

# OPERATION METALBEAST

written

by

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FADE IN:

**EXT. CORN FIELD -- NIGHT**

The mist separates to reveal a broken-down farmhouse.

Moving through the night mist -- heavy bestial breathing -- horse nostrils shoot forward.

Hoofs clomp along pulling a tiller through dirt. Guttural growling.

BLUR OF CLAWED HANDS

guide the tiller down field.

Haunted crow coughs in the meadow, its partner answers.

EYES IN A MONSTROUS HEAD

spring forward.

FIFTEEN INCH KNIFE BLADE

slashes through midair again and again. A trail of blood follows it, a splash here, a splash there.

VICTOR TOOMS (24)

clenched teeth, vicious eyes, swings his blade and fires a blast of multicolored, air-rippling waves from his Neurowave weapon -- fifty years ahead of our tech.

CLAWED HAND SMACKS VICTOR

upside the head.

He stumbles forward, kisses ground. Unconscious.

BESTIAL BLUR RACES BY ON TWO LEGS

charges ANDY CUSHMAN (24).

Andy fires his Neurowave at the BESTIAL BLUR -- air-rippling waves hit the creature in the shoulder, stun it for a second -- but it keeps coming.

CLAWED HAND

reaches out for Andy.

MACHETE swings down, lops off the clawed hand.

Machete swings across, and a severed werewolf head tumbles through midair.

Andy turns around, eyes search, left, right. He moves through the mist, makes the haunted coughing of a crow...no answer.

Victor lies face down in the field.

Bloody hand inches toward Victor from behind... Tugs a handful of Victor's shirt.

ANDY

Vic, you, you okay?

Victor turns his head toward Andy.

Andy is out of focus.

VICTOR

Andy, I can't see you.

GROWLS coming closer.

Andy looks in the direction of the growls and picks Victor up, puts him over his shoulder.

Andy pulls his Neurowave weapon. GROWLS get louder.

CONCUSSIVE BLASTS of helicopter prop-wash overhead. Andy runs through the mist, carrying Victor towards the helicopter. Growls chase them.

GUTTURAL GROWLS surround them, Andrew fires his Neurowave at the growls.

MAN'S VOICE

Let's get you guys the hell out of here.

Helicopter prop-wash gets louder and louder -- lift off.

**EXT. PARK -- DAY**

A CAR with U.S. government plates pulls into a parking space. The rear door opens and

RAYMOND MILLER (50's)

steps out. He saunters forward in a black suit, white hair slicked back. A MAN in a suit opens the passenger front door, Miller motions with his hand for him to stay put.

Miller takes a bite of Snickers bar, smiles with a sigh...

Walks across the grass toward a WOMAN on a swing, going very high, back and forth, laughing.

DOCTOR TAMRA KARSAVINA (37)

sweet faced yet all business, slows the swing to a stop and slides off.

She meets Miller, kissing him on each cheek. They walk, Tamra speaks with a Russian accent.

TAMRA

Looking more like a fashionable undertaker than a government man, Raymond, can't say I like your style.

MILLER

Can't tell a book by the cover, can you my dear?

TAMRA

And there's a bit of treason in all of us, right Raymond?

MILLER

Wouldn't know, Doctor Karsavina, I'm a scientist not a g-o-v man.

TAMRA

You sure fooled me.

MILLER

Then remember who got political asylum for whom, and quit while you're ahead.

TAMRA

I know, I know, I owe you big time.

MILLER

Then show me what you can do with your psychotronic mumbo jumbo.

TAMRA

Andy Cushman is fine.

MILLER

Terrific! I already knew that.

TAMRA

I'm not sure about Victor Tooms.

MILLER

Is Victor ready to work, or what?

TAMRA

What kind of work?

MILLER

The none of your business kind...

TAMRA

You must tell me everything if I'm going to cure him.

Miller's lips part into a contorted, mirthless smile.

MILLER

There's nothing to tell, he fell on the job, went unconscious.

TAMRA

His concussion has caused unusual brain damage.

MILLER

Really? Is that what sent you to Doctor Bliss for help, your inability to help Victor's condition?

TAMRA

You might be in for a chilling lesson in technology gone wrong if you push Victor.

Miller hands her a Snicker bar.

MILLER

Don't worry about Victor or Andrew, I've sent them to rehab in a sunny climate.

Miller walks up to his car, he's on his cell phone.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Don't leave until we talk. I'm on my way.

**EXT. HOTEL -- DAY**

Miller's car rolls up in front of a small hotel, Miller steps out.

DOCTOR MALACHI BLISS (50s) brusque, limps toward a waiting car. He holds a case with a Bio Hazard insignia on the side.

MILLER

What are you trying to do, Doctor Bliss, blow this thing wide open?

BLISS

I'm in the dark here.

MILLER

You implanted our technology into Victor Tooms without my permission.

BLISS

Tamra was very persuasive. She said it was her call and you didn't micromanage her.

MILLER

Doctor Karsavina seems a bit too eager.

BLISS

Beware of Russians with ulterior motives.

MILLER

I'm sending Tooms and Kushman to Azerbaijan to capture Movlamov.

BLISS

I need to harvest umbilical stem cells from his pregnant wife not him.

MILLER

They'll get what you need and when they're done integrate them into the program since we're running low on guinea pigs.

BLISS

Think God will forgive us for what we've done?

MILLER

It's a bit late to worry about what God thinks.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS — LATE AFTERNOON**

MOUNTAIN PEAKS

SHEER CLIFFS

ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN RANGE cannon fire echoes.

SUPER: SOUTH CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - AZERBAIJAN

DECIDUOUS FOREST

ROAD

dark and foggy winds through the valley.

SMOKE billows in the distance.

Headlights break through the fog. Automatic weapon fire near and far.

TRUCK

pocked with bullet holes, shrouded by dirty canvas flapping in the wind, rolls down a narrow forest road.

**INT. TRUCK MOVING - CARGO HOLD -- LATE AFTERNOON**

In the dim light of the canvas covered cargo hold, two men in silhouette sit opposite each other.

One man turns a flashlight beam on and shines it on a rubber map.

VICTOR TOOMS

follows a trail on the map with his finger.

Victor looks boyish, playing dress-up in a tunic, baggy pants, a sheepskin coat and a flat turban. Holstered at his side is a Neurowave weapon.

ANDY CUSHMAN

reaches into his tunic and pulls out a pocket-size bible, flips the pages open to a

PHOTOGRAPH OF A YOUNG WOMAN HUGGING A BABY DRESSED IN PINK.

Tears a blank page from the back of the bible and lays it on the cover. Takes a pen out of his tunic and writes.

ANDY (V.O.)

Dearest Chloe, you're the jewel of my life. Listen to your mother, she's the best of me. Stay sweet--

HAND yanks the bible from Andy's grasp.

Victor tosses the bible back, scans the torn page.

VICTOR

Carry nothing that identifies our country of origin... What don't you get about that?

Andy, serious eyes, holds his hand out. He's dressed the same as Victor, a Neurowave weapon holstered across his chest.

ANDY

You have no--

VICTOR

--Dearest Chloe? She can't even read yet.

ANDY

Hand it over, Victor.

VICTOR

Uh-uh. There's nothing in here you  
can't tell her when we get home...

Fingers crush the note into a ball. Victor fires it at  
Andy. Andy catches it one-handed.

ANDY

(discontented)

If we make it home.

Andy unfolds the note and slides it into his bible.

VICTOR

Yeah, another armpit of the universe  
and we're rollin' in like  
antiperspirant.

Victor folds the rubber map. Lifts his pant leg exposing  
a hunting knife in a scabbard, slides the map behind the  
knife.

ANDY

We've gone mean, Vic.

VICTOR

Happens when you stare down death  
and win.

ANDY

Can't go home without my humanity.

VICTOR

Then you better find it, quick.

ANDY

I'll be okay.

Victor pulls a GREEN, CLOTH, SCAPULAR MEDAL out of his  
pocket, it hangs from a green cord. Victor hands it to  
Andy.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I gave this to you.

VICTOR

Not interested any longer.

Andy crosses himself with the Scapular medal.

ANDY

I believe in God's protection.



VICTOR  
 Good for you.

Andy kisses the scapular medal, drops the cord over his head.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - ROAD -- LATE AFTERNOON**

TRUCK turns off the road onto a narrow trail, overgrown by trees, and disappears into the dark forest.

**INT. TRUCK MOVING - CARGO HOLD**

Andy grabs the rear flap of canvas and looks outside.

Trees are surrounded by sheer cliffs and mountain peaks.

ANDY (O.S.)  
 What kind of creatures live up here,  
 anyway?

VICTOR  
 Kind that lives longer than anywhere  
 else. They don't have family trees,  
 they have family forests.

ANDY  
 Figures they'd live in a godforsaken  
 war zone.

VICTOR  
 They're used to it, they've been  
 here hundreds of years.

Victor gives him an endearing squeeze around the neck.  
 GEARS DOWNSHIFT and the truck slows to a stop.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 Shall we?

ANDY  
 Does Pinocchio have wooden balls?

Victor and Andy jump from beneath the rear canvas flap of the truck. Automatic weapon fire near and far.

They hustle down a trail, disappear into the dark woods.

MURMURING of VOICES and CRIES ride a breeze through the forest.

VICTOR

turns around, eyes race from side to side.

VICTOR  
You hear that?

ANDY  
What?

VICTOR  
Voices. Cries.

Andy shakes his head.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST — SUNSET**

Night creeps down darkening the trees that form a panoramic view. Limbs move in the breeze, casting shadows within the shadows, shifting shapes of darkness.

Victor and Andy creep in with the night, moving like wraiths through the darkness.

FEMALE EYES

watch them from the bush.

Victor and Andy look down on a

REBEL GUERRILLA CAMP

Fire in garbage cans light the area. TWO ARMED GUARDS stand outside the door to a small house.

On the perimeter another FOUR GUARDS patrol.

Victor and Andy move down the hill.

Behind them, the LONG DOUBLE BARREL OF A MAGNUM SHOTGUN spreads the bushes.

**EXT. REBEL CAMP — NIGHT**

Andy fires his Neurowave, four guards hit ground.

Victor fires his Neurowave, two guards at the house lie on the ground.

Victor and Andy step toward the door of the small house.

**INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT**

The door opens. Lamp flame lights the one room house.

MIRZAHAN MOVLAMOV (42)

husky, bald, sits behind a desk rifling through a paper mess.

Muzzles of two Neurowave guns move toward Movlamov. He looks up.

MOVLAMOV  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 Nice weapons! They look like they  
 could do the job on my Russian  
 enemies.

Movlamov's hand inches across the table toward the barrel of a .45 sticking out from under papers.

MOVLAMOV (CONT'D)  
 Can I buy a thousand?

VICTOR  
 Up.

Movlamov's serious face turns to a grin. He stands, extends his arms.

MOVLAMOV  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 Good evening, gentleman, what a pig  
 I am. Colonel Mirzahan Movlamov at  
 your service. Are you lost?

ANDY  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 Bliss sent us.

Movlamov cups his face with both hands, sobs.

MOVLAMOV  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 I'm sick, you must help me. I can't  
 go back there.

ANDY  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 Hands out.

MOVLAMOV  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 But of course. No trouble.

Andy cuffs Movlamov's hands behind him with a pair of thick iron handcuffs.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - TRAIL — NIGHT**

Andy leads Movlamov and Victor through the forest.

Female eyes follow them --

She carries a double barrel, magnum shotgun.

Andy points the flashlight beam down a trail where the truck is parked. He whistles. No response.

Walks to the front of the truck, the driver's side door is open.

Driver is not behind the wheel.

BUSHES RUSTLE

Andy looks around.

Victor pulls his Neurowave weapon.

Truck hood is up.

Andy looks under the hood.

Driver's dead body lies across the engine, all the wires have been ripped out.

ANDY

Tighten your laces, Vic, it'll be a long night.

MOVLAMOV

(in English)

Something wrong comrades?

Victor jabs his Neurowave pistol into Movlamov's back.

Movlamov's smile turns to a frown.

VICTOR

Move it.

They walk past the front of the truck.

Victor sees the dead driver's throat is ripped out.

Movlamov turns to face Victor, starts with a laugh --

MOVLAMOV

(in English)

Welcome, my friends, the forest is full of death.

Movlamov's snaps the metal handcuffs apart.

MOVLAMOV (CONT'D)

(in English, guttural)

You'll never find my family.

POINTY TEETH from ear to ear charge Victor. A GUTTURAL LAUGH.

BEDISA VANTSA (50's)

athletic, striking, steps from the bush carrying a shotgun with a long double barrel.

BEDISA

Vokulaku.

BLUR OF BEAST

turns and rushes her.

BLAST like a cannon shot -- shreds the beast's body.

It staggers backward, gasping for air, holding it's throat.

BLAST blows the beast's head to pieces.

Bedisa pulls a Makarov Automatic pistol from behind her, fires --

Cuts the beast in half at the waist.

BEDISA

reloads her shotgun.

Andy aims his weapon at her.

ANDY

What the? Who are?

Double barrel points toward Andy.

ANDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

Bedisa speaks English with a thick accent.

BEDISA

Vokulaku.

Bedisa aims the shotgun at Victor.

BEDISA (CONT'D)

It bite you?

VICTOR

Uh-uh.

BEDISA

Come closer.

Victor steps up. Bedisa looks him over, rips open his coat.

She heads into the forest.

ANDY  
Hey, wait a--

BEDISA  
--You smart, you follow.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - FARM -- LATER**

Cows MOO, horses NEIGH and WHINNY in the barn. Bedisa steps past the barn. Andy and Victor follow.

Goats wander in a pen. Across the courtyard chickens peck and CLUCK.

Bedisa enters a farm house.

ANDY  
We trust her?

VICTOR  
Not for a second.

**INT. FARMHOUSE -- NIGHT**

Fire in the hearth. Bedisa tosses a log on the fire.

On the mantle, over the hearth, there's a framed photograph of a proud Bedisa (25) in a Russian army uniform.

Another framed photo shows Bedisa (40) smiling and holding hands with a MAN (40) and a BOY (10), in Red Square, Moscow.

Victor, Andy, and Bedisa sit around a table. The remnants of a meal eaten before them: plates with chicken bones, bread, and empty bottles of vodka.

Bedisa brings a bottle of vodka to the table.

BEDISA  
After fall of Soviet Union, people  
angry. Search for former Soviet...

She smiles.

BEDISA (CONT'D)  
Best for me to leave Moscow. Never  
return.

ANDY  
You live here alone?

Bedisa downs her vodka, pours three more.

BEDISA

Life in mountains good. Last winter  
husband and son take goats to town,  
only son return. When he asleep, I  
kill. Bite from Vokulaku, no cure.

They clink their glasses together and down their vodkas.

BEDISA (CONT'D)

No more goat for Vokulaku clan, only  
shotgun.

**EXT. HEALTH CLUB -- DAY**

CAR with U.S. government license plates rolls to a stop.

The rear door opens and

MILLER

exits. Walks into the club. Takes a bite of a Snicker  
bar, smiles with a sigh.

**INT. CLUB - RACQUETBALL COURT -- DAY**

LONG FEMALE LEGS run the court, her racquet swings forward  
a foot over the floor, lowers the boom on a kill shot a  
quarter inch off the front wall.

U.S. SENATOR OLYMPIA JOHNSON (46) athletic body, pinched-  
face, caroms a racquetball off a three-walled racquetball  
court with a glass entrance

TWO MEN in suits stand outside the glass door. Miller  
walks onto the court dressed like he's a serious player.

She tosses the racquetball to him.

MILLER

So nice to see you again, Olympia.

She takes position on the court to his left.

SENATOR JOHNSON

Save the shit-eating grin for someone  
else, Raymond.

Miller sniffs the air --

MILLER

What's that I smell, Senator, eau de  
wimp?

Miller serves the ball against the front wall, Senator  
Johnson hits it up high on the wall.

Miller hits the ball into the front wall, off the side wall, and into the back wall where the ball falls along the other side wall.

Senator slams the ball past Miller...

SENATOR JOHNSON  
Your actions are irresponsible  
regarding your latest breach.

MILLER  
(chuckles)  
If I didn't know better, I'd swear  
somebody was pulling rank.

SENATOR JOHNSON  
Somebody is.

Miller slams a serve at the Senator, it hits the back wall.

SENATOR JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Foul. Try again.

MILLER  
So, you're not on my side any more?

Miller walks to the serve line, bounces the racquetball a few times...smashes it forward.

It bounces into a corner and Olympia hits the ball into Miller's butt.

SENATOR JOHNSON  
Hinder.

MILLER  
Hinder! I wasn't in front of you,  
you hit me on purpose!

SENATOR JOHNSON  
The committee wants to see  
technologies that have potential,  
not fringe science.

MILLER  
Are you kidding? Every medical  
accomplishment in history started  
out as fringe science.

Miller slams a low ball serve at her and her racquet smacks it into a kill-shot low on the front wall.

Senator breathes easily.

SENATOR JOHNSON  
Doesn't worry you?



SENATOR JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
An army of programmed gadgets, inside  
us, communicating with each other!  
Transforming cells into who knows  
what!

MILLER  
It's the future of medicine. The  
future of mankind.

SENATOR JOHNSON  
Creeps me out.

Senator walks to the service line.

MILLER  
I look for ways to fix the nastiness  
of war on our wounded men and women,  
there are no boundaries.

Senator turns on him.

SENATOR JOHNSON  
Yes, I know. "Halt! Frontier ahead"  
means nothing to you.

MILLER  
Regenerative medicine scares the  
risk-averse. Who knows? Will altered  
stem cells grow new anatomical parts,  
or cause adverse effects in humans?

SENATOR JOHNSON  
Raymond, without truth we're lost.

MILLER  
Truth, like fear, is often just an  
illusion.

He towels off. She stands there, bouncing the ball off  
her racquet.

SENATOR JOHNSON  
It's no illusion that someone on  
your team is talking. Who gave you  
permission to scour the world for  
werewolves?

MILLER  
Me! I'm just a brainy little nano-  
geek.

SENATOR JOHNSON  
That's not what I hear.

Miller grabs the bouncing ball. They stand in the middle of the court.

MILLER

Let's say I'm... I'm tapping into powers beyond the physical world not subject to the laws of physics.

SENATOR JOHNSON

What about international law? Vokulaku clan of Azerbaijan are on the endangered species list. On the verge of extinction--

MILLER

--Aren't we all?

SENATOR JOHNSON

That's not what we gave you millions of dollars for!

MILLER

So what if I take another road, the results will be the same.

SENATOR JOHNSON

The committee doesn't like your sense of direction.

MILLER

Their regulations and restrictions are becoming tiresome.

SENATOR JOHNSON

You're no longer a free-lance cowboy who scours the world for scientific secrets that sell to the highest bidder. You have responsibilities to your country.

MILLER

Yeah, now I'm in it for the Pledge of Allegiance not a rag-top Porsche and a house on the beach.

SENATOR JOHNSON

If the media ever gets wind of what you're doing--

MILLER

--Is that a threat, Senator?

SENATOR JOHNSON

I won't be on the wrong side of my constituency or my donors.

MILLER

And there it is. Now we get to the reality of it all, money has replaced the dog as man's best friend.

SENATOR JOHNSON

You wouldn't be here if not for me.

MILLER

Well, that's not entirely true, my parents having sex had a hand in that.

Pulls a Snicker bar out of his pocket. Hands it to the Senator.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Dare to be different, Olympia. Until then, stay out of it.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - CHELYABINSK 65 — NIGHT**

A group of old buildings trapped in wood, hemmed in by Cyclone fence topped with barbed wire.

**INT. CHELYABINSK 65 - OFFICE**

COMPUTER BEEPS.

Gray walls surround

Doctor Malachi Bliss looks down through an electron microscope. He writes in a notebook.

COMPUTER BEEPS across the room.

Bliss sits down at a desk, taps a computer keyboard.

Miller's face appears on the COMPUTER SCREEN --

MILLER

Movlamov tucked in for the night?

BLISS

They haven't arrived yet.

MILLER

Looks like they've wandered into a war zone and disappeared.

BLISS

The Vokulaku clan shows no preference when it comes to keeping their land safe, they kill Russian soldiers and rebel separatists.

MILLER

Tooms and Cushman will be remembered  
as heroes.

Bliss taps his keyboard, ON-SCREEN SATELLITE VIDEO shows  
TWO MEN walking outside a farmhouse. A GREEN BLIP BLINKS  
IN ONE MAN'S BODY. A RED BLIP BLINKS IN THE OTHER.

He taps the keyboard and the screen is back to Miller.

BLISS

They're still ticking.

MILLER

Send Kirby to make their journey  
easier.

BLISS

He's untested in the field. I can't--

MILLER

--Then let's say, it will be survival  
of the fittest?

BLISS

It's a bad move...

MILLER

I don't get the feeling your heart  
is in your work.

BLISS

I'm tired of taking unnecessary risks  
for you.

MILLER

It's your ticket to the Nobel prize  
for ass-kicking. I can't say it any  
nicer without a threat...

INT. CHELYABINSK 65 - ROOM — DAY

In a bare dormatory with bunk beds, the only MALE guest  
sits hunched over on a low cot looking at a

FRAYED, DISCOLORED PHOTO

of a MOTHER and FATHER hugging a handsome YOUNG MAN in a  
Marine uniform.

HAND holding the photo is scarred, two fingers ground down  
to the nubs.

Around the other wrist, a shackle and chain is attached to a  
steel bed post.

AN IRON LOCK

CLANGS open. The SCREECH of rusted hinges as a metal door swings open.

GUARD (O.S.)  
Kirby! You're up.

FRANK KIRBY (22) looks down at the family photo, his face obscured by a hooded sweatshirt.

KIRBY  
(raspy whisper)  
No one will ever say I love you to me again.

He kisses the photograph.

Fingers slide the photograph between the mattress and low frame of a cot.

Foot shackles are unlocked...

**EXT. FARMHOUSE — DAY**

Dark and foggy. Victor hugs Bedisa.

BEDISA  
Village no more, Russians bomb. One kilometer to grocery in forest.  
(she points)  
Mail slow, but you send Bedisa pretty postcard from U-S-A. Here address.

Andy takes the address, hugs her.

BEDISA (CONT'D)  
Maybe send plane ticket to visit America. War and Vokulaku too dangerous for old woman like me.

VICTOR  
I'll see what I can do.

They wave good-bye.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST — DAY**

Darkness is entombed within the arborescent gloom.

Fog curls up like departed souls around an

ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER (APC)

ripping a path through the woods.

**INT. APC -- DAY**

KIRBY

sits in a hooded sweatshirt, camouflage pants and combat boots.

BLISS

passes a wand over Kirby's shoulder. The wand lights up.

Bliss presses a keyboard. A WHITE BLIP appears on screen.

Several COMMANDOS, dressed in black, surround Bliss. Neurowave weapons holstered at their sides.

BLISS

Ready, Kirby?

Kirby doesn't respond.

BLISS (CONT'D)

You should be. Two years since you died and went to sippin' the wine of the nanostem vine.

KIRBY

(a raspy whisper)

Two and a half.

The APC brakes to a stop.

The rear door swings open.

Dense vegetation ahead.

Bliss looks down at Kirby, jerks his head out the door.

BLISS

Play nice now.

Kirby emerges, jumps down from the APC.

Bliss pulls out a REMOTE DEVICE shaped like an iPhone, taps the screen a few times.

Kirby runs into the forest.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST — DAY**

Victor and Andy push through the bush. A NOISE ahead.

Victor and Andy kneel down.

Breeze RATTLES the leaves on a tree.

CRUNCHING of brush under running boots.

ANDY  
We got company.

They rise, pull their Neurowave weapons out, attack postures on.

Victor and Andy head out in different directions.

BLUR OF LOPING CREATURE

prowls the dark forest.

Andy slinks between trees.

GUTTURAL MOAN echoes in the forest.

Andy jerks around.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

Andy locks vision with

ANGRY BESTIAL EYES

coming toward him.

Andy runs through a thicket, jerking at every sound.  
GUTTURAL GROWLS pursue him.

Andy comes to a clearing that ends at a steep cliff.

Forty foot drop below.

FOOTSTEPS behind Andy. He turns and fires his Neurowave at the oncoming blur of creature, misses.

CLAWED FINGERS grab Andy around the face and throw him down.

VICTOR

charges through the woods.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST — DAY**

Victor jumps out of the forest onto a rocky plateau.

VICTOR  
Andy, you bag a...?

ON THE GROUND

Andy's body is mangled.

Victor runs to Andy and drops beside him, a face full of doubt looks over Andy...

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Andy...

Half of Andy's forehead and face are torn off.

Andy's eyes are open yet unmoving. His lips quiver but words fail to emerge.

Andy's body convulses. His mouth expels a HISSING WHEEZE.

Victor blows bursts of air into Andy's mouth. Presses down on his chest with both hands. Checks Andy's neck for a pulse.

Victor hugs a lifeless Andy.

BESTIAL SILHOUETTE

perched high in the trees, watches Victor hug Andy.

BARITONE DEATH WAIL -- half human, half animal -- echoes throughout the forest.

VICTOR'S

head snaps up, eyes turn from sad to vengeful.

**INT. APC — DAY**

SATELLITE TRACKING SCREEN --

GREEN, RED AND WHITE BLIPS MOVE. GREEN BLIP FLICKERS OFF.

BLISS

God-damn-it, Kirby killed Cushman.  
Retrieve him before he kills Tooms.

Commandos jump out of the APC.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - ROCKY CLEARING — DAY**

Victor steps forward, scouring the forested gloom for its nightmare apparition.

VICTOR

Come on! Come on! You son of a  
bitch.

SHADOWY GIANT appears behind Victor, follows him.

Victor turns and nothing is there.

RATTLING ROAR breaks to Victor's right.



He spins.

ROAR to his left.

He FIRES at the shadows.

Glimpse of beast jumps out of the tree. It lands behind Victor.

Victor turns and fires at Kirby.

Multicolored, air-rippling waves enter Kirby's thigh, he staggers back a few feet, then jumps forward.

Clawed fingers swing downward slashing open the skin on Victor's CHEST.

Victor CRIES out in pain, fires at the beast.

BLUR OF BEAST swats the gun away.

CLAWED HAND grabs Victor --

Tosses him across the clearing like he's a rag doll.

VICTOR

pulls himself across the ground.

CLAWED HAND COVERED WITH MESH SKIN

rolls him over.

POINTY TEETH bite into Victor's thigh.

Victor CRIES out in pain, rolls away from the beast leaving a trail of blood.

GLIMPSE OF CREATURE FACE

leans over Victor.

Victor delivers a one-legged kick to the creature's face.

BLUR OF BEAST stumbles backward.

Victor rises, draws his hunting knife from the scabbard attached to his leg, charges the creature and jumps on it.

Victor stabs the monster in the NECK many times, never penetrating Kirby's mesh skin.

Enraged, CLAWED HANDS pick Victor up and swing him overhead, around and around, tossing him over the edge of the cliff.

**EXT. CAUCASUS GORGE**

Victor plummets into darkness, flailing in midair, falls toward turbulent water below.

WATER comes up fast.

**EXT. CAUCASUS GORGE - RIVER**

VICTOR

slams into water, sinks beneath the surface.

Fingers break water in a grabbing-for-life motion then disappear below.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST — DAY**

Dark and overcast. HARTMAN (35) the commando leader, crouches in the bush.

Commandos surround him.

Hartman checks his

HAND-HELD TRACKING DEVICE --

WHITE BLIP moves across the screen.

KIRBY

slinks through the forest. Leaps up onto a tree trunk, climbs.

COMMANDOS speed forward through the bush.

KIRBY

watches two commandos pass below him. Kirby jumps off a tree branch and lands on the ground.

Third COMMANDO lagging behind sees Kirby land, sneaks up behind him and presses his

REMOTE DEVICE

shaped like an iPhone.

Kirby stops in his tracks, HOWLS in pain. He turns and scans the forest --

Sees the Commando drop down in the bush and goes after him.

Commando 1 presses the remote device, once, twice, three times.

Glimpse of Kirby running. The commando turns and runs.

HARTMAN

listens through his headset.

COMMANDO 1 (V.O.)

(filtered)

Kirby specimen... Not transformed...  
Remote device has... Arrgghh!

HARTMAN

(into mic)

Bliss, Bliss, Hartman here.  
Permission to eliminate specimen.

BLISS (V.O.)

(filtered-headset)

No. No! Alive! Alive, you hear  
me?

Hartman turns toward the sound of a commando SCREAMING.

HARTMAN

Fuck him. Power up.

He turns the power knob on his Neurowave all the way to the right, blue running lights on the side of the pistol flicker faster and faster.

COMMANDO 2

sneaks through the forest.

Glimpse of Kirby behind him.

Clawed fingers covered with gray mesh skin penetrate the under-chin up through commando 2's jaws. A hard pull, and the commando's eyes withdraw down into his head, leaving empty sockets.

Clawed hand clutches the commando's brain with eyes hanging and flopping around it.

HARTMAN

runs forward followed by five men with Neurowave weapons.

KIRBY

walks forward.

NEUROWAVE WEAPONS

face the beast.

KIRBY

attacks.

Commandos fire multicolored, air-rippling waves into Kirby's body causing him to tremble out of control, like he's being electrocuted.

Mesh skin on Kirby's face bubbles. Kirby collapses on the ground.

Commando 3 takes hold of a mesh skinned arm, checks the pulse at the beast's wrist.

Shakes his head.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - ROCKY CLEARING**

Andy's body lies in a body bag. Bliss holds Andy's head in his hands.

Two commandos search the area. Commando 4 flips on his

HAND-HELD TRACKING DEVICE

RED BLIP pulsates on his SCREEN but doesn't move.

Commando 4 walks toward the pulsating RED BLIP.

BLISS

stares at the damage to Andy's face. He turns away, sadness in his eyes.

Opens his medical bag, pulls out a gun-like device with a square muzzle --

Presses it against Andy's chest and pulls the trigger --

Checks the display on the gun-like device.

BLISS

Still got a little left to give, huh  
son?

Commando 4 walks up to Bliss and opens a body bag for him to see what's inside.

Bliss looks inside the body bag.

Sees a chunk of human flesh.

BLISS (CONT'D)

Looks like the rest of Victor Tooms  
is still out there, somewhere.

Bliss pulls elastic gloves over each of his hands, rips Andy's blood-soaked shirt open, wipes the blood away with gauze pads.

Reaches into his medical bag and pulls out a black case, opens it.

Grabs the handle on a gun-like device with a round muzzle, inserts a bottle of pink fluid into a hole in the bottom of the handle.

Places the round muzzle on Andy's chest and presses a button that injects the fluid.

Empty bottle is ejected.

Bliss replaces it with a bottle of green fluid and injects Andy in the chest.

BLISS (CONT'D)  
(to commandos)  
Handle him carefully.

Bliss's comm-set CHIRPS.

BLISS (CONT'D)  
Bliss here.

HARTMAN (V.O.)  
(filtered-Bliss's  
head-set)  
Remote device failed. Transformation  
unsuccessful. Specimen is dead.

BLISS  
God damn it, Hartman. I told you--

HARTMAN (V.O.)  
(filtered through  
Bliss's head-set)  
--Four men dead, maybe more, it was  
us or him.

Bliss is quiet for a moment.

BLISS  
Find Tooms and decapitate your dead.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - RIVER BANK — DAY**

Dark and overcast.

Victor lies on the river bank, moaning. Blood surrounds him in water.

His eyes fludder open.

**FLASH CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT**

Curvaceous woman, DOCTOR TAMRA KARSAVINA, crawls into bed next to Victor.

**FLASH CUT TO:**

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - RIVER BANK — DAY**

Victor jolts up, coughing. Vomits.

Looks over at the trail of blood from his torn and bloody pant leg.

Pulls himself up on shore. Sits up.

Rips the pant leg open, finds a healing pinkish scar where flesh on his thigh had been bitten away.

Eyes of fear and panic look at his chest wound, it's healed too.

Rises to his feet and climbs up the river bank. Crawls into the forest.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST — DAY**

Dark and overcast. Victor steps onto the rocky clearing where he and Andy were attacked.

Andy is gone.

VICTOR

looks around in the bush and finds a bloody gauze pad.

VOICES, SHOUTS, coming closer. Victor sits against a boulder. Shivering overcomes him. He vomits.

Victor runs into the forest.

THREE ARMED REBEL GUERRILLAS, teenagers, follow him.

Rebels spread out between the trees.

Victor runs, he looks around disoriented. A MURMURING OF VOICES AND CRIES ride a breeze through the trees.

Forest before him blurs.

Victor collapses.

He rolls over and pulls himself across the ground toward a tree.

Rebel guerrilla 1 steps through the woods.

Victor, head bowed, eyes closed, sits up against a tree trunk. His body trembles.

Rebel 1 sees Victor ahead in a clearing.

REBEL 1  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Over here. Over here.

Rebel 2 and 3 run through the forest.

Rebel 1 jabs Victor in the chest with his weapon.

REBEL 1 (CONT'D)  
(in Azerbaijani)  
The only difference between a Russian  
and a rat is how fast they run. Are  
you a rat or a Russian?

Victor doesn't move.

Rebel 2 and 3 circle Victor.

REBEL 2  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Let's teach him what happens when  
Russian spies try to infiltrate our  
land.

Rebels laugh and high five.

Rebel 1 slaps Victor across the face. Slaps him again.

Victor opens his eyes, squints at them. Smiles then grimaces.

Rebels close in on Victor.

VICTOR'S EYES FOCUS

on the three men. His shivering stops.

Victor grabs the AK-47 muzzle and pulls it out of the rebel's hand, tosses it aside.

Victor stands.

Rebel 1 grins, pulls an ivory handled knife from his belted sheath. Tosses it from hand to hand.

Holds the knife out toward Victor, his right forearm cocked in front of him.

VICTOR  
(in Azerbaijani)  
My kind of play.

Rebel teens cheer their comrade on.

Rebel 1 makes a move toward Victor, Victor doesn't move a muscle.

KNIFE

slashes at Victor's midsection.

Victor chops him on the forearm.

Rebel grimaces in pain, holds his right elbow.

Victor kicks rebel in the ass, shoves him forward with his foot. Rebel crashes into a tree.

Rebels 2 and 3 move forward.

Rebel 1 holds his hand up for them to stop. Scrambles to his feet.

Tries to lift his right arm, it won't move.

Victor stands with his hands on his hips, looking bored.

Rebel 1 lunges at Victor.

Victor grabs the knife out of his hand. Trips him. Kicks his knee in.

Rebel 1 rolls on the ground grabbing his knee with both hands.

Victor throws the knife at rebel 2.

Knives sticks in his left eye.

Rebel 3 charges Victor.

Victor hand-chops him in the throat, a palm up into the man's nostrils.

Victor looks down at bodies.

Rebel 1

reaches for his ankle, the handle of a .45 is in his palm.

Victor's stands over him looking at the ivory handled knife.



VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Nice workmanship.

BLADE

slashes rebel across the neck.

Victor takes clothes off a body.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - TRAIL — DAY**

Victor trudges down the trail, exhausted. He's dressed in rebel clothes with an AK-47 slung across his shoulder.

The ivory-handled knife lies in a sheath that hangs from his belt. He gags, holds his mouth with his hand. Doubles over and vomits on the ground.

Victor stares at his

HANDS

shaking in triplicate into clawed hands for a moment then back to human hands.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST — DAY**

A makeshift village area of tents, four-wheeled wagons inside a circle of cars.

Victor enters the area drawing stares from the locals, standing around garbage cans filled with flames of warmth.

People carry groceries out of a broken-down wooden house. A small gas generator hums beside the house.

Victor wipes his mouth at the sight of food and heads for the grocery.

**INT. GROCERY HOUSE — MOMENTS LATER**

Victor walks down aisles, sparse with food. Old MUSIC (Culture Club, Wham!) plays on a portable CD unit.

Victor finds a dusty can of Spaghetto's on a shelf.

TWO OLD WOMEN, in babushkas and coats, waddle past him. Victor smiles at them, nods.

They return sneers and walk off whispering to each another.

He grabs a few foreign candy bars, rips into one.

Opens a refrigerator and takes out a bottle of orange juice, guzzles it down on his way toward the checkout counter.

Old MALE CLERK behind the checkout counter smiles a toothless grin, takes money from a GIRL (5) for her groceries.

Girl eyes a package of Hostess Twinkies on the counter, points to them.

GIRL  
(in Azerbaijani)  
How much?

Clerk raises four fingers.

Girl shakes her head, dejected.

Clerk shrugs. She walks out the front door. Sits down on the steps.

Victor steps up and lays his rifle on the counter, greets the clerk with a nod.

His vision blurs. The clerk appears before him in multiple images. His speech slurs.

VICTOR  
Spaci... Myat... Zdravstani.

Clerk's toothless grin disappears.

CLERK  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Russians aren't welcome here.

Clerk eyes the gun, the rebel clothes, the blood on the ivory knife handle, then Victor's face.

Victor's vision returns to normal.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Get out.

Victor grins.

Drops the candy wrappers and empty juice bottle on the counter. Lays the can of Spaghettio's in front of the clerk.

VICTOR  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Open it.

Clerk takes a hand opener from under the counter and drops it on the counter top. Victor opens the can. Nods.

CLERK  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 Six-Fifty.

Victor pulls bills and coins from his pocket and counts the amount, hands it to the clerk.

VICTOR  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 Phone?

CLERK  
 (with a smirk-in  
 Azerbaijani)  
 Broken.

VICTOR  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 Toilet?

Clerk thumbs outside.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 Uh-uh. Toilet paper.

Clerk considers, then points to a hallway.

Victor starts toward the hallway...

CLERK  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 Three more.

Clerk sticks his palm out. Smiles that toothless grin of his.

Victor drops a couple more bills on the counter. Drops four more.

VICTOR  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 For the little girl. The Twinkies.

Victor heads down the hallway.

Clerk grabs a package of Twinkies off the rack and walks to the door.

**EXT. GROCERY HOUSE**

Clerk taps the girl on the shoulder, sitting on the steps, and whispers in her ear. Points to the REBEL GUERRILLAS across the forest clearing, hands her the Twinkies. She runs off.

**INT. GROCERY HOUSE - REAR**

Victor walks down the hallway sucking Spaghetti's out of the can. Looks beyond an open door into the bathroom, turns back and --

Checks the hallway to make sure he's not being watched, closes the door. Moves down the hall to the next door, peeks inside --

A cell phone sits on the desk.

He checks the hallway, then goes inside.

**INT. GROCERY HOUSE -- ROOM**

Victor picks the cell phone up and taps numbers. It rings on the other end.

**EXT. GROCERY**

Armed, REBEL GUERRILLA GIRL (18) strolls up to the store, eating a piece of Twinkie.

**INT. GROCERY HOUSE**

Rebel girl approaches the clerk.

Clerk jerks his chin toward the side hallway.

**INT. GROCERY HOUSE - REAR**

Victor's on the phone.

VICTOR  
Tamra, it's Victor.

TAMRA (V.O.)  
(filtered through  
receiver)  
Hey baby, back already? I wasn't  
expecting you--

VICTOR  
--I'm sick... My head... Something's  
wrong. Need an extraction.

Muzzle of an AK-47 presses against Victor's temple.

TAMRA (V.O.)  
(filtered through  
receiver)  
I'm on it, Victor...

Rebel girl snatches the cell phone out of his hand.

INT. DOCTOR TAMRA KARSAVINA'S OFFICE - USA

TAMRA  
Victor? Victor!

She hears a dial tone. Slams the phone down, heads out of her office.

INT. MILLER'S OFFICE

Tamra barges in.

TAMRA  
What have you done? I thought you sent Victor and Andrew to rehab in a sunny climate?

MILLER  
Looks like an "I got you" moment.

TAMRA  
Your damn right! You need to temper your reckless pursuit of new technologies.

MILLER  
Calm down.

TAMRA  
The Vokulaku clan of Azerbaijan -- I know what you're up to over there.

MILLER  
Okay, okay, I'll fix it.

Miller picks up his phone, taps numbers.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
I need Gulfstream Four ready to go -- Azerbaijan, non-stop.  
(to Tamra)  
Get your overnight bag.

TAMRA  
I'm not going back there!

MILLER  
Let's bring your patients home, Doctor Karsavina, so you can attend to them.

TAMRA  
You don't need me.

MILLER  
Your country needs you.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
 You know, the one that gave you  
 political asylum.

Miller opens a drawer and grabs a handful of Snicker Bars,  
 puts them in his pocket.

TAMRA  
 I hear where ever you go, people  
 die.

Miller grins.

MILLER  
 I might have to trade you in if the  
 going gets rough.

He tosses a Snicker bar at her. She catches it and throws  
 the candy at his head. Direct hit.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
 Now, now, just kidding my dear. I'd  
 have to get much more for you than  
 Tooms and Cushman.

**INT. GROCERY HOUSE**

Rebel girl pokes Victor in the stomach with her AK-47,  
 takes his AK-47 off his shoulder.

REBEL GIRL  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 Knife.

Victor unbuckles it and hands it over.

She stares at the ivory knife handle.

Victor stays calm.

REBEL GIRL (CONT'D)  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 Hands up.

She pokes him in the back with the muzzle of her rifle.

REBEL GIRL (CONT'D)  
 (in Azerbaijani)  
 Go.

Rebel girl prods Victor through the store. The clerk smiles  
 at him as they walk past, waves bye-bye.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST -- DAY**

Two more REBEL GUERRILLA TEENS, weapons aimed at Victor, join rebel girl in forcing him across the forest clearing and into a forested encampment of rebel guerrillas.

He's surrounded by a large group of mean-looking, armed, teen-age boys and girls.

Victor waves hello with one of his raised hands.

FEMALE REBEL LEADER steps forward.

VICTOR  
(in Azerbaijani)  
I have come from Vladivostok to join  
you. Oh great God we praise.

Puts his hands together and bows toward the rebel leader.

Rebel leader walks up to Victor, eyeballs him from head to toe.

FEMALE REBEL LEADER  
(in Azerbaijani)  
You speak our language so well coming  
from Vladivostok. They speak Russian  
there. Are you a linguist?

VICTOR  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Yes I am. I have studied that I may  
be of greater service.

FEMALE REBEL LEADER  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Excellent.

Rebel girl hands the sheathed knife to the female guerrilla leader.

Victor shivers.

MESH SKIN covers the flesh on his HAND for a moment then disappears.

Female leader stares at the ivory handle and pulls the knife out of its sheath.

She raises it high to show the rebels. All the rebels GRUMBLE in unison.

Victor bends over and vomits.

Rebel guerrillas laugh and point at Victor.

One kicks Victor in the stomach.

Victor straightens up and faces the rebels with a look that could kill.

FEMALE REBEL LEADER (CONT'D)  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Will you die better than you lie?

Female leader hands the knife to the rebel girl and walks away.

Rebels grab hold of Victor, pulling him in different directions. They pummel him in the face and body.

Victor looks into their cold eyes as the rebels close in around, smothering him.

Rebel girl stabs him with the knife, over and over.

Rebels kick and punch him.

Victor is beat down and covered over by punching fists. He MOANS below.

HUMAN SCREAMS!

POINTY TEETH bite at punching fists.

CLAWED HAND

covered with mesh skin reaches upward through punching fists.

Claws dig into skin on punching arms.

REBEL SCREAMS!

Rebels back away from Victor, holding their bloody fists and arms.

Victor comes up swinging, fights his way through the crowd.

Rebels back away in shock.

Victor rises, pointy teeth in a human head.

Rebels fire their AK-47s at Victor. He bolts out of the square with inhuman speed.

Rebel guerrillas race after him.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST — NIGHT**

Victor shivers. Collapses in the forest. Sweating. Convulsing.



Gets up and runs. Falls and crawls forward.

Up ahead through the trees a farmhouse and barn.

**INT. BARN — NIGHT**

Victor cowers in a corner surrounded by clucking chickens.

His face shakes in triplicate, turns monstrous for a moment -- half man, half creature -- like nothing we've seen before, then transforms back into a human being.

His eyes race from side to side, he grimaces...

**FLASH CUT TO:**

**INT. ART GALLERY - WASHINGTON D.C. — NIGHT**

ART PATRONS wander through a hip gallery space sipping cocktails, chatting.

In a side room, a performance piece is projected onto a wide, ceiling-to-floor scrim. Shapes, colors and sounds fill the screen and the room.

Barely detectable on the scrim are the silhouettes of two people locked in embrace.

BEHIND THE SCRIM

Victor and Tamra kiss.

His hand lifts up her skirt, fingers inch under panties.

Her hands inside his unbuttoned shirt.

TAMRA

(whispers)

So you thought I was the arty type.

VICTOR

(whispers)

I thought it might make me seem classy.

TAMRA

(whispers)

You were so right.

She kisses her way down his chest. Unbuttons his pants.

VICTOR

(whispers)

Isn't there something in the rule book about doctor-patient relationships?

She looks up at him.

TAMRA  
 (whispers)  
 I'm done seeing you as a patient...

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - FARMHOUSE — MORNING

Dark and overcast.

INT. BARN -- MORNING

TWO HUMAN FEET

stick out of a stall. They don't move.

Bedisa spreads feed for the chickens.

Grabs a stool and sits down by the cow. Lays the pail under the cow's udders and pulls on them.

GROAN in the next stall

She grabs a pitchfork and approaches the feet.

Pokes the feet with her pitchfork.

VICTOR

blood all over his face, blood all over his shirt, sleeps.

She opens his shirt with the tip of the pitchfork.

SCARED EYES

watch gaping knife wounds on Victor's torso heal up. She gasps, backs away.

Victor's eyes open. Stare at her. Head shivers.

VICTOR  
 I'm sick. Help me. Help me!

BEDISA  
 Body changing. Old you no more.

Victor's eyes turn angry. Smashes the wooden stall with his fist and breaks wood.

VICTOR  
 (screams)  
 I'll kill you if you don't help me!

Bedisa raises the pitch fork at Victor. Victor cups his face...

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, sorry, what's happening  
to me?

She takes a flask off the window sill, hands it to Victor.

BEDISA  
Drink.

He takes a swig. Recoils.

BEDISA (CONT'D)  
Is good. Yes?

VICTOR  
Uh-huh. Can you take me across the  
border? My government will pay you  
if you help me.

Bedisa laughs. Her laughter is nervous and humorless.

BEDISA  
Too old run, too young die. Drink.

Victor takes a swig from the flask. Shivers. Yawns.

VICTOR  
What about a plane ride to America?

BEDISA  
Sleep.

VICTOR  
I know what you're thinking. Kill  
me while I sleep, like your son.

BEDISA  
You not hurt Bedisa, Vokulaku.

VICTOR  
I'm not Vokulaku!

Victor drops the flask. Settles back against a bale of hay. Grimaces in pain.

### INT. FARMHOUSE

She goes into the pantry, pulls a shotgun off the wall and a .357 magnum.

Slides the pistol inside a holster and clips it onto her rear pants waist.

Loads the shotgun with transparent shells filled with fluid and buckshot.

KNOCK on her door.

**EXT. FARMHOUSE**

COMMANDO 1 knocks on the front door.

Bedisa opens it a crack, looks the commando over, his Neurowave weapon.

BEDISA  
You come for cow?

COMMANDO 2 moves toward the barn.

Bedisa calls out to Commando 2.

BEDISA (CONT'D)  
Hey, no look at cow without money  
first.

Commando 2 pays no attention to Bedisa and opens the barn door.

COMMANDO 1  
We're not here for the cow.

BEDISA  
No?

COMMANDO 1  
Have you seen this man?

Shows her a photograph of Victor.

BEDISA  
Very handsome. Reminds me of my  
son.

Opens the door and points the shotgun at him.

BEDISA (CONT'D)  
Turn around. Tell friend to come.

Pokes him in the back with the shotgun barrel.

COMMANDO 1  
Wilson. Over here.

Commando 2 takes his hand off the door and moves away from the barn.

INT. BARN

Victor peers out a window.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

Commando 1 swings his arm around and knocks Bedisa to the ground, pulls the shotgun out of her hands.

Commando 2 runs toward the house, takes aim at Bedisa.

Victor steps out of the barn.

VICTOR

Hey!

Commando 1's gun swivels toward Victor. Looks down at the photograph then back to Victor. Moves toward Victor like he's approaching a dangerous animal.

COMMANDO 1

Victor Tooms? That's you, right?  
We've been looking everywhere for  
you.

Commando 2 talks into his comm-unit.

COMMANDO 2

We've found Tooms, Doctor Bliss. A  
farmhouse. Coordinates: forty five,  
sixty on--

PISTOL FIRE tears through Commando 2.

Commando 1 turns and Bedisa fires her .357, hits him in the chest.

Bedisa rises.

MULTICOLORED, AIR-RIPPLING WAVES zoom forward out of the forest --

Hit Bedisa in the head.

Another WAVE hits her. She stands motionless.

Blood oozes out her eyes and she drops to the ground.

Victor takes a few steps toward Bedisa.

MULTICOLORED, AIR-RIPPLING WAVES shoot out of the forest.

Victor drops to the ground. The waves pass overhead.  
He's up and running.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST**

ARMED COMMANDOS

race toward the farm.

**EXT. FARM**

COMMANDO 3 punches buttons on a walkie-talkie phone.

COMMANDO 3

Willis here, Doctor Bliss. Two of  
ours dead.

(listens)

Yes sir, he's gone... We're on it.

Commandos load two bodies into an armored personnel carrier.

APC rolls away.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST — DAY**

Victor runs after the APC.

**EXT. CHELYABINSK 65 — DAY**

Victor veers away from the APC. APC rolls past a gatehouse  
and enters an underground area.

Victor sprints for the fence that surrounds the gray  
buildings, jumps up and over it.

Victor searches the grounds.

ARMED GUARDS everywhere.

Victor spots an unmarked corporate jet sitting on a runway.

**INT. CHELYABINSK 65 - LABORATORY**

Tamra watches Miller and Bliss.

MILLER

So, Bliss, either you've done your  
job or you haven't, which is it?

Miller takes a bite of his Snicker bar. A smile grows  
across his face. He sighs.

BLISS

Movlamov's fertilizer, Kirby's in  
dissection and I'm at wits end. Op  
Metalbeast is a failure.

MILLER

Wallow in self-pity on your own time,  
not mine.

BLISS

You don't get it, nanobots and  
werewolf stem cells are too volatile  
to work in harmony.

MILLER

Looks like it worked on Victor Tooms.

BLISS

He'll turn out like Andy Cushman, a  
mutated specimen about to be cremated.

Miller glares at Bliss.

MILLER

I sent him to help you and you blew  
it, that won't happen again.

BLISS

Should've sent your import, she's  
much more capable.

Miller turns toward Tamra.

MILLER

That a fact...

(to Bliss)

I didn't get that feeling when you  
raged on about her ulterior motives.

Tamra smiles back, holds up a Snickers bar.

TAMRA

Raymond, we discussed how Doctor  
Bliss gave me advice on--

MILLER

--It wasn't advice, Tamra, he cured  
Victor. Isn't that right, Malachi?

BLISS

Injected nanobots that surgically  
replaced dead neurons in his brain  
with werewolf stem cells.

Bliss walks over to a freezer and takes out a black bag,  
tosses it to Miller.

Miller opens the bag.

MILLER

This your frozen dinner, or what?

BLISS  
Victor's micro-chip came out of it.  
No way to track him.

MILLER  
Don't worry, he'll come to us, we've  
got something he wants.

Miller heads for the door, passes Tamra.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
Working on extra credit my dear, or  
what?

TAMRA  
I'm more valuable to you than you  
realize, Raymond.

She squeezes his hand, leaves a tiny MEMORY DRIVE in his  
palm.

MILLER  
Are you sure it's not your own agenda  
that's been exposed?

He pulls his hand away from her.

Bliss limps over to a lab table, sits down and starts  
working on his computer.

Tamra walks over to him.

TAMRA  
Malachi.

He doesn't answer.

TAMRA (CONT'D)  
You Americans like a good story,  
yes?

BLISS  
I'm all ears.

TAMRA  
Flying south for the winter a bird  
freezes and falls to earth. While  
it lies there a cow comes by and  
drops a load on it. The dung thaws  
the bird out and it tweets for joy.  
A cat hears the bird singing under  
the dung, digs it out and eats it.

Bliss looks bewildered.



TAMRA (CONT'D)

Still don't get it.

(She laughs)

When you're in deep shit, it's best  
to keep your mouth shut.

**INT. CHELYABINSK 65 - SECURITY OFFICE**

GUARD watches a LARGE SCREEN with a floor plan. A section  
of it FLASHES.

Guard presses a communications mic --

GUARD

(into mic)

Check for east intrusion, building  
three.

**INT. CHELYABINSK 65 - BUILDING THREE - FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR**

Victor moves along, drops to the floor, shivering --

Stares at his palms, the flesh pulsates. Gray mesh skin  
replaces flesh. In a moment, his hands transform back to  
human hands.

Victor crosses the room, looks down into a stairwell that  
leads underground.

Pitch-black except for flickering red lights shining down  
there.

Victor steps down the stairs --

Watches armed guards running through the corridor below.

BOOT STEPS run down the corridor toward him. Victor opens  
a door and slips into a room.

**INT. LABORATORY**

On an examination table lies a body covered with a white  
sheet full of blood soaked spots.

Brown, clawed feet covered with a mesh skin stick out beyond  
the sheet.

In a corner of the room, a LAB PERSON with a mask over  
her face and elastic gloves draws a orange concoction into  
a hypodermic needle. She listens to music on earbuds,  
surrounded by computer screens.

VICTOR

stares at the mesh skin on the clawed feet sticking out  
from the white sheet.

He picks up paper work hanging from the examination table.  
A name is printed on the front page: **Frank Kirby**

Victor lifts the white sheet to see the face of the beast  
that attacked him and its dissected body.

Lab girl turns around and flinches --

LAB GIRL  
Jesus, you scared the crap out of  
me. You can't come in here without  
lab attire.

Victor walks toward her, smiles.

VICTOR  
I'm looking for Andy Cushman.

LAB GIRL  
You mean what used to be Andy Cushman?

VICTOR  
Where is he?

Victor emerges from the lab wearing a lab coat.

GUARDS run past him up the stairwell.

Victor follows the corridor, comes to a sign on a double  
door that reads:

**CAUTION!**

**LIVE SPECIMEN CONTAINMENT**

**AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY**

He swipes the scientist's keycard down through the keycard  
locking mechanism and the door clicks open.

**INT. LIVE SPECIMEN CONTAINMENT ROOM**

Room full of cages and examination tables lit only by  
emergency lights.

Victor walks past steel cages with bars, looking inside  
them.

He sniffs the air, covers his nose.

Cages are empty except for animal hair and offal.

He rounds a corner and comes to a large cage.

He lifts a medical chart that hangs from the side of the  
cage.

A strip of white tape on the metal flap reads: **ANDY Cushman**

VICTOR

Andy!

CLAWED HAND

twitches below but Victor doesn't notice it.

Victor bends down and a

FACE -- PART HUMAN, PART CREATURE --

smashes up against the bars. It cries out in agony.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

What have they done to you?

Victor touches Andy's face, turns it toward him.

Andy lays down at the edge of the cage, extends his hand out between the bars. Touches Victor's fingers, squeezing his hand.

Mesh skin on Andy's hand bubbles with open wounds.

ANDY

(guttural)

Victor, kill me, I beg you.

INT. CAGE

Andy twitches. Pulls on the bars.

Wires grown wild like weeds poke out of Andy's arm.

Victor holds Andy's clawed hand, squeezes it.

ANDY'S BESTIAL EYES

are sorrowful.

Victor raises his fist, it comes smashing down into the lock and breaks it off the cage. He opens the top of the cage and helps Andy out.

Victor sees Andy's green, cloth scapular medal lying on the floor of the cage. He picks it up and puts it in his pocket.

Victor looks at the gash in his bleeding hand, it heals up.

ANDY

(guttural)

Kill me Vic, I can't go on like this.

VICTOR  
Uh-uh. We're going home together.

MILLER (O.S.)  
It seems your job is already done  
then, Victor. This is his home now.  
You would do well to adjust to that.

VICTOR  
I've seen his home. This is his  
prison.

Victor and Andy are bathed in a flood of flashlight beams.

BLISS  
I don't think of myself as a jailer.

VICTOR  
From the looks of things you look  
like something much worse.

Miller and Bliss are flanked by guards armed with Neurowave  
guns.

Andy becomes agitated at the sight of the armed men. He  
pulls away from Victor.

Andy's eyes are hateful.

**INT. HALLWAY**

Tamra sneaks down the hallway and slows near the entrance  
to the containment room.

She inches closer, listens to the conversation going on  
inside...

**INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM**

Victor takes hold of Andy.

VICTOR  
Come on, Andy, we're out of here.

MILLER  
He's been sedated to control his  
darker urges.

Guards tense up as Victor moves toward them.

Miller holds his hand out for them to stand down.

BLISS  
Victor, you are the prototype now--

VICTOR  
--And die like Kirby, bein' injected,  
dissected, and resurrected as who  
knows what.

BLISS  
Noticed any physical changes yet?

VICTOR  
You bastards.

Guards raise their weapons.

MILLER  
Don't damage the merchandise.

Andy springs off the floor and overpowers a guard --  
Breaking him in half.

Victor tosses a guard head first into a brick wall.  
He's caught for a moment in a beam of flashlight.

NEUROWAVE PISTOLS

fire air-rippling waves into Victor, he CRIES out in pain.

Miller grabs a Neurowave pistol off a dead guard and fires  
at Andy, misses.

Andy pounces on the guards.

Flashlights fall on the ground.

Flashlight beam illuminates blood spatters across the wall.

Panicked SCREAMS turn to wet GURGLING.

GUARD 2 fires his Neurowave at Victor.

Andy snatches guard 2 from behind and drags him away. In  
darkness -- CRUNCHING. BONES SNAPPING.

Miller points his Neurowave at Victor.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
Enough! Playtime's over.

Victor covered in blood, turns toward Miller.

Andy comes up behind Miller and claws his face.

MILLER SCREAMS IN AGONY

Clutches the side of his bloody face with one hand, still  
holding the Neurowave pistol with the other.

Andy escapes into the hallway.

Victor follows Andy.

Miller fires his Neurowave at Victor.

Rippled waves engulf Victor and knock him down.

Miller surveys the scene of dead guards and Victor convulsing on the floor.

One guard is ripped up and groaning.

More guards hustle in.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
Send a detail after Cushman.

INJURED GUARD  
Help me.

Miller looks down at the injured guard, lying on the floor.

MILLER  
I will, son, give me a second.

Miller turns a knob on the side of the Neurowave all the way to the right, presses the trigger button --

Waves ripple into the injured guard's body causing him to vibrate like he's having an epileptic fit. Holds his chest, takes one last gasp, and dies.

Guards watch.

Miller turns toward them.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
Take all the bodies to cremation.

Guards stare at the wound on Miller's face, blood oozes between his fingers.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
What are you looking at? Move.

Victor stares up at Miller, his eyes roll back in his head.

**FLASH CUT TO:**

**INT. SMALL ROOM — DAY**

VICTOR

sits with his back to us. He faces a window covered with bars.

He rocks back and forth, tears roll down his cheek.

Behind him, on a television set, VOICES WHISPER in the black and white snow on screen.

SOUNDS OF WAVES CRASHING AGAINST THE SHORE.

SOUNDS OF A MAN AND WOMAN LAUGHING.

Video snow on screen goes away and a VIDEO plays of a MAN and WOMAN running on the beach.

**FLASH CUT TO:**

**EXT. OCEAN BEACH — DAY**

Hazy. Rolling waves.

Victor and Tamra cavort in the surf, naked.

Clothes strewn about the sand.

**FLASH CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM — MORNING**

Victor packs a small bag.

TAMRA (O.S.)  
Tell me where you're going.

VICTOR  
Cleveland.

She kneels on the bed holding a sheet around herself.

TAMRA  
Right, tell me another story.

Grabs his bag and heads out the door.

TAMRA (CONT'D)  
Victor.

He stops and turns. She beckons him back with her index finger.

She drops the sheet exposing her nakedness to him.

He moves in close pressing his body into hers, holds her tight. Kisses her.

**FLASH CUT TO:**

INT. CHELYABINSK 65 - LABORATORY

Spotlight hangs over Victor, alone, darkness all around him. He lies on an exam table. Drenched in sweat. Groggy, he tries to sit up.

His arms are shackled at the wrists.

Legs shackled at the ankles.

Tamra saunters out of the shadows.

TAMRA  
Hello my love.

VICTOR  
What are you...why--

TAMRA  
--I came like you asked. To take you home.

VICTOR  
Andy too?

TAMRA  
He can't make the trip, too sick.

VICTOR  
Then fix him. That's what you're good at.

Tamra kisses him on the cheek, strokes his forehead.

TAMRA  
All the pieces of the puzzle are coming together, then we'll go to market.

VICTOR  
Market?

TAMRA  
We'll make a great team, Victor.

Tamra squeezes his arm.

TAMRA (CONT'D)  
I'll call you, Nanosapiens.

Victor lurches for Tamra, the chains tighten. Disgust on his face.

Victor gags as his face contorts.



VICTOR  
Where's Andy?

TAMRA (O.S.)  
Gone.

VICTOR  
Gone like dead?

Bliss enters the room, carries a black case.

TAMRA  
You'll turn out like Andy without  
Bliss's help.

Bliss lays the case on a table and opens it.

BLISS  
I've squeezed some new juice from  
the vine.

He takes out a gun-like device with a round muzzle. Inserts  
a bottle of orange fluid into a hole in the bottom of the  
handle.

Victor stares at the injection device.

VICTOR  
If this works, you must save Andy.

BLISS  
We'll see.

**EXT. CAUCASUS FOREST — NIGHT**

SILHOUETTE -- half human, half creature -- moves through  
the forest.

Andy crawls out onto a rock overhang,

Looks down through the trees.

REBEL GUERRILLAS sit around fires in steel garbage cans,  
talking Arabic, Azerbaijani and Chechen.

Rebels eat.

Rebels clean their weapons.

Andy prowls the darkness like an animal on its own killing  
grounds. Grabs a rebel guerrilla by the hair, pulls his  
head back and chops his head off with the side of his hand.

Andy saunters out into the middle of the campsite, swinging  
the human head by the hair, staring down rebel faces as he  
goes.

Tosses the man's head into midair, it lands and rolls across the ground.

ANDY  
(guttural)  
Time to meet our maker.

Rebels stare at the Andy creature before them, many uttering "My God" in Arabic, Azerbaijani and Chechin.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(guttural)  
Too late to pray.

Rebel guerrillas grab their weapons and scatter.

Grenades explode on Andy. His body sways to the automatic weapon fire bouncing off his mesh skin. Looks down at his body in amazement that he has no wounds.

Bullets enter his unprotected skin and the holes heal up immediately.

BARITONE DEATH WAIL -- part human, part animal -- echoes in the forest.

He runs through the forest toward the mountains.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS -- NIGHT**

Andy climbs a steep mountain cliff. He pulls himself up onto a ledge.

Snow-capped mountain tops surround him.

He looks down at jagged rock below, takes a header off the ledge.

Andy plummets into darkness...

Pointy rock comes up fast.

BARITONE DEATH WAIL -- part human, part animal -- echoes in the mountains down there.

**INT. LABORATORY**

Victor's shackled to the examination table. Electrodes are attached to his temple. Wires run off electrodes toward a computer terminal.

Tamra watches Bliss position the injection gun on Victor's chest, in the area of his heart.

He injects an orange solution.

BLISS  
Programmed nanobots saved my first  
patient from certain death. She's  
living the good life in Arizona.

Victor SCREAMS in pain.

BLISS (CONT'D)  
Nanobot assemblers and self-  
replicators will decipher his human  
genome, change the flavor of every  
cell in his body.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Victor's brain waves spike on an electroencephalograph.

BLISS (CONT'D)  
I speak to the nanobots with this.

He holds up the REMOTE DEVICE shaped like an IPHONE. He  
taps the screen on the remote

EKG SCREEN

Victor's heart rate rises to 380 beats per minute.

BLISS (CONT'D)  
Unfortunately, this gene jelly is  
kind of a wide load for the hemoglobin  
highway.

Silver-gray tinge comes over Victor's face.

His body vibrates into multiple images.

Bliss injects black fluid into Victor's chest.

BLISS (CONT'D)  
(to Tamra)  
The last of umbilical cord, werewolf  
stem cells.

Victor's mouth opens and a moaning gasp escapes.

A GLOW emits from his mouth and eyes.

EKG SCREEN

Victor's heart rate shoots up to 610.

Victor shakes, his torso arches up in the air. He goes  
limp on the table, his breathing stops.

He arches up again and down.

Tamra watches Victor's vitals on the computer screen go flat.

A BEEPING SOUND from the EKG.

TAMRA  
Is he dead?

Tamra's eyes open wide with concern. She searches the room.

TAMRA (CONT'D)  
Where are the paddles? What did you do?

BLISS  
Part of the process is all...

Bliss calmly scrolls the

SCREEN ON THE REMOTE CONTROL SHAPED LIKE AN I-PHONE

Taps a screen icon.

BLISS (CONT'D)  
...creating new molecular elements.

Victor's body jumps.

Bliss hits the remote again.

Victor gasps for air, opens his eyes.

Bliss taps the remote.

Victor's body shivers.

Brillo pad-like filaments emerge from the pores in his skin creating a mesh exoskin.

BLISS (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit...it's working!

Victor turns into a hairless creature, part man, part creature.

Bliss presses the remote and Victor returns to human form.

BLISS (CONT'D)  
I'll be damned...!

A NEEDLE ENTERS BLISS'S NECK FLESH and into the jugular vein. Tamra depresses the plunger on a clear hypodermic syringe, injects Bliss with air.

Bliss's eyes bulge, he turns to Tamra.

She smiles, he crumples to the floor.

Tamra unlocks Victor's shackles.

Victor stares at her.

TAMRA  
Come on, let's find Andy.

Victor grabs her.

VICTOR  
No games or else.

Tamra closes Bliss's black case and takes it with her.

**INT. TUNNEL CORRIDOR — MOMENTS LATER**

TAMRA  
This way.

They turn a corner and come face to face with SIX ARMED MEN guarding an exit door.

GUARD  
No one leaves the building, Miller's orders.

TAMRA

thumbs the remote device.

VICTOR'S

body shakes into multiple images. He backs into darkness.

GOLDEN GLOW EMITS FROM HIS MOUTH AND EYES.

HAIRLESS BEAST

in human shape, gray mesh skin, springs out of the darkness, disintegrates the guards with his touch.

Victor crashes through the door to the outside. The doors are melted through.

Tamra is surprised by Victor's weaponized touch.

**EXT. CHELYABINSK 65 — DAY**

Tamra bolts out the doorway.

Two armored personnel carriers sit on the grounds, THREE charred impressions of foot prints on the ground.

Another charred impression of foot prints in front of the gatehouse.

She looks for Victor and spots him loping down the road.

TAMRA

Victor!

Victor stops, turns, watches her for a moment...

Eyes turn angry.

Charges her, closing ground faster and faster.

She fumbles with the remote.

Almost on her, pointy teeth bared, but no glow in his eyes or mouth, he leaps for her and --

She presses the remote.

He falls on the ground breathing hard, a human being again.

**INT. CHELYABINSK 65 - LABORATORY — MOMENTS LATER**

Guards and scientists inspect the laboratory. Miller shows up, face bandaged.

HARTMAN

Karsavina and Tooms are gone, sir.

MILLER

And Cushman?

HARTMAN

We lost contact with the detail sent after him.

MILLER

Then they're already dead.

Miller looks down at Bliss's corpse.

MILLER (CONT'D)

My dear, Tamra, when there is doubt, there is no doubt.

**EXT. ROW OF ABANDONED FACTORIES — DAY**

Armored personnel carrier zooms forward, its headlights illuminate a road between abandoned factories.

Armored personnel carrier rolls to a stop.

INT. ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER

Victor and Tamra eye the tracking unit screen mounted in the dash. There's a motionless GREEN BLIP on screen.

Victor grabs a hand-held tracking device and jumps out.

VICTOR  
Bring the case.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORIES — DAY

Victor watches the hand-held tracking device as he enters an abandoned factory.

Tamra lags behind, unsure.

TAMRA  
Don't take too long.

VICTOR  
Come with me or give me the case and I'll inject him.

She follows him.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY — MOMENTS LATER

VICTOR  
Andy, where are you?

GREEN BLIP pulsates on his HAND-HELD TRACKING DEVICE.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Andy! Andy?

ANDY (O.S.)  
(guttural)  
Victor?

Victor follows the voice.

Andy sits in darkness, head bowed between his legs.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(guttural)  
What have I become? What have I done?

Victor approaches him with caution.

Tamra stands way behind Victor.

VICTOR  
Come on, Andy, Chloe's waiting for you.

ANDY  
(guttural)  
Can't see her like this. She'll be  
afraid of me, scared.

Andy looks up.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(guttural)  
Can't go home without my humanity.

VICTOR  
Got a serum here. It'll cure you.  
You're humanity will come back.

ANDY  
(guttural)  
I don't believe you. Kill me, please  
Vic.

Andy's head shivers. He steadies it with both hands.

VICTOR  
No way. We got into this together,  
we're getting out together.  
(to Tamra)  
Give me the serum.

Tamra doesn't move. Victor moves toward her.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Give me the serum! What is your  
problem?

He yanks the black bag out of her hand.

Victor is struck in the back of the head, knocked forward  
to the ground.

Bag slides across the floor.

Tamra picks it up.

ANDY  
(guttural)  
You can't help me anymore, Victor.  
I'm on my own now.

Andy stares at Tamra. Points.

Andy grabs Victor by the hair.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(guttural)  
If you won't kill me, I'll kill you!



Tosses him across the floor.

Tamra backs away from the fight.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(guttural)

Come on, damn you! Fight back.

Andy throws Victor up in the air, and punts Victor in his back like a football.

Victor tumbles over in midair --

Hits ground with a head shattering slam, his body bounces across the floor.

Andy charges Victor.

TAMRA

takes the REMOTE DEVICE from her pocket and presses the screen.

Andy picks Victor up throws him into a wall, he bounces off it.

Victor's body shivers into triplicate bodies. He curls up into a ball.

He SCREAMS. His body vibrates from a human being into a creature -- part human, part beast -- with grey mesh skin.

Andy holds his chest, collapses to his knees. He convulses.

Victor's face -- part human, part animal -- with gray mesh skin, scans the room.

Tamra hurries away.

VICTOR'S EYES

fill with rage.

He rises, trembling, fists clenched.

Arms outstretched, he looks upward --

PLEADING EYES ON VICTOR'S MONSTROUS FACE

VICTOR

(screams)

I won't kill you, Andy!

ANDY'S FACE

is a jumble of tics and twitches. His head trembles.

ANDY  
(guttural)  
I can't go home without my humanity.

Andy throws Victor through the brick wall into a

**INT. ABANDONED STEEL FACTORY**

Generators around the factory are covered in dust.

Conveyor belt full of steel and iron pieces stands still.

Victor staggers to his feet...

Advances through the facility, side-stepping steel parts that Andy, in darkness, is throwing at him.

Andy jumps down, lands on Victor --

Victor shoves Andy off with a thrust of his legs.

Andy staggers backward into a fuse box. The impact knocks the fuse box loose and sends a shower of sparks across the darkness.

Victor shields his eyes from the SPARKS and POPS of EXPLODING electricity.

JACKHAMMER

comes toward Victor.

Jackhammer slams into Victor's chest, pinning him against a wall.

Andy jams the jackhammer into Victor's chest but it cannot break through Victor's mesh skin.

GOLDEN GLOW APPEARS IN VICTOR'S EYES THEN GOES AWAY.

Victor backhands Andy across the face.

GOLDEN GLOW APPEARS IN VICTOR'S EYES AND MOUTH.

He touches the steel jackhammer with his fingertips and it disintegrates. The golden glow disappears.

Victor punches Andy and knocks him backward.

Victor runs full speed at Andy and strikes head-first like a battering ram into his ribs.

Andy lands against the furnace, bounces onto the floor.

Andy's mutant skin is torn open, wires throughout his skin.

Victor reaches for Andy, extends his hand.

Andy grabs Victor's outstretched hand and pulls Victor down clutching his throat, squeezing it tight.

Andy rises off the floor lifting Victor with him. He carries him toward the exploding fuse box.

Victor gulps for air as he twists and turns, his feet dangling. A GOLDEN GLOW shoots out his mouth and disappears.

**EXT. ABANDONED FACTORIES — DAY**

Tamra drives the armored personnel carrier through factory row.

**INT. ABANDONED STEEL FACTORY**

Andy slams Victor against the sparking fuse box, holding him there, sparks shooting into Victor, engulfing his body.

Victor's grey mesh eyes roll back in his head.

Andy squeezes harder, closing down on Victor's throat like a vice.

Victor's eyes close, flutter open.

Victor reaches up for the power cable attached to the fuse box.

Andy's deformed face is full of madness and rage.

He pushes hard to keep Victor from grabbing the power cable.

VICTOR'S HAND

clutches the power cable and with his last bit of energy rips it out of the box.

Sparks fly.

Victor forces the cable toward Andy...

**EXT. ABANDONED FACTORIES - ROAD — DAY**

Armored personnel carriers enter factory row.

Miller sits in the passenger seat of the lead APC.

**INT. ABANDONED STEEL FACTORY**

Victor inches the sparking, electrical cable toward Andy and Andy no longer resists.

Andy drops his hand.

Victor touches Andy with the power cable and a jolt of electricity sends him to the floor.

Victor gasps for air.

He yanks the cable off the wall.

Pulls the cable toward Andy...

ANDY  
(guttural)  
Take care of my family, Vic.

Victor stops for a moment. SAD EYES.

ANDY'S EYES ARE SORROWFUL.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(guttural)  
Do it. Do it!

Andy attacks Victor.

Victor shoves the hot cable into the gaping wound in Andy's mesh skin.

He holds it there, pushing it into Andy's body

Explosive light engulfs Andy, and Victor lets go.

Andy gasps, his body goes into a spasm, jerking at the shock.

Massive jolt of electricity envelopes Andy like a luminous blue cocoon, he lets out an agonizing CRY.

Sparks jump off Andy's flesh as he writhes in pain on the floor.

Blue flames bloom out of his eyes. Shoot out of his nostrils. Out of his SCREAMING mouth.

Victor stares at Andy on the floor, veins of electricity flash and crackle over his body.

Andy's mesh skin sizzles with residual electricity.

He lets out a sigh of agony and becomes still.

VICTOR  
(guttural)  
Andy.

Smoke rises off Andy's flesh, his entire body blackened.

Victor tosses the power cable aside.

FOOTSTEPS run toward Victor.

Victor's head snaps up --

EYES ANGRY.

FISTS CLENCHED, HE SHAKES,

the creature ready for more blood, the man inside trying to control himself...

Victor kneels beside Andy.

He pulls the charred

GREEN SCAPULAR MEDAL

out of his pants pocket and lays the cord over Andy's head.

He picks Andy up, carries him across his arms and out of the steel factory.

Tamra stands before Victor with the remote in her hand.

TAMRA

Victor.

Victor doesn't answer.

**EXT. ABANDONED FACTORIES — DAY**

He lays Andy down in a garbage can full of flame. Flames rise around the body.

Fire flickers in Victor's eyes.

TAMRA

He had to burn.

VICTOR

(guttural)

My friend. My brother.

TAMRA

We should go.

VICTOR

(guttural)

Go? Go where? I'm not done with Miller.

TAMRA

Do it my way.

VICTOR  
(guttural)  
Your way?

Tamra taps the REMOTE DEVICE.

Victor's body trembles in triplicate, transforms back into a human being.

Victor stares at her.

TAMRA  
I met Miller at Lefortovo.

VICTOR  
The secret police prison?

TAMRA  
It's not what you think.

VICTOR  
Then what is it?

TAMRA  
I seemed like a disgruntled Russian psychiatrist to him. He offered political asylum.

VICTOR  
What makes you so important?

TAMRA  
I can rebuild the minds of soldiers who have lost their ability to function as humans with new technology.

VICTOR  
Me?

TAMRA  
A concussion caused your brain to malfunction, but I couldn't help you.

VICTOR  
Sometimes I have  
flashbacks...nightmares.

TAMRA  
Bliss injected you with nanobots. Replaced dead nerve endings in your brain, with new ones regenerated from stem cells of werewolves.

VICTOR

Then, it's better I'm alone.

TAMRA

You have me, Victor. Your country  
has forsaken you, there will be many  
buyers for our new technology--

Multicolored, air-rippling waves shoot through Tamra's  
head, engulf her body -- shock comes over her face.

She drops to the ground. Blood spills from her mouth,  
ears and eyes.

Miller lowers his Neurowave weapon.

MILLER (O.S.)

A word of advice from one who knows --

Miller walks toward Victor, a bandage covers one side of  
his face

He's flanked by armed commandos carrying Neurowave weapons  
aimed at Victor

MILLER (CONT'D)

-- there's a little treason in all  
of us

Victor eyes the REMOTE CONTROL shaped like an iPhone in  
Tamra's hand.

Victor goes for the Remote.

Miller turns the knob on his Neurowave all the way to the  
left and fires at Victor.

Air rippling waves knock Victor down.

Victor's vision becomes a distorted blur

**FLASH CUT TO:**

TAMRA'S SMILING FACE

kisses Victor, closes her eyes

**FLASH CUT TO:**

**INT. CORPORATE JET PLANE — SUNRISE**

HUMAN FACE of Victor Tooms. Eyes off somewhere else.  
Soft lounge MUSIC plays in the cabin of the plane.

Victor sits in a seat, hands cuffed and chained to rings  
on a leather belt around his waist.

Feet shackled to rings attached on the floor.

Miller stands at the bar, a bandage covers one side of his face, sipping whiskey out of a glass.

He HUMS a tune while gazing out the window, takes a bite of a Snicker bar.

MILLER

Hi-ho, hi-ho, it's off to work we go.

Bliss's black case lies on the bar, alongside a Neurowave weapon.

Victor looks out a window.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Nothing like seeing sunrise on a new day. Right, Victor?

Miller pours another whiskey.

MILLER (CONT'D)

They say no relationship is truly equal. One person always has control. Who do you think has the control in this relationship?

Victor pulls on his wrist cuffs.

VICTOR

You sent us on a suicide mission?

MILLER

That's your work, it's what you trained for.

Miller sits across from Victor. Tears the wrapper on a Snickers bar open, takes a bite and sighs.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Care for one, it'll bring back the good old memories if you have any left.

VICTOR

Your quest for an indestructible human weapon has ended in the loss of humanity.

MILLER

Uh-uh pal, you're a walking instrument of death and destruction. My carnivore.



VICTOR

Never.

MILLER

Then how about Candyland? Yeah, that works better for me. Nanogeeks will reach into their D-N-A grab bag to distill the essence of what makes you tick--

VICTOR

--Let me go home--

MILLER

--Yeah, Candyland... A magical land where everyday is Halloween, every resident is officially dead, and every experimental drug unknown to man gets its own crash test dummy. And after that I'll send home--

VICTOR

--I have a home--

MILLER

--And after that I'll send home a check and a special edition Old Glory sewn by the finest Guatemalan slave labor money can buy, let you die a hero, twice.

VICTOR

Where's my family?

MILLER

Over the rainbow and under my thumb.

Victor pulls at his shackles.

Miller's lips stretch into a self-satisfied grin. He rises off his seat.

MILLER (CONT'D)

So I can count on you?

VICTOR

What about the shackles?

MILLER

Nah, you look good the way you are.

Miller steps up to the bar.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Whiskey?

VICTOR  
Vodka, with three olives.

Miller pours a glass of whiskey.

Pours a glass of vodka and drops three olives into the drink.

He walks over to Victor, hands him the glass.

Victor's fingers hold the glass but he can't move his cuffed hands.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Got a straw?

Miller pings his glass into Victor's, holds it up for a toast.

MILLER  
To our enemies, may they always be  
there when we need them.

Miller gulps his whiskey down.

He holds Victor's glass up to his lips for him to drink.

Victor looks down at the olives, takes a breath. He nods to Miller and he pours the drink into Victor's mouth.

Victor sucks down his drink and the olives.

Miller goes to the bar.

Victor's eyes open wide. He gags. Tries to cough.

Stamps his feet.

Coughs, chokes.

Miller stares at Victor.

Victor's eyes are half-open, but unseeing, his face the color purple.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
Nobody can hold their breath that  
long.

Miller rushes over to Victor fumbles the keys out.

Unlocks the chains and cuffs...

Pulls Victor to his feet.

Miller puts his arms around Victor's midsection from behind, under the sternum, and jerks up and in a few times.

Sharp, single COUGH comes out of Victor and

Miller watches the vodka and three round olives shoot out of Victor's mouth onto the floor.

Victor twists around and chops Miller's collarbone. He slumps to the floor.

Victor drags him over to the bar, sits Miller up in a chair.

He grabs Miller around the tie, pulls him in close.

VICTOR

That's it? To our enemies, may they  
always be there when we need them?  
That's the best you can do?

Victor rips the bandage off

MILLER'S FACE

VICTOR

is surprised.

DEEP CLAW MARKS, ON MILLER'S FACE, FROM THE FIGHT WITH  
ANDY HAVE HEALED.

Victor pours Miller another drink.

MILLER'S HAND

inches toward his pocket.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Or how about, to our friends, may  
they always fuck us when we least  
expect it?

He force-feeds a drink into Miller's mouth. Miller gasps for air, tries to budge, but Victor tightens the grip around his tie.

Victor pours another drink.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

How about, hmmm?

He forces the drink down Miller's mouth.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

To our enemies, may they always be  
closer to us than our friends.

He smashes Miller in the face with his glass. The glass breaks.

Miller's face, bloodied, falls away. He spits out a few teeth on his way down to the floor.

Victor grabs Miller by the shoulder of his sport coat and drags him down the aisle towards the rear of the plane.

Miller's hand reaches into his pocket.

**INT. PLANE - REAR DOOR**

Victor opens the latch.

Miller pulls the remote out of his pocket, taps the screen.

Victor drops to the floor in paralytic pain, fingers curling up into arthritic claws.

Plane pitches wildly to the left.

Victor's face skin contorts like he's blasted in a wind tunnel.

Miller taps the REMOTE DEVICE.

Victor SCREAMS in pain.

MILLER  
Like the pain? Default mode.

Miller leans in close, speaks softly to him. Blood drips off Miller's face.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
How about, to your family... do you even remember if you have one?

Shit-eating grin spreads across Miller's face.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
You'll never see them again.

VICTOR  
A family?

MILLER  
Am I kidding, or what? You'll never know, will you?

Miller presses the remote again.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
Tamra erased all your old memories and created new ones.

Victor grimaces in pain.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Did you ever think that your love affair with her was all smoke and mirrors too?

A GOLDEN GLOW EMITS FROM VICTOR'S EYES, FLICKERS, THEN GOES AWAY.

Plane veers left.

**INT. COCKPIT**

PILOT'S hands fight to steer a shaking plane.

Plane banks right.

Pilot pulls the steering handles toward him.

GAUGES ON THE CONSOLE spin out of control.

PILOT

Take over!

Pilot rises out of his seat and heads out of the cockpit as the plane banks right.

**INT. PLANE CABIN**

Cabin rolls from side to side.

Miller points the remote at Victor.

Victor jerks back against the floor.

Electricity runs over his face.

His body trembles in triplicate.

Flesh on Victor's arm pulsates. Wires shoot out of pores creating a WIRE FLESH.

POINTY TEETH in Victor's mouth. Victor's eyes change colors, turn grey mesh,

WIREFLESH covers his hands.

MILLER

I'd say I definitely have the control in this relationship. Wouldn't you agree?

Guttural words barely recognizable as human speech bubbles up from Victor's larynx.

VICTOR  
(guttural)  
Never!

Miller laughs.

Pilot enters the cabin.

Miller presses the remote.

Plane pitches. Miller teeters, almost falls over, grabs the back of a seat to hold himself steady.

Pilot lurches at Miller, grabs the hand holding the remote.

They grapple for it.

PILOT  
That thing is interfering with the  
plane's electrical system!

GOLDEN GLOW APPEARS IN VICTOR'S MOUTH.

Victor turns human for a moment then back to creature.

Plane rolls, banks to one side. Miller loses his balance.

Miller and the pilot crash to the floor.

Remote flies out of Miller's hand.

Bounces off the wall.

Skids across the floor.

Victor grabs Miller by the hair, pulls him off the pilot.  
Tosses him aside.

Victor looks for the remote.

**INT. COCKPIT**

Co-pilot wrestles with the steering console.

**INT. PLANE CABIN**

Plane pitches right and tilts down.

Miller crawls toward the remote device.

It slides forward, down the aisle, bumps into a seat post on the floor.

VICTOR

turns into a human being.

Victor punches Miller in the face, knocking him down.

Cabin lurches upward.

Pilot staggers toward the cockpit, falls.

Victor's body shakes in triplicate.

His fists clench.

His face in grimace.

He holds on to a seat, fighting the transformation.

Plane nose dives.

CLAWED HAND

grabs the pilot around the back of the head, turns the pilot's face around.

Victor stares down at the pilot.

VICTOR  
(guttural)  
Get your parachute.

**INT. COCKPIT**

Plane descends through clouds.

Co-pilot pulls hard on the steering handles and the plane levels off.

Needles on the gauges normalize.

Co-pilot relaxes.

Victor leans in towards the co-pilot and SNARLS...

VICTOR  
(guttural)  
Put it on auto-pilot.

Terrified co-pilot reaches with an unsteady hand to flick a switch.

Victor hoists the co-pilot out of his seat...

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
(guttural)  
Get your parachute.

...shoves him out of the cockpit.

INT. PLANE CABIN - REAR DOOR

Victor pushes the pilot and co-pilot out the open rear door.

Watches them fall away until their parachutes open.

Victor slams the door shut.

Heads for Miller lying on the floor.

Victor drags Miller, unconscious, through the cabin and into the cockpit.

INT. COCKPIT

Victor buckles Miller into the co-pilot's seat.

He leaves the cockpit and returns with the whiskey bottle and the remote.

Victor takes hold of the steering column and switches the auto-pilot off.

He splashes Miller's face with whiskey. Miller awakens with a SCREAM.

MILLER

What? What?

Plane nose-dives.

MILLER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Caucasus Mountains come up fast.

VICTOR

(guttural)

Our time has come.

Miller's eyes widen in fright. He lunges for Victor.

Victor swats him away.

MILLER

You can't!

VICTOR

(guttural)

Watch me.

Miller watches the treetops come forward fast.

Tree limbs assault the windshield of the jet.



GOLDEN GLOW APPEARS IN VICTOR'S EYES.

EXPLOSION.

Reflections of flames in Miller's crazed eyes.

VICTOR SMILES.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS — MOMENTS LATER**

Plane sails into a mountain side. EXPLODES.

Fire balls shoot out in all directions.

Flames expand across the sky.

Smoke billows onto midair.

Broken wings rotate forward.

Charred seats flip over and over, shot into space.

Broken fuselage EXPLODES into thousands of pieces, spraying the atmosphere with debris.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS — SUNRISE**

MOUNTAIN PEAKS

SHEER CLIFFS

RIVER GORGE

PINE TREES

DECIDUOUS FOREST

ROAD

still in darkness winds through the valley.

Silhouette of a man saunters down the side of the road.

TRUCK HEADLIGHTS

loom on the crest of the road, roll downward.

Headlights illuminate the man from the rear dressed in rebel clothes.

Man turns toward the beams of light

His face covered with a checkered kafiyah. He waves at the truck.

Truck slows and stops.

**INT./EXT. TRUCK CAB**

Passenger door swings open, driver grins. Two front teeth missing.

Double-barreled shotgun faces the man.

DRIVER cocks both hammers.

TRUCK DRIVER  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Any weapons?

VICTOR

shakes his head. GOLDEN GLOW APPEARS IN HIS EYES.

Driver pokes his shotgun into Victor's coat.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Open.

Victor opens his coat with one hand.

Victor's finger rests on the

REMOTE DEVICE

hidden in the palm of his other hand.

Driver pokes Victor's body with his shotgun, searching.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Inside.

Victor climbs into the cab, door slams shut.

**INT. TRUCK CAB**

Victor slips the remote into his coat pocket.

GOLDEN GLOW IN HIS EYES FADES AWAY.

Driver grabs the gearshift and pushes it forward. The truck lurches forward.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - WINDING ROAD - MOVING TRUCK  
— SUNRISE**

Truck rolls away.

TRUCK DRIVER (O.S.)  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Where you headed?

VICTOR (O.S.)  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Turkey.

INT. TRUCK

TRUCK DRIVER  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Good idea. Some bad shit around  
here. If the rebel separatists don't  
get you then the Russian army will.

VICTOR  
Uh-huh.

TRUCK DRIVER  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Need to watch it in the forest at  
night too. Ever seen the Vokulaku?

Victor's face tenses up.

VICTOR  
(in Azerbaijani)  
I hear they're an endangered species.

Driver laughs. Victor turns to the driver, stares at him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
(in Azerbaijani)  
You've killed a lot of men haven't  
you?

Driver goes for his shotgun.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
(in Azerbaijani)  
I won't kill you Matzonashvilli.

TRUCK DRIVER  
(in Azerbaijani)  
What? How do you know my name?

Victor smiles and turns away from the driver

Stares out at the passing landscape of trees overshadowed  
by sheer cliffs.

A GOLDEN GLOW IN HIS EYES COMES AND GOES.

ANDY (V.O.)  
(whispers)  
I can't go home without my humanity...

Tears well up in Victor's eyes, roll down his cheek.  
Gradually a heartrending smile creeps over his lips, tugging  
them as if they dared not move, until they part...

**FLASH CUT TO:**

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM — MORNING**

BOY (12)

runs into the living room carrying a colorfully wrapped  
package with a red bow.

Outside the living room window, snow is falling.

MOTHER, FATHER and TWO TEENAGE GIRLS are cheerfully sitting  
around a Christmas tree opening their presents.

Boy hands the father the colorful package. Father opens  
it.

Pair of leather gloves inside.

FATHER

Just what I need, Victor. Thank  
you.

Father kisses Victor on the cheek and hugs him.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Love you, son.

VICTOR

Love you, daddy.

His sister hands Victor a wrapped box.

Big smile on his round face...

**FLASH CUT TO:**

**INT. TRUCK -- MORNING**

VICTOR

His whole face, wet with tears, splits with joy.

Hope twinkles in his eyes. He turns to the driver.

VICTOR

(in Azerbaijani)  
I'm going home to be with my family.

Driver smiles, pats him on the shoulder.

DRIVER  
(in Azerbaijani)  
Maybe one day I'll have family to go  
home to.

VICTOR  
If you live long enough...

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST — MORNING**

Truck rolls away.

Smoke rises in the background.

**EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - AT THE PLANE CRASH SITE -  
MORNING**

Fire, debris and broken plane parts everywhere.

**CLAWED, WIRE-FLESHED HAND**

pokes up through the smoke and flames of plane crash rubble.  
Hand tosses plane parts aside.

**A FACE -- PART MILLER, PART CREATURE --**

rises, looks around.

Miller stands and walks forward.

FADE OUT