using your damn
eyes.

Ajit walks away infuriated.

Elin sees Quintus' dark SILHOUETTE outside standing against
the orange backdrop of a setting Indian sun.

She sees the uncanny profile. And the man who morphed metal
with his mind and bare hands.

EXT. OUTSIDE DARPAN STRONGHOLD - NIGHT

The Himalayan night is crisp, cloudless, moonless. A group of
Darpan stand watch. Quintus and Elin are staring into the
night.

QUINTUS
Ajit, we'll be fine.

Ajit understands. He signals to the other Darpan with a nod.
Everyone leaves and retires for the night.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
(to Elin)
Come with me.

EXT. HIMALAYAN DESERT - NIGHT

Quintus takes an old Land Rover and drives Elin to the
desert. Headlights illuminating only the road in front.

ELIN
Where we going?

QUINTUS
I want to show you something.

After a short drive, Quintus stops in the middle of the road.
He cuts off the lights and turns off the engine.

It is pitch black. No moon. No city lights. Not even a horizon.

ELIN
(edging closer to Quintus)
This is kind of scary. I can't see anything.

QUINTUS
I know. It's okay. Trust me.

Quintus opens her door. He escorts her to the front of the car. They slowly climb on top of the hood and on to the roof. Quintus lays down a blanket on the flat roof of the Land Rover. And they sit.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
Close your eyes.

ELIN
Why? It's already pitch black.

QUINTUS
I know. Just... close your eyes.
For a little bit.

She closes them.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
Now lay down.

ELIN
Oh.

Quintus lays next to her. His eyes also closed.

QUINTUS
I want to show you something beautiful.

ELIN
(with sweet anticipation)
Mmmm hmmm.

QUINTUS
Open your eyes.

She opens them.

Above her in a glorious swirl of speckled lights is the Milky Way galaxy. Its subtle brilliance a stark contrast to the pitch blackness all around. It forms a dazzling

ARCHWAY

From horizon to horizon.

ELIN (O.S.)
Oh... Oh!

QUINTUS (O.S.)
Yes.

Elin follows the arch from horizon to horizon.

ELIN
I've never seen it like this
before. Beautiful.

QUINTUS
Pick a star. And just keep staring
at it.

A SINGLE BRIGHT STAR

Stands out in the silent symphony of light.

ELIN (O.S.)
Feels like I'm floating in space.
Like I'm right there. In the middle
of all those stars.

QUINTUS (O.S.)
Like you can reach out and touch
them.

Quintus raises his hand. Elin does the same.

THEIR FINGERS TOUCH

Ever so slightly. Each caress shallowing their breaths and
quickenning their heart beats.

From a distance, their laying figures with arms up are
SILHOUETTED against the brilliant speckled Milky Way.

They lower their arms and hold hands as they lay on the roof.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
I've stared at these stars for
millenia, but only recently did
something amazing happen.

ELIN
What?

QUINTUS
Physics. Mathematics. In all their
beautiful elegance.

Elin lays on her side, hands beneath her head as a pillow. She looks lovingly at Quintus.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

For thousands of years, all I saw were lights and swirls. Then I learned to look at the world through quantum physics, relativity, electromagnetism, calculus. And I was blown away by the beauty that had been in front of my face the whole time, but never saw. Have you ever felt that way?

ELIN

(gazing at Quintus)

Yes.

QUINTUS

It's like I'm looking at my world, my universe for the very first time. Layers of beauty right there.

ELIN

(lovingly)

Ya. Like I don't know if I want to just hold it in my arms or stare at it forever.

Quintus looks at her. Smiles.

ELIN (CONT'D)

You amaze me. You lay here next to a strange woman you hardly know and casually tell her that you've been around for thousands of years. A bit odd don't you think?

QUINTUS

Well, I don't think you're strange or odd.

They both chuckle.

ELIN

How's it all possible? Your age? The fence? Metal door? Everything?

QUINTUS

I don't know. I just... am.

ELIN

Thank you for saving my life.

She snuggles into his shoulder. They both gaze up at the Milky Way arch.

ELIN (CONT'D)
Have you ever been... Were you ever alone?

QUINTUS
Always.

ELIN
(turning to him)
I don't want you to ever be alone again.

QUINTUS
(smiling sadly)
I don't either.

Elin leans over and kisses Quintus. She lays on top of him. They begin to kiss deeply.

Their passionate silhouette atop the car slowly shrinks away as the milky stars arch across the night sky.

INT. MOUNTAINTOP STRONGHOLD - DAY

Everyone is assembled at the cliff overlook. Elin looks haggard, queasy.

Quintus holds up a palm-sized silver and gold medallion.

QUINTUS
Phasic shields.

TRIBAL ELDER #1
A what shield?

Quintus grabs Ajit's gun.

QUINTUS
Phasic. Shields. An answer to centuries of destructive weaponry. And how we'll defeat the Brotherhood.
(tossing it to an elder)
Hold this.

Atop the cliff top, Quintus points the gun at the tribal elder.

The elder recoils back in fear. Everyone else becomes defensive, hostile almost towards Quintus.

TRIBAL ELDER #2
What are you doing?!

QUINTUS
He'll be fine.

TRIBAL ELDER #1
(dropping the medallion)
No I won't.

QUINTUS
You have to trust me.

Everyone flashes a look of doubt.

VIKRANT (O.S.)
I'll do it.

Vikrant steps out from the crowd.

VIKRANT (CONT'D)
I'll do it.

He picks up the medallion from the ground.

He is tense and nervous, but holds up the medallion at arms length in front him like a man showing his ID badge.

Quintus eyes Vikrant proudly, the others with disappointment.

QUINTUS
The youngest and most faithful
among you.

ELDER #1 (O.S.)
(murmuring)
The most foolish.

Quintus aims. Fires. Vikrant flinches.

THE PHASIC SHIELD

Shimmers a translucent green hemisphere. The bullet slows, then hangs in mid-air. Several feet from Vikrant.

The crowd is stunned, mouths agape in awe. Vikrant breathes.

Quintus grins triumphant.

Quintus takes out a second medallion from his pocket. Tosses it to Ajit.

QUINTUS
Stand close to Vik.

Ajit lumbers reluctantly by Vikrant, still in awe.

Quintus fires again. Catches everyone by surprise.

THE SHIELDS

Flash a larger cyan-colored shield like two transparent bubbles pressed against each other as they reinforce power. The bullet comes to a stop much sooner and further away.

Quintus empties the 9mm magazine as fast as he can pull the trigger. Translucent cyan ripples fan out as each bullet decelerates into the shield. Sticking like metal spoons dropped into a vat of invisible honey.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

(to the elders)

The more shields together, the stronger. Strength in numbers.

VIKRANT

(to himself)

Strength in numbers.

QUINTUS

Its power will drain. Recharge it using body heat, body movement, sunlight, even microwaves in the air. Another shield can recharge it by proximity. But many shields together can recharge it faster.

He looks at Vikrant. Vikrant at him.

VIKRANT

Strength in numbers.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

Strength in numbers.

INT. C-130 AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

Ajit stands by the open rear bay. He sports a black wing suit. A red light illuminates the noisy cargo bay of a C-130 transport plane.

AJIT

(shouting)

We can glide-in about 20 miles from this altitude. Too small for radar. They won't even see us coming.

QUINTUS

The four Khans meet today. Strike quickly. Then meet at the rendezvous point.

Ajit and the six tribal elders jump from the C-130.

Quintus walks over to Elin. They lock in a passionate kiss. Then he jumps and joins the wing suit air assault.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Ajit stares at his helmet-mounted heads-up display. Infrared smoke trails coming from the boots of the other elders shows their relative positions in the assault formation.

The smooth RHYTHMIC BREATHING of oxygen through his mask fills the quiet. He clicks his thumb. A yellow reticle targets each infrared thermal body he sees on the ground.

He glides toward a tower. A small vent opens on the forehead of his helmet. A gun barrel is inside.

Ajit presses a trigger. A silencer goes off.

THE THERMAL SIGNATURE of a tower guard tumbles to the ground.

The other elders take out their own targets in the pitch black night.

Quintus targets a guard walking on a roof top. From the roof, his trajectory dips just below the horizon.

He disappears momentarily from the horizon headed toward the ground. The roof top guard sees something but can't make it out.

QUINTUS suddenly POPS UP, shoots the guard, then flares up with his wing suit. Catching the crumpling body of the dead guard with his legs. He pulls his parachute mere yards from the ground, and drags the body quietly into the brush.

He puts away his chute. Makes his way to the main building.

INT. KIRIBATI ISLAND - BROTHERHOOD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The Nexus of Khans convenes in the dead of night.

Four unique chairs are seated around a table. An Azure Dragon symbol for the Eastern Khan of wood, a Vermilion Bird for the Southern Khan of fire, a White Tiger for the Western Khan of metal, and a Black Turtle for the Northern Khan of water.

EASTERN KHAN

(Chinese accent)

The Triad and the Yakuza are in. If we get something in return.

SOUTHERN KHAN
 (Australian accent)
 Like what? You're already siphoning
 opium from Afghanistan.

EASTERN KHAN
 Bitcoins.

SOUTHERN KHAN
 Online crypto-currency?

EASTERN KHAN
 Unregulated. Control the right
 miners and blockchains... you
 control online commerce. But we
 need supercomputers. To modulate
 splices into the blockchains and
 spoof the miners. Stay ahead of the
 other nodes.

WESTERN KHAN
 (American accent)
 Effectively hijacking any Bitcoin
 transaction that comes through.

EASTERN KHAN
 We're talking hundreds of millions,
 maybe billions of dollars.

A CIGARETTE lights from a corner of the room.

NORTHERN KHAN
 (Russian accent)
 But we're not here to talk about
 supercomputers, are we. Let's get
 to the real business.

Everyone tenses up attentively.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
 Quintus lives.

Mumbling in the crowd.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
 I've seen him. In spite of his
 fabled magnificent discreteness.

EASTERN KHAN
 Where is he?

NORTHERN KHAN
 I paid him a visit.

WESTERN KHAN

Without coordinating with us? Where is he?

(looking around, angry)

Let me guess, you lost him. Idiot!

NORTHERN KHAN

Screw you!

SOUTHERN KHAN

We've all waited our lives for this. Who the hell do you think you are doing this by yourself!

The room erupts in shouting and finger pointing. The guards twitchy, tense.

EXT. KIRIBATI ISLAND - HEADQUARTERS GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

The Darpan move like silent shadows in the night. Katar punch daggers and curved kukri blades killing guards one by one. A nesting Darpan sniper eliminates enemy soldiers from a tower.

AJIT pulls out his crossbow and loads.

AJIT

(into throat mic)

Draw. Ready.

A CLICK

Breaks the silence. Time slows down to a crawl as an elder looks down at his feet. And sees an anti-personnel mine pop up into the air in front of him. He dives away.

BOOM -- the mine explodes in the air.

THE PHASIC SHIELD

Sparks in orange hues as it stops the flying metal shrapnel. But the powerful shock wave knocks him back fifteen feet. Tumbling head over heels like a rag doll.

INT. KIRIBATI ISLAND - BROTHERHOOD HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The windows are blown in. The Khans duck and scatter for cover. Bodyguards covering each Khan like a presidential secret service detail.

The bodyguards blindly fire their MP-5 submachine guns out the windows as they escort their Khan to other rooms.

THREE ELDERS

Prepare to storm the room from behind solid oak double doors.

ELDER #1
(to the other two elders)
Strength in numbers.

They kick the doors open. And charge together.

They rush at full speed. Shouting with katar punch daggers and kukris in hand. They catch the White Tiger bodyguards protecting the Western Khan by surprise.

THE BODYGUARDS lay down massive suppressing fire power. Orange muzzle flash lighting up their crazed bearded faces.

THE PHASIC SHIELDS

Ripple translucent purple as they overlap. Elders running past 9mm bullets suspended in mid-air.

The elders break the pack and hunt solo. Their respective shields ripple translucent blue, green, and yellow.

They slice through the first line. Bodyguards stunned by the elders' seeming invincibility.

An elder rushes a bodyguard. The bodyguard SHOUTS as he empties his clip in desperation at the unstoppable elder.

The elder rushes in and ends the bodyguard's life as he stands firing.

The Western Khan fights back in hand-to-hand. Without his bodyguards, he is overwhelmed. The elders take his life.

THE EASTERN KHAN

And his azure-suited bodyguards witness the whole scene with the Western Khan. They slide to an adjacent room as the elders pursue.

THE ELDERS

Charge into the room. And are met with an onslaught of assault rifle fire. The elders flinch, then continue.

THE EASTERN LIEUTENANT

Picks up an RPG-7 rocket-propelled grenade from a nearby wall. He aims. Fires.

The three elders step closer together. Strengthening their draining shields. Bracing for the impact.

The phasic shield ripples purple as it jars the rocketing RPG to a momentary halt in mid-air.

BOOM -- the RPG warhead detonates.

Explosives collapsing the conical copper liner inside the warhead canister. Squirting out the hypersonic molten tank-killing copper jet shaped like a long, white-hot carrot.

The copper jet has an unreal amount of kinetic energy. Enough to punch a hole through 17 inches of the toughest steel tank armor.

But the elders trust the phasic shields.

The phasic shield barely arrests the liquid copper jet. The energy and momentum transfer are too much. The blast wave throws the three elders up and back. Knocking them into the walls like bowling pins bouncing off a bowling alley.

A LOUD HIGH PITCHED RINGING

Fills the room. The three elders quickly come to. Bleeding from the nose and ears.

THE EASTERN KHAN

Escapes to the rooftop.

From the rooftop, Brotherhood reinforcements from the other side of the island make their way to the fire fight.

EASTERN LIEUTENANT

(on mic, to others)

They all have some kind of repulser shields. Never seen anything like it. RPGs seem to do the trick.

The Eastern Khan reaches his azure-colored helicopter and takes off.

A Darpan sniper sees the escaping helicopter. He aims, fires twice, and hits the hydraulic reservoir and gas tanks.

The helicopter spins out of control. It descends smoking and in flames below the horizon.

EXT. KIRIBATI ISLAND - HEADQUARTERS GROUNDS - DAWN

The Brotherhood fire on Quintus. He deflects each bullet with his chain mail. The visible parts of his hands and face are riddled with blood vessels reacting to his battle posture.

The Southern Khan is attempting to escape. He is protected by a squad of eight guards. They move with military precision.

Quintus charges at them. They see him and open fire. Quintus zigzags smoothly as he presses forward. Like a leopard chasing prey. Bullets sparking and ricocheting off his steel chain mail armor.

A guard fires his MP5 submachine gun at Quintus from head to toe, looking for some kind of opening. Quintus deflects a 9mm bullet to his face as his chain mail hood momentarily liquifies and forms a miniature SHIELD across his eyes.

He glides through the squad. Stabbing and cutting them with his forearm blade. His movements are smooth, surgical. Supernatural.

The Southern Lieutenant throws a wooden boomerang. It misses Quintus. He takes out a Bowie knife. A knife fight ensues.

Just as Quintus is about to deliver the killing blow, the boomerang slams into this head.

The Southern Lieutenant exploits the distraction, and shoves the Bowie knife into Quintus' side.

But the knife instantly turns into steel powder as it touches Quintus.

Quintus glowers behind his steel veil. And cuts down the Southern Lieutenant.

Quintus looks for bigger prey. And finds the Southern Khan.

The Khan points a shotgun at Quintus. He fires.

A nanonet envelopes Quintus. The Khan immediately rushes to Quintus, tasers sparking in each hand.

Quintus jolts from the massive electrical current coursing through 100,000 volts across his body.

QUINTUS

Convulses violently in the nanonet.

SOUTHERN KHAN
(sadistic)
I will cut out that heart!

He takes out a brown knife. Brandishes it in front of Quintus' writhing face.

SOUTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
Phenolic composite. No metal.

And drives it into the top of his exposed collar bone. Into his lung.

QUINTUS
Ahhh!

His chain mail erupts into random textures in reaction to the pain. It finally forms into circular blades and cuts the carbon nanonet with a TWANG.

The Southern Khan staggers back. He fires another nanonet from his shotgun.

Like some primal instinct, Quintus holds out his hand to block the nanonet. And stops it in mid-air. From meters away.

For a microsecond he feels -- no sees, a strange, translucent, pulsing wave. Then it's gone. The nanonet falls to the ground.

Quintus is amazed. But fighting back excruciating pain in his lungs. He pulls out the phenolic knife. And begins to heal.

He zigzags toward the Khan. Khan missing with each shotgun shot.

Quintus reaches him. Lifts him up by the neck with one hand.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
An eye for an eye. And a heart for
a heart.

The other fist is pressed at Khan's chest. His forearm chain mail LIQUIFIES and slowly GROWS into a blade. Slowly plunging the steel into the Southern Khan's heart, ending his life.

THE NORTHERN COHORT

Passes by. Having seen everything.

Quintus eyes the Northern Khan and his lieutenant who now wears a black patch over his left eye. Quintus pursues.

The Black Cohort unleashes a barrage of bullets at Quintus.

Amidst the maelstrom of lead and gunpowder, the Northern Lieutenant grabs an RPG-26 slung across the shoulder of a nearby guard.

THROUGH THE CROSS HAIRS

Of the barrel tube, Quintus charges relentlessly while deflecting bullets. The lieutenant fires.

The warhead streaks toward Quintus. He sees it approaching and braces.

QUINTUS' reflex slows down time as he sees the incoming RPG.

BOOM -- it detonates several meters in front of him.

THE COPPER SHAPED-CHARGE

Collapses in bullet-time inside the RPG as the explosive spits out the hypersonic jet of molten copper toward Quintus.

Even in bullet-time, the squirting copper jet screams at 10-15 times the speed of the original warhead.

Quintus' armor reacts instinctively. Stacking massive layers of chain mail near his right shoulder.

Looking like a long copper icicle or carrot, the molten jet SMACKS into Quintus. It throws him back easily like a speeding Mac truck slamming into a bicycle. Large chunks of chain mail fly off, torn from his chest and shoulder.

MUFFLED HIGH PITCHED RINGING

Follows the trauma. His bloody clavicle jutting from his shoulder. It begins to heal, CRACKING and receding back into place. His face contorts in agonizing pain.

AJIT

Sees it and is shocked that Quintus is hurt. He steps between Quintus and the incoming Brotherhood, faithful that the phasic shield will protect him.

He charges ferociously at the incoming host. Phasic shield twitching translucent blue at each bullet impact.

A grenade is thrown. Moving too slow to be repulsed by the phasic shield, it drops to the ground inside the radius of Ajit's shield. Everyone, including Ajit, PAUSES not knowing what will happen next.

BOOM -- the grenade explodes.

Shrapnel is stunted in place within the radius of the phasic shield. But the powerful blast wave heaves Ajit into the air.

AJIT

Tumbles head over heels like a rag doll. Nose bloodied. Clear cerebrospinal fluid oozing from his ears.

Ajit is dazed. He gets up and continues to step between the Brotherhood soldiers and Quintus, determined to protect him.

AJIT

We need to retreat. Go.

QUINTUS

Not without you.

AJIT

(to a throat mic)

Apollo, where are those chariots!

C-130 PILOT (O.S.)

Inbound in five.

AJIT

We don't have five minutes!

More grenades are thrown toward Quintus and Ajit. This time Ajit rolls backward away from them. They explode.

The shrapnel is repulsed by the phasic shield. But the blast wave again knocks Ajit back a few feet. His shield is draining. Fast.

A train of grenades explode nearby. Quintus forms the remaining metal in his armor into a large but thin "V" shaped shield to block the shrapnel and divert the blast waves from Ajit.

Assault rifle gunfire erupts. Grenade launchers target the two. In the background, the Northern Lieutenant reloads an RPG. Aims. Fires.

WHOOSH -- the smoky trail of an inbound RPG cuts through the veil of smoke, bullets, and detonating grenades.

Quintus sees the RPG from the corner of his eye and turns to avoid it. Ajit, moving slower, reels backward away from the RPG.

BOOM -- A BRILLIANT FLASH

Illuminates hell in slow motion. The RPG detonates spewing a long molten jet of copper. Ajit's phasic shield is drained, unable to provide enough repulsive power to slow the jet.

The hypersonic copper jet penetrates Quintus' thin metal "V" shield. And hurls Ajit into Quintus. Both men fly through the air like bowling pins.

Quintus begins to heal immediately. Ajit does not.

Ajit has a bloody hole in his right upper torso. Hemorrhaging inside and out. His lung has collapsed.

TIME CRAWLS

As several small three-man hovercraft enter the battlefield. A frantic gunner shouts in muffled tones as he points two fingers to his eyes telling the pilot that he sees Quintus and Ajit.

He lays down cover fire. Empty brass casings rain down from the bottom of his 20mm Gatling gun, clinking on the bulkhead beneath.

Quintus leans over Ajit laying face up on the ground.

AJIT (CONT'D)
(labored, painful)
... was... honor fighting with you.

QUINTUS
The honor is mine.

THEIR DARK SILHOUETTE

Is in stark contrast to the fiery tapestry of chaos and muffled war machines all around.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
Stay still. They're coming for us.

AJIT
My family... The Chronicles... Do
not let them forget me.
(smiling)
Remember what you stand for. My
Quintus.

Then Ajit is gone.

QUINTUS' EYES

Begin to well up with tears. Pain. Sorrow. Anger. Vengeance.
And more sorrow.

He picks up Ajit's body and boards a nearby hovercraft. Their bodies still silhouetted against the raging battle.

Other hovercraft rescue the other elders.

Quintus' hovercraft begins to depart. The Northern Lieutenant points a powerful Barrett M82 rifle at the hovercraft.

He takes aim at the escaping hovercraft, then fires.

A NICKEL-SIZED DEVICE

Attaches to the hovercraft hull.

Unbeknownst to the Darpan, they are being tracked.

INT. CAVE - INDIA - DAY

The exhausted Darpan stumble back into their mountain stronghold.

VIKRANT

What happened?

A train of haggard Darpan fighters listlessly pass by.

ELDER #1

Ajit is dead.

Vikrant rushes in disbelief to his uncle's body.

VIKRANT

(beside himself with
grief)

How could this be?

ELDER #7

(looking at Quintus)

It was not as it seemed.

ELDER #5

We were not as invincible as we
were thought to believe.

Quintus stares out the cave at the setting sun. Elin is with him. He glances over his shoulder at the elders, then walks outside away from the hostile room.

He can still hear their voices.

ELDER #2
 (to the other elder)
 No one said we were invincible. We
 carried out our duty. Our mission.

ELDER #3
 (angrily)
 Our duty? Our mission?! What is
 that? Huh! To protect this
 immortal? This man-god? He can't
 even protect himself. Much less
 anyone else.

ELDER #4
 How dare you! Without those shields
 all of us would be dead.

ELDER #7
 (looks at Ajit)
 One death is felt by all!
 (in Quintus' direction)
 And one false god should not be the
 death of us all.

In unison, the cave erupts in shouting, blaming, and finger-pointing.

Vikrant ejects something tiny out of Ajit's watch.

Quintus leaves the overlook, grief-stricken and disgusted
 with himself. Elin follows him downstairs.

INT. LOWER CAVE - DAY

Quintus stares out a window. Stupefied.

QUINTUS
 He gave his life for me? Stupid
 man! Stupid man.

Elin hugs Quintus. He buries his head into her shoulders.

INT. CAVE - INDIA - SAME

Vikrant takes control of the situation. While the Darpan
 bicker amongst themselves, he stands at the back of the room.
 He pops a tiny XD card into his smartphone, mounts a portable
 projector, and projects a video onto the white cave wall.

VIKRANT' FACE stares at the screen. The video is REFLECTING
 off his glasses.

AJIT (O.S.)
So tell me why you are here,
Quintus.

QUINTUS (O.S.)
I don't know why I'm here.

The Darpan hear Ajit's voice and start to take notice of
THE VIDEO

Vikrant is playing.

ON THE VIDEO

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
I think people look at me as
something more than I am. I'm no
god, Ajit. No deity. Or even some
earthly reincarnation of one.

AJIT
Who is god to you, then?

QUINTUS
I don't know who god is. But I want
to believe in one.

AJIT
Why?

QUINTUS
(forlorn)
Because a life of thousands of
years needs absolution,
forgiveness, reunion...

AJIT
We aren't perfect either. We are
like you in that. Those of us that
have faith in you see this.

BACK TO SCENE

Vikrant glances over his shoulder at the elders watching.

ON THE VIDEO

AJIT (CONT'D)
You are who we all hope we can be.
You are not just an immortal being,
you are humanity's hope. An idea.

QUINTUS

What idea?

AJIT

The realization of the potential of what man could be. Wisdom and powers forged and tempered by hundreds of lifetimes. That through it all, after I am long gone, you will continue to live on. Through you, what I value for myself and my family will not die with me. We will live on through you. You are an ideal.

QUINTUS

Even though I love, and hate, and hope, and dream, and suffer like everyone else? That for all of my experiences and insights and powers, that I feel as lost and vulnerable as everyone else?

AJIT

Yes. Especially because of that. Quintus, I don't know where you came from. I don't know if you're The One or simply The Herald that precedes The One. But to me, that about sums up what it's like to be human. And I for one am glad that, whoever you are, you understand what it's like to be human. Maybe someday, you can save us from ourselves. Others may deny who you are, but you must never deny them of who you are. I believe in you. I trust in you. I will die for you.

BACK TO SCENE

The Darpan elders look around at each other. Vikrant quietly leaves. Video still playing.

INT. LOWER CAVE - SAME

Elin is sitting at a table. Quintus is standing, looking out.

QUINTUS

He trusted me. And he died because of it. They all die.

ELIN

Yes, we all die. Eventually. We
can't heal ourselves like you.

QUINTUS

If there was a way to heal others,
I would have done it a long time
ago.

(holding his scroll)

But this. This is all I have.

He throws the scroll on the desk. It falls to the ground,
unrolling in front of Elin.

ELIN

(looking at scroll)

Fractals.

QUINTUS

What?

ELIN

Fractals. The whole mandala is a
fractal. They have the exact same
pattern no matter how small or how
big you go.

QUINTUS

(dismissive)

I know that mandala like the back
of my hand. I've meditated to it
since I can remember. Patterns are
never the same though.

ELIN

Looks the same to me.

QUINTUS

The initial mandala is the same.
But the pattern changes depending
on what I focus on in my mind.

ELIN

You focus on this to heal yourself?

QUINTUS

Don't use it anymore. Memorized it.
But the pattern changes in my mind.

ELIN

(analyzing)

Let me guess...

(MORE)

ELIN (CONT'D)
the fractal you see to heal a knife
cut is different than the pattern
to heal a broken bone? Right?

Quintus nods slowly, growing intrigued.

ELIN (CONT'D)
Don't you see. This mandala. Your
healing powers. Self-assembling,
self-similar molecules at smaller
and smaller scales.

QUINTUS
(realizing)
Adaptive fractals? Regenerating
tissue.

ELIN
I know it's relatively new to you,
but back in the 1970s a guy named
Benoit Mandelbrot discovered that
each fractal pattern has a
mathematical equation. So, if you
know the equations for the patterns
you see in your head --

Quintus bolts up from his chair. Holds Elin's face in his
hands.

QUINTUS
Beautiful. You're so damn
beautiful.

He smacks a kiss on her, heads downstairs, and disappears
into the lab.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - INDIA - DAY

Quintus exits the lab days later. Haggard, face stubbled.

QUINTUS
(to the Darpan)
Ajit, your brother, was my friend.
He gave his life to protect me and
it is something I can never repay.
I know I let him down. I let you
all down. But I ask you to give me
one more chance.

The Darpan seem hesitant.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
 I've improved the shields. Its
 protective powers. But more
 importantly, I've added something.
 Vik, come here.

Vikrant approaches. Quintus grabs Vikrant's tribal talisman
 from the table in front of him.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
 Trust me.

Vikrant nods. Quintus cuts his own finger with a knife. He
 squeezes drops of his blood into the talisman's grooved
 pattern of Vikrant's family crest. He pricks Vikrant's finger
 and squeezes blood onto the same talisman.

THE TALISMAN

Glowes deep blue momentarily. Tracing the outline of Vikrant's
 tribal and family symbol. He gives the talisman to Vikrant.

He holds a gun in one hand, full magazine in the other.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
 This magazine has both copper
 bullets and phenolic bullets.
 Metallic and non-metallic.

He slams the magazine into the mag well, points, then shoots
 at Vikrant, emptying the entire magazine.

The glowing tribal symbol METERS the talismans power level
 with each bullet impact. The phasic shield stops every single
 bullet as before.

The elders are not impressed.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
 (to Vikrant)
 Give me your hand.

Quintus takes his knife. Slices the palm of Vikrant's hand.

VIKRANT
 Ahhh!

The elders are jolted by the gash on Vikrant's hand. Crimson
 drops splashing to the ground.

THE WOUND

Begins to heal before their eyes. Vikrant stops screaming,
 the pain no longer there.

VIKRANT (CONT'D)

What's going on? How did you do that?

QUINTUS

I've tied part of my blood and your genome to that talisman. Only you and those in your bloodline can use it now. You will heal faster, age slower, fight disease, and give life to those in need. But it comes at a price -- your blood to heal theirs. This is your gift as a tribal elder. And your burden.

VIKRANT

But, why me? I have other uncles who deserve this gift more than me.

QUINTUS

Maybe. But they're not here. You are.

(somerberly)

Look, Vik. If you believe you're good enough, you will be. If you don't think you are, you're not.

Quintus walks away, Vikrant humbled by the words.

Underneath a TABLE CLOTH Quintus unveils six other talismans for each of the other Tribes.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I've caused you all so much suffering. I can never repay what you've done for me through the ages. But if you will, please take these as a humble token of my gratitude.

The elders slowly make their way toward him. Quintus cuts his hand again and pours his blood into another amulet. The first elder takes his index finger, presses it on the center of his Tribe's symbol. His blood flows into the symbol. It glows a brilliant green momentarily then subsides.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

(to the elder)

May it protect you and your Tribe.

The tribal elder bows in gratitude.

One by one, the elders sync their talisman to their DNA. But before the final elder can imprint his DNA -- BOOM, an explosion rocks the cave compound. Debris sprinkles from the ceiling.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
(to himself, looking up)
Elin.

He rushes through the hallways and makes his way to his chambers.

INT. UPPER CAVE - DAY

He sees Elin, brown phenolic knife held at her throat, being dragged away by Brotherhood soldiers dressed in black.

NORTHERN LIEUTENANT
Stay back or she dies.

QUINTUS
(in Russian; subtitled)
You're not taking her anywhere.

The Northern Lieutenant has three other soldiers in tow. They inch toward the cave entrance.

Explosions pepper the stronghold.

NORTHERN LIEUTENANT
(in Russian; subtitled)
I will take whatever the hell I want.

The Northern Lieutenant makes his way to a waiting ten-passenger Russian Ansat helicopter.

Quintus chases them. The cohort sporadically fires at Quintus with automatic machine gun fire. Deflected bullets sparking yellow off his chain mail and into the adjacent cave walls.

Quintus weaves through the narrow passageway to the exit. Single-minded on saving Elin, he charges out the cave exit.

NORTHERN LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
Now!

The entire cohort stops, takes a knee, and unleashes a barrage of weapons fire at the cave entrance.

FROM THE CORNERS OF HIS EYES

Quintus notices in bullet-time two speeding RPGs flanking him from the LEFT and RIGHT.

Distracted by the hail of bullets, he doesn't notice the RPGs until it's too late.

The two RPG warheads detonate simultaneously. He jumps at the last minute to try to avoid them, but is caught in between.

Two copper jets streak past, collapsing the cave exit behind him. But,

TWO SPHERICAL SHOCK WAVE FRONTS

Travel in bullet-time as their crushing powers combine, reinforce in the middle, and SLAP the air together with twice the force. Pulverizing Quintus to a grinding halt in mid-air.

His body is crushed. Unable to react to the overwhelming pressures of two explosions and their reinforcing shock waves SMASHING together from two sides.

Bones crushed, wind knocked-out, he loses consciousness and drops to the ground with a heavy THUD like a giant brick.

The Brotherhood carry his unconscious body in a stretcher and load him and a defiant Elin in the Ansat helicopter.

EXT. UPPER CAVE, HIMALAYAS - DAY

The Darpan elders see the Russian helicopter take off in the distance. They are surrounded by piles of rubble.

VIKRANT

We need to follow them.

ELDER #1

(pointing to warrior)

Track it.

(to elders)

Assemble the teams. I have a plan.

INT. NORTHERN KHAN'S LAIR - DAY

Quintus is unconscious, naked, and strapped to a surgical table. Wires and intravenous tubes throughout. An intense spotlight illuminates his body.

FOOTFALLS echo in the dark cavernous room.

SPOTLIGHTS flip on one by one. They illuminate different artifacts on the walls. Clay tablets with Cuneiform writing.

Ancient papyrus scrolls with Egyptian hieroglyphics. Stone statues with Chinese hanzi writing. Greek pottery with images of a battle.

All depict a man carrying some sort of small tube strapped to his back.

NORTHERN KHAN (O.S.)
The Chronicles. Of a fantastical
being who's walked the earth for
millennia.

Quintus begins to wake up. Fighting off drowsiness.

Khan steps into the light, hovering over Quintus.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
At one point, I thought they were
myths. And yet, here you are.

He circles Quintus.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
Even with centuries of Chronicles
missing, pattern recognition
algorithms figured out your
pattern. Oh yes... You have a
pattern.

Khan slaps on latex gloves.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
War. Death. Seclusion. Emergence.
War. Death. Lather. Rinse. Repeat.

The room lights are all turned on. The room is high-tech with no metallic objects in sight. A room made just for him.

The Northern Khan is strolling the room. Supervising everything.

Quintus fights off the heavy sedation. He sees wires and IVs all over him.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
(to DOCTOR)
I want that blood synthesized as
soon as possible. I want every kind
of tissue sample we can get before
we get to his heart.

BROTHERHOOD DOCTOR #1
He's still moving too much for the
extraction.
(MORE)

BROTHERHOOD DOCTOR #1 (CONT'D)

We've put enough sedative in him to take down five elephants. He keeps trying to come to.

NORTHERN KHAN

(insistent)

Well, give him more!

The doctor injects more sedative via an IV.

BROTHERHOOD DOCTOR #2

(excited, in disbelief)

His MRIs are like nothing I've ever seen. The density of his brain and muscle tissues... Incredible!

Khan circles the half-conscious Quintus. Leans in to his face.

Quintus tries to fight off the sedative. The powerful tranquilizers gray-out all sound. And light. He begins to doze off.

NORTHERN KHAN

(muffled, distant)

The Pharaohs Prize at last.

Quintus sees a fuzzy vision of Khan putting on laser glasses.

INT. BROTHERHOOD MEDICAL LAB - DAY

Quintus comes to. Vision blurry.

He finds himself upright but still strapped heavily to the surgical table. Flood light illuminating his body. Chest in excruciating pain.

He realizes where he is. And struggles against the restraints.

NORTHERN KHAN

You heal too damn quick. But I'll get what I want. All in good time.

(pacing)

You know, you disappoint me. I thought you'd be... better. But look at you. Pathetic. Weak. Vulnerable. And what is it with ethnic men and your weakness for the Nordic goddess types?

Quintus stops struggling.

QUINTUS
Where is she?

NORTHERN KHAN
Safe. As long as you tell me how
you prolong your life?

QUINTUS
I don't know.

NORTHERN KHAN
I know it somehow has to do with
this?

He holds up the mandala.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
Every Chronicle I've seen mentions
you carrying this. Why?

QUINTUS
Let me go now and I'll spare you a
slow and horrible death.

NORTHERN KHAN
(scoffing, amused)
You're powerless here. I know
everything about you. Look around.
No metallic objects for you to
change.
(circles Quintus)
That's another thing, how do you
that? Change metal.

Quintus is stoic.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
Full of surprises. Like these.

He takes out a Bio-Phasic Shield from his pocket. The coat-of-arms shows it to be from Elder #7's tribe.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
This is how I sync my DNA to this
device, right?

He presses his finger. Blood trickles into the talisman symbol. The talisman glows red then dissipates.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
Took some of your blood while you
were napping and put it in there.

A hemispherical shield flickers translucent red around the Khan.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)

(reveling in power)

Yes. I feel it. And when I cut your heart out, I'll be immortal.

Quintus sneers. Dismissive. He looks away.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)

Look at me you arrogant ass.

(grabs Quintus' face)

I've read all the Chronicles. And I know that the Pharaoh lived for over 200 years simply by nibbling on a tiny piece of your heart that he had left. Why do you think he wanted to find you so bad? Sending his armies after you. But I don't want just your heart, I will become like you. See everything. Experience everything. Exploit everything.

(devilishly)

And everyone. Let's try this again. Why do you need this mandala? What do you use it for?

QUINTUS

I like to look at it.

NORTHERN KHAN

Don't play games with me. You either tell me why this piece of cloth is so important to you, or I'll kill your little blonde girlfriend.

Khan dials a smartphone.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)

(into smartphone)

Are you ready?

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - DAY

The lieutenant and HENCHMEN are set to execute Elin.

NORTHERN LIEUTENANT

(into smartphone, Facetime app running)

Yes, sir. In position.

HENCHMAN #1
 (lustfully eyeing Elin))
 What a waste.

NORTHERN LIEUTENANT
 (faces phone toward Elin)
 Back her to the edge.

On the other side of the smartphone is the Northern Khan.

INT. BROTHERHOOD MEDICAL LAB - CONTINUOUS

NORTHERN KHAN
 What is the importance of this
 mandala?

Quintus looks at Elin on the phone, then at the Khan.

QUINTUS
 I concentrate on the mandala
 pattern to help me calm my mind and
 heal my wounds.

NORTHERN KHAN
 (leaning in)
 That's it?

QUINTUS
 That's it.

NORTHERN KHAN
 (to lieutenant on phone)
 Kill her.

QUINTUS
 You don't want to do that.

NORTHERN KHAN
 Just needed verification from you.

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

NORTHERN LIEUTENANT
 (to henchman #1)
 Do it.

The HENCHMAN lowers his AK-47 and takes out his Makarov pistol. He points it at Elin's forehead, hesitates, cocks his head, and lowers the muzzle toward her chest.

QUINTUS (O.S.)
 Don't!

HENCHMAN #1
 (with thick accent)
 I don't want to damage your pretty
 little face.

Elin is in sheer panic. She suddenly gets queasy, doubles over, and pukes on the henchman's boots.

ELIN
 (in tears)
 Please don't.

She backs up to the edge of the cliff, almost falling. Over the edge is a 200-foot drop ending in foaming, jagged rocks.

HENCHMAN #1
 This'll only hurt a little... At
 least until you splat like a melon
 on the rocks below.

The henchman cocks the hammer back and pulls the trigger.

All is silent. The SLOW isolated sound of the trigger pull of the pistol is heard. The hammer strikes the firing pin. A muffled BANG accompanied by brilliant flash.

Elin's EYES blink at the loud bang and bright flash.

She is thrown off the cliff, a scowl of pain frozen on her face.

A SOUNDLESS SCREAM

Trails from her mouth as she falls in slow motion to her death.

From a distance, she falls toward the rocks below.

INT. KHAN'S LAIR - DAY

A growing sound is heard. At first a far-away scream, then it RUSHES IN like a tidal wave of agony and suffering.

QUINTUS
 Noooooo!

He is in tortured agony. Body taut, struggling in despair against the restraints. Hopelessness waxes. Then anger.

TEARS

Streak down. But rather than sorrow, Quintus belts out laughter.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

Ha! Ha! Ha! What did you think you were going to accomplish by killing her?

NORTHERN KHAN

She was a means to an end. I'm surprised you cared so much for that one. I know these people are nothing to you. You'll find another.

QUINTUS

Clueless insect. You are nothing. Will be nothing.

NORTHERN KHAN

I will be a superior being. A god on Earth.

QUINTUS

(rabid)

Insects don't get to become gods! When you die and your body rots, I'll stand over your dried carcass and crush your skull beneath my boot like the worthless insect that you are. My boot, like history, will never even know you existed.

The words sting.

NORTHERN KHAN

You smug pathetic meat sac. I'm going to enjoy cutting out your beating heart from your chest. Then we'll see who's the insect.

QUINTUS

Go ahead. End the curse.

The articulated arm of a powerful surgical laser is positioned directly over his chest.

The glow of a red laser illuminates the white lab coats.
Quintus

SCREAMS

From the abject pain inflicted on an already broken heart.

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF FACE - SAME

ELIN'S SCREAM

Echoes off the cliff walls. She is still falling in slow motion.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)
It's okay, mommy.

LITTLE BOY (V.O.)
It's okay, mommy.

The bullet is miraculously coming out of her body. Out of the entry wound. And it is healing.

Elin no longer feels pain and stops screaming. She is coherent, but fully aware that she is still falling to the rocks below. She begins screaming again.

As she nears the jagged rocks, her body suddenly slows down and stops right before dashing into them. With a jolt, her body rockets upward, back toward the cliff top.

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

The lieutenant turns off the cell phone. Everyone prepares to leave, then are startled in place. They see Elin's body float back up on to the cliff top.

NORTHERN LIEUTENANT
What the hell?!

The Brotherhood all look at each other. Shocked. Stunned. And a little afraid.

The lieutenant raises his AK-47 rifle, looks down the sights, and points it at Elin. The others follow suit.

NORTHERN LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
(with a hateful snarl)
Just die, dammit!

He squeezes the trigger. Assault rifle on full automatic.

Next to him, the DRONING BUZZ of a HUMVEE-mounted M134 Gatling minigun spits out GLOWING bullets at 6,000 rpm. The entire cliff top is instantly ablaze with muzzle flash and the thunderous hail of bullets.

The lieutenant's MANIACAL FACE is bathed in the red and orange glow of gun fire.

The place where Elin stands is now shrouded by billowing gray smoke and gunpowder.

The shooting stops. Gatling minigun barrels WHIRLING down. The gun smoke clears.

Elin's left arm covers her face, right arm covering her belly. She is mortified, whimpering. Her face a patchwork of smeared and tear-streaked mascara.

She opens her eyes and looks up. She is standing in the middle of a hemispherical field of thousands of bullets suspended in mid-air around her.

For a few seconds she stands incredulous at the suspended bullets. She looks DOWN at her right hand clutching her belly.

She sees the bullets that were about to hit her in the stomach... at her unborn twins.

Her EYES trail upward, looking through eyebrows bristling with contempt. Anger DILATES her pupils.

Her breathing changes from rapid desperate panting to slow rage. Her face from one of fear to one of vengeance.

Fists clinched, she lets out a scream of unbridled rage toward the lieutenant and the Brotherhood soldiers.

Her supersonic shout blasts everyone down onto the ground. Bullets now riddling everything in front of her.

Her merciless stare finds one of the nearby soldiers. Two large blue beams of laser light pulse from her eyes and strikes directly on a SOLDIER'S chest.

He looks down, patting his chest in panic. He sees no burns, no marks. Nothing.

He smiles. Raises his rifle to Elin. The metallic SMACK of the AK-47's charging handle slams forward.

Elin looks at him. A faint, rippling, translucent tunnel of ionized air now flows between her eyes and his body. An ionized channel trailblazed by the blue laser beams. And ready to conduct electricity.

The air crackles and everyone's hair on their skin starts to rise. Elin's hair starts to rise and wave. A white bolt of lightning crackles from her eyes, streaks through the ionized channel, and zaps the soldier's chest.

It bores two large cauterized holes through the soldier's body. He drops dead.

The other SOLDIERS panic and run for cover.

THROUGH Elin's eyes, the world is saturated in a blue hue. Her gaze finds the running soldiers. Their legs, then torsos, then arms crystallize and turn into stone. Their marble bodies keel over, then shatter to pieces onto the ground.

Red beams shoot out from her eyes, searing everything she looks at. Her red gaze slices across an AK-47 rifle, sets a tree branch ablaze, and explode HUMVEE tires.

From a distance, two brilliant red beams scorch the cliff top landscape. The beams flickering on and off when she blinks.

Electricity arcs from her eye sockets. She gives them all the mercy that they gave her.

None.

From the corner of her eye, a SOLDIER throws a grenade at her. She reaches behind her. Time creeps slowly as a nearby plant behind her weaves itself into a wooden tennis racket-like club in her hands. The vines and branches forming natural strings.

She jumps up to meet the grenade. Her towering figure above SILHOUETTES against the bright sun as she smash-serves the grenade with the make-shift racket.

The grenade zooms toward the soldier. BOOM -- it detonates just as it impacts his body. He careens through the air, lifeless.

She picks up a large rock, throws it at a fleeing SOLDIER, and smashes his helmet into two. He falls down unconscious.

She reaches back again with her right hand and grabs a large rock. She transforms it into a long javelin.

Pissed off, she aims, throws. THUNK -- the granite javelin skewers the clothes of two running SOLDIERS to a large tree.

From the corner of her eye, a distant SOLDIER raises his assault rifle to shoot at her. Fear is in his eyes.

She takes a menacing glance, looks away disgusted, then flicks her finger at him like a woman flicking away a fly.

His body jolts into the air and cart-wheels over the cliff, shoved by some invisible force.

Elin continues her wrath. A roaring Humvee hurtles toward her at full throttle. She thrust-kicks the vehicle with one leg as 360 degrees of slow motion chaos surrounds her.

The front of the Humvee is crushed, wrapped around her foot. Two SOLDIERS are injured, but still alive.

Anger unquenched, her entire body begins to look blurry as she vibrates all of the molecules in her body to unbelievable speeds. Her blurry body WALKS THROUGH the hulking mass of metallic rubble.

She reaches for the driver and tries to hurl him into the nearby rock wall outside. His body never makes it out the vehicle.

As the screaming driver's body leaves her hand, his molecules re-solidify and BLEND INTO the hull of the Humvee metal. Part of his torso now a permanent part of the vehicle. He screams.

Elin continues to walk THROUGH the Humvee.

She looks straight ahead, grabs the petrified soldier in the passenger seat, and shoves him through the dash into the engine compartment. He re-materializes partly lodged into the engine block, pissing his pants.

The sound of rotors are overhead. Elin looks up. Sees a helicopter flying away. It is already a thousand feet in the air and pulling away. Escaping.

She is determined to make them pay too.

Time drags slow as her super-fast reflexes kick in. She focuses-in on the helicopter as she prepares to jump at it.

AN UNDULATING TRANSLUCENT FIELD OF WAVES

Surrounds her as she manipulates gravity around her and distorts light. Her image is distorted, like we are seeing her through a glass block.

Her body uncoils and rockets upward to the fleeing helicopter. She is flying, teeth gritting, fists clenched by her side.

But the helicopter is approaching too quickly. She is flying too fast. She suddenly realizes she can't stop. She panics, loses control, and covers her face with her arm at the moment of impact.

BLACK SCREEN

But there is no sound of impact. Only a high-pitched WHIRLING and the sound of RUSHING air.

FADE IN:

Elin opens her eyes. Blue sky. It is peaceful.

In her hands is the turbine engine of the helicopter, still running. She managed to snatch it as she traversed the helicopter bulkhead like she did the Humvee just moments before.

In a moment of calm lucidity, she realizes she is flying through the air... while hugging a hot turbine engine in her arms... at an incredible height above the ground. Vertigo hits her. A sudden fear of heights slaps her in the face.

EXT. SKY ABOVE KIRIBATI ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

From cloud level, we see a comical silhouette of Elin flying through the air, reach the apex of her ascent, drop the hot turbine engine, and flail as she plummets to the earth below.

Her anger subsides. Replaced by confusion and the nauseating fear of heights. In the background, a smoking engine-less helicopter spirals down to its doom. She is tumbling head-over-heels as she plunges earthward.

EXT. KIRIBATI ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Just as she is about to hit the ground, her descent is arrested. She lands gently back on terra firma. She rubs her belly and smiles.

She sees the Brotherhood headquarters in the distance and runs toward Quintus to save him.

EXT. KHAN'S LAIR - DAY

Elin approaches a door. It is an exterior entrance to the Khan's Lair. Guards are all around. She needs to break in.

The door is locked. She concentrates. Her hand gets blurry as it GOES THROUGH the metal door.

On the other side of the door, a Brotherhood GUARD sees someone's hand THROUGH the metal door, feeling for the door handle.

The guard is freaked out, unsure what protocol to follow.

Elin grabs the door handle from inside and opens the door.

She finds herself face-to-face with the surprised guard.

The guard fumbles for his Makarov pistol, then fires.

Elin instinctively holds up her hands to cover herself. And finds the bullet hanging in mid-air.

Her angry eyes glow blue. Two long solid blue rods of light shoot from her eyes.

They hit the guard like a baseball bat swung by Babe Ruth. The guard is knocked to the wall. Unconscious as he falls.

Elin slinks through the hallways and makes her way to the central hub where Quintus is being tortured.

INT. KHAN'S LAIR - LABORATORY - SAME

Quintus is laying face up, chest bare, strapped to a laboratory table. The articulated arm of a large surgical laser is above him.

A switch FLICKS. A glowing red laser cuts into his sternum.

QUINTUS

Ahhh!

Teeth-clenched, laser goggles on, the Northern Khan is relishing his power over this supposed man-god.

INT. KHAN'S LAIR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Elin hears the terrifying scream. She knows it's Quintus'. She rushes to the door. It's locked.

Desperate, she grabs the handles of the thick steel vault door. CRACK -- she rips it completely off the door. She has unbelievable super strength, but can't control it.

The vault door is still locked.

She slams her fists into the massive steel facade. Pounding dents into it with each smash. Trying to get to Quintus.

Determined, she vibrates all the molecules in her body to ultrahigh frequencies. She looks blurry, like we are seeing her through a block of glass.

She closes her eyes and steps THROUGH the steel door.

INT. KHAN'S LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Elin begins to enter from the other side of the steel door. She opens her eyes. And sees the horrific scene of Quintus getting his chest cut open.

She panics. Loses focus. And materializes with part of her body and right arm still INSIDE the massive steel door.

ELIN
(in pain)
Ughhh!

She focuses and slowly pulls herself free from being a permanent part of the door.

Khan's bodyguards spot her. And let loose a barrage of bullets.

THE TWINS

Recognize the danger their mother is in, and arrest the bullets in mid-air.

THE NORTHERN KHAN

Is stunned that Elin is the cause of all the mayhem. He is distracted, and confused by her powers.

He grabs the laser from the scientist. Jacks up the laser to full power.

NORTHERN KHAN
I will not be denied this. I've
worked too hard to lose it now.

He presses the trigger and cuts into Quintus' chest himself.

ELIN
No!

Her eyes glow white. Giant white electrical arcs shoot from her eyes as she stands. Bolts ZAPPING everything in the room.

Fluorescent tube lights dangle overhead, sparking with electricity.

A bolt finds Khan. Knocks him into the opposite wall. Khan is shaken badly. But, the bio-phasic shield is healing his body.

He staggers back toward Quintus, still on the operating table. His path is cutoff by falling beams from the ceiling.

The room is falling apart all around. Elin reaches Quintus, grabs him, and escapes before the ceiling collapses.

QUINTUS
(dazed, confused)
Elin. What... what's going on?

ELIN
Tell you later.

They make their way out of the collapsing compound and back to rejoin the Darpan who have found them at the last minute.

EXT. OUTDOOR PLAZA - DAY

Quintus and Elin are sitting on the floor, leaning on a wall.

QUINTUS
How did you do that?

ELIN
I don't know. But I think I'm... Oh
Quin, I have something tell you.

QUINTUS
What?

ELIN
(confused, tears in eyes)
I killed them. I didn't mean to. I
just...

Her hands are shaking. Quintus recognizes shock.

ELIN (CONT'D)
They shot me. And..

QUINTUS
I know. I know.
(hugging her)
I'm so sorry I wasn't there.

ELIN
(trying to understand)
I was falling. Then I heard a
voice. Voices. Then I'm floating.
Then bullets. Then the twins got
upset. Then I got upset.

QUINTUS
What?

ELIN
I got upset.

QUINTUS
No. Twins?

ELIN
They tried to kill our twins. Then
I got royally pissed.

QUINTUS
Twins?

ELIN
(sobs, nodding her head)
I'm...
(touches belly, sad)
But I killed people, Quin. What
kind of a person, mother am I going
to be?

QUINTUS
(consoling, confused)
A protective one. You did nothing
wrong. You're safe now.
(rubs her belly, proud)
You're all safe.

EXT. OUTDOOR COURTYARD - DAY

Quintus talks to the Darpan gathered. They are preparing to
assault Khan's lair.

QUINTUS
(to Elder #1)
Lead the assault. I'll take care of
the Khan.

Quintus leaves the throng. Walks to Elin to say goodbye.

ELIN
He has your shield now. He's even
more dangerous.

QUINTUS
I won't let my guard down again.

Quintus rubs his chest. It's aching strangely.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
Something weird happened when Khan
was attacking me. I stopped a net
in mid-air. Like, I was touching
it, feeling it. Like waves in a
pool.

ELIN

I felt the same thing when I lost
control and started... killing
people --

Quintus grabs her and kisses her.

QUINTUS

You were protecting yourself.
(rubs her belly)
And our family. And I need to
finish it.

He kisses her deeply, then joins the other warriors in
preparing for the assault.

EXT. OPEN PAVILION - DAY

A small band of Darpan warriors approach from a distance.
They are jogging, in-step. Like a military formation.

The Brotherhood are positioned behind vehicles and
barricades. Waiting for the approaching Darpan.

The Darpan are in three teams, each arranged in a 2x2
formation. At the front of each formation are the elders.
Vikrant is among them. The elder of the 2x2 squad in the
middle is leading the entire formation.

The Darpan formation slackens its pace to a steady march.

ELDER #1

(in a loud command voice)
Formation. Close.

FORMATION

Hah, Huh!

The formation tightens. Each an arm's length from one
another. Translucent bio-phasic shields converging,
reinforcing, strengthening.

The Brotherhood snicker at the audacity of the rag-tag and
out-manned, out-gunned group.

NORTHERN LIEUTENANT

(surveying the formations)
Ready! Wait for it!
(quietly to himself)
Fish in a barrel.

The Darpan brace.

NORTHERN LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

Fire!

The deafening drone of two M134 Gatling miniguns RIPS through the air. Spitting out 7.62mm bullets at 6,000 rpm.

OVER THE SHOULDER

Of a GUNNER, glowing tracer rounds draw-out the path of the bullets like a curving yellow laser pointer.

The Darpan shields exponentially reinforce each other. They stop the storm of bullets a good distance from the squads. Each shield's GLOWING power meter PULSES up and down. Instantly recharging each other after every bullet impact.

A wall of copper and lead bullets hangs suspended in mid-air between the squads. The Darpan just march past them and continue on.

NORTHERN LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

Damn it! Rockers! Up front.

A Brotherhood heavy weapons TEAM rushes to the front by the barricades.

NORTHERN LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

(to the team lead)

RPGs. Then grenades. Light 'em up.

Two SOLDIERS unsling RPG-7 launchers from their shoulders. Two others ready their grenade launchers.

ELDER #1

(in commanding voice)

RPGs inbound. Support. Positions.

FORMATION

Hah, Huh!

The two Darpan warriors in the second row of each of the formations lean forward. They dig their shoulders into the backs of their respective front row of men. Rear legs obviously bracing for some sort of impact.

THROUGH THE CROSS HAIRS

Of an RPG sight, a Brotherhood soldier targets the elder leading the entire Darpan squad. SWOOSH -- two RPGs scream toward the formation.

The rockets are stopped in mid-air by the bio-phasic shields. BOOM -- they detonate.

THE HYPERSONIC COPPER JETS

Are stopped in mid-air by the reinforced repulsive power of many shields working together.

But the concussive shock wave from the detonation still gets through. The force bulldozing forward like a dense supersonic wall of air.

The shock waves slam into the front line of men. The force crushing their bodies like smashing flat into water from a 30 meter high dive.

A LOUD HIGH PITCHED SOUND

Muffles their senses.

The elders are dazed. Staggering in place. Ears and noses bleeding. Bones broken.

The high pitched sound dissipates quickly. Their bodies begin to heal immediately.

The shields are working!

Their nose-bleeds stop and their bones begin to CRACK back into place.

ELDER #1
(struggling to speak)
Front line. Down.

All the elders take a knee.

ELDER #1 (CONT'D)
Second line. Draw.

The second line of Darpan remain standing and unsling their recurved bows from their shoulders. They nock an arrow on their bow and hold their aim.

The space between the Brotherhood and Darpan is smoke-filled from the RPG detonations. The smoke slowly clears to reveal...

A GROUP OF ARCHERS

Pointing drawn arrows at the Brotherhood soldiers.

The Northern Lieutenant hesitates. In disbelief that the Darpan are still there standing.

ELDER #1 (CONT'D)
Loose!

ARROWS FLY

And find their marks. Brotherhood soldiers drop one by one. Darpan warriors reload quickly and fire again and again.

The weapons team grenade launchers get behind cover. They fire off several grenades from their Milkor six-shot 40mm grenade launcher at the Darpan squad of elders and archers.

The blast waves from the grenade launcher rounds are not as powerful as the RPGs. But they still do damage.

The blast waves knock several elders and archers down. They get up, re-form, and return to their support position formations.

TWO ARROWS FLY OUT

From the post-explosion smoke and take out the two grenadiers.

TWO FLAMETHROWERS

Enter the fight. They charge the Darpan squad. And are met with two arrows slicing their fuel lines.

SPRAYS OF FUEL

Squirt out from their shoulders and meet the open flame. The soldiers catch fire. Flailing wildly as they run off to die someplace away from the fight.

The first elder's kukri blade is splashed with gas. A nearby spark ignites it into a fiery blade. The elder shakes the blade to put it out, but it continues to flame.

ELDER #1 (CONT'D)
Formation. Attack positions.

The formation re-groups, now two arms' length apart.

ELDER #1 (CONT'D)
Draw weapons.

Unsheathing kukri swords sing in steely unison.

ELDER #1 (CONT'D)
(flaming kukri raised
above head)
Strength in numbers!

The battle cry takes hold.

FORMATION
Strength in numbers!

The formation begins to walk, then quickens pace, then charges at full speed. Trusting their bio-phasic shields.

They cut a path through the Brotherhood lines, find the lieutenant, and kill him.

INT. BROTHERHOOD HEADQUARTERS - ARMORY - SAME

Quintus stalks the Khan to his armory. Exotic weaponry is stacked in racks. The stolen phasic shield at Khan's side.

Khan grabs a black carbon rifle. Aims it at Quintus.

QUINTUS
A rifle? Do you ever learn?

Khan fires. But instead of bullets,

GREEN LASER PULSES

Sear into Quintus chain mailed body. His armor begins to melt in the spots where the rapid-fire laser pulses hit.

NORTHERN KHAN
Yes I do.

Quintus is in pain. Metal melting, burning into his skin. His skin trying to heal as fast as it can.

Quintus weaves and dodges, avoiding the laser. His movements are fast, fluid, supernatural.

Khan ducks into a door at the back of the armory.

Quintus pursues. He kicks the door in. And is met by Khan, arms out to Quintus, pointing two cup-looking antennas in each hand. SLAM -- SLAM -- a volley of invisible sonic punches knocks him off his feet.

Khan slaps his wrists together. A larger black parabolic antenna forms between his hands. THWOB -- a sonic boom blasts from the parabolic antenna, knocking Quintus into the back wall. Chunks of chain mail missing from his chest.

Quintus dives and weaves, avoids Khan's attacks, and finally grabs him by the throat.

Quintus is about to squeeze Khan's larynx, when Khan pushes a small remote button.

Quintus erupts into painful convulsions. He drops to the floor. Screaming. In excruciating pain.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
That's 50,000 volts at 5 amps
inside your body. Frying you from
the inside.

Quintus is given enough electricity to instantly drop an elephant.

He presses the button again. Quintus' body jerks violently on the floor.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
I put a tracker and electrodes
inside to find you. Didn't think
I'd be using it so soon.

He presses again.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
(sadistic)
I'll rip that heart from your
carcass after all. Insect.

Quintus can't focus -- can't think --

His insides are literally frying from the intense electrical current coursing through his body.

His body twitches, near death.

But his body recovers on its own.

He takes a deep breath as if recovering from a deep dive in water.

Khan is surprised. He delivers another powerful jolt of electricity.

Quintus again rattles in agony, nearing death.

NORTHERN KHAN (CONT'D)
After I take yours, I'm going to
take hers and see what makes it
tick.

Khan sees his opportunity, and drives a phenolic knife into Quintus' exposed chest.

Quintus suddenly jolts awake.

Desperate and feeble, he struggles to raise his right hand and LAUNCHES Khan with his hand. Without touching him.

Khan's body rockets to the ceiling. Some unknown force shoving it away.

Khan goes through the ceiling, smashing into the rafters above.

Khan's body begins to fall directly on top of Quintus. Quintus raises his feeble arms to break Khan's fall.

But Khan's falling body suddenly lurches. As if something has gotten a hold of it. Like it's connected to Quintus' hands.

Quintus waves his arms. Khan is thrown sideways, slamming into the wall.

Quintus slowly recovers. Disoriented from the electrocution. Astounded by what he saw -- what he did.

Khan recovers. He picks up an RPG-7 laying nearby. He aims at Quintus and fires.

The warhead screams toward Quintus.

Quintus braces. Blood vessels popping out of his forehead, temples. He raises his left hand.

QUINTUS

Enough.

The RPG warhead detonates.

THE COPPER JET

Shoots out in bullet time.

Quintus feels it instantaneously. Somehow connects with it.

The more energy, the more mass. Like Einstein's famous equation. And the more mass --

The more gravitons.

Quintus now feels everything. Everything giving off gravitons and gravity waves like rocks and boulders dropped into a still lake.

And he can manipulate it. Even the incoming copper jet.

Quintus flicks his wrist. The copper jet nudges to the right. It easily slips past Quintus, hitting the wall behind him.

Khan stares unbelieving. Staggering backward in fear. He picks up an AK-47.

Quintus begins a steady menacing march toward Khan, his body healing.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
Science is an amazing thing. By
knowing the crystalline structure
of metals, I can change it.

Quintus waves his left hand. The assault rifle barrel goes limp and droops into a crowbar shape.

Khan throws it down, confused, scared.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
It can help you feel and manipulate
gravitons and gravity waves.

Quintus waves his right index finger. A heavy oak desk in his path jolts violently and flies across the room into a wall.

Khan un-holsters a Makarov pistol from his hip and fires.

Quintus holds out his hand.

The Makarov bullets stop mid-flight and shoot right back at Khan.

A TRANSLUCENT RED HEMISPHERE

Flickers as the stolen phasic shield protects Khan.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
You don't deserve that.

Quintus raises his right hand. The bio-phasic shield flies off from Khan's hip.

Quintus makes it float in mid-air. He squeezes his right hand. The bio-phasic shield talisman is instantly crushed to a metallic pulp.

The translucent red hue of the phasic shield flickers, then disappears.

Khan reaches for the electrode remote button to electrocute Quintus.

Quintus waves a finger and the electrode remote is dashed to pieces against a nearby wall.

Khan's body begins to rise off the ground as Quintus approaches him. Arms and legs flailing 10 feet off the ground as if he's being grabbed and hoisted up from the throat by some invisible rope.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

And science can teach you about human biology. Did you know that your body has about five grams of iron, most of it in your hemoglobin. You know, that stuff that transports oxygen throughout your body?

Quintus closes his eyes momentarily. Takes a deep breath. And exhales.

Quintus lets go of his invisible hold. Khan's body THUDS to the ground.

Khan starts to get up but his body quickly erupts into massive twitches and convulsions. He falls to his knees, laboring through a mysterious excruciating pain all over his body.

Bent over, he finally dry heaves and spits out a small, bloody five-gram IRON PELLET about the size of a large pea. It lands on the metallic floor with a dull CLANG.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

You're looking at five grams of iron. Ripped from every blood cell in your body.

Khan stares at the bloody iron pellet. He begins to gasp, sucking in oxygen-rich air. But it's no use. Realization and panic sets in his EYES.

Quintus turns his back to Khan.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

(over his shoulder)

Now you die a slow and unceremonious death.

Quintus walks away and exits through a door.

EXT. OUTDOOR PLAZA - DAY

Time crawls as Khan stumbles out from a door into the plaza. Everything is burning. Destruction all around. The Darpan are mopping up the last of the Brotherhood fighters. Bio-phasic shields twitching in multi-colors in the background.

Khan sporadically gasps for air. Slowly suffocating with no iron to transport oxygen from his lungs to his brain, body.

He manages to crawl to the middle of the street. Then drops dead.

EXT. PAVILION - DAY

Quintus and Elin reunite.

ELIN
You alright?

QUINTUS
The Khans are dead. It's over. But,
I need one last favor.

EXT. PAVILLION - LATER

Quintus is holding Elin's hand. She looks nervous.

QUINTUS
I trust you. Just reach in and take
it out. You can do it.

Elin is reluctant. She takes a deep breath, then concentrates. The molecules of her right hand begin to vibrate at incredible speeds. Her hand looks like a blur.

She reaches THROUGH Quintus' chest. He can feel Elin removing the electrodes like Velcro being pulled off from his heart and organs. He winces in pain.

Her hand emerges from his chest cavity with a handful of electrodes. Leads zapping as they touch each other.

She throws it on the ground and hugs Quintus.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
(relieved)
That's two I owe you.

They kiss.

INT. QUINTUS AND ELIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elin is laying in bed, sleeping on Quintus' chest. Her eyeballs are moving. She is in REM sleep. Dreaming.

INT. FUTURISTIC ORBITING SPACEPORT - NIGHT (DREAM)

Two teenagers, a boy and a girl, are talking to each other. The girl is THAEORA and the boy is her brother, EQUADOR.

THAEORA
Eeq, where's dad?

EQUADOR
(looking over shoulder)
He's coming. This is the last ship,
you know. We need to get on board
like, yesterday.

From over Thaeora's shoulder, Quintus approaches from a distance. He meets and hugs them.

They all look around at a view of the Earth beneath them. They are on a giant space station high above the Earth.

THAEORA
Can't believe we're leaving. How
can anywhere else be home. Will we
ever come back, dad.

QUINTUS
I don't know, princess. I don't
know.

They see other ships blasting off from other orbiting space stations in the distance. Their ship is docked to a station.

Emblazoned on the side of the ship are huge white letters that read: "The ELIN. Year of Manufacture: 2530. HIPERDRYVE CORP."

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
This is the last ship to leave.
(looks around at empty
black space above)
It'll be here soon. I wish your
mother was here.

INT. QUINTUS AND ELIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Elin is crying in her sleep, TEARS running down her face.

INT. FUTURISTIC ORBITING SPACEPORT - NIGHT (DREAM)

The clacking of HEELS echoes off the FLOOR in the antechamber of the docking bay. Two long black leather boots frame a view of Quintus.

A woman approaches them, the back of her long blonde hair flowing with each step. She stops in front of them. They all smile at her.

The twins hug her. Quintus kisses her.

THAEORA

Glad you could make it. We're already 114.7 parsecs behind the penultimate ship.

The woman kissing Quintus tosses her hair. We see her face. It's Elin. She hasn't aged a day.

ELIN

(smiling at Thaeora)
Get inside smart butt.

EQUADOR

(sarcastic, mocking)
"We're already 114.7 parsecs behind the second-to-the-last ship."
Seriously, Thae.

THAEORA

(taunting)
Well at least I use my brain,
E.Q.... who has no I.Q.

The elevator shaft door closes. It ascends to the ship above.

The image of the ship is shimmering, rippling like it's being looked at through a vertical and circular watery surface.

INT. QUINTUS AND ELIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (DREAM)

Toddlers Thaeora and Equador are in the living room, standing in front of Quintus and Elin. Their arms and feet are touching, forming a small circle.

Between them is a vertical and circular watery surface. A spaceship is shimmering, rippling in the watery event horizon of the time portal.

Quintus and Elin are kneeling on the floor, looking at each other in amazement. Elin is crying, hand at her mouth.

ELIN

(to the twins)
Wha... What is that? Is that real,
honey?

THAEORA

Yes, mommy. It's real. But, it's a long time from now.

ELIN

But, is that really me? I mean... or is it some kind of... robot... of me?

THAEORA

No, silly. That's you. You were dying, mommy, so Equador and I fixed you so you'll always be with us.

ELIN

(in tears)

Come here you two.

The twins break their circle and the silvery event horizon dissipates into thin air. They hug their mom. Quintus joins the group hug.

INT. QUINTUS AND ELIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Quintus and Elin awake together. Quintus wipes Elin's tears.

ELIN

I just had an incredible dream --

QUINTUS

I saw it. Twins, spaceship, the future.

ELIN

Is it real, Quin?

QUINTUS

I don't know.

(rubbing her belly)

But there's hope. There's always hope.

They lay back down. Elin closes her eyes, trying to go back to sleep, remnants of tears still on her cheeks. There is a tiny, hopeful smile on her face.

A gentle breeze tousles the curtains as Elin lays on Quintus' chest. The breeze floats toward the window overlooking the city lights below.

INT. COLLEGE CAMPUS POLICE BUILDING - NIGHT

A young, beautiful college STUDENT is talking to the CAMPUS POLICE.

CAMPUS POLICE
Ready to walk to your car?

YOUNG WOMAN
Are you?

She shakes her smartphone at the campus policeman.

CAMPUS POLICE
Oh. Almost forgot.

He gets out his smartphone, selects the "STRINGTH" smartphone app, then presses a big red "Activate" button. He puts the phone back in his pocket as they head out the door.

CAMPUS POLICE (CONT'D)
Can never be too careful.

EXT. COLLEGE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The woman and campus policeman walk along a grassy passage between two university buildings. They are accosted by a THUG wearing a superhero mask.

THUG
(pointing a gun)
Well, well. A rent-a-cop with a badge and a... Ooooh, what's that? A night stick?!
(to the young woman)
And what have we got here?

CAMPUS POLICE
Get the hell outta the way, dumb-ass or I'm gonna beat the hell outta you!

THUG
Well, this gun says different. You gimme your wallet or I'm gonna take what she has. And I ain't just talkin' bout only what's in her purse, neither.

The woman looks at the cop. The cop looks at the woman. He takes out his billy club. She takes out her pepper spray.

They stalk toward the thug.

THUG (CONT'D)
Are you stupid?! Stay right there!

The policeman and woman press on.

THUG (CONT'D)
I said stop right there or I'll cap
your ass!

The thug backs up. Into a tree branch. BANG -- the gun goes off accidentally, thundering into the cold night air.

The woman and policeman duck. They look up and see a bullet suspended in mid-air. Scowls of anger across their brows.

They charge the thug, pepper spray his face, and beat him to a pulp with the night stick.

They start to walk away. The thug is HANDCUFFED to a metal railing, mask off, bruised and snot-faced from the pepper spray. In the distance, the campus policeman escorts the young woman to her car.

ELIN (V.O.)
The world is a better place. When
we change, the world changes with
us.

We rise above the university parking lot. Above the campus and the city. A distant siren wails, then a crash. From a distance, POLICE pursue a MAN on foot. The man turns around and shoots. Translucent cyan shields flicker around the cops.

We travel further back and see the city light, then the many cities in the United States dotting the nighttime map of the country.

We streak past a satellite as its spherical phasic shield twitches green, protecting it from meteorite impacts.

ELIN (V.O.)
But it takes more than brainpower
to change the world. It takes
passion. It takes intuition. It
takes heart.

We pan back further and see planets, stars, galaxies, then billions of galaxies. Arranged in fractal patterns. Then we pull back faster and further until all begins to turn into pitch blackness.

ELIN (V.O.)
Your heart is the seat of faith, of
devotion, of loyalty. Of power.
(MORE)

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

A power that can not only replace
an infinite sorrow with love, but
also bring hope to where there was
once none.

Then we see billions of galaxies clustered around a central
nucleus.

Like a bright atom. In a dark universe.

ELIN (V.O.)

It can defy the laws of nature,
bend the will of a titan, and shape
the destiny of changers.

We snap right back at super warp speed, back to Earth, back
to two embryos inside Elin. Their rapid HEARTBEATS fill the
silence. They are moving. Touching their hands and feet.
Forming a circle. Then a silvery shimmer --

ELIN (V.O.)

Your heart is your most powerful
tool.

FADE OUT.

THE END.