

OPERATION METALBEAST

written

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Sun in a blue sky -- BOMB EXPLOSIONS ECHO

Dirt SPRAYS up toward tree tops overhead.

Green grass and trees on the incline of a hill -- SOUNDS OF MEN SCREAMING, STACCATO OF AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE, BOMBS EXPLODING AND JET PLANES ZOOMING BY.

ON TOP OF A HILL

the painted face of

ANDY MCCRAY (8)

in a green army helmet, crawls into frame. Intelligent eyes look downhill. Holds a walkie-talkie to his mouth.

ANDY
(into walkie-talkie)
Victor, enemy all around me!

EXT. MASSIVE TREE -- THAT MOMENT

VICTOR TOOMS (8)

peers out from behind a tree. Wild eyes look right, then uphill.

VICTOR
(into walkie-talkie)
Andy, comin' to get you!

INTERCUTTING BETWEEN TWO BOYS --

ANDY
(into his walkie-talkie)
Don't do it, Vic!

VICTOR
(into his walkie-talkie)
Got to.

ANDY
(into his walkie-talkie)
Wait...

Victor lurches uphill, steps past a portable CD player blasting sounds of war --

His plastic gun blazes electric hell.

VICTOR
Take that, ya dirty Nazi!

Andy runs downhill firing ray gun beams of light left and right. A WHISTLING SOUND then

ANDY
Look out, Vic!

A BOOMING EXPLOSION and Andy tackles Victor.

They roll down the hill, laughing all the way.

EXT. WILLOW TREE -- MOMENTS LATER

They roll under a willow tree hung like an open parachute.

ANDY
Get out the boogie boards, we'll
take the beach next.

VICTOR
Gonna save America.

ANDY
What?

VICTOR
Enlist.

ANDY
What's that mean?

VICTOR
Enlist! Go somewhere on a boat. Be
a Marine...

ANDY
--You hated the Cub Scouts!

VICTOR
...fire real guns...

ANDY
You're eight!

VICTOR
When I'm eighteen.

ANDY
Who says?

VICTOR
Dad.

Andy shrugs.

ANDY
I hate squishy worms.

VICTOR
You're brave. I know.

ANDY
You're the only one I let call me
Andy...everybody calls me Andrew.

Victor smiles and nods approval.

Andy stretches out, looks up at the tree top, the sunny sky...

DISSOLVE TO:

Sun breaks through a cloudy sky --

Through the window of a moving vehicle, we see a series of small, middle-class houses. This could be any suburban street in America.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

A car with U.S. government plates rolls onto the driveway of a suburban house.

Rear door opens and

GENERAL PETE MILLER (40)

nonchalantly saunters across the grass in shiny black shoes.

Dressed in an impeccable black suit tailored to his gaunt frame, and a pale face with white hair slicked back from his high forehead, he looks more like a fashionable undertaker than a government man.

He unwraps a Snickers bar, drops the wrapper on the grass, takes a bite, smiles with a sigh.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- DAY

The living room is in shambles --

Broken chairs and table

Upside down furniture

Holes punched in walls

Carpet ripped up...

A TREMBLING HAND --

holds a

NEUROWAVE WEAPON

to the side of his head. Years ahead of our tech in design and function, blue running lights blink along the gun's barrel.

An

INDEX FINGER MOVES

onto the trigger button when the IMAGINED SOUND OF EXPLOSIONS AND HUMAN CRIES cause

VICTOR TOOMS (27)

to grimace in pain.

FINGERS

release the Neurowave weapon, it drops to the floor.

Victor holds his head with both hands as another IMAGINED EXPLOSION goes off inside his skull.

The rugged yet striking young man falls back onto a broken couch, sweating...tremors. DOORBELL RINGS.

Victor opens the door in disarray, a scowl trying to be a smile...

Miller stares at Victor.

MILLER

Hmmmm, rough night Victor, or what?

VICTOR

House cleaning is all.

VICTOR'S RIGHT HAND

trembles at his side, makes a tight fist.

He adjusts his blonde hair with the other hand.

MILLER

Okay, well, time to go to work,
Intelligence has found a pregnant
werewolf.

Miller makes a move to go inside the house, Victor blocks the entrance with an extended arm across the doorway...

VICTOR

Not today.

MILLER

My carnivores. I need you on the job.

VICTOR

You do the dirty work for once, see how it feels.

MILLER

Doesn't work for me, I'm not built for danger.

VICTOR

Then it'll cost you three mil each, tax free.

MILLER

(chuckles)

Government and larceny, hmmm, not a good mix in--

Victor snaps back.

VICTOR

--Seems to work for you.

Miller takes a bite of Snickers then smiles with a sigh.

MILLER

Easy on the attitude, Vic, we're on the same team.

VICTOR

Could've fooled me.

MILLER

Come on, without truth we're lost.

VICTOR

Truth, like fear, is often just an illusion.

MILLER

Well, the truth is you have responsibilities to your country.

VICTOR

Don't give me that Pledge of Allegiance thing. We've been black, on your dollar, for two years.

MILLER

Hate to find out your sharing secrets
with strangers.

VICTOR

You haven't heard? Money has replaced
the dog as man's best friend.

MILLER

Really, well in this case, I prefer
the dog.

VICTOR

Anyone gets wind of what we're doing
and--

MILLER

--That a threat or--

VICTOR

--we'll need a chunk to disappear,
start over...

Victor looks at his watch.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Ten minutes to wire it...or find
another team.

MILLER

You're the only team.

VICTOR

Then there's nothing more to say, is
there?

MILLER

Greed isn't pretty.

VICTOR

Neither is the work we do for you.

MILLER

My carnivores. Worried about their
future?

VICTOR

Call it life after Miller.

Miller hands him a Snickers bar.

MILLER

You're not you when you're hungry,
Victor.

Victor goes inside the house, slams the door behind him.

Miller's constant grin breaks into a frown -- taps his cell phone, walks toward the car.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- DAY

VICTOR
(on phone)
It's done, see you in a few.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- DAY

Victor comes out with a duffel bag and locks the door.

Heads for the car.

INT./EXT. CAR -- DAY

MILLER
Your Vanuatu account is filled to overflowing. Happy now?

VICTOR
Show me proof of deposit, Andy's waiting.

Miller hands him his cell phone then grabs the car phone.

Victor gets in, door closes.

MILLER (V.O.)
Get number four jet ready...
Manitoba.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Dawn sifts in, not a sound is heard --

A pair of Doves fly out of the trees over a meadow.

Haunted crows cough hoarsely in adjacent meadows.

Sunlight pries at the morning entombed within the arborescent gloom...

EXT. DIRT FIELD -- DAY

Fog curls up like departed souls around a moving

TRACTOR-CULTIVATOR

tilling soil down a long field.

EXT. ADJACENT MEADOW -- DAY

VICTOR'S

face is covered with camouflage paint. His BINOCULARS peer through alfalfa to watch the TRACTOR-CULTIVATOR on the field.

EXT. ANOTHER ADJACENT MEADOW -- DAY

ANDY MCCRAY'S (27)

serious eyes, surrounded by camouflage paint, sit in the tall alfalfa.

His binoculars scan a farmhouse near the field.

A PREGNANT WOMAN (25)

exits the farmhouse. She carries a lunch basket and a thermos.

EXT. FARMHOUSE — DAY

She hops in a small pick-up truck and heads for the tractor.

INT./EXT. TRACTOR-CULTIVATOR - DIRT FIELD -- DAY

The driver watches the small pick-up truck race down a dirt road, alongside the field, toward him.

A 30.06 rifle with a scope sits in the corner of the cab.

The MAN (25)

smiles and turns the tractor ignition key off --

Climbs down the steps of the tractor onto the field. Walks toward the oncoming pick-up truck.

EXT. ADJACENT MEADOW -- DAY

The HOARSE COUGH OF A HAUNTED CROW is heard.

EXT. DIRT FIELD -- DAY

The MAN'S EARS perk up to the magnified sound of the crow in his ears.

His face turns right, left, sniffing air.

The pregnant woman exits the truck and steps across the field toward the man.

EXT. ANOTHER ADJACENT MEADOW -- DAY

The HAUNTED CROW'S MATE ANSWERS.

EXT. DIRT FIELD -- DAY

The man turns toward the crow sound --

Eyes stare across the field with concern and intensity.

He runs back to the tractor-cultivator -- and up the stairs into the cab --

INT./EXT. TRACTOR-CULTIVATOR CAB -- DAY

Grabs the 30.06 rifle, jumps out and down to the ground.

Raises his rifle and scans the field through his scope --

EXT. ADJACENT MEADOW -- DAY

VICTOR

watches the man through binoculars --

The man searches through the scope on his 30.06.

EXT. DIRT FIELD -- DAY

A REFLECTIVE GLINT OF SUNRISE REFLECTS OFF BINOCULAR GLASS --

Man sees it through his gun scope. He FIRES at Victor.

Man fires again at Victor, then turns toward the pregnant woman and fires twice up into midair --

Waves her away.

PREGNANT WOMAN

drops the lunch basket and runs to the pick-up truck.

EXT. ANOTHER ADJACENT MEADOW -- DAY

Andy moves through tall alfalfa in green camouflage face paint and camouflage clothes toward the farm house.

He unholsters his Neurowave weapon.

EXT. ADJACENT MEADOW -- DAY

THE MUZZLE

of a 30.06 rifle barrel leads the search through the meadow spreading alfalfa.

MAN

I hear your heartbeat...it's going a little fast, isn't it...? Smell your fear?

The rifle is KICKED out of the man's grip and a

FIFTEEN INCH KNIFE BLADE

swings out of its sheath...

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

VICTOR'S EYES

are in a glower of malevolence.

His teeth clenched, he pushes forward as he swings his blade out of control at the man.

A green, scapular medal around Victor's neck sways with each move.

The bloodied man grabs Victor's arm in flight and wrestles him for the knife... A BARITONE DEATH WAIL comes out of the man's mouth.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- DAY

Pregnant woman jumps out of the pick-up truck --

Races toward the farmhouse when

Andy fires his Neurowave at her and knocks her down.

Andy kneels over the unconscious woman, pulls out a medical kit and opens it.

He raises her dress to expose her pregnant stomach.

Plastic gloves his hands, sprays her stomach with a can of colored disinfectant.

Takes out a hypodermic syringe gun with a long hypodermic needle attached to it.

He lays a thin, rectangular device shaped like an iPad on her stomach and taps it on...

RECTANGULAR DEVICE SCREEN

An infrared x-ray appears on screen and shows the baby inside the woman's stomach.

ANDY

watches the screen as he injects the long needle --

RECTANGULAR DEVICE SCREEN

-- into her stomach, into the baby's umbilical cord.

ANDY

extracts blood into the syringe gun.

He replaces a bottle of blood in the handle of the gun with an empty one.

He caps the bottle and puts it in his kit.

Continues to fill the second bottle and a third.

Andy sets the woman against the pick-up truck. Checks her heartbeat with a stethoscope, then takes off.

EXT. ADJACENT MEADOW -- DAY

A FIST

moves forward with force into Victor's temple.

VICTOR

stumbles forward --

Everything blurs before him.

He drops, kissing ground. Unconscious.

ANDY

makes the HAUNTED CROW COUGH and is punched in the back --

Sending him forward into a tree trunk where he bounces onto the ground.

The bloodied man walks forward and stands over Andy.

Andy's hand goes for his Neurowave weapon --

Man's foot stamps on Andy's hand...

His fingers reach down for Andy's throat when

A FIFTEEN INCH BLADE

swings across, lopping off the man's hand --

The hand hits ground and it transforms into a
 CLAWED, HAIRY, WEREWOLF HAND.

THE MAN

cries out a BARITONE DEATH WAIL, holds his bleeding hand
 while

ANDY

staggers to his feet.

The man rushes Andy and a swing of blade cuts through neck --

THE MAN'S HEAD

sails through the air, until --

It bounces and rolls across the ground to a stop where it
 transforms into a WEREWOLF HEAD.

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK -- DAY

THE PREGNANT FEMALE

awakens.

Her BARITONE DEATH WAIL echoes throughout the forest.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

BARITONE DEATH WAILS answer in the distance.

EXT. ADJACENT MEADOW -- DAY

ANDY

turns around --

Eyes search the meadow.

He makes the HAUNTED CROW COUGH as he stomps through alfalfa.

He finds

VICTOR

face down in the meadow.

Andy pulls a wireless mic out that hangs around his neck...

ANDY

Black snatch needs immediate
 extraction!

A BLOODY HAND

reaches for Victor. It grabs his shirt and rolls him onto his back.

ANDY'S VOICE

Vic, you, you okay?

VICTOR POV --

Andy wavers in and out of focus.

VICTOR

Andy, can't see you...

He faints.

Andy picks Victor up.

BARITONE DEATH WAILS coming forward through the forest.

ANDY turns toward the forest --

EXT. FOREST - DAY

BARITONE DEATH WAILS, HUMANS come from all directions.

EXT. DIRT FIELD -- DAY

Andy fireman-carries Victor, draws his Neurowave weapon...

BARITONE DEATH WAILS, HUMANS chase Andy and Victor.

Helicopter prop wash overhead stirs up dust, dirt and debris...

Andy races toward the helicopter. MULTIPLE DEATH WAILS, HUMANS surround Andy and Victor. He shoots

NEUROWAVE WEAPON FIRE

in every direction, HUMANS go down...

EXT. HELICOPTER -- DAY

Andy drops an unconscious Victor into the hands of a MAN inside the helicopter.

MAN

Miller wants to know if you have the stem cells?

Andy hands him a medical kit...

ANDY

Umbilical stem cell blood's in here.

Andy gets on board the helicopter.

The man points a Neurowave weapon at Andy and fires --

HELICOPTER PROP WASH GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER...lift off.

MAN (V.O.)

Next stop, Candyland.

INT. BUILDING - BASEMENT HALLWAY -- DAY

Miller walks up to a door and presses numbers on a code lock.

INT. LABORATORY -- DAY

He enters a dark room surrounded by equipment in silhouette and blinking lights on machinery.

In the center of the room, in two enclosed containers with glass windows and oxygen feeds, lie Victor Tooms and Andy McCray -- unconscious.

MILLER

Hmmmm, well, my carnivores are all tucked in for the night. This little experiment just keeps getting more and more interesting --

Miller pats both containers as he walks between them.

MILLER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry my friends but things were getting a little out of hand. Oh, don't worry, we'll get your minds right -- and you'll be better than ever.

Miller walks over to a piece of equipment and rubs the faceplate free of dust --

There's a stamped serial number and the words --

ACE INTEGRATED DNA ANALYZER-SEQUENCER

Miller smiles.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Time to use the heavy gear...

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY -- DAY

Miller enters an elevator.

INT. BUILDING -- DAY

Miller gets out of the elevator, walks down the hallway and up to a MAN in a suit standing outside a closed door.

Miller pulls a miniature Snickers bar out of his pocket along with his identification.

Miller shows his identification to the man and he's allowed inside...he tosses the miniature Snickers bar to the guard and smiles with a sigh.

INT. ROOM -- DAY

DOCTOR MAUREEN LORD (38), sweet-faced yet all business, addresses GENERAL RUTH (58) and SENATOR EDYTHE TOLEN (48).

DOCTOR LORD

...the suicide rate among active duty military personnel has spiked this year, eclipsing the number of troops dying in battle. But it's not from P-T-S-D...

Miller enters the room and stands along the wall.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)

I've veered away from the post traumatic stress disorder brain studies because of a newly discovered medical correlation that needs to be considered...

Doctor Lord clicks a remote and a screen lowers in the front of the room.

A photo appears of a handsome Marine, smiling in his dress uniform.

DOCTOR LORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Here's a twenty-seven year old former Marine --

The photo changes to the same Marine, serious face, in combat gear -- an Iraq location.

DOCTOR LORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

-- struggling to adjust to civilian life after two tours in Iraq.

A PHOTO appears of the same Marine in plain clothes, bewildered, with his WIFE (23) and CHILD (2) --

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)

Once an A student, he found himself
unable to remember conversations,
dates and routine bits of daily life.

A PHOTO appears of the Marine, sitting on the floor and
staring out the window while his daughter crawls on him.

DOCTOR LORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He became irritable, snapped at his
child and withdrew from his family.

A photo appears of the Marine sitting on an empty beach,
staring out at the water.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)

He and his wife began divorce
proceedings.

A POLICE PHOTO appears of his wife with a black eye.

DOCTOR LORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He took to alcohol, and a drunken
car crash cost him his drivers
license.

A POLICE PHOTO appears of the Marine and his booking number.

DOCTOR LORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Department of Veterans Affairs
diagnosed him with post-traumatic
stress disorder. But...

A PHOTO of the GRAVE SIDE BURIAL of the Marine.

DOCTOR LORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...when his parents hadn't heard
from him in two days, they asked the
police to check on him. The officers
found his body -- he hanged himself
with a belt.

Lord paces the room, scratches her head.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)

The autopsy of this man's brain
revealed something startling that is
now considered to shed light on the
epidemic of suicides and other
troubles experienced by veterans of
wars in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Maureen clicks the remote and a PHOTO of a diseased brain
appears.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)

His brain decayed from a disease called chronic traumatic encephalopathy, a degenerative condition best-known for affecting boxers, football players and other athletes who endure repeated blows to the head -- not P-T-S-D.

A PHOTO appears of a road side bomb explosion and SOLDIERS RUNNING AWAY.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)

We now know that blasts from bombs, grenades and other explosive devices are having a catastrophic impact on the brain, similar to those of repeated concussions in sports -- the high percentage of suicides among young veterans is one of the results.

She taps her lap top and a picture of a CENTIPEDE-LIKE OBJECT appears on screen.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)

Eventually C-T-E causes total neurological decay... There's no treatment, or way of diagnosing it -- other than examining the brain after death -- until now.

A drawing appears on screen of the Centipede-like object inside the human body.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)

One-billionth of a meter long. A prototype nanobot -- equipped with a transporting mechanism, an internal processor and a fuel unit that enables it to function.

She holds up a remote control shaped like an iPhone.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)

I can program and control it with this, while it's inside the body.

Maureen hits the lap top and another drawing of the Centipede appears with its working arms extended.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)

It's arms are equipped with nanoscale modules that include a laser, camera--

SENATOR TOLEN

--The committee wants to see technologies that have immediate potential, not fringe science fifty years away.

DOCTOR LORD

Every medical accomplishment in history started out on the fringe of medical thinking.

GENERAL RUTH

Doesn't worry you? An army of programmed gadgets, inside us, communicating with each other.

DOCTOR LORD

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

Miller shivers, sweats. Wipes his forehead with a handkerchief. Looks to see if anyone notices him.

GENERAL RUTH (O.S.)

Our soldier families are all over us to find a way to protect their sons and daughters we're putting in harms way.

SENATOR TOLEN

The media is all over us. The President is all over us!

GENERAL RUTH

One out of three veterans come home with P-T-S-D or C-T-E--

DOCTOR LORD

--I find ways to fix the nastiness of war on our veterans, there are no boundaries.

SENATOR TOLEN

Yes, we know, Doctor Lord, "Halt! Frontier ahead" means nothing to you.

DOCTOR LORD

This could be a major medical breakthrough!

GENERAL RUTH

Or a chilling lesson in technology gone wrong.

DOCTOR LORD

I've found a way for nanobots to cross the protective blood-brain barrier.

SENATOR TOLEN

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration says nanoparticles could pose a risk to the heart and blood vessels, the central nervous system and the immune system.

MILLER

Is this tech operational, or what?

MAUREEN

There are a few problems to overcome.

SENATOR TOLEN

We need answers now!

MILLER

Medical experimentation scares the risk-averse, but not me. Defense Advanced research could use someone like you, Doctor Lord. We can no longer wait, it's time we start human testing to get to the bottom of this suicide problem.

The Senator and the General stand abruptly.

GENERAL RUTH

What!

SENATOR TOLEN

Just a minute here!

MILLER

Relax, relax, I'm pulling rank is all.

SENATOR TOLEN

This is like the blind leading the blind.

MILLER

Well, that's your take on it.

GENERAL RUTH

You've made enough enemies already.

SENATOR TOLEN

You wouldn't be here if not for us!

MILLER

Well, my parents having sex had a lot to say about that... Look, here's the bottom line, Washington has put me in charge of Doctor Lord's program and I'm personally responsible for keeping it funded. So, if there are no further questions...

Miller guides Doctor Lord out of the room.

MILLER (CONT'D)

It's wonderful to still want to reach for the stars, isn't it Doctor Lord?

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

DOCTOR LORD

Repairing brain tissue is a tall order.

MILLER

I'll need to see all your research materials.

DOCTOR LORD

The unusual properties of my nanobot probes may pose unexpected risks to the human body I'm not aware of.

MILLER

Then will have to add something inhuman.

Doctor Lord shoots Miller a nervous stare.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Just kidding, Doctor -- look, I've monitored your work. I know all your successes and all of your failures. We'll get it done. But I'm, well, I'm more interested in your clandestine work, Doctor, the black side of what all countries are racing after.

DOCTOR LORD

You've heard about everything I'm working on.

MILLER

It's funny. I've never fully understood the concept of sacrifice...

DOCTOR LORD

I'm not following what you're fishing for, General.

MILLER

A nation armed with molecular nanotechnology-based weapons would not require nuclear weapons to annihilate a civilization. Does that ring a bell, Doctor Lord?

DOCTOR LORD

Some say the Israelis are working on a devastating nanoweapons system that could kill certain types of people depending on their D-N-A.

MILLER

Oooh, now we're in the same ballpark, Doctor Lord. When I mentioned, "It's time for human testing," what I had in mind was the off-the-books clandestine stuff you're working on not just this P-T-S-D front--

DOCTOR LORD

--I don't know what you're talking about--

MILLER

--We'll see about that--

DOCTOR LORD

--That work has got nothing to do with you--

MILLER

--That's where you're wrong, it's got everything to do with me.

DOCTOR LORD

It's for a different area of government.

MILLER

And who do you think they report to?

Doctor Lord's face flinches.

MILLER (CONT'D)

I want you to use your top-secret self-replicating assemblers on my patients. You know, the kind of nanobots that can rewrite genetic code and rebuild the human body.

In an instant her hand wipes her mouth. Scared eyes.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Working the high wire without a net --
that's where it's at -- right Doctor
Lord?

INT. BUILDING - MEDICAL ROOM -- DAY

Miller walks into an all white medical control room surrounded by glass windows and futuristic equipment.

Miller grimaces in pain and doubles over. Moves out of the room and into the

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Miller straightens up, leans against a wall, breathing heavy. Sweating.

Opens a pillbox and pops a pill. He gags and runs into the bathroom...

INT. MEDICAL ROOM -- DAY

DOCTOR LORD

sits before a computer screen tapping keys.

Miller walks in, pale, wipes his mouth with his handkerchief.

Stares down below into an all white surgical room where

Victor and Andrew each lay on a surgical bed, unconscious and shackled at the feet and hands.

MILLER

So, where do we stand?

DOCTOR LORD

The nanobots I put into them have completed their diagnostics. Feedback tells me they both have early onset C-T-E. But Victor's brain is much worse than Andy's.

MILLER

Program the genetic modifications to fix their brains and send in the replicating assemblers.

VIDEO SCREENS

show live video of Victor and Andy --

DOCTOR LORD (O.S.)
Not yet, sir.

MILLER (O.S.)
What do you mean, not yet?

Electrodes are attached to their temples --
Wires run off electrodes toward a computer terminal.

DOCTOR LORD

taps computer keys...turns to Miller.

DOCTOR LORD
Where did these stem cells come from?

MILLER
Nevermind where they're from, what's
the problem?

DOCTOR LORD
Who engineered them?

MILLER
I applaud you, very observant, Doctor
Lord.

DOCTOR LORD
They're already dividing rapidly and
I see unfamiliar, volatile organic
compounds in the cell nucleus that
are inhuman.

MILLER
It's a synthetic type of stem cell
created in our lab. Especially
designed to repair dead neurons.

DOCTOR LORD
There's more to it than that, the
genes I'm seeing have significantly
increased expression levels. I'm
concerned these stem cells could
kill our patients not cure them.

MILLER
These stem cells have been rigorously
tested every step of the way up to
this point.

Doctor Lord doesn't move an inch.

DOCTOR LORD
I'll need proof of that.

MILLER

United we're tall, divided we're
small. Which is it?

Doctor Lord heads for the door, her hand on the door knob.

DOCTOR LORD

United... But you have to tell me
everything--

MILLER

I'll decide the conditions, take it
or leave it...

DOCTOR LORD

I don't tumble to threats.

MILLER

How about your buddy, Doctor Martha
Howard?

DOCTOR LORD

What about her?

MILLER

Citing her nanotech research, which
the F-D-A called "the most definitive
to date," the agency found that not
enough is known about how long
nanoparticles remain in the body,
where they accumulate, and the kinds
of damage they can do.

DOCTOR LORD

Human failings have been a greater
problem than the technology itself.

MILLER

Listen to me... Together we can
change the face of humanity, prove
the critics wrong. Once and for all
we can show nanotech fuels innovation
and powerful new therapeutic weapons
for treating many of the worse forms
of cancer, cardiovascular problems
and this neurodegenerative disease
we're about to conquer.

DOCTOR LORD

I'm not doing anything to kill my
career.

Miller pulls a document out of his coat pocket, hands it to
Doctor Lord...

MILLER

Here's all the proof you need. It's signed by the head of stem cell research at Johns Hopkins.

Doctor Lord reads the document.

DOCTOR LORD

How do I know you didn't forge this?

MILLER

Really, Doctor Lord, do you think I would mislead you on something this important.

DOCTOR LORD

Okay we'll proceed, but this conversation isn't over.

MILLER

Sounds good to me... I'll make you a copy of the document.

Doctor Lord opens the door...

DOCTOR LORD

I'm doing this against my better judgment...

MILLER

You made the right decision.

Miller follows her...

DOCTOR LORD

You stay here. I don't want you breathing down my neck in the surgery room.

MILLER

Oh, before you go, here are the signed releases for our patients...

Miller hands her the documents.

MILLER (CONT'D)

...wouldn't want your career to go down the toilet if something goes wrong in there.

Miller smiles. Tosses a Snickers bar at her.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Try one, it'll do wonders.

INT. SURGICAL ROOM -- DAY

Doctor Lord walks into the surgical room dressed in white.

FOUR LAB TECHNICIANS dressed in white surround her.

TWO NURSES

walk over to Victor and Andy. One checks Andy's blood pressure and the other checks Victor's blood pressure.

They each type into a computer and

The numbers register on a video screen in the middle of the room --

VIDEO SCREEN

Andy - 112/65, Victor - 122/50

DOCTOR LORD

Spray them with the green cans.

A lab tech unlocks a refrigerator and takes out --

TWO GREEN SPRAY CANS

and hands them to two techs --

One lab tech opens Victor's mouth and depresses a spout on the green spray can -- an aerosol spray shoots into his mouth.

Another tech opens Andy's mouth and depresses a spout on a green spray can -- an aerosol spray goes into his mouth.

Doctor Lord taps her REMOTE DEVICE --

ON VIDEO SCREEN

Two live pictures of Victor and Andy.

A BRIGHT GREEN SPECK

in each MOUTH moves up into the BRAIN.

DOCTOR LORD

types commands into her REMOTE DEVICE.

ON LIVE VIDEO SCREEN --

Video turns into a LIVE X-RAY OF EACH BODY

The bright green SPECKS break into hundreds of green SPECKS in the brain.

A purple solution oozes out of the green particles.

Doctor Lord stares at the video screen then down at her

REMOTE DEVICE

HER EYES

in shock --

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)

How can that be? They're multiplying
already! Something's accelerated
them...

She turns and stares up at Miller, if eyes could kill...

Behind glass windows, Miller bites into a Snickers
bar...smiles

MILLER

(over a surgical room
speaker)

Well, there's no turning back now,
is there, doctor?

VICTOR

SCREAMS in pain --

ANDY SCREAMS

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

Victor's brain waves spike on an electroencephalograph.

THROUGH A GLASS WINDOW ABOVE --

MILLER'S EYES FREAK OUT!

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

Andy's brain waves spike.

ON A HANGING EKG SCREEN

Victor's heart rate rises to 380 beats per minute. Andy's
to 450.

Miller looks down into the surgical room through glass windows --

MILLER (CONT'D)
(over a surgical room
speaker)
Their hearts are gonna pop, what are
you doing?

DOCTOR LORD
Pop a Snickers bar and calm down.

MILLER
(over a surgical room
speaker)
I would calm down, if these two looked
like they weren't going to die!

VICTOR

A silver-gray tinge comes over his face.

MILLER (CONT'D)
(over a surgical room
speaker)
Do you know what you're doing?

ANDY

A silver-gray tinge comes over Andy's face.

DOCTOR LORD
I told you we're in uncharted waters,
let me do my job.

Doctor Lord taps her REMOTE CONTROL over and over.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)
The nanobot links are connected to
the brain...

Both bodies vibrate into multiple images.

Victor's mouth opens and a moaning gasp escapes. Andy is
quiet.

A MULTI-COLORED MOVING GLOW emits from Victor's mouth and
eyes.

EKG SCREEN

Victor's heart rate shoots up to 610. Andy's rate is up to
720.

MILLER
(over the surgical
room speaker)
You're a doctor, do something!

Doctor Lord taps her REMOTE DEVICE --

DOCTOR LORD
Nanobots have done their job in the
brain... Linked with the nervous
system, but their expanding into the
body! I didn't program them to do
that...

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

Doctor Lord taps her REMOTE DEVICE...

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)
The nanobots aren't responding!

Andy torso arches up in the air and down. His breathing
stops too.

Doctor Lord watches Victor's and Andy's vital signs on the
computer screen go flat.

She turns to the computer screen, taps keys.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)
Something's interfering with their
immune systems.

A BEEPING SOUND from the EKGS.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)
Get the carts!

Two techs runs for the crash carts and push them over to
Victor and Andy.

They slap the paddles on their chests and zap them. Victor
and Andy jump up --

THE EKG SCREENS

run flat lines for both.

They zap them again -- flat lines.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)
Epinephrin now.

Nurse injects a hypodermic syringe into Victor's chest above
the heart.

Nurse injects a hypodermic syringe into Andy's chest above
the heart

MILLER
(over a surgical room
speaker)
Are they dead?

Doctor Lord taps her REMOTE DEVICE --

A smile inches across her face --

DOCTOR LORD
They're both alive! The nanobots
are alive.

EKG SCREEN

comes alive with the BEEPING of life for Victor and Andy.

Doctor Lord breathes a sigh of relief.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)
The worst is over... Part of the
process is all.

She taps the REMOTE DEVICE.

REMOTE DEVICE SCREEN

She taps the keys...

DOCTOR LORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Creating new molecular elements.

Victor's body jumps. Andy's body flinches.

Doctor Lord TAPS THE REMOTE.

Victor gasps for air, opens his eyes. Andy does the same.

Doctor Lord taps the remote.

Victor's body shivers. Andy sleeps.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)
The surgery is done. I sent in the
"kiss of death" charge that eradicates
the nanobots -- it didn't work.

MILLER
(over the surgical
room speaker)
So, they're self-replicating?

DOCTOR LORD
They already have.

MILLER
 (over the surgical
 room speaker)
 When do I see results.

DOCTOR LORD
 A few hours.

MILLER
 (over the surgical
 room speaker)
 Pack your bags, we leave for
 Azerbaijan tonight.

DOCTOR LORD
 Why Azerbaijan?

MILLER
 (over the surgical
 room speaker)
 You'll see when we get there...
 It's a surprise.

EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS — LATE AFTERNOON

SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAIN PEAKS

SHEER CLIFFS

ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN RANGE cannon fire echoes.

SUPER: **SOUTH CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - AZERBAIJAN**

DECIDUOUS FOREST

A ROAD

dark and foggy, winds through the valley. SMOKE billows in
 the distance.

Headlights break fog. Automatic weapon fire echoes in the
 forest.

Headlights turn off the road and head into the dark forest --

A TRUCK

pocked with bullet holes, shrouded by dirty canvas flapping
 in the wind, rolls down a 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 MCCRAY

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

What are you doing? No writing or anything that identifies country of origin.

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

--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.

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

ANDY
 I gave this--

VICTOR
 --You need it more than me.

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

The DRIVER turns the TRUCK off the road onto a narrow trail, overgrown by trees, and disappears into blackness.

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 are we getting into up here,
anyway?

VICTOR

The Vokulaku clan. A more human
breed of werewolf never seen before.
They don't have family trees, they
have family forests.

ANDY

Figures they'd live in the middle of
a godforsaken war zone up here.

VICTOR

They're attracted to death, have
been for hundreds of years... Maybe
thousands.

Victor gives him an endearing squeeze around the neck.

EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - TRUCK -- NIGHT

GEARS DOWNSHIFT and the truck slows to a stop.

INT. TRUCK - CARGO HOLD -- NIGHT

VICTOR

Shall we?

ANDY

Does Pinocchio have wooden balls?

Victor and Andy jump from beneath the rear canvas flap of
the truck.

EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST -- NIGHT

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

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.

AN ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER (APC)

sits in the forest at the edge of a ravine.

NIGHT VISION BINOCULARS

look out a porthole in the APC watching Victor and Andrew.

LOW GUTTURAL WHISPERS IN THE FOREST

FEMALE EYES

surrounded with wet blood, watch Victor and Andy from the bush.

Victor and Andy look down the hill onto a

SMALL WOODEN HOUSE

Fire in garbage cans light the area.

Andy scans the area with night vision.

Victor and Andy move down the hill --

Behind them, the wide muzzle of an ASSAULT COMBAT SHOTGUN spreads the bushes.

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

LOW GUTTURAL WHISPERS IN THE FOREST

Victor turns and scans the woods...

EXT. ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER - FOREST RAVINE -- NIGHT

A PAIR OF HAIRLESS, CLAWED HANDS

grab hold of the front APC wheel-well and lift up --

A PAIR OF HAIRLESS, CLAWED HANDS

grab hold of the rear APC wheel-well and lift up

THE APC

rises up to where it sits on an angle and --

It's tossed over and down the side of the hill --

Rolling over and over till it comes to a stop in a ravine.

LOW GUTTURAL WHISPERS IN THE FOREST

REAR DOOR SWINGS OPEN

and an ARMED COMMANDO sticks his Neurowave weapon out and looks around.

HAIRLESS, CLAWED HANDS grab his arm and snatch the commando out of the APC. He's gone.

A Neurowave weapon, BROKEN IN TWO lies on the ground.

COMMANDO 2

climbs out of the APC. He looks around dazed and

A BLUR OF CREATURE CARRIES HIM AWAY

THREE ARMED COMMANDOS

roll out of the APC and crawl towards each other, on their stomachs, making a circle with their feet touching.

Commando 3 picks the Neurowave weapon pieces off the ground, looks around --

LOW GUTTURAL WHISPERS TO THEIR LEFT

They click their shoes and the circle of men rotates left .

The see a glimpse of moving blur and unleash their Neurowave weapon power with a barrage of rippling air waves into the forest.

LOW GUTTURAL WHISPERS TO THEIR RIGHT

They click their shoes and the circle of men rotates to their right...Neurowave weapons ready --

From above, a blur of beasts drop down and the commandos are attacked by CREATURES -- PART MAN, PART BEAST -- that ravage them...

Severed body parts are tossed about.

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.

HANGING, SLITTED MUZZLES

on two Neurowave guns move toward Movlamov. Lights blink along the barrel.

Movlamov looks up. Eyes surprised.

MOVLAMOV
(in Azerbaijani)
Nice weapons! Good for My Russian
friends.

MOVLAMOV'S HAND

inches across the table toward the barrel of a .45 automatic sticking out from under papers.

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

VICTOR
Up.

MOVLAMOV
(in Azerbaijani)
What a pig I am. Colonel Mirzahan
Movlamov at your service. May I
offer you some refreshments?

ANDY
(in Azerbaijani)
Miller sent us.

Movlamov cups his face with both hands, sobs.

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

ANDY
(in Azerbaijani)
Hands out.

MOVLAMOV
(in Azerbaijani)
But of course.

Andy cuffs a pair of thick iron handcuffs around Movlamov's wrists and behind his back.

Chain cuffs his ankles.

EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - TRAIL — NIGHT

Andy leads Movlamov and Victor through the forest.

Female eyes follow them --

She carries an automatic shotgun with a Hugh magazine attached.

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

A BLUR

passes in the forest. LOW GUTTURAL WHISPERS.

ANDY

passes an open driver's side door.

The driver's not there.

BUSHES RUSTLE

Andy looks around.

BLURS MOVE through the forest -- LOW GUTTURAL WHISPERS.

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. His head is gone.

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.

VICTOR
Move it.

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

MOVLAMOV
(in English)
Welcome, my friends, the forest is
full of excitement.

Movlamov's snaps the metal handcuffs apart.

MOVLAMOV (CONT'D)
(in English, guttural)
You'll never find my family.

Kicks his ankle chains to pieces.

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

BEDISA VANTSA (26)

athletic, curvaceous, blood covers her face and hands, steps
from the bush carrying her

AUTOMATIC COMBAT SHOTGUN

with a huge shell magazine attached

BEDISA
Vokulaku.

The HAIR-LESS, MUSCULAR CREATURE -- PART MAN, PART BEAST --
turns and rushes her.

A BLAST out of the shotgun shreds the beast's body.

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

Another BLAST blows the beast's head to pieces.

LOW GUTTURAL WHISPERS HIGH UP IN THE TREES

LOW GUTTURAL WHISPERS IN THE BUSHES

Bedisa blasts the BUSHES with a few shots...GUTTURAL SCREAMS.

Bedisa fires again and

Cuts the MANBEAST, MOVLAMOV, in half at the waist.

BEDISA

aims the automatic shotgun up into the trees and fires.
GUTTURAL SCREAMS OF DEATH. Bodies hitting ground.

She continues firing in a circular fashion, killing Vokulaku
in the forest.

Andy aims his Neurowave weapon at her.

ANDY

...what the fu--? Who are you?

Shotgun barrel points toward Andy.

Andy stares at Bedisa's bloody face then

Down at the shredded beast.

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,
runs her hand down his chest, stomach, smiles at him.

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.

Victor stares at the glimpse of a dead Vokulaku hanging by the feet in the barn, dripping blood.

Victor taps Andy on the shoulder and points at the barn window.

Andy sees the creature.

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

Bedisa enters a farm house.

ANDY

We trust her?

VICTOR

Not a chance. Where'd she get the Sledgehammer? It's American made.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- NIGHT

Fire in the hearth. Bedisa steps into the room, hair wet, nice clothes, pretty face. Tosses a log on the fire.

ANDY

That's an improvement.

BEDISA

Vokulaku blood on face and body, smell like them. Easy to hunt.

VICTOR (O.S.)

So, where'd the Sledgehammer come from?

BEDISA

Eat now, hungry.

Bedisa walks into the kitchen.

On the mantle, over the hearth, there's a framed photograph of a proud Bedisa (20) in a Russian army uniform.

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

What you want with Movlamov? He Vokulaku leader...want to control area, kill all humans.

ANDY

We were sent to stop the killing.

BEDISA (O.S.)

The sledgehammer, a gift when I leave
Moscow.

Another framed photo shows Bedisa smiling and holding hands
with a MAN (20) in Red Square, Moscow.

Bedisa comes out of the kitchen with platters of food.

ANDY

You handle it like second nature.
The guy in the photo give it to you?

BEDISA

No. I Captain in Spetsnaz G-R-U.
Weapons, recon, counter-terrorism.
Sit. Eat.

Victor and Andy sit around a table. They eat chicken, bread,
potatoes and vegetables.

Bedisa brings two bottles of vodka to the table. Opens one.
Pours three glasses full.

They each take a glass and Bedisa toasts --

BEDISA (CONT'D)

Na zda rov ye

ANDY

Yes, to our health.

They ping glasses and drink.

BEDISA

Ah, speak Russian, yes?

Victor toasts.

VICTOR

Az schast ye.

BEDISA

Happiness.

They drink.

BEDISA (CONT'D)

(to Victor)

Az lyoo bov.

VICTOR

To love.

They drink.

BEDISA

Tired killing for religious reasons
in Caucasus.

She smiles.

BEDISA (CONT'D)

Best for me leave G-R-U. Never
return.

Bedisa downs a vodka.

ANDY

You live here alone?

Bedisa pours three more vodkas.

BEDISA

Three winters past, cold, no food.
Boyfriend take goats to town, return
bloody. When he sleep, I kill.
Bite from Vokulaku, no cure.

They clink their glasses together and down their vodkas.

BEDISA (CONT'D)

No more goat for Vokulaku, only
shotgun. Enough talking. Time to
bed. Bedroom for you, there.

She points to a long hallway. Andy and Victor stroll away.

Bedisa cleans up the table, glances at Victor's behind.

Victor and Andy walk into a bedroom close the door

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

ANDY

Nothing like being in the lair of
Russian special forces. I feel like
Hansel and Gretel before the oven.

VICTOR

If we live till morning, call for
extraction.

ANDY

Guard or sleep?

VICTOR
I'll guard first.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Andy sleeps.

Victor stares out the window.

The door is pushed open -- bare feet and a shotgun walk toward Victor --

Victor turns to meet an automatic shotgun staring him in the face.

Bedisa smiles, motions him with the barrel to stand up. Her finger on the trigger.

She jams the barrel into his back pushing Victor out of the room.

INT. BEDISA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Bedisa grabs Victor's hand, guides it into her shirt and lays it on her breast.

Victor relaxes...she pushes his hand away.

BEDISA
Take clothes off. See package.

Victor takes his clothes off, watching every move she makes.

Bedisa moves toward Victor, caresses his face. Kisses him on the cheek.

BEDISA (CONT'D)
Don't be afraid. Not drunk. Lonely.

She puts the shotgun down. Disrobes.

He smiles, scanning the beauty before him. She hugs him, pressing her body into hers.

Victor embraces her, kissing. They fall on the bed.

Victor caresses the hair that hangs over her breasts. He kisses her. She rolls on top of Victor...

EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - CHELYABINSK 65 — NIGHT

A group of gray buildings trapped in wood.

INT. CHELYABINSK 65 - ABANDONED HOSPITAL

Plain clothes guards dot the hallway.

INT. OFFICE

Gray walls surround Doctor Lord. She looks into an electron microscope. Writes in a notebook.

She slides her chair over to the computer and taps the keys.

Miller walks in.

MILLER

I contacted the commandos shadowing our patients, no answer. I've tried to contact our patients -- looks like they've wandered into a war zone and lost their way.

She holds up her REMOTE DEVICE.

DOCTOR LORD

The nanobots are communicating from inside them. So far so good. Their blood shows continued nanobot multiplication and animal cell growth. No mutations yet.

MILLER

Is that a good or a bad thing?

DOCTOR LORD

You tell me. Where'd the animal cells come from?

MILLER

If you're smart, you'll realize this is your ticket to the Nobel prize -- for ass-kicking. I can't say it any nicer without a threat...do we understand each other?

DOCTOR LORD

The animal cells didn't show up before.

MILLER

My guys engineered a cloaking cell during growth.

DOCTOR LORD

I've never seen cells like this before, they're bonding with the nanobots at an unbelievable rate.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)
There's a plasma like force inside
their bodies.

MILLER
Maybe it's the start of an embryonic
journey toward a new species...
Let's go find our patients.

EXT. FARMHOUSE — DAY

Dark and foggy. Victor and Andy walk away from the farmhouse.
Bedisa follows them out of her door.

VICTOR
Where are you going?

Bedisa hugs Victor. Kisses him.

BEDISA
Hope, see you before leave.

Andy has a surprised look on his face then he smiles.
Andy pats Victor on the back.

ANDY
You dog, you! Got a second?

Andy glares at Victor and pulls him aside.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Are you out of your mind? We don't
know anything about her.

VICTOR
I'm learning more every second.
(he smiles)

ANDY
She could jeopardize our mission.

VICTOR
What mission? She blew our mission
into fly bait. It's over, we're
goin' home...

Victor pats Andy on the head walks over to Bedisa.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Now, where were we?

BEDISA
Safer I take you to Phalona.

BEDISA (CONT'D)
 Village no more, Russians bomb.
 Everyone live in forest. Vokulaku
 have plenty food now.

Victor kisses her.

BEDISA (CONT'D)
 Maybe send ticket to visit America.
 War and Vokulaku dangerous
 combination.

VICTOR
 Sounds like a plan.

EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST — DAY

An ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER (APC)
 rips a path through the misty, dark woods.

EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST — DAY

Bedisa leads Victor and Andy through the trees. A NOISE
 ahead.

Victor and Andy kneel down.

Bedisa disappears.

Breeze RATTLES the leaves on a tree.

CRUNCHING of brush.

ANDY
 We got company.

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

Bedisa climbs a tree. Scans the forest with a night vision
 device.

Victor and Andy head out in different directions.

BLUR OF LOPING CREATURE

prowls the dark forest. Then another blur of creature.
 Then another.

Andy slinks between trees.

Bedisa fires down on a moving creature --

GUTTURAL MOANS echo in the forest.

Andy jerks around.

ANDY (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Andy locks vision with --

ANGRY BESTIAL EYES

racing toward him.

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

Andy comes to a clearing that ends before a steep cliff --

Forty foot drop below.

Andy teeters over the edge --

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

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

Andy raises his hand to the creature and it bites him.

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...?

Out of the forest darkness --

A GLIMPSE OF CREATURE COMES UP BEHIND VICTOR --

BEDISA

steps out of the forest behind the creature.

BEDISA
Vokulaku.

Victor turns toward the creature...

The creature turns toward Bedisa and is blown away by a flurry of automatic shotgun fire.

She disappears back into the forest.

VICTOR
Bedisa! Bedisa!

Victor runs toward a body on the ground.

His eyes meet Andy's.

ON THE GROUND

Andy's body is mangled.

Victor drops beside him. A face full of doubt looks over
Andy --

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Andy...

Victor sees fear and desperation in Andy's eyes. 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 puts his mouth to Andy's blows bursts of air into
Andy's mouth.

Presses down on his chest with both hands.

Checks Andy's neck for a pulse.

Victor lifts Andy's legs and pumps them up and down.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
You're not done yet, man, think about
a beer on the beach, your family.

Victor hugs a lifeless Andy. Weeps.

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.

BEDISA

Aims her weapon up into the trees --

Scanning the trees with night vision.

Victor steps forward --

Scouring the forested gloom for its nightmare apparition.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

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

Glimpse of a SHADOWY GIANT jumps down from a tree and appears behind Victor.

Bedisa fires at the beast and misses.

Victor turns and nothing is there.

RATTLING ROAR breaks to Victor's right.

He spins.

ROAR to his left.

He FIRES his Neurowave weapon at the shadows.

BEDISA

sees the Vokulaku attack Victor through night vision.

She fires --

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

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 A VOKULAKU CREATURE FACE

It 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.

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

EXT. CAUCASUS GORGE -- DAY

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.

AUTOMATIC SHOTGUN FIRE ECHOES IN THE CAUCASUS GORGE

EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - ROCKY CLEARING -- DAY

An ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER slides to a stop.

The rear door swings open and HARTMAN (35) the commando leader leads a team of five out the door. Doctor Lord and Miller follow.

Doctor Lord rushes to Andy, cradles his head in her hands.

She stares at the the damage to Andy's face, turns away...

Sadness in her eyes.

Opens her 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.

DOCTOR LORD
He's still alive!

MILLER
I wonder if Victor is still--

Doctor Lord looks at her remote device --

DOCTOR LORD
--Yes, he is.

Doctor Lord elastic gloves each of her hands, rips Andy's blood-soaked shirt open, wipes the blood away with gauze pads.

Reaches into her medical bag --

MILLER
That won't be necessary, please step aside, my technician will do the honors.

A MEDICAL TECHNICIAN opens a black case.

He takes 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.

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

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

DOCTOR LORD
What did this do to him?

MILLER
Bad things can happen in a war zone.

DOCTOR LORD

I asked you what did this to him?

MILLER

Looks like survival of the fittest.

EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - RIVER BANK — DAY

Dark and overcast. Bedisa searches the river bank.

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

His eyes fludder open.

Victor jolts up, coughing. Vomits.

Looks over 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

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. The sounds of GUTTURAL WHISPERING in the distance.

Victor hides behind a boulder. Shivering overcomes him. He vomits. Staggered up to a run into the forest.

THREE ARMED REBEL GUERRILLAS

follow Victor.

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 closes his eyes and HEARS magnified CONVERSATIONS IN AZERBAIJANI, SCREAMS, GROWLING.

He rolls over SLAPPING HIS BODY like he's trying to put out a fire --

Then a rippling surge goes through him as he twists on the ground. Pulls himself across the ground toward a tree...

Rebel guerrilla 1, massive with mean eyes, steps out of the woods and stands over Victor, blocking his way.

REBEL 1
(in Azerbaijani)
Where do you think you're going,
Russian?

He kicks Victor in the face, smashes him in the chest with the butt of his Ak-47.

Victor, head bowed, starts to rise and he's kicked again.

He crawls toward a tree, his body trembles.

REBEL 1 (CONT'D)
(in Azerbaijani)
Over here. Over here.

Rebel 2 and 3, tall and muscular, run through the forest.

Victor sits against a tree trunk.

REBEL 1 (CONT'D)
(in Azerbaijani)
Where you come from -- Moscow?

Rebel 1 jabs Victor in the chest with his weapon.

REBEL 2
(in Azerbaijani)
The only difference between a Russian
and a rat is how fast they run. How
fast can you run?

Victor doesn't move.

The rebels circle Victor.

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

Rebels growl -- bare teeth, 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.

They pull him up, shake him, then throw him down on the
ground. Kick him.

VICTOR'S EYES FOCUS

on the men before him. His shivering stops.

Victor grabs the AK-47 muzzle, pulls it out of the rebel's
hand and breaks it in half over his thigh.

The rebels look at each other in amazement.

Victor stands.

The rebel men spread out.

Each rebel pulls out a long dagger.

They circle Victor.

Rebel 1 grins, holds the knife out toward Victor, his right
forearm cocked in front of him.

They all make a knife move toward Victor.

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

VICTOR
(in Azerbaijani)
Now you're talking my kind of play.

Rebel 1 takes the lead attack --

Rebel men cheer their comrade on.

Rebel 3 slices Victor's neck from behind and the wound closes
up.

He throws a punch at Victor from behind...

Victor grabs Rebel 3's hand before he can land the punch and with one quick move -- snaps the rebels wrist and breaks it.

The rebel hits ground and growls in pain.

KNIFE

slashes at Victor's midsection -- misses. Rebel 1 slides to the left while

Rebel 2 slices Victor across the shoulder, blood oozes out --

Then the wound heals immediately.

Victor chops Rebel 2 on the forearm.

Rebel grimaces in pain, holds his right elbow.

Victor slaps him in the face and kicks him down.

Rebels 1 lunges at Victor.

Victor grabs the knife out of his hand.

Trips him.

Kicks his knee in.

Rebel 2 scrambles to his feet, tries to lift his right arm, it won't move.

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

Rebel 3 attacks Victor holding his dagger with his good hand -- he throws the knife at the rebel 3.

Knives sticks in his left eye.

Rebel 2 charges Victor.

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

Victor looks down at bodies.

Rebel 1

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

Victor's stands over the rebel, holding a pearl-handled dagger to the rebel's throat.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Nice workmanship.

BLADE

slashes rebel across the neck.

Victor takes clothes off a dead 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 pearl-handled dagger 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 and sleeping bags inside a circle of cars.

Victor enters the area drawing dirty 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 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 Spaghettio's on a shelf.

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

One returns a sneer, the other growls at Victor. They 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, only one long fang left.

He takes money from a LITTLE GIRL 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, rebel clothes, blood on the PEARL-HANDLE of the DAGGER, 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 can 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 Spaghetto's out of the can.

His hand changes to a HAIR-LESS, CLAWED HAND for a moment and transforms back to normal.

He drops the can of Spaghetto's and stares at his hand in disbelief.

Holds his hand tight to his chest with his other hand.

Looks into the bathroom, turns back and --

Checks the hallway to make sure he's not being watched, closes the bathroom door.

Moves down the hall to the next door, peeks inside --

A cell phone sits on a 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 a cell phone.

Rebel girl snatches the cell phone out of his hand.

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 pearl-handled dagger.

REBEL GIRL (CONT'D)
 (in Azerbaijani)
 Nice. Yours?

Victor stays calm.

VICTOR
 (in Azerbaijani)
 Found it on my way here.

REBEL GIRL
 (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 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.

They pass human skulls hanging from trees and piles of Russian Army uniforms scattered across the ground.

He's surrounded by a large group of mean-looking, armed rebels of all ages - men and women.

Victor waves hello with one of his raised hands.

FEMALE REBEL LEADER (40) 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 pearl-handled dagger to the female guerrilla leader, whispers in her ear.

Victor shivers.

MESH SKIN covers the flesh on VICTOR'S HAND for a moment then disappears.

Female leader stares at the DAGGER and pulls it 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, children, laugh and point at Victor.

One child 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 dagger to the rebel girl and walks away.

Rebels grab hold of Victor, pulling him in different directions.

They pummel him with fists, sticks and bats, 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.

Victor loses sight of the light above...

HUMAN SCREAMS!

POINTY METAL TEETH bite at punching fists.

VICTOR'S 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.

Victor's body dances and twists as hundreds of bullets enter his body.

Victor stands there, feeling his body, still alive.

His hand runs over his chest as his body forces bullets out of the body, closing the wounds.

His hand comes away with a handful of bullets.

VICTOR'S BODY

Bullets are pushed out of his body and land on the ground.
THE BULLET WOUNDS CLOSE UP AND HEAL.

Rebels look at each other in awe.

Victor smiles

A GIRL (12) FIRES A ROCKET PROPELLED GRENADE (RPG) at Victor.

Victor watches the RPG fly toward him coming closer and closer...

At the last second -- in SLO_MO -- he pushes the RPG off-course with his fingers and it changes direction exploding into a group of rebels.

Victor bolts into the forest 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 -- a huge jaw of teeth -- like nothing we've seen before, then transforms back into a human being.

Wires poke out of his pores then retract inside his body.

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

EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAIN FOREST - FARMHOUSE - BARN — 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.

VICTOR

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

INT. FARMHOUSE - BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Bedisa washes Victor in her bathtub.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

BEDISA
Why you here, Victor?

VICTOR
I wish I knew...

BEDISA
Why you hunt Vokulaku?

VICTOR
Will you help me find Andy?

Victor's starts to shiver, his body turns gray...and gyrates as his face turns monstrous --

Long wiry needles come out his pores and wrap his body with a new skin.

Bedisa moves closer -- eyes can't believe what she sees --

BESTIAL CLAWS

shoot out of his fingers then recede into the finger tips.

Bedisa jumps back --

The wiry skin recedes back into Victor's pores.

BEDISA
Body changing. Old you no more.

VICTOR
I'm sick. Help me. Help me! Please.
(guttural)
I'll kill you if you don't help me!

Bedisa's scared eyes back away...

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm 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 help me find Andy?
My government will pay you if you
help me.

Bedisa laughs. Her laughter is nervous and humorless.

BEDISA

Too young die. Drink.

Victor takes a swig from the flask. Shivers.

VICTOR

What about a plane ride to America?

BEDISA

Sleep.

VICTOR

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

BEDISA

You not hurt Bedisa, Vokulaku.

VICTOR

I'm not Vokulaku!

Victor throws the flask down. Grimaces in pain. Eyes turn
angry.

She runs. Victor jumps out of the tub grabs a towel and
chases her.

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

She points the shotgun and the .357 at Victor, he stops in
his tracks...

KNOCK on her door. She motions to Victor with her shotgun
and he moves behind the door.

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

Victor steps into Bedisa's bedroom and puts his clothes back
on.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- DAY

COMMANDO 1 knocks on the front door.

Bedisa opens it a crack, looks the commando over, sees 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. 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 old boyfriend.

Opens the door and points the shotgun at him.

BEDISA (CONT'D)
Turn. 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. FARMHOUSE

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 farmhouse.

VICTOR

Hey!

Commando 1's gun swivels toward Victor. Looks down at the photograph then back to Victor.

He side steps Victor like he's approaching a dangerous animal.

COMMANDO 1

Victor Tooms, right? Looking everywhere for you.

Commando 2 talks into his comm-unit.

COMMANDO 2

We've found Tooms, General. 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.

AIR-RIPPLING WAVES zoom forward out of the forest -- Hit Bedisa in the head -- go through her.

Another AIR-RIPPLING WAVE hits her. She stands motionless. Blood oozes out her eyes and she drops to the ground.

Victor takes a few steps toward Bedisa.

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, General Miller. Two of ours dead.

COMMANDO 3 (CONT'D)

(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 through the forest at high speed after the APC.

EXT. CHELYABINSK 65 — DAY

Victor veers away from the APC.

APC rolls past a gatehouse and down a ramp into 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

Miller is doubled over, his face in the wash basin. He splashes water on his face.

He straightens up, grabs a towel, wipes his face.

He's pale, a gray tinge to his skin -- moves slowly toward his desk.

An

INJECTION GUN WITH A VIAL OF ORANGE SOLUTION

lies on his desk.

He grimaces in pain as he sits. Makes a cell phone call --

MILLER

Pete Miller for Doctor Williams.

Miller sweats. Taps fingers on his desk.

DOCTOR WILLIAMS (V.O.)

(on phone)

Hey Pete. How you feeling?

MILLER
Night sweats, pain, the usual fun.

DOCTOR WILLIAMS (V.O.)
(on phone)
No way to sugar coat this, Pete,
your in God's hands now.

MILLER
Or the devil's.

DOCTOR WILLIAMS
That remains to be seen.

MILLER
Thanks John. Know you did all you
could. See you at the funeral.

He taps the cell phone and lays it on the desk.

Takes the INJECTION GUN and injects the ORANGE LIQUID into
his chest.

Miller's body trembles and starts to vibrate.

He collapses onto the floor.

INT. CHELYABINSK 65 -- CORRIDOR

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

CAUTION!

LIVE SPECIMEN CONTAINMENT

AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

She swipes her key card down the lock and the door opens.

INT. LIVE SPECIMEN CONTAINMENT -- DAY

Doctor Lord walks around a dark laboratory filled with empty
cages, she stops at a cage in the rear of the room.

She picks up the medical chart hanging on the cage.

ANDY MCCRAY'S name is printed on white tape across the metal
cover. She looks through it, surprised as she turns the
pages.

She takes out her REMOTE DEVICE and taps it a few times.

Miller walks out of the darkness.

MILLER
So, Doctor Lord...

She flinches around.

MILLER (CONT'D)
...enjoying the read?

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

DOCTOR LORD
This is not what I had in mind for my work, sir.

MILLER
It's exactly what I had in mind, Doctor. Nanotechnology plus the supernatural -- all inside a human being -- in addition to genetic modifications that could conceivably create a new species of super-soldiers.

DOCTOR LORD
I'd say Andy McCray looks more like a super-failure.

MILLER
My staff is working on several more tests as we speak.

DOCTOR LORD
I had the adult Vokulaku stem cells sequenced and they have an astonishingly high percentage of human D-N-A, many thousands of pairs long.

MILLER
There are many substances in nature -- hormones, for instance -- that cause startling transformations. We're harnessing these supernatural substances to change a human being..

INSIDE THE CAGE

A HAIR-LESS ARM WITH SPIKY WIRES STICKING OUT OF THE PORES AND A CLAWED HAND

lies outstretched between the bars. A CREATURE -- PART MAN, PART BEAST -- IS INSIDE.

DOCTOR LORD

But the nanobot assemblers are at war with the werewolf stem cells inside Andy's body. Looks like a volatile mess. A total rejection.

MILLER

Hold on to that thinking till we find Victor Tooms and give him a booster shot of Vokulaku juice.

DOCTOR LORD

So we can turn him into a rotting mass of protoplasm like Andy McCray? We've got to find a way to reverse what we've done...before it's too late.

Miller glares at Doctor Lord.

MILLER

You know, you surprise me Doctor Lord. After all your clinically incisive, brilliant work, to see you so emotionally out of control, why it just shatters my whole image of you. It's unfortunate you had to stumble upon my dormitory here.

DOCTOR LORD

Do you realize the enormity of the disaster you've created?

MILLER

There's no problem here except for the one you're creating.

DOCTOR LORD

We are in a world of shit. This experiment has to be terminated immediately!

MILLER

Don't get hysterical, Doctor, it's all under control.

DOCTOR LORD

Whose control? Victor's on the way to becoming a nanotechnology-based weapons system -- armed with supernatural powers. He could annihilate a civilization. In simpler terms -- there will be no fucking way to kill him.

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, spiky wired skin replaces flesh. 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.

Clawed feet covered with a mesh spiky skin stick out beyond the sheet. It's a Vokulaku werewolf.

A LAB PERSON with a mask over her face and elastic gloves on her hands draws an orange concoction into a hypodermic needle.

She's surrounded by computer screens.

VICTOR

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

Victor lifts the white sheet to see the face of the beast 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 sterile attire.

Victor walks toward her, smiles.

VICTOR

I'm looking for Andy McCray.

LAB GIRL

You mean what used to be Andy McCray?

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 MCCRAY.

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.

ANDY

(guttural)

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

VICTOR

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, lived in it with
him. This is his prison.

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

MILLER

I don't think of myself as a jailer.

VICTOR

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

Miller and Doctor Lord 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.

Victor takes hold of Andy.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

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.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Victor, you are the prototype now--

VICTOR

--And die like that creature in the
lab, bein' injected, dissected, and
resurrected as who knows what.

DOCTOR LORD

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 beams illuminate 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 McCray.

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 the crematorium.

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

MILLER (CONT'D)
What are you looking at? We need to make sure the dead...stay dead.

Guards continue gaping in disbelief at Miller.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Move.

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

INT. CHELYABINSK 65 - LABORATORY

A 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.

Doctor Lord saunters out of the shadows.

DOCTOR LORD
Hello Victor.

VICTOR
What are you...why--

DOCTOR LORD
--I came to take you home.

VICTOR
Andy too?

DOCTOR LORD
He's not well.

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

Doctor Lord strokes his forehead.

DOCTOR LORD
Miller calls you, Nanosapiens. His
new breed of super-soldier. I don't
agree.

Victor reaches for Maureen -- gags as his face contorts.

VICTOR
Where's Andy?

DOCTOR LORD (O.S.)
Gone.

VICTOR
Gone like dead?

Miller enters the room, carries a black case. His face
bandaged on one side.

DOCTOR LORD
You'll turn out like Andy without
our help.

Miller lays the case on a table and opens it.

MILLER
Time to sip the wine of the Vokulaku
vine.

He takes out a gun-like injection device with a round muzzle.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Vokulaku carry a deadly supernatural
virus that has a unique ability --

Inserts a bottle of orange fluid into a hole in the bottom
of the handle.

MILLER (CONT'D)
-- the virus injects their D-N-A
into the host cell and the
supernatural virus drives the
morphological change.

Victor stares at the injection device.

VICTOR
If this works, you must save Andy.

MILLER
We'll see what we can do.

Doctor Lord watches Miller position the injection gun on
Victor's chest, in the area of his heart.

He injects an orange solution --

Victor SCREAMS in pain.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Victor's brain waves spike on an electroencephalograph.

MILLER (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.

MILLER (CONT'D)
These adult Vokulaku stem cells are
more volatile than the Canadian
werewolf.

Victor's mouth opens and a moaning gasp escapes. A COLORED
GLOW emits from his mouth and eyes.

EKG SCREEN

Victor's heart rate shoots up to 610.

VICTOR VIBRATES

His torso arches up in the air.

Victor goes limp on the table, his breathing stops.

He arches up again and down.

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

A BEEPING SOUND from the EKG.

Doctor Lord scrolls the

SCREEN ON THE REMOTE CONTROL SHAPED LIKE AN I-PHONE

DOCTOR LORD

It's done.

Victor's body jumps. He gasps for air, opens his eyes.

Victor's body shivers.

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

MILLER

Oh, shit...it's working!

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

Doctor Lord presses the remote and

Victor returns to human form.

MILLER (CONT'D)

I'll be damned...!

DOCTOR LORD

You are.

A NEEDLE ENTERS MILLER'S NECK FLESH and into the jugular vein.

Doctor Lord depresses the plunger on a clear hypodermic syringe, injects Miller with air.

Miller's eyes bulge, he turns to Doctor Lord.

She smiles, he crumples to the floor.

Doctor Lord unlocks Victor's shackles.

Victor stares at her.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)
Come on, let's find Andy and go home.

Victor grabs her.

VICTOR
No games or else.

Doctor Lord closes Miller's black case and takes it with her.

EXT. CAUCASUS FOREST — NIGHT

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

ANDY

crawls out onto a rock overhang,

Looks down through the trees and sees

VOKULAKU CREATURES

dressed as rebel guerrillas. They sit around steel garbage cans with fire shooting up, talking in Azerbaijani.

Vokulaku rebels eat off human bones.

Vokulaku rebels clean their weapons.

One rebel licks a bare skull clean.

Human bones and Russian Army uniforms dot the landscape.

Andy prowls the darkness like an animal on its own killing grounds.

Grabs a Vokulaku rebel guerrilla by the hair, pulls his head back and chops the creature's head off with the side of his hand.

Andy saunters out into the middle of the campsite --

Swinging the monstrous head by the hair, staring down Vokulaku rebel faces as he goes.

Tosses the Vokulaku head into midair, it lands and rolls across the ground.

ANDY
(guttural-in
Azerbaijani)
Time to meet our maker...

The creatures stare at the Andy creature before them, many laughing.

 ANDY (CONT'D)
 (guttural-in
 Azerbaijani)
 Too late to laugh, Vokulaku, come
 and get it.

Vokulaku attack Andy.

Some grab their weapons and scatter.

Andy rips the Vokulaku apart. Arms and legs tossed everywhere.

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.

His arms outstretched, he looks up at the sky and cries out --

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

Andy 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.

 ANDY
 (guttural)
 No one will ever say "I love you" to
 me again.

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. CHELYABINSK 65 - TUNNEL CORRIDOR — MOMENTS LATER

DOCTOR LORD

This way.

Victor and Doctor Lord 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.

DOCTOR LORD

thumbs the remote device.

VICTOR'S

body shakes into multiple images. He backs into darkness.

GOLDEN GLOW EMITS FROM HIS MOUTH AND EYES.

A HAIRLESS CREATURE -- PART MAN, PART 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.

EXT. CHELYABINSK 65 — DAY

Doctor Lord bolts out the doorway.

VICTOR

raises his hand and fires a volley of black particles out his pores at

Two armored personnel carriers sitting on the grounds. They sparkle and disappear.

THREE charred impressions of human foot prints are left on the ground.

GATE HOUSE

Charred impression of foot prints in front of the gatehouse.

DOCTOR LORD

looks for Victor and spots him loping down the road.

DOCTOR LORD

Victor!

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

She pulls out the REMOTE DEVICE, taps it.

Victor's human again.

Lord gets inside an APC and drives to Victor.

INT. CHELYABINSK 65 - LABORATORY — MOMENTS LATER

Guards and scientists inspect the laboratory. Miller rises off the floor, rips the bandage off his face.

Millers turns toward us and the claw marks on his face have healed.

HARTMAN

Doctor Lord and Tooms are gone, sir.

MILLER

What about McCray?

HARTMAN

We lost contact with the detail sent after him.

MILLER

My dear, Doctor Lord, 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

Doctor Lord eyes her remote device.

ON SCREEN

A motionless GREEN BLIP.

DOCTOR LORD

Stop here.

VICTOR

Bring the case.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORIES — DAY

Doctor Lord watches the remote device as they enter an abandoned factory.

Doctor Lord lags behind, unsure --

DOCTOR LORD

I don't know what will happen to Andy if I inject him with Miller's Vokulaku serum.

VICTOR

What are you saying?

DOCTOR LORD

If I can program the nanobots out of him, maybe we won't have to inject him.

She holds up the REMOTE DEVICE.

VICTOR

I'm game. But no matter what, don't use that remote on me... Got it?

She nods and follows him...

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY — MOMENTS LATER

VICTOR

Andy...you in here? Andy, where are you?

ANDY (O.S.)

(guttural)

Victor?

Victor follows the voice into blackness.

Andy sits in darkness, head bowed between his legs.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(guttural)

Look what I've become. What have I done?

Victor approaches him slowly.

Doctor Lord stands way behind Victor.

VICTOR

Come on, Andy, Chloe's waiting for you at home.

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

Andy looks up.

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

VICTOR
You're humanity will come back.

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

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

VICTOR
Look at me...

Victor kneels before Andy and steadies Andy's head by cupping his chin with his hand.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
We got into this together, we're
getting out together. Understand?
Doctor Lord is here to make you human
again.

Doctor lord taps the REMOTE DEVICE.

Victor turns toward Lord then back to Andy. Nothing happens to Andy...

ANDY
(guttural)
I'm still the same, Vic!

VICTOR
Again.

REMOTE DEVICE

Doctor Lord taps the screen...

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Is this going to work or not?

She doesn't move.

DOCTOR LORD
The nanobots aren't responding!

Victor moves toward her.

VICTOR
Give me the serum!

DOCTOR LORD
Be careful, Victor.

He yanks the black case out of her hand.

VICTOR

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

BLACK CASE

slides across the floor.

Victor crawls after the case.

Doctor Lord picks it up and

Victor pulls the black bag out of Doctor Lord's hands.

Takes out the injection gun out and slams a vial of orange liquid into the handle chamber.

Andy grabs Victor by the hair.

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

Tosses Victor across the floor.

Doctor Lord backs away from the fight.

ANDY (CONT'D)
(guttural)
Come on, damn you! Fight back.

VICTOR
Let me save you from yourself, Andy...

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.

Victor wobbles to his feet.

Andy charges Victor.

Smashes Victor in the face.

Andy picks Victor up over his head and throws him. The injector gun flies out of Victor's hand as he slides across the floor.

Victor rolls over and crawls for the injector gun... Andy follows him --

Andy stands over Victor... Victor reaches for the injector gun as Andy turns him onto his back.

ANDY

(guttural)

No one's going home this time, Vic.

Victor eyes a fleshy part on Andy's thigh.

His grip on the injector gun tightens.

VICTOR INJECTS ANDY

in the thigh.

Andy backs away...looks his mutated body over. Touches his face.

SADNESS IN ANDY'S EYES

He stares at Victor --

ANDY (CONT'D)

(guttural)

I haven't changed...

Doctor Lord watches Andy rise --

ANDY (CONT'D)

(guttural)

You lied to me!

Andy rises, moves toward Victor --

Victor stands, holding the injector gun out as a weapon...

ANDY

attacks Victor.

Victor stands his ground, doesn't move an inch...

DOCTOR LORD

presses the screen on the REMOTE DEVICE.

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.

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

VICTOR'S STEELY EYES

scan the room.

Doctor Lord hurries away.

VICTOR'S EYES

fill with rage.

He rises, trembling, fists clenched.

Arms outstretched, he looks upward --

PLEADING STEELY EYES ON VICTOR'S MONSTROUS FACE

VICTOR
(screams - guttural)
I can'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.

Victor's body exudes electric static out the pores --

HIS EYES GLOW

Andy charges Victor and throws him through a brick wall into a

INT. ABANDONED STEEL FACTORY -- NIGHT

Generators around the factory are covered in dust...

Conveyor belt full of steel and iron pieces stands still.

Andy throws steel chunks at Victor but he deflects them with his hands.

Victor advances through the facility --

Andy jumps down, lands on Victor.

Victor grabs Andy around the chest and won't let go. Victor's body glows in multicolor...

Victor runs his hand over Andy's body creating a rippled force field that pulls a

MASS OF SPECKS OUT OF ANDY'S PORES

like a magnet.

Victor pops a handful of specks into his mouth and swallows them.

Andy faints away.

ANDY THE CREATURE TRANSFORMS INTO ANDY THE HUMAN

Victor kneels beside Andy. The Victor creature turns himself human.

He stares at his hands, opens his shirt, smiles.

He pulls the charred

GREEN SCAPULAR MEDAL

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

GOLDEN GLOW APPEARS IN VICTOR'S EYES AND MOUTH --

then disappears.

Andrew awakens. Looks up at Victor.

ANDY

Have we died and gone to heaven?

VICTOR

What do you think?

ANDY

Looks like we'll be home for Chloe's birthday after all.

VICTOR

You got it.

Andy staggers up, Victor helps him. They walk through the factory.

ANDY

I don't know how you did it but you saved my life.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY ROAD — DAY

Doctor Lord drives the armored personnel carrier through factory row. She slams on the brakes --

HER SHOCKED EYES

see Victor and Andy walk toward her -- they're both human.

She jumps out of the APC runs to them.

She touches Andy's face -- Andy smiles.

DOCTOR LORD

How!? How'd this happen?

She caresses Victor's face --

She scans Andy's and Victor's face with the REMOTE DEVICE.

DOCTOR LORD (CONT'D)

Andy's nanobots are gone! What did you do?

VICTOR

All I do is think it and it's done.

DOCTOR LORD

I can't believe it. If you cured Andy, maybe I can cure you?

Victor grabs the remote. Taps the

REMOTE SCREEN ICONS

but nothing happens to him.

He smashes the REMOTE DEVICE on the ground.

HIS EYES GLOW

He turns himself into MONSTROUS FORM ---

Then back to HUMAN.

VICTOR

I'm beyond your technology, I control my own destiny now.

Victor turns his head and hears the rolling of tires and humming of engines in his ears...

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Time to hit the road.

They all jump in the APC.

INT. ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER -- NIGHT

ANDY
I'll get some shut-eye back there.

Andy heads into the rear compartment of the APC.

Doctor Lord drives the APC away.

GOLDEN GLOW APPEARS IN VICTOR'S EYES AND DISAPPEARS.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY ROAD -- NIGHT

Armored personnel carriers enter factory row.

The LEAD APC passes Doctor Lord's APC

MILLER sits in the passenger seat of the lead APC.

EXT. ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER - LORD -- NIGHT

DOCTOR LORD'S

head swivels around in surprise. Eyeballs

Miller in the passenger seat as his APC passes hers.

LORD
Miller's alive!?

Victor pivots in his seat to see Miller.

EXT. ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER - MILLER -- NIGHT

Miller sees Lord. His APC screeches to a stop and turns around toward Doctor Lord's APC.

INT. ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER - LORD -- NIGHT

GUTTURAL WHISPERS IN THE REAR OF THE APC.

Victor turns to see

A HAIRLESS, CLAWED HAND

grab Doctor Lord around the throat and pull her out of her seat...

VICTOR

Andy!

Victor grabs the Vokulaku's hand but Vokulaku yanks it away.

Andy/Vokulaku takes Doctor Lord back into the darkness of the APC.

EXT. ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER - LORD -- NIGHT

The rear door swings open and Vokulaku jumps down to the ground holding Doctor Lord around the waist.

INT. ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER - VICTOR -- NIGHT

Victor grabs the steering wheel -- the APC swerves into a factory wall and he crashes head on into the wall.

Victor is IMPALED through the chest by the steering wheel column...

EXT. FACTORY ROW ROAD -- NIGHT

Miller's APC and the other APCs swerve to avoid colliding into the Vokulaku, all coming to screeching stops --

Miller and his commandos jump out of their APCs -- commandos armed with Neurowave weapons.

The Vokulaku's claws penetrate the under chin and up through her jaws and into the head of a screaming Doctor Lord --

A hard pull and Doctor Lord's eyes withdraw down into her head -- leaving empty sockets.

Vokulaku pulls her brain out with her attached eyes hanging and flopping around it.

Andy/Vokulaku tosses her body aside.

Vokulaku takes a bite of brain.

EACH COMMANDO

turns a round knobs on their Neurowave weapon all the way to the right.

Blinking lights on the weapon barrels move very fast.

The commandos surround Vokulaku.

MULTIPLE SLITS ON THE HANGING MUZZLE OF A NEUROWAVE WEAPON
TURNS BRIGHT BLUE

Vokulaku steps forward.

NEUROWAVE WEAPONS

spread out and face the beast.

VOKULAKU

attacks.

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

Skin on Vokulaku's face bubbles. It collapses on the ground.

A commando takes hold of the creature's arm, checks the pulse at the beast's wrist.

MILLER

Which is it?

COMMANDO

Dead.

MILLER

Bag it for research.

Commandos pull Victor's body from the APC...

EXT. CHELYABINSK 65 -- SUNRISE

A grouping of buildings trapped in wood. Not a person or armed guard in sight.

A CORPORATE JET

takes off from a dirt runway.

INT. CORPORATE JET PLANE - FLYING — SUNRISE

Music plays in the cabin of the plane.

THE HUMAN FACE

of Victor Tooms, looks out the window, eyes off somewhere else.

He 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, sipping whiskey out of a glass.

He hums a tune while gazing out the window, takes a bite of a Snickers bar, smiles with a sigh then --

MILLER

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

His black case lies on the bar, alongside a Neurowave weapon.

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

Where's Andy?

Miller takes out the REMOTE DEVICE and taps it a few times.

VICTOR

sits in his seat but nothing happens to him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

You sent us on a suicide mission.

Miller shakes the REMOTE DEVICE, taps it. The screen stays black.

MILLER

It's your work, what you trained for.

Miller sits across from Victor. Tears the wrapper off a Snickers bar.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Care for one, you're not you when you're hungry.

VICTOR

Where's Andy?

MILLER

Mad dogs have to be put down. In his case -- a mad Vokulaku. But don't worry, I'll put his body to good use -- cell by cell.

Miller laughs

Sadness in Victor's eyes.

VICTOR
You're the monster, not Andy.

MILLER
My Nanosapiens. You're a walking
instrument of death and destruction,
Victor, you'll forget him

VICTOR
Never.

MILLER
The measure of a man is not how well
he does what he likes, but how well
he does what he hates.

VICTOR
Go fuck yourself.

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 place
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 a check
and a special edition Old Glory sewn
by the finest Guatemalan slave labor
money can buy, let you die a hero.

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 then

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, 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 and pours himself another drink.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Care for another, Victor.

Miller turns around and flinches to see

VICTOR'S FACE -- PART MAN, PART BEAST -- WITH A MESH SKIN
AND STEELY EYES.

VICTOR

(guttural)

Ever gone flying without a plane?

Victor turns back to human.

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

VICTOR (CONT'D)

To our friends, may they always fuck
us when we least expect it?

Victor pours Miller a drink.

MILLER'S HAND

inches across the bar toward the Neurowave weapon.

Victor 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...

He forces the drink down Miller's mouth. Miller grabs the
Neurowave weapon.

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.

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

Miller fires the Neurowave up at Victor's hand. Victor lets
go of Miller and holds his damaged hand.

MILLER'S FACE

The bloodied glass wounds heal up. He pats his cheek with
fingertips.

Victor moves on Miller --

Miller fires the Neurowave at Victor and knocks him down.

INT. PLANE - REAR DOOR

Miller fires the Neurowave weapon at Victor.

Victor drops to the floor in paralytic pain --

Fingers curling up into arthritic claws.

VICTOR'S EYES GLOW

Plane pitches wildly to the left.

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

Victor SCREAMS in pain.

MILLER

Like the pain? Default mode.

Miller leans in close, speaks softly to him.

MILLER (CONT'D)

You'll join my team, I know you will --

Shit-eating grin spreads across Miller's face.

Miller presses the Neurowave weapon to Victor's head --

MILLER (CONT'D)

Doctor Lord and I did a job on you,
you'll never be the same again.

Victor grimaces in pain.

A MULTI-COLORED GLOW EMITS AROUND VICTOR'S BODY, 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 holds the Neurowave to Victor's head.

MILLER

You have five seconds, then lights
out.

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 MESH FLESH.

POINTY, STEEL TEETH in Victor's mouth.

Victor's eyes change color, turn steely.

MESH FLESH covers his hands.

VICTOR

I'd say I'll 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 (CONT'D)

(guttural)

I control my own destiny!

Miller laughs.

Pilot enters the cabin.

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 Neurowave
weapon.

They grapple for it.

PILOT

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

A MULTI-COLORED, DIMENSIONAL GLOW APPEARS IN VICTOR'S EYES
AND MOUTH -- STREAKS FORWARD like an Aurora Borealis in
motion.

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.

Neurowave weapon flies out of Miller's hand.

Slides across the floor.

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

Victor looks for the Neurowave.

INT. COCKPIT

Co-pilot wrestles with the steering console.

INT. PLANE CABIN

Plane pitches right and tilts down.

Miller rushes for the Neurowave weapon --

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

MILLER

grabs the weapon fires at the Victor creature.

The Victor creature absorbs the rippling waves into his body.

Victor raises his hand --

Deflects the rippling neurowaves back into Miller, knocking
him down and out.

VICTOR

turns into a human being.

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.

Victor cries out...

VICTOR
God help me!

HAIRLESS, CLAWED HAND WITH MESH SKIN

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

Victor stares down at the pilot.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
(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, the 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 -- DAY

Victor nods his head and the latch on the door opens. Turns his head and the rear door swings open --

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

Watches them fall away until their parachutes open.

Victor turns his head and the door closes.

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 --

Returns with the whiskey bottle and the Neurowave weapon.

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

He splashes Miller's face with whiskey.

Miller awakens.

Plane nose-dives.

MILLER

What are you doing?

Caucasus Mountains come up fast.

Miller SCREAMS then LAUGHS.

VICTOR

(guttural)

Our time has come.

Miller's eyes widen, he smiles. Relaxes in his seat.

MILLER

I love life's little adventures,
don't you?

VICTOR

(guttural)

If you live by the rat-fuck, you die
by the rat-fuck.

Miller watches treetops come forward fast.

Tree limbs assault the windshield of the jet.

A MULTI-COLORED GLOW APPEARS IN VICTOR'S EYES.

EXPLOSION. FLAMES.

Reflections of flames in Miller's crazed eyes.

VICTOR SMILES.

MILLER 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.

A SPINNING 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

A 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 is covered with a checkered kafiyah.

The truck passes him by.

THE MAN WAVES HIS HAND

and the --

TRUCK SCREECHES TO A STOP

Tires smoking from the burning rubber on pavement

The man waves his hand and the --

EXT./INT. TRUCK CAB

-- Passenger door swings open. Driver looks concerned.

Double-barreled shotgun faces the man on the road.

DRIVER cocks both hammers.

Victor stares into the man's eyes.

A MULTI-COLORED GLOW APPEARS IN VICTOR'S EYES.

VICTOR
You won't need that.

The driver nods and lays the gun beside him.

TRUCK DRIVER
(in Azerbaijani)
Let's go.

Victor climbs into the cab, door slams shut.

INT. TRUCK CAB

MULTI-COLORED GLOW IN VICTOR'S EYES FADE 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 smiles.

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 you know my name?

Victor smiles and turns away from the driver --

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

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

Victor (12)

with curly blonde hair and wild eyes runs into the living room carrying a two colorfully wrapped packages with red bows.

He slides under the Christmas tree with his packages and stops next to his mother.

Andy (12)

with dark hair and intelligent eyes runs after Victor carrying a blue package with a white bow.

Outside the living room window, snow is falling.

MOTHER

FATHER

TWO TEENAGE GIRLS

cheerfully sit around a Christmas tree opening their presents.

Andy hands the dad the colorful package. Dad opens it.

Pair of leather gloves inside.

FATHER

Just what I need, Andrew. Thank you.

Father kisses Andy on the cheek and hugs him.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Love you, son.

ANDY

Love you, daddy.

Victor hands a package to the mother and father. They hug him.

The family exchanges more gifts.

Andy hugs Victor.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I love you Vic, even if you are my step-brother --

VICTOR

I love you too, Andrew...

They both laugh.

A big smile is left on Victor's 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 dot the landscape.

A mound of burnt parts are pushed aside as a

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.

The Miller creature stands and steps out of the flaming debris, walks forward...

His clothes burning he brushes himself off like he's removing dust. A few discreetly placed burnt rags remain.

His STEELY EYES

spot a Snickers bar on the ground blown free at impact.

He picks the limp snickers up and shoves it in his mouth...smiles with a sigh.

FADE OUT