

VERVE

EON

by

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INT. SPACE PRISON / CAFETERIA - NIGHT

A man in a prison jumpsuit (Callen, 30s) is eating an institutional meal at a long empty table.

He's a handsome, worse-for-wear tough guy with a buzz cut. Right now he's leaning towards "worse".

Another prisoner (white, 40s) sits down across from him. A third, bigger prisoner (white, 20s) stands over his shoulder, definitely close enough for comfort.

Out the window, we see outer space.

PRISONER
(to Callen)
You need to change tables, man,
this is Sandy's table.

Callen doesn't reply, just slowly unwraps his plastic spork and places it next to his plate.

He moves like he's sleepwalking, or has significant brain damage.

PRISONER (CONT'D)
Hey.

Callen tries to peel the lid off of his serving of water, but he can't get it unstuck. It's like his fingers are numb.

PRISONER (CONT'D)
HEY ARE YOU DEAF?

CALLEN
It wouldn't help to shout at me if
I was, now would it?

Callen has a Scottish accent.

PRISONER
Man, you need to change tables.
This is Sandy's table, you can't
eat at this table.

Callen opens his water.

PRISONER (CONT'D)
Hey.

Callen adjusts his plate.

PRISONER (CONT'D)
Hey did you hear me? I SAID YOU
NEED TO CHANGE TABLES.

CALLEN
And if I don't?

This time, the much bigger man speaks from over Callen's shoulder.

BIGGER PRISONER
Look, buddy. You'll do it if you
know what's good for you.

Callen turns around to look at the bigger man.

Callen's left eye is extensively black and blue.

CALLEN
...And if I don't?

PRISONER
(sincerely)
Come on man, don't do this.

Callen looks back at the smaller man, pointedly, and taps his plastic straw against the table to get the paper wrapping off.

PRISONER
Please?

Callen puts his straw in his water.

The smaller man sighs heavily, and gestures to the bigger man.

The bigger man goes to grab Callen by the collar, but Callen gets in a blow to the groin--

He's quickly overpowered, though, and within seconds he's getting the shit kicked out of him--

EXT. SPACE

With this tiny human conflict flickering in one of its many windows, the massive SPACE PRISON floats in the starry void, no planets visible anywhere.

FADE TO:

EXT. CLOUDS - DAY (AERIAL)

Clouds floating in a blue sky.

And a woman's voice.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So, this is my take on it.

The Narrator sounds at least 30, and like she doesn't take a lot of shit.

EXT. WEIRD HILLSIDE - DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Your dad flew spaceships.

A field of purple grass beneath a green sky.

Callen's Dad (30s), a fit and severe-looking man with a mustache, is walking towards us.

He is wearing a flight suit that looks very 1970s.

He is walking away from the burning wreckage of a small space craft.

He is also trying to light a cigarette.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But he lost his job, because he also *crashed* a lot of spaceships.

His lighter, it turns out, is broken.

After a few more tries, he stops walking. He looks at the broken lighter and the unlit cigarette.

He looks back at the burning wreck of his spaceship.

The flames lick invitingly between the blackening scraps of fuselage.

He tosses the lighter away, and starts walking back to the wreck.

INT. CRAMPED KITCHEN - NIGHT

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So your dad was home, and he was unemployed, and that's when things really started to go bad for you.

Callen's dad is having a violent argument with Callen's mom in a cramped kitchen that looks typical of urban Scotland in the 1980s.

A little boy watches the argument from around the doorjamb.

He is Young Callen (10), his buzz cut accentuating his huge ears.

We only get glimpses of what's happening, but from the look on little Callen's face, it's pretty bad.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And probably there was some *thing* that happened, some *moment*, when you realized that you needed to get as far away from that place as possible.

INT. CALLEN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY

Little ten-year-old Callen is doing sit-ups in a narrow bedroom with a metal bunk bed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So you decided to come to America, naturalize, enlist, and volunteer to be a super soldier. Because it was the 80s, and that was the future of the military.

On Callen's bedroom wall there's an army recruitment poster: "THE STRENGTH TO SERVE." It has a picture of a clean-cut young cyborg and an American flag.

He stares at it as he does his little-kid sit-ups.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But unfortunately for you, the future had something to say about that.

INT. NEWS SHOW / ANCHOR DESK - NIGHT

A 1980s news broadcast:

REPORTER

The fate of the Cyborg Reserve Core is in doubt today after compelling testimony from one of our world's possible timelines.

INT. SUBCOMMITTEE HEARING ROOM - DAY

Closed-circuit TV footage of a governmental meeting.

It's hard to make out in the grainy wide shot, but some sort of SPACE-TIME PORTAL OPENS...

And A PERSON IN FUTURISTIC ATTIRE (relative to the 80s) runs out of it...

TIME TRAVELER

Stop this madness! You must vote
no! VOTE NO!!

The person is followed by a clumsy CYBORG FROM THE FUTURE who guns him down and starts shooting lasers everywhere.

The senators scatter and hide under tables.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So you ended up without a job,
without a plan, in the great
borough of Brooklyn.

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

The great borough of Brooklyn is a mix of glowing new and industrial old. Shimmering holographic screens overlay fading hand-painted advertisements for corsets and lumber.

Callen, grown-up now, arrives at a run-down address with his belongings on his back.

He takes in his surroundings.

We recognize him from space prison, but he's younger now, vital and rageful.

INT. BASEMENT FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And you did what you could to get
by.

Callen is losing an illegal fight in a crowded basement fight club.

He hits the dirt, hard, and tries unsuccessfully to get up.

His victorious opponent, STRYKA (30s, an alien) stands over him. She is a 6-foot tall, blue-skinned alien reptile person.

She looks around the packed little room. Bloodthirsty spectators hiss and give the thumbs-down. Someone shouts: "finish the job!"

She takes in this reaction, scowling. She offers Callen a hand to get up.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
You made a new friend.

INT. RICH MAN'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Callen is robbing a rich man's walk-in closet, tossing high-tech personal grooming items into a sack.

He finds some kind of FUTURISTIC LASER TWEEZERS and shakes his head, tossing them in with the other junk.

He's wearing an earpiece and tactical gear, equipment for an experienced thief.

SCREEEEEEEECH he hears a HORRIBLE SOUND in his earpiece and rips it out of his ear.

INT. RICH MAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stryka, the reptile woman from fight club, is using one of her claws as a glass cutter to get inside a fancy case displaying some good-looking retro laser weapons.

Callen pokes his head accusingly out of the closet.

She retracts her claw.

She waits for him to disappear back into the closet.

She starts cutting the glass again, this time *trying to be very quiet*.

INT. FENCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Callen and Stryka are delivering their haul to a well-dressed DEALER in some kind of fancy back room.

DEALER
Tipster said three laser gats, I
see two.

Callen and Stryka stare back at him expressionlessly.

EXT. WATERFRONT MAKESHIFT CAMP - NIGHT

Camping out by the East River, Callen drinks cheap beer while Stryka uses her new laser gun to shoot rocks.

The Manhattan skyline sparkles at night, similar to ours, with some additions and subtractions.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And I don't know. I don't know if you turned to crime because you thought that was what you deserved, or if that's even a good way to think about it.

Callen lies back under the city sky, one hand behind his head for cushioning, looking up at the reflected glow of billboards and buildings.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But I do know that one day you got this one job. And that ended up changing everything.

MUSIC SWELLS
OVER:

EXT. EXTERIOR OF GEN-COR-LABORATORIES - NIGHT (AERIAL)

A swooping exterior view of a FUTURISTIC RESEARCH COMPLEX at night...

CUT TO:

INT. GEN-COR LABORATORIES - NIGHT

Sudden quiet inside the fancy research building. Equipment gleams in the dimness.

There are cannisters for biohazardous waste.

A poster outlines "Mandatory Safety Protocols."

Someone is whispering nearby. Someone Scottish.

CalLEN (O.S.)

Dunno. Maybe Thai.
Fine, Chinese then. Do *I* care?

Callen is walking quietly through the lab.

He still looks vital and alert, not like the broken man in space prison.

He is whispering into an earpiece.

He is armed with a fireman's ax.

CALLEN

Yeah, I'm in the laboratory. It's, you know. Just your standard...

He looks around: cylinders of pressurized, glowing liquids, cages of mostly-dead lab rats.

CALLEN

...ill-advised insult to the right and natural order of things.

STRYKA (V.O.)

⊠ 50' ⊠ ⊠ 50' 50' ⊠ 50' 40' ⊠ 50' 40' ⊠ 50' 40' ?

Someone is talking to him on his earpiece in a raspy, unearthly language. It's impossible to understand.

CALLEN

I don't know.

STRYKA

⊠ 50' 30' 40' 30' 40' 50' ⊠ 50' 50'
⊠ 50' 50' 40' ⊠ 50' 40' ?

CALLEN

No I don't know how long it's going to take, because I don't know what I'm looking--

Callen stops mid-sentence.

He has turned the corner to see a SUSPENSION TANK with a GAWKY YOUNG GIRL submerged inside.

She hangs there under water like a limp puppet or a scarecrow, suspended by wires delivering nutrients to her veins. It's a shocking sight.

Her body is concealed by some kind of billowing bio-smock. Her face is wierdly peaceful: eyes closed, eyelashes fluttering.

She can't be more than ten or eleven: post growth spurt, pre-adolescence.

Her hair is a shimmering, other-worldly color and her skin seems to be GLOWING.

Her name is Eon, but nobody knows that yet.

STRYKA (V.O.)

☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ?

CALLEN

(back to business)

It's nothing.

Callen walks up to the suspension tank.

He knocks on the glass, testing it.

The girl does not open her eyes.

CALLEN

It's just I know now why he said to bring the ax.

Callen swings the ax to break the glass--

INT. GEN-COR LABORATORIES / HALLWAY #1

CRASHING and SPLASHING as Callen bursts out of the laboratory door, into the hallway--

He's carrying Eon, the girl from the suspension tank, over his shoulder--

A red alarm light flashes to life and starts honking--

INT. GEN-COR LABORATORIES / SECURITY BOOTH - NIGHT

The building's night security guard is watching the floor plan on a glowing holographic screen.

She sees the alarm go off in one sector.

She picks up a glowing holographic cell phone.

SECURITY GUARD

(on the phone)

Yeah, I see it.

INT. GEN-COR LABORATORIES / HALLWAY #2

Callen races past another security alarm, and it too, flashes to life.

INT. GEN-COR LABORATORIES / SECURITY BOOTH - NIGHT

The guard sees new alarms going off in a cascading sequence of different sectors. Her computer monitors beep and make menacing noises.

SECURITY GUARD

(on the phone)

Wait, I have alerts on different floors.

Are you seeing this?

INT. GEN-COR LABORATORIES / HALLWAY #3

Callen runs, still lugging the wet girl, past a third security light.

This one fails to go off.

After a second Callen runs back and waves an arm in front of it.

Now it obligingly comes to life.

INT. GEN-COR LABORATORIES / SECURITY BOOTH - NIGHT

Every area of the building's floorplan is flashing a big "SYSTEM OVERLOAD" warning, and everything is beeping--

SECURITY GUARD

Hang on-- Just hang on--

Suddenly, with a mighty pop and crackle, all the power in the room shorts out, and it is completely dark.

All the electromagnetic locks release and all the secure doors slide open.

SECURITY GUARD

Hello? Hello?

EXT. IN FRONT OF GEN-COR - NIGHT

CCRRRKKKAOW, the lab's security system explodes in fireworks as Callen races away from the building with the girl slung over his shoulder.

Callen looks back over his shoulder and laughs wildly.

CALLEN
(into an earpiece)
Stryka! It worked!

EXT. GEN-COR LABORATORIES / OUTSIDE THE FENCE - NIGHT

Callen skids out onto the city street, still carrying Eon.

Two security guards charge out of nowhere and start chasing him.

He calls out:

CALLEN
Stryka?

He's getting winded. The guards are catching up.

CALLEN
STRYKA!

Stryka, his reptile woman partner, leaps over the cars and SLAMS into one of the security guards-

Callen stops and wheels around to see what's going on--

Stryka clobbers the other guard with one punch.

CALLEN
You're getting a BIT LATE with the
last-minute rescue.

Stryka gathers herself up to full height. She does not wear clothes. Big interleaving scaly plates and fringes of feathery quills cover her sensitive regions.

She is not, in any conventional sense of the word, "sexy," but her height and power make her striking.

She speaks in her rasping reptilian language, with subtitles.

STRYKA
(shrugging magnificently)
Never late than better.

Callen turns to go.

Eon, slung over his shoulder, lifts her head and looks curiously at Stryka.

INT. BROOKLYN BAR #1 - NIGHT

Scruffy, criminal looking Callen and skinny little Eon are looking at each other across a table. Stryka lounges in the booth between them.

Eon's hair is still wet. She's wide-eyed and alert, with darting, animal movements: examining the table under her palms, flipping her hands over to examine her palms themselves.

She's also somehow too gangly and long-limbed to be seated in a way that looks entirely correct.

The bar is a normal Brooklyn dive, except for two things:

1. The TV screens are holographic and floating in space
2. The bartender has head-tentacles.

Eon's eyes land on Callen again and she stares into his face, un-selfconsciously.

Callen stares back at her. What is her deal?

Eon smiles at him. A second later, she touches her mouth, embarrassed or confused about her involuntary grin.

Stryka gives Eon an encouraging nod, and smiles also.

STRYKA
(to Callen)
Smile back.

CALLEN
What?

STRYKA
Smile back.

Callen, still super wierded-out by Eon, gives her a weirded-out smile.

Now Eon grins again, gleeful.

An UNSAVORY CHARACTER approaches them.

UNSAVORY
(checking Eon out)
Watcha got there?

CALLEN
Move along, we've got a buyer.

UNSAVORY
Give you one sixty.

CALLEN
Did you not hear me the first time?

The man digs in his pocket.

UNSAVORY
Alright, this is fifty, just to
touch.
(slaps bills on the table)
No below the belly button stuff.

Unsavory reaches for the nape of Eon's neck.

Callen sweeps the man's hand down into the table and twists with a light, audible crack, and stands, face close to the man's grimacing shock.

Eon is shocked, too.

Stryka takes a slurp of her drink, nonchalant.

CALLEN
(to UNSAVORY)
You leave. Money stays.

Callen scoops up the bills as he sits. The man pulls his hand back to his chest and stumbles away.

The tentacled barback watches the man go, and looks at Callen.

Callen waits, to see what the barback will do.

The barback goes back to looking at his smartphone.

MARCETTE (O.S.)
You're making friends.

Marcette is a sharply-dressed, sleekly androgynous woman with a low voice.

CALLEN
Where's Denain?

MARCETTE
 (eyeing Eon)
 So this is the famous package.

CALLEN
 It is. And you're to take her off
 our hands.

MARCETTE
 Denain says to be at his office
 tomorrow.

CALLEN
 Wh- tomorrow?

Someone taps Callen on the shoulder.

UNSAVORY'S BROTHER
 Hey.

CALLEN
 Just a minute.
 (to Marcette)
 This is very very much not the
 arrangement. We're not babysitters,
 we can't just be carting around a
 human female in parachute pajamas.

MARCETTE
 So put some clothes on her.
 Something in silver, maybe.

Marcette cocks her shoulder under her jacket, which is
 silver.

Eon smiles at her, an instant liking.

EON
 Silva.

UNSAVORY'S BROTHER
 HEY.

Callen turns on the lot of Unsavory Guys who are seeking his
 attention.

CALLEN
 WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM.

UNSAVORY'S BROTHER
 You broke my brother's hand. And
 stole his money.

Callen looks back and forth between them.

CALLEN

I broke his finger. And he's an asshole.

The men look at him. Callen looks at Stryka, who shrugs-- why not?

MARCETTE

(to Eon)

Have fun with these two.

Marcette takes her leave as Callen throws a glass, commencing:

A bar fight!

Stryka throws someone into their table and Eon backs up against the wall.

Eon watches as:

-- Callen punches someone repeatedly in the face
 -- Stryka drags someone towards her by the ankle
 -- The barback talks idly on his cell phone

This does not look like a good place.

Eon sneaks out of the bar.

Callen looks up from the fight to see her escape.

CALLEN (CONT'D)

Hey!

EXT. BROOKLYN BAR #1 - NIGHT (AERIAL)

The futuristic skyline glitters in the night as Callen chases Eon down a narrow Brooklyn street.

I/E. CALLEN'S CAR / BROOKLYN STREET #2 - NIGHT

Callen's beautiful, beat-up red car. Callen drives, Stryka is shotgun.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At this point, I don't know what you think of her, exactly. Do you see her as a little kid, or as a job?

Eon sits sullenly in the back seat, held in place by seatbelts that have been tied around her instead of buckled.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Do you see her as a lab experiment?
A piece of merchandise? Do you
maybe see her as a little animal,
like a mink, or a raccoon?

The car pulls up to a SEMI-TRANSPARENT HOLOGRAM SCREEN that blocks the entire intersection. The screen displays a hologram of a different street.

Bip. The view on screen changes to another street in a different location. It's some kind of router that links up discontinuous locations.

Bip. It changes again. There's a seven-second countdown before each change of destination.

Callen and Stryka wait for their street to show up.

In the back seat, Eon eyes the door.

EON'S POV

Eon's eyes pick out the various parts of the door, strategizing-- the handle, the lock, the world outside the window--

BACK TO SCENE

Callen eyes Eon.

He flips the child lock.

Eon makes a break for the door--she doesn't go far, since she's tied in with seatbelts. Her hands scratch futilely at the locked door as Stryka and Callen sit impassively in front.

7,6,5,4,3,2,1, Bip.

Stryka coughs.

CalLEN

Bless you.

STRYKA

I coughed.

CalLEN

What?

STRYKA

I coughed. I didn't sneeze.

CALLEN

You can say "bless you" for a cough.

7,6,5,4,3,2,1, Bip. Callen drives into the screen and down the street it portrays.

EXT. BROOKLYN WATERFRONT MAKESHIFT CAMP - NIGHT

Callen and Stryka's grim little clearing on the waterfront. They've parked their vehicle, and made some kind of trash camp.

Eon is ravenously finishing a food/bun/thing and searching her hands for any last traces. She is covered in a blanket.

She is faintly but noticeably GLOWING IN THE DARK.

Stryka is hunched nearby, arms crossed on her haunches.

Callen sits at a distance, leery.

CALLEN

It's one night. She's not going to starve.

Stryka shoots Callen a look and gives Eon another bun.

CALLEN (CONT'D)

Oi. Leave some for...

Stryka watches intently as the girl gobbles.

CALLEN (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey you.
(throws something light at
Eon, a can or something)
Hey. Where are you from?

Eon stares, blankly.

STRYKA

Maybe she doesn't speak English.

CALLEN

Well she has to speak SOME language. She looks what, ten?

Eon stuffs the remainder of the bun into her mouth and attempts to chew. She fails and has to spit it back out. It's adorable.

CALLEN (CONT'D)
She doesn't act it, though.
(to Eon)
Habla Espagnol? No? What about
Mandarin, eh? MANDARIN?

STRYKA
(to Eon; slowly, gently)
What's your name?

Eon watches Stryka intently, following her mouth.

Then she tries to mimic one of Stryka's syllables, babylike.

Stryka laughs. Eon is startled at first, but laughs, too.

Eon tries to say another word in Stryka's language and it all starts over.

CALLEN
Fantastic.

He gets in the car and shuts the door.

INT. DENAIN'S COMPOUND / WAITING ROOM - DAY

Stryka, Callen and Eon are waiting in a stately, intimidating wood-paneled room.

There are some handsome artifacts on the walls that look simultaneously ancient and futuristic.

Eon, apprehensive, holds tight to Callen's elbow.

Callen pries off her hand.

Marcette, once again perfectly dressed, coughs politely.

Callen looks around--how does Marcette show up so QUIETLY?

INT. DENAIN'S COMPOUND / INNER OFFICE - DAY

Denain's office is similarly wood-paneled and adorned with ancient artifacts.

He is a painfully stylish man of 50 or older who speaks with precise, almost sinister elocution.

DENAIN
(on the phone)
And it has an inscription, you say?
What's the language?
(MORE)

DENAIN (cont'd)
 An ancient language. You're aware
 there are many ancient languages,
 yes? No no don't READ the
 inscription, good God. Here. Speak
 with my assistant.

He holds the phone out to Marcette and looks Callen, Stryka
 and Eon up and down as they stand in the doorway.

DENAIN (CONT'D)
 (to his attendants)
 Place her in the Gravity Room.

The henchmen lead Eon away by both elbows.

Eon stares at Callen, wide-eyed, pleading.

He remains impassive.

They drag her away.

Stryka glares at Callen, accusing.

Callen shakes his head dismissively.

CALLEN
 It's fine. It's just a type of
 room.

INT. DENAIN'S COMPOUND / INNER OFFICE - DAY

LATER

Denain is behind his desk, Marcette at his side. Callen and
 Stryka are sitting. Eon is nowhere to be seen.

DENAIN
 Did you encounter any...
 unpleasantness?

CALLEN
 No more than the usual.

DENAIN
 So, as per our... *compact*, you are
 compensated in full having
 completed the retrieval.

STRYKA
 You never said we were retrieving a
 person.

CALLEN
 (cutting her off)
 There's no problem with the
 arrangement. The compact.

DENAIN
 Good.

He takes out a long piece of paper and begins writing.

STRYKA
 You know, I knew you were a lot of
 things, but I didn't think you were
 a child pornographer.

CALLEN
 (jumping in)
 And we STILL don't think you're a
 child pornographer. So that...
 remains unchanged.

<p>STRYKA No, you know what? This stinks. And there's a reason you didn't tell us what's going on. As if there COULD be an explanation--</p>	<p>CALLEN What my partner-Stryka please- what my partner is trying to</p>
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Stryka digs a taloned thumb into Callen's rib cage.

CALLEN (CONT'D)
 Okay, neither of us is getting a
 very good vibe from you here with
 respect to the female.

DENAIN
 Oh we'll take the very best care of
 her.

CALLEN
 You mentioned. It's just when you
 say "take care of her" it's a
 little...

DENAIN
 I can assure you I have nothing but
 her best interests in mind.

Callen takes this in. He really wants to believe Denain is on
 the level.

CALLEN
 Could you try saying it a bit
 less... evilly.

I/E. CALLEN'S CAR / STREET NEAR DENAIN'S COMPOUND - DAY

Callen and Stryka are driving away, having left Eon behind.

Callen can feel Stryka glaring at him.

CALLEN

Look, we can't go back now. If we spoil things with Denain we won't have any work until winter.

STRYKA

So you're happy with that?

CALLEN

He's just going to sell her to whoever's looking for her.

STRYKA

That's somebody's kid you're talking about. Think of her parents.

CALLEN

Well maybe it IS her parents. I bet you didn't think about that. She's probably just some rich kid who scarpered off from boarding school.

STRYKA

Who doesn't know how to talk.

CALLEN

Maybe they don't teach you how to talk in boarding school. Do *I* know?

STRYKA

Then why does she glow in the dark?

CALLEN

I'm not sure why she glows in the dark, but I'm sure there's a reasonable explanation.

STRYKA

What kind of dirtbag hands over a human being for money?

CALLEN

I don't know, but can I promise you I am EXACTLY that type of dirtbag.

EXT. WATERFRONT MAKESHIFT CAMP - DAY

Callen and Stryka are sitting on the same barren waterfront, drinking cheap beer and eating their weird little food buns.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What is it about being an unshaved,
self-avowed jerk that makes people
SO SURE you're going to come around
and do the right thing?

Stryka drains her beer, crushes the can, tosses it away and stares at Callen.

Callen senses Stryka staring at him.

QUICK FLASH - EON IN THE WAITING ROOM, HOLDING TIGHT TO HIS ELBOW

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What makes them decide: That one.
The kidnapping psychopath. He's the
one that's going to get me out of
this mess?

Callen sighs.

Stryka smiles.

It is Heist Time.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And how does that end up working
out?

EXT. IN FRONT OF DENAIN'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Stryka is holding a map and asking a very simple question to the flustered doorman of a very fancy building. He's having trouble understanding her weird language.

She rolls her eyes and repeats herself, more slowly, poking at the map for emphasis.

While Stryka has thus diverted the doorman, Callen sneaks past them into the building.

EXT. DENAIN'S COMPOUND / ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Stryka waits in a dark alleyway. She looks incredibly mighty, standing quietly against a jagged stripe of sky.

A door opens in the alleyway—a back door into the building.

CALLEN

Sst!

Stryka springs to action and disappears inside with him.

INT. DENAIN'S COMPOUND / BASEMENT - NIGHT

Callen is using a flashlight to study a floor plan on the inside of a breaker box.

CALLEN

Gravity room... gravity room...
gravity room...

Stryka points to a room marked with a row of downward-pointing arrows.

CALLEN (CONT'D)

Right.

INT. DENAIN'S COMPOUND / STAIRWELL - NIGHT

INSERT - CALLEN AND STRYKA'S STEALTHY FEET

ascend the stairs.

BACK TO SCENE

Suddenly there's a burst of static from a radio someplace.

Callen and Stryka freeze and look at each other.

INSERT - CALLEN AND STRYKA HIDE UNDER THE STAIRS

and watch the STEALTHY FEET of a uniformed SWAT GUY ascend them.

BACK TO SCENE

SWAT GUY'S RADIO (V.O.)

Any sign of the girl?

SWAT GUY

Negative.

He makes his way up the stairs.

CALLEN
Who was that?

STRYKA
Police.

CALLEN
FEDERAL police?

STRYKA
I think so.

CALLEN
This is going to look great on our
resumes.

INT. DENAIN'S COMPOUND / OUTSIDE THE GRAVITY ROOM - NIGHT

A quiet, dark hallway in Denain's compound. A sign on the door reads "Gravity Room." One of DENAIN'S SECURITY GUARDS, in a nice suit, is posted outside the door.

He has a pair of nunchucks and is idly practicing with them.

INT. DENAIN'S COMPOUND / GRAVITY ROOM - NIGHT

Eon is sitting in the gravity room, in chains. Her chains seem to cling to the floor with unusual force. She picks them up--click click click--and lets them bang back onto the floor with a loud "CHUNK."

INT. DENAIN'S COMPOUND / HALLWAY # 1 - NIGHT

Callen and Stryka are hiding, watching the guard practice with his nunchucks.

Quietly but audibly, Stryka cracks her knuckles, prepping for combat.

Callen turns to look at her severely.

INT. DENAIN'S COMPOUND / OUTSIDE THE GRAVITY ROOM - NIGHT

The security guard hears something. He goes to investigate.

A MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL SWAT TEAM attacks him-- they fight!

It turns out Callen and Stryka were at the OTHER END of the hall. They slip into the Gravity Room while the guard is engaged.

INT. DENAIN'S COMPOUND / GRAVITY ROOM - NIGHT

Eon's face lights up when the door opens.

EON

Eeee!

INT. DENAIN'S COMPOUND / HALLWAY #2 - NIGHT

Callen and Stryka are running down the hall, with Eon slung over Stryka's shoulder. They run around the corner to find--

INT. DENAIN'S COMPOUND / HALLWAY #3 - NIGHT

Four members of the federal SWAT team!

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Freeze, police!

CALLEN

Other way other way--

Callen and Stryka wheel around, only to find--

Two of Denain's security guards.

They are stuck in between the two groups.

SECURITY GUARD

(to Callen and Stryka)

Hey! Put her down!

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Freeze, and step away from the girl.

SECURITY GUARD

(to the SWAT team.)

YOU'RE not authorized here, weapons down!

SWAT TEAM LEADER

FEDERAL POLICE, STAND DOWN.

SECURITY GUARD

WHERE'S YOUR WARRANT?

CALLEN

(quietly to Stryka)

You get the suits, I get the SWATs.

STRYKA
 (sizing up the suits, and
 not impressed)
 eh...

CALLEN
 FOR CHRIST'S SAKES STRYKA DON'T
 MAKE EVERYTHING AN ARGUMENT.

The FIRST SECURITY GUARD swings a long-chained weapon at Stryka, but she catches it without even looking.

Callen flings himself at the four SWAT team members.

Stryka has control of the First Security Guard's weapon and uses it to yank him off his feet and into a kick to the head. He's out cold, still holding one end of the chain, which doesn't stop Stryka from using it to parry the blows of the SECOND SECURITY GUARD.

Callen's fight unfolds in the background of Stryka's. He fights like a mean street fighter, unshowy but effective, whereas she treats her fight like a duel.

She disarms her opponent with two quick flicks of the chain, while Callen headbutts the last SWAT team member into unconsciousness.

Stryka checks out the weapon she's using, approvingly.

She looks up at the Second Security Guard (the last one standing) and gestures, with genuine encouragement, for him to try again.

Understandably, he hesitates.

He hesitates long enough for Callen to unceremoniously kick his legs out from under him.

CALLEN (CONT'D)
 (hissing at Stryka)
 We don't have time!

Callen grabs a downed SWAT guy and shakes him.

CALLEN (CONT'D)
 What do you want with the girl?

SWAT GUY
 You're an idiot.

CALLEN
 Why? Who is she?

SWAT GUY

The government wants her. They're
not going to just let her go.

They hear a SWAT team leader bark a command from somewhere on
the floor.

CALLEN

Dammit.

They scoop up Eon, leaving behind a mess of unconscious
people in uniform.

I/E. CALLEN'S CAR / STREET NEAR DENAIN'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

The three are speeding away in Callen's car.

CALLEN

All right what the FUCK was that
about?

STRYKA

Look out!!!!!!

Callen jams the brakes.

ROTH (30) is standing dead smack in the middle of the street,
tall and chiseled like a Die-Hard henchman.

He's like a massive statue of a stern and beautiful deity.

Callen and Stryka stare for a moment, totally dumbfounded.

Roth is peering into the car, looking for something...

He can't see Eon in there, though...

STRYKA

DRIVE!!!!!!

Callen shuts his eyes and floors the gas.

But what they hear as they accelerate is FOOTSTEPS--

IN GLORIOUS SLOW MOTION:

-- Roth runs over the hood of the car and lands on his feet
in the road

-- Transfixed, Eon stares out the back window

BACK TO SCENE

Receding rapidly into the distance, Roth gets his bearings and stands, seeming almost to make eye contact with Eon.

Her eyes are like saucers--

The car careens down the street--

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Callen and Stryka charge into an abandoned warehouse type space, Callen dragging Eon by the arm. Stryka checks all the exits.

 CALLEN

 (to Eon)

 You need to tell us what's going
 on, and you need to tell us now.

Stryka finishes her sweep and lets Callen know the room is okay.

Eon is scared and keeps pointing at the doors.

 EON

 Is.. a... is, na--

She seems to be trying to talk despite not knowing any actual words.

 CALLEN

 What? What are you saying? WHO is
 coming after us. What do they want.

 EON

 Na ma et...

 CALLEN

 What? I know you can understand me.

 STRYKA

 Don't yell.

 CALLEN

 She's got to tell us something,
 we're shooting blind here.

 (to Eon)

 Do you need to draw it? Here, draw
 it.

He draws a squiggle on his phone, and hands it to Eon.

For a second, she holds the phone in her hands.

Then, it explodes. Somehow all its energy seems to shoot out of Eon's eyes in the form of light.

For a half second it's quiet-- then every light in the room explodes, also.

Everyone stands there in the dark.

CALLEN

Okay. What just happened.

STRYKA

Look!

Eon is sitting on the floor, hiding her face in her arms. In the dark, something is glowing on her hands-- she has a tattoo of an arrow on the back of each one, and the initials E.O.N.

CALLEN

What are those? Let me see.

Callen squats to be level with her, but she shrinks away.

CALLEN

Christ, it's OKAY, I'm not going to hurt you.

He takes her hands and studies the tattoos. The left arrow points towards her fingertips, the right arrow points towards her heart.

They are logos.

Callen looks at Stryka over Eon's head. They both seem to think this is Serious Business.

CALLEN

(gently, to Eon)

You were born at the lab, weren't you.

She looks at him, scared, studying his face.

CALLEN

Did they give you a name? Or should we just call you Eon?

Eon looks between Callen and Stryka.

Stryka squats down now, too.

CALLEN

(to Eon)

It's all right. You don't have to--
It's all right.

Callen takes off his jacket, and puts it over Eon's shoulders.

In the bare little room, with Callen and Stryka leaning over the glowing Eon, they look almost like a family photo or a painting of the Nativity.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Morning. Little Eon is asleep on a mattress in the safe house, deeply unconscious. Callen is talking quietly on the phone. Stryka is making coffee.

CALLEN

(on the phone)

I think, ah, yeah. I think she's...
She might be in some trouble. Yeah
okay. See you in twenty. Right.

(to Stryka)

Wants to talk to you.

Callen hands the phone to Stryka, who chatters away to whoever it is.

Callen sits on the bed.

Something troubles Eon's sleep; she twitches and murmurs.

The lamp next to her bed starts to flicker.

CALLEN

Hey. Eon.

Eon's eyes flutter open. The lamp stops flickering.

CALLEN

We've got a lot to do.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET #3 - DAY

Callen, Stryka and Eon are walking on a narrow Brooklyn street.

A bicycle whizzes past Eon. She grabs Callen's arm and makes little noises.

CALLEN
You can say, "what is that?"

EON
(nodding, learning)
"Whadiseat."

CALLEN
That's a bicycle.

EON
Whadiseat, bicycle.

CALLEN
No, just--here.

He takes her hand and points it at something for her.

CALLEN (CONT'D)
Say "what."

EON
(she tries it)
What.

CALLEN
A bicycle.

EON
What.

A crazy sci-fi lady is standing on the corner with a sign, yelling about the end of the world.

CALLEN
A Doomsday cultist. She thinks the world is going to end.

Something about the woman's ragged, anguished screaming catches Callen's eye for a second.

EON
What.

Now Eon is pointing out a baby being carried by its mom.

CALLEN
That person is a small person because that's what people look like when they're very young.

EON
(skeptical)
Eh?

CALLEN (CONT'D)
 No I'm not kidding, that's really
 what they look like.

EON
 Is not... for eat?

INT. THE ZOËS' APARTMENT / HALLWAY - DAY

Callen knocks on a door in a narrow hallway. Stryka and Eon wait next to him.

It's answered by Zoë Prime, a snappily-dressed 25-year-old.

CALLEN
 Zoë Prime.

ZOË PRIME
 Callen, Stryka, you find us in
 extremis.

INT. THE ZOËS' APARTMENT - DAY

Two different Zoës live here. Zoë Prime, who's just answered the door, and Zoë, who's in the other room.

ZOË (O.S.)
 Prime! Did you get the door?

ZOË PRIME
 (to her guests)
 I don't answer her when she's in
 the other room.

CALLEN
 (calling to her)
 Hallo Zoë!

Callen, Stryka and Eon step into the next room. It's full of holographic screens (the Zoës are hackers), but the screens are all flickering, malfunctioning.

There's also a STRANGE, DISCORDANT BUZZING SOUND.

Zoë is underneath one of the desks, messing with wires.

CALLEN (CONT'D)
 What's that sound?

ZOË
 It's been doing that all morning.
 Here, tell me if this fixes it.

For a second, the deep, evil hum gets louder.

Then, every screen is suddenly filled with the same image. It looks like BROWN SMOKE, but it's somehow decaying or caving in, rotting into itself and leaving big holes that gape like the eye sockets of a skull--

Then--click--all the monitors switch on, bright and functional, displaying news clips and floor plans and project specifications.

ZOË (CONT'D)
(from under the table)
That do it?

Callen, Eon and Stryka are all a little shaken by what they've seen.

STRYKA
Yep.

Zoë pops out from under the table.

ZOË
Great.

CALLEN
Also we saw some kind of horrible
space-thing.

LATER

The two Zoës are typing away, pulling up information on their many screens.

Eon has been given some tea and a cookie. She looks back and forth between the Zoës.

Zoë is genetically identical to Zoë Prime, but has loose hair and pajamas in comparison to Zoë Prime's sleek blouse and updo.

ZOË PRIME
So Gen-Cor, where you stole her
from--

ZOË
Well, kidnapped--

ZOË PRIME
What?

ZOË
Kidnapped? 'Cause she's a person?

Everyone looks at Eon.

CALLEN
Named her Eon.

Eon puts the whole cookie in her mouth, and needs to remove it again a second later.

CALLEN
Seemed to stick.

ZOË PRIME
Gen-Cor, where you *arguably rescued* her from, has a patent on this molecule.

(pulling up an image)
It's a superconductive compound in her blood that enables her veins to transmit a charge, just like a circuit board.

ZOË
So this berserk neuroplasticity you see, the reason she's learning so fast, is that her *mind* is actually *literally* electrified.

Zoe hands Eon two exposed wires in each hand, one black and one white. Eon instantly becomes hyperactive, picking out things in the room and reading everything she can see.

EON
Hallo, what? Dell systems computer, Q-W-E-R-T-Y-Z hellooo, twin persons!! Where is bacon?

ZOË
In contrast, you or I do that--

She zaps Callen with the wires.

CALLEN
Wh--HEY!

ZOË PRIME
(to Zoe)
You're such a child.

CALLEN
So wait, does that mean she's... a weapon?

ZOË PRIME

Well, the DOD thinks she could be, which explains why you've got FEDS all over you.

ZOË

Conceivably, the conducting fluid could be overcharged and detonated.

ZOË PRIME

That would require a MASSIVE power source, however. So we should be safe.

CALLEN

(to Eon)

Good news. You're not a safety hazard.

EON

Dak.

ZOË

Sorry hold on--

(to Zoë Prime:)

What's going on with the firewall?

ZOË PRIME

You wandered off while you were fixing it, so I stayed up late and finished it for you.

ZOË

I don't understand. It's blocking all my video games.

ZOË PRIME

That is because you *wandered off* while you were fixing it, so I *stayed up late* and finished it for you.

CALLEN

So who's the great trenchcoat oaf we ran into last night?

ZOË

Right. I call him Booper, but only because it demystifies him to the point where I can deal.

ZOË PRIME

We couldn't pull any security footage.

ZOË

Right, like this could be him--

She pulls up some grainy security footage, in which a SHAPE moves with eerie swiftness across a city street.

ZOË

But like, who knows.

ZOË PRIME

However, I happened to remember--

ZOË

Which is showing off--

ZOË PRIME

--that a few years back an assay craft of space rangers disappeared from the grid, and this guy: was the engineer on board.

Zoe Prime pulls up a file photo of a space ranger who could conceivably be ROTH, who ran over their car.

ZOË PRIME

We're having trouble pinning it down but the height and age match.

CALLEN

But you're not sure.

ZOË

If it IS that guy, he's probably seen some pretty bad shit. And he knows the following martial arts.

She pulls up a list of his skills and training. Stryka takes a seat to study it in detail.

CALLEN

Who's he working for?

ZOË

I keep trying to find out, and this keeps happening:

She clicks on a line item that reads:

REC REQST PERSUANT SUBJ 18211.25N

One by one, the monitors go black, and each displays the same crumbling, toxic-looking smoke.

The unsettling, discordant buzzing sound fills the room again.

Stryka looks down--the little hairs on her arm are standing up.

Then all the monitors click off.

CALLEN

Well, great.

(He looks at Eon.)

Is anyone NOT trying to get his hands on you?

ZOË PRIME

(To Eon)

Do you want to see your room?

CALLEN

Go see.

INT. THE ZOËS' APARTMENT / SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

Zoë Prime shows Callen and Eon a spare room packed with tech junk and a little single bed.

ZOË PRIME

The bed is very comfortable. I sleep here every time I can't stand the smell of her radiating glutens.

ZOË (O.S.)

(from other room)

I'm lactose intolerant, okay? We can't all be perfect.

ZOË PRIME

(To her guests,
informatively)

I am not lactose intolerant.

ZOË (O.S.)

(from other room)

Because I didn't MAKE you lactose intolerant FOR CHRISAKES A LITTLE GRATITUDE.

ZOË PRIME

We just have to get all this junk out. No one uses wrist communicators any more, I don't know how long we've had these.

Eon breaks away from them to look around the room. She realizes what's happening.

CALLEN
What do you think, Eon? Does it
look cozy?

She looks back at Callen, heartbroken.

EON
(dutifully)
Yes.

INT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

INSERT - A PAIR OF SKILLED HANDS

trim the edges of a fresh new ID card for "Eon Miller."

BACK TO SCENE

Eon is peering at her ID card being made by a DOCUMENTS GUY operating out of an alleyway.

EON
(reading off the card)
Eeeeeeeeeo Mia.

DOCUMENTS GUY
Parents' names please.

Eon looks at Callen, questioning.

DOCUMENTS GUY
Your parents? They're. You know.
Mom? Dad?

He makes hand gestures indicating "taller people."

EON
(points at Callen)
He?

Documents Guy looks to Callen for confirmation.

CALLEN
(gently)
She doesn't have parents.

DOCUMENTS GUY
Gotcha.

CALLEN
 (to Eon)
 It's okay. Parents are overrated.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSEWARES STORE - DAY

Eon and Callen wait outside of a very Brooklyn-y, salvaged-objects housewares store. They peer through the window at Stryka, who's being helped by a sales lady and trying different towels against her cheek.

She looks like she'll be a while.

EON
 Who is... Stryka parents?

CALLEN
 Ah, Stryka's parents are very nice. They live in Florida. We sold them a Rembrandt once. Turned out to be a fake, though.

EON
 Where is from?

CALLEN
 From here in Brooklyn.

EON
 ...oh.

CALLEN
 Her grandparents were from a planet in the Kepler system.

EON
 Planet?

CALLEN
 That's what we're on right now.

Eon scrapes the sidewalk with her toe.

EON
 Planet.

CALLEN
 No it's the whole--me, you, that tree, that car, everything, it's all one planet. Like this.

He makes a round shape with his hands.

EON
Like this?

CALLEN
Yeah. It's round. All planets are round.

Eon squints around like she doesn't understand.

CALLEN
I'll show you a picture. Or someone will show you a picture.

EON
(quietly to herself)
Parents will show me a picture.

CALLEN
Do you have parents?

She shakes her head.

EON
(pointing to herself)
Place, where is from. No is talk to. No is teach.

CALLEN
Well then I can... you know. Teach you a few things. Just, until.

EON
Your parents... teach you?

Callen laughs bitterly.

CALLEN
Yeah. My dad taught me a thing or two.

Eon cocks her head, confused.

CALLEN
So look. What you've got to know about the world, is that most people? are assholes. Okay? So here, you can say "what."

He takes her hand and points it at someone.

EON
What.

CALLEN
That's an asshole.

Eon smiles, understanding the game, and points at someone else.

EON
What.

CALLEN
Oh that guy's definitely an
asshole.

She thinks, and points at him.

EON
What.

CALLEN
Oh I'm the biggest bloody asshole
you'll ever meet. All right? So
you're going to stay away from not-
nice people. Like me and Stryka,
all right, we're the bad guys.

Stryka comes out of the housewares store and holds up two
little gift bags.

STRYKA
Hand towellllllls!

Callen rolls his eyes. Stryka is not helping his argument.

CALLEN
Come on.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Eon is changing in a room while Callen gives instructions.

Stryka is going through the racks.

CALLEN
Some rules about after this--Try
not to be seen in public. For like
a week or two. At least. And dye
your hair black. That always seems
to work.

Eon steps out in a wrap dress, giant on her skinny frame.

EON
 (reading the tag)
 "One size... feets... oll."

CALLEN
 Fantastic.

Stryka holds up another dress for Eon.

EON
 (likes Stryka's choice)
 Zeys!

Eon starts to slip out of the one she has on.

CALLEN
 Whoa whoa whoa.

EON
 What?

CALLEN
 You can't take your clothes off
 here, you have to do it in there.

EON
 (looking back into the
 stall)
 Is... same.

CALLEN
 It's not the same. Stryka, help me
 out?

STRYKA
 (gesturing to her own
 nudity)
 Don't ask me. I never wear clothes.

CALLEN
 Thanks. That's... very relevant.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Callen and Stryka are watching Eon play a shell game operated
 by a Shell Game Guy at a little folding table.

Eon sees them looking, and waves.

Subtly, Callen points at the cup he thinks the shell is
 under.

Eon shakes her head: not that one.

Callen nods his head: yes that one.

The shell guy turns around to look at Callen.

SHELL GAME GUY
Would you mind?

While he is looking away, Eon switches the cups.

When he turns around, she picks the newly-correct cup.

SHELL GAME GUY
(to Eon)
All right, you've had your fun.
Time to move on.

Callen gives Eon a thumbs up, impressed.

STRYKA
She likes you.

CALLEN
(instantly embarrassed)
Yeah, well. Shows what she knows.

EXT. PUBLIC SQUARE - DAY

The three are sitting outside, eating gyros.

EON
Callen...

CALLEN
What is it now?

EON
(pointing at Callen)
Stay *with*.

CALLEN
You can't stay with us, Eon, it
just wouldn't work out.

EON
Mmm. Understand.
But... stay *with*.

CALLEN
Listen and for the last time, we
aren't good people. We do crimes.
To make money. Don't even do crimes
because we believe in it; at least
there'd be some honor in that.

STRYKA
I'm a good person.

CALLEN
Just because you have a niece, it
doesn't make you a good person.

Stryka pulls up a picture of her little reptile niece on her
phone and shows it to Eon.

EON
Do crimes *also*. Stay *with*.

CALLEN
No, look. Even if we needed a
lookout or a recon man, like say we
needed someone to case a fancy
jewelry store. It's just too
unpredictable.

They sit there.

CALLEN
Like even if you could get us some
good intel. Which I bet you're very
quick, with the electro-brain and
all.

They sit there.

CALLEN
Like if we sent you in as a tiny
posh lady or something. It just
wouldn't work.

They sit there.

They sit there for SECONDS.

STRYKA
She *was* pretty good at shells.

CALLEN
Okay but just ONCE. ONCE, do you
hear me.

They all get up.

EON
Eeeee!

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

This is a fairly normal jewelry store, except for the occasional levitating necklace.

Eon walks in wearing a ridiculous hat and an air of GREAT DIGNITY AND SERIOUSNESS, like a queen.

EXT. AROUND THE CORNER FROM JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Around the corner, Callen and Stryka are sharing a comm device and listening to the conversation.

CALLEN
 (into the comm)
 Now you've got to act DIGNIFIED,
 like we showed you.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

A SHOP GIRL (30s) is talking on the phone.

SHOP GIRL
 (on phone)
 Okay I gotta go, love, got a
 customer.

The shop girl goes over to Eon.

EON
 Day, person friend. Mmm.

JEWELER
 Yes, lovely day for a little
 shopping, isn't it.

EON
 Mmm hmm, "shop." Has seen many
 shop.

Eon winks and gestures like they are both members of some suave intelligentsia because they both know it is a shop.

EON
 Has dresses, some shop. For be
 cover up.

SHOP GIRL
 ...That is quite true.

Eon then studies a jewelry case with a demeanor of Sherlock-Holmeslike acuity.

EON (CONT'D)

I see is... circles here. Yes yes.

EXT. AROUND THE CORNER FROM JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Callen and Stryka are cracking up listening.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

SHOP GIRL

So it's a ring we're after.

EON

Yes. This pleases much. Will see.

SHOP GIRL

Shopping for a special occasion today?

EON

(grave, sincere)
MOST special.

SHOP GIRL

Is it a fella?

EON

Yes.

The shop girl smiles and reaches for something--

EON

And, dragon woman. Very big.

SHOP GIRL

(raised eyebrow)
Well, maybe a multiple setting, then.

EON'S POV

While the shop girl gets out the ring, Eon's eyes pick out the various security features, strategizing-- the camera, the alarm buttons, the lasers criss-crossing the door.

BACK TO SCENE

EON

Hmmm. Has anything yellow.

SHOP GIRL

Yellow?

EON

Yes. Does not see in case a thing
yellow.

SHOP GIRL

Ehm, you know I did remember a
yellow stone from a while ago...

Eon notes carefully as the shop girl checks a drawer behind
the counter.

SHOP GIRL

I liked this one quite a bit. We
could have it set in an engagement
band for you.

EON

Not is engage. New friends. Would
like ring, for sparkle. Sparkle so
friends will stay.

EXT. AROUND THE CORNER FROM JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Callen and Stryka look at each other.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

The shop girl decides for sure at this point that Eon is in
fact totally crazy.

SHOP GIRL

We also have some very unique
second-hand pieces, which can be a
little more--

EON

No no no. Is fancy person. Cannot
accept second. Only most special.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Stryka, Callen and Eon are walking down a Brooklyn street by
the water.

CALLEN

Okay--THAT was brilliant.

EON
Where is monies now.

CALLEN
You have to negotiate your cut
BEFORE you do the job. Anyway we're
not going to rip that place off, it
wouldn't be nice.

Stryka looks at him over Eon's head like "we're going to,
though, right?"

He nods back at her like "oh yeah totally."

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Eon, Callen and Stryka are waiting on a street corner.

CALLEN
Don't know why they're late. It's
not like them.

STRYKA
It's like ONE of them.

Callen looks down at Eon, who's staring sadly at the
sidewalk.

CALLEN
Look, it's going to be all right.
Okay?

EON
Mmm.

CALLEN
Just trust me.

This time Eon looks up at him.

EON
Why?

CALLEN
Because....
Because I'm a bastard, okay, but
I'm not going to let you down.

Eon looks at him, then beams radiantly.

EON
Yes. I know.

CALLEN
Okay good. So we've got a deal?

EON
Deal.

Stryka catches sight of something a few blocks away.

STRYKA
(pointing)
Over there.

Across the street, Zoë and Zoë Prime are walking towards them.

CALLEN
(to Eon)
See? They're very nice. They're
hackers, so their job's only MOSTLY
illegal.

Zoë is walking towards them, briskly, and pointing sharply with her left hand.

STRYKA
What's she saying?

CLOSE UP ON - ZOË'S SILENTLY SHOUTING MOUTH

BACK TO SCENE

Suddenly Zoë grabs the side of her neck and falls down in the middle of the sidewalk.

CALLEN
Run. She said "run."

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET #4 - DAY

Callen, Eon and Stryka are running, Stryka easily taking the lead, Eon trailing behind.

CALLEN
Take my hand take my hand!

Eon reaches out and grabs his hand-- he whips her down the street.

An officer on foot spots them from down the block and starts running towards them--

Stryka races head-on towards the officer while Callen SHATTERS a car window with his elbow and guts the lock with his pocket knife. He hurries Eon into the car and they crouch behind the dash--

I/E. SOMEONE ELSE'S CAR - DAY

--where he bashes open the panels by the steering column. Wires tumble out and he expertly picks out the power and starter wires, but he can't get a spark between them--

A glittering bullet shatters the windshield--

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET #4 - DAY

Stryka is fighting with the officer in the street when another officer skids up on a MOTORCYCLE, firing on Callen and Eon--

Stryka ROARS at him like an animal--

I/E. SOMEONE ELSE'S CAR - DAY

Iridescent bullets pepper the hood.

Eon screams urgently at Callen--

EON

Ika ika!

He catches her meaning immediately and hands her the wires.

She holds one in each hand and the car hiccups to life.

Callen pulls roughly out of the parking spot, bumping the car behind it, and cuts a curving path out into the street--

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET #4 - DAY

Stryka roars as she stands in the middle of the street, and
for just a second she's at the center of a circle,

as Callen's car comes speeding around one side and the motorcycle cop curves around to follow.

I/E. SOMEONE ELSE'S CAR - DAY

The car CAREENS IN A TIGHT CURVE--

CALLEN
Get the door get the door

Eon scrambles into the back seat and opens the back door for Stryka--

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET #4 - DAY

--who runs alongside and jumps in, the car slowing hardly at all.

Stryka tosses the downed officer's radio onto the car seat and they can hear:

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)
Headed north on third, all units
mobilize!

EXT. POLICE STAKEOUT - DAY

A police vehicle on stakeout gets the word and revs up, just as our gang SPEEDS PAST THEM in their stolen car--

I/E. SOMEONE ELSE'S CAR - DAY

Callen breaks the speed limit as Stryka and Eon watch the road behind them--

CALLEN
How's it look?

The police car pulls into view, sirens blaring--

STRYKA
They're gaining!

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Both vehicles speed through a red light.

I/E. SOMEONE ELSE'S CAR / BROOKLYN STREET #5 - DAY

Callen looks back--the police are still gaining--

They are headed, fast, for one of the intersections with the giant holograph screens.

CALLEN
EVERYONE BRACE.

He THROWS THE PARKING BREAK.

The cop car SLAMS into the back of theirs and squeals out at an angle--

Callen spins out too, but corrects, releases the break, jams the gas, and makes it through the hologram plate right before its destination changes.

The police officers watch the fugitives VANISH, replaced by a different empty street. One of them shouts into his radio--

I/E. SOMEONE ELSE'S CAR / NEAR THE BQE - DAY

--which Callen and Stryka can hear.

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)
They're headed for the BQE.

CALLEN
No we're not.

Callen reverses--

EON
Ud.

Eon's getting whiplash from all the changes in direction--

Callen drives BACKWARDS THROUGH THE HOLOGRAM PLATE to a third destination--

EXT. STREET FAIR ENTRANCE - DAY

--where, of course, there is *an outdoor street festival*.

People scream and dive out of the way as the rogue vehicle speeds backwards into the crowd--

I/E. SOMEONE ELSE'S CAR / STREET FAIR - DAY

Eon and Stryka scream loud and long:

STRYKA
STOP!!!!!!

EON
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!

EXT. STREET FAIR ENTRANCE - DAY

The car screeches to a halt just INCHES from the crazy sci-fi lady who is still screaming about the end of the world.

She stares at it in shock.

Callen, Stryka and Eon race out of the car, past the Doomsday lady, into the crowd--

EXT. STREET FAIR - DAY

They race down the street, through the crowd. Street fair stalls pass in a blur, selling tacos, bioware, sunglasses, memory implants and falafel.

Eon lags behind--

CALLEN
(taking her hand)
Come on come on--

She smiles at him, panting.

EON
See? No jail.

He smiles back.

Then another MOTORCYCLE POLICEMAN comes up alongside and SNATCHES Eon away from him.

CALLEN
NO!

It happens SO fast, she's just GONE in a flash, ripped from his grasp--

STRYKA
Go go go go go!

Callen KEEPS RUNNING and the whole world seems to go quiet.

About three seconds go by, ten paces, eight beats of his heavily thudding heart, as Stryka pulls out her STOLEN RETRO LASER GUN, takes careful aim in the crowd, and PUTS A HOLE IN THE OFFICER'S BACK TIRE.

The motorcycle slows down just enough for Callen to run alongside and snatch Eon back from the officer. Eon SLAMS into his chest with the force of the collision, returned to him just moments after being taken.

CALLEN
It's okay, I got you.

I/E. CALLEN'S CAR - DAY

Callen sets Eon down in the back seat of his beat-up red car and he and Stryka get in.

STRYKA
They'll be tracking it.

CALLEN
Doesn't matter. Only shot is to
make it across the bridge.

I/E. CALLEN'S CAR / POLICE ROADBLOCK - DAY

They're in Callen's car, Callen driving, Stryka shotgun, Eon in the back.

Police sirens seem to come from EVERYWHERE.

Up ahead, the police are setting up a roadblock, but it's incomplete and only one car is in place--

STRYKA
Look out...

CALLEN
We've got to get out of this
borough.

He SPEEDS THROUGH THE PARTIAL ROADBLOCK and cops open fire on them as he does--

They're headed for a hologram screen, this one leading to the on-ramp of the BROOKLYN BRIDGE, which cuts a silhouette against the sky--

CALLEN
Almost there--

Then the countdown starts.

The holographic screen is about to change destinations--

STRYKA
Hurry...

CALLEN
I can make it I can make it--

7,6,5,4--

Eon looks out the back window, shouting in alarm--

3,2,1--

ZERO.

Callen floors it, the plate changes its destination, and the car plows into a fire hydrant.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE ON-RAMP - DAY

The car is WRECKED, safely on the Brooklyn Bridge side of the hologram plate, no sign of cops anywhere.

Callen's forehead is bloody from impact with the steering wheel. He looks around.

A quarter of the car is missing--sheared clean off by the holographic plate when its destination changed. Eon has disappeared along with it.

Callen and Stryka stare, wide-eyed, at the damage--

Then Callen bolts out of the car to find Eon.

He has to stand there and wait for the plate to change again.

CALLEN

Get out of here, there's still
time!

STRYKA

Are you coming?

They look around them. No cops. A straight shot into Manhattan if they snatch another vehicle. But:

CALLEN

I can't just leave her behind.

Stryka nods. She'll stay too.

Callen waits until finally the destination changes on the holograph plate, and he rushes through to find Eon.

EXT. POLICE ROADBLOCK - DAY

MOS

On the other side of the holographic plate, Eon is injured in the sheared-off missing quarter of Callen's car. He races to her side.

She has a chest full of broken glass.

He cradles her in his arms, fending off the police--

They try to drag him off of her--

He pushes them away for as long as he can, looking incredibly passionate and heroic.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / CELL - NIGHT

Stryka and Callen are in police custody, sharing a secure-looking room. A guard is stationed at the door, separated from them by bars.

CALLEN

(to the guard)

Hey. Hey mate, listen. The girl who was with us. Do you know where they're keeping her?

The guard doesn't say anything.

CALLEN (cont'd)

Can I see her?

CALLEN (cont'd)

HEY.

CALLEN (cont'd)

You could at least answer me.

STRYKA

Callen, leave it alone.

CALLEN

Is she okay? Can you tell me that?
Is... did I hurt her?

The guard still doesn't say anything. Callen gets pissed.

CALLEN (cont'd)

You could answer me instead
of just standing there like a
dumb lump of stone--

STRYKA

(intercepting Callen)
Hey, COOL it.

Callen listens to his friend, takes a seat.

STRYKA (cont'd)
 (to the guard, coyly)
 Are you sure my friend can't see
 her? Just for a sec?

Now the guard turns around to get a good look at Stryka.

She cocks her scaly hips and flutters her green eyelids over her yellow reptile eyes.

STRYKA (cont'd)
 Pretty please??

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Callen is being led in handcuffs down a long hallway, lined with police officers standing guard. Callen takes this in-- it's a lot of security for a little girl.

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / INFIRMARY - NIGHT

The guard, rather roughly, thrusts Callen into the room and takes position by the door.

It's a sparsely furnished prison infirmary. Eon is in bed.

Callen approaches, scared.

EON
 Callen!

She's super happy to see him.

CALLEN
 (smiling back, weakly.)
 Hey. Look at you.

EON
 Has, sis-STICHES.

She's excited to show him her stitches and starts to pull the covers back, but he stops her hands.

CALLEN
 Don't.

EON
 But, not is bad.

CALLEN
(awkwardly)
Good. I'm glad. That's good they
stitched you up all right.

He sits on her bed, awkwardly. She looks at his handcuffs.

CALLEN
Listen, I... I'm sorry.

EON
Why?

CALLEN
I thought I could make the light.

Eon looks at his handcuffs.

EON
Stryka?

CALLEN
Got her too. But she's all right.

EON
What... will happen?

CALLEN
We'll go to jail. And they'll send
you back where you came from.

EON
(upset)
No jail...

CALLEN
I think it's-- there's going to be
a bit of jail.

EON
I say. No jail. All-all, ok.

CALLEN
(generously)
This one's been in the mail for a
while now. It's naught to do with
you.

Eon thinks.

EON
What is "laundromat"?

CALLEN

A laundromat? Is a place you wash clothes.

EON

Mmm. Understand. What is "car wash?"

CALLEN

It's where you wash a car.

EON

Mmm. What is "wash"?

CALLEN

Why do you want to know?

EON

Have to remember. Many things.

CALLEN

Eon.

EON

Yes?

CALLEN

What is it like where you came from?

Eon thinks.

QUICK FLASH - the same shot of Eon's fluttering eyelashes from the beginning of the film, when she was in the laboratory suspension tank.

But this time the camera DIVES BEHIND HER EYELIDS to see the darkness behind her closed eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

EON

No light. No sound. No touch.

Callen nods. He looks down at the ring on his pinky.

CALLEN

Here, see this ring? When things would get really bad for me as a kid I used to see how many times I could spin it around my finger before things got better.

He shows her his left middle finger--it's deeply scarred in a groove where he used to wear the ring.

EON
Many times.

CALLEN
Well. Things can only be bad for so long.

He gives her the ring.

EON
(glancing at the door)
They will take.

CALLEN
I know. Hang onto it as long as you can.

Eon looks down at the ring in the palm of her hand.

EON
(tearing up)
They will take.

The guard comes for Callen to take him away, pulling him by the elbow.

CALLEN
Hey, listen,

EON
Everything, they will take.

CALLEN
(as he's being dragged away)
No just listen, listen to me for one second, okay?
I will *not rest* until you walk free in the sunshine. Do you understand.

She looks at him with great seriousness, then nods.

EON
Understand.

The guard drags him away--

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / CELL - NIGHT

--and tosses him back into his cell with Stryka--

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / INFIRMARY - NIGHT

--Eon clutches Callen's ring in her hand and gazes out the infirmary window at the stars--

EXT. JAIL COMPOUND - NIGHT

The fortified building looms against the futuristic skyline--
Music swells until we--

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOUDS - DAY

Clouds, and a loud "POPPING" sound.

The Narrator is audibly chewing bubble gum.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So,
(loud pop)
Let's just say for the sake of
argument that I need to know why
you make this promise.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I mean, she's got problems. But...
lots of people have problems.
What makes this one little girl oh
so very worthy and oh so very
special?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Is it how shiny and new she is, how
undamaged?

QUICK FLASH - EON IN THE BAR, STUDYING HER OWN UNWRINKLED
PALMS

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Is it her trust in you? Does it
make you feel better about
yourself?

QUICK FLASH - EON LOOKING UP AT CALLEN AS THEY WAIT FOR THE
ZOES

QUICK FLASH - CALLEN IN HIS SLICED-OPEN CAR, THE MOMENT HE REALIZES EON IS MISSING

NARRATOR (V.O.)
...Does it make you feel worse?

QUICK FLASH - CALLEN FREEZING IN HIS TRACKS THE MOMENT HE FIRST SEES EON IN THE LABORATORY SUSPENSION TANK

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Does she remind you of the kid you once were?

QUICK FLASH - CALLEN IN THE SAFE HOUSE, WAKING EON FROM HER BAD DREAM

NARRATOR (V.O.)
(voice softening.)
Or maybe I'm wrong. I'm wrong and there's something else, something about her only you can see, something that makes it worth risking your life, your single precious only bad-luck life?

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Back in the infirmary, Eon looks at Callen's ring in the palm of her hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Is she actually that good?
Would you know?

Eon begins to GLOW.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Or can the pragmatist in you, the opportunist, sense that something beating in her veins is very, very valuable?

Under the fine bones of Eon's chest, her heart beats louder and louder....

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / CELL - NIGHT

It's later now. Stryka is trying to sleep. Callen is looking at the stars.

JAIL GUARD #2
 Visitor for Callen Day. And his
 lizard.

Callen and Stryka look at each other. Who is it?

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / HALLWAY OUTSIDE VISITATION ROOM - NIGHT

Stryka and Callen are brought into the visitation room.

A guard stands outside the room, on watch.

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / VISITATION ROOM - NIGHT

Warily, Callen and Stryka enter-- and see Denain and Marcette sitting there. The guard leaves them alone.

Denain looks at them.

They look at Denain.

DENAIN
 (can't contain it)
 You FOOLS, have you no IDEA what
 you've done??

CALLEN
 You'll have to be a lot more
 specific.

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / HALLWAY OUTSIDE VISITATION ROOM - NIGHT

The visitation room guard stands at his post by the door of the visitation room. Another guard walks past, whistling. The whistling guard nods at the visitation room guard.

The whistling of the other guard can be heard fading away around the elbow of the corridor--then it suddenly stops.

The visitation room guard waits for a second, then peers down the hallway, concerned.

VISITATION ROOM GUARD
 (into his walkie)
 Come in come in?

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / INFIRMARY - NIGHT

VISITATION ROOM GUARD (V.O.)
Come in come in?

Eon sits up in bed in the prison infirmary. She can hear the visitation room guard's voice, garbled, from a walkie somewhere in another room. Other than that, it's weirdly quiet.

EON
(calling out.)
Allo?

She arrives at the door and taps it, gently. It swings open.

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / VISITATION ROOM - NIGHT

DENAIN
Was it not clear to you how important the girl was? You've left her completely exposed.

CALLEN
TO WHAT. Is someone FINALLY going to tell us what's going on?

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Eon cautiously steps out into the hallway.

Quiet in one direction, empty.

Quiet and empty the other way, too.

Suddenly, someone SHOVES her into a closet.

It is ROTH.

A guard sees him from down the hall.

OBSERVANT GUARD
Hey! Stop right there!

Roth braces for combat.

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / CLOSET - NIGHT

In the closet, Eon beats on the door and screams. She hears fighting outside.

After a second, Roth opens the door again, covered in blood. He drags her out of the closet, still screaming.

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / VISITATION ROOM - NIGHT

The sound of rushing feet penetrates the visitation room. Everyone stands.

DENAIN
We're already too late.

CALLEN
What's going on? Is Eon in danger?

DENAIN
We are *all in danger* unless we get you two out of here to fix this mess.

CALLEN
Well what's your great plan to get us out of here, then?

DENAIN
Are both of you citizens?

STRYKA
Yes.

DENAIN
Good.

Denain holds out his hand. As he talks, Marcette hits speed dial on his phone and hands it to him.

DENAIN (cont'd)
The review process is lengthy, but if the district attorney can be reached at his weekend residence, he may be persuaded to expedite your claim, and we should have you out of here by break of day tomorrow, provided we don't encounter any

Callen makes eye contact with Stryka as Denain is speaking.

Silent agreement passes between them.

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / HALLWAY OUTSIDE VISITATION ROOM - NIGHT

Callen and Stryka BURST out the door of the visitation room, holding Denain and Marcette hostage.

The guard at the door backs out of the way, hands in the air.

DENAIN
THIS WAS NOT THE PLAN.

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Callen barges into the infirmary--of course Eon is gone.

Stryka follows close behind, dragging Denain.

CALLEN
(to Denain)
Where's she gone? Who's taken her?

DENAIN
(muffled by Stryka's
headlock)
I DON'T KNOW.

Callen sees something and runs over to...

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE INFIRMARY - NIGHT

...the guard who Roth fought before (the "hey! Stop right there!" guy).

Callen picks him up by the collar.

CALLEN
What happened? Where'd she go?

OBSERVANT GUARD
...who're you?

CALLEN
Was it a big man in a trenchcoat?

The guard doesn't answer.

CALLEN
(shaking him)
Where'd he go?

The guard points, weakly, down the hall.

Callen runs down the hall, but--

OBSERVANT GUARD

No...

Callen looks back.

The guard points at the WINDOW.

Callen runs over and sticks his head out the window.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WINDOW - NIGHT

Out the window is a sheer drop in all four directions. There's no fire escape, nothing. It's impossible to tell which way Roth might have gone.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. JAIL COMPOUND / HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE INFIRMARY - NIGHT

CALLEN

(in the guard's face)
He went out THAT window?

The guard nods.

CALLEN

He took the girl?

OBSERVANT GUARD

(nodding)
Don't hurt me.

CALLEN

No I'm not going to. I believe you.

STRYKA

Let's go to the Zoes'. Track them from there.

OBSERVANT GUARD

If you fhhh--

CALLEN

What? What are you saying?

OBSERVANT GUARD

If you fffind her...
Kill her.

Callen drops the guard and backs away from him.

INT. THE ZOES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Callen, Stryka, Denain and Marcette are barging into the Zoes' apartment, where Zoe Prime is starting up her computers.

CALLEN
(to Zoe Prime)
You're on the police frequency?

ZOË PRIME
They're scrambling, they don't know anything. What happened?

CALLEN
What about security cameras?

ZOË PRIME
I'm on them, I have nothing.

DENAIN
(to Stryka)
You can stop waving your apparatus at me, I'm not a *ninja*. I'm not going to *parkour* out of the room.

CALLEN
(to ZOË Prime)
Where's Zoë?

ZOË PRIME
Zoë didn't make it.

CALLEN
I'm sorry. You two were--

ZOË PRIME
Don't.

CALLEN
(to Denain)
All right, that's it. What do you know that we don't.

Denain hardly knows where to start.

DENAIN
...well,

CALLEN
That's *relevant*. Now.

ZOË PRIME

Do you know anything about this
guy?

She pulls up the picture of Roth.

Denain is stricken when he sees it. The sass goes out of him
immediately.

DENAIN

Yes.

Everyone leans forward expectantly. Denain takes a second to
speak.

DENAIN

About a year ago. He'd heard I
dealt in ancient artifacts, wanted
to know... about a strange... a
dark force he said infected the
heart of the world...

ZOË PRIME

A force? Like what?

DENAIN

A force of decay. That which
consumes, even as it consumes
itself.

ZOË PRIME

Something like this?

Zoe Prime clicks to open Roth's records. Again, the screens
fill with the image of crumbling, curdling smoke, roiling and
sinking in onto itself.

STRYKA

What IS that stuff?

DENAIN

I told him I didn't know. But
somehow... I was not inclined to
believe that he was imagining
things.
He said that it would not be
placated.
He said to drown the world in flame
would be a mercy.

Callen looks from Denain to Zoe Prime as the situation falls
rapidly into place:

ZOË PRIME

The superconducting compound. In Eon's blood. If she received enough voltage--

CALLEN

He's going to turn her into a bomb.

STRYKA

I have to call my family.

ZOË PRIME

But that narrows it down, we know where he's going to one of the--

Just as Zoe is pulling up a map of the Gowanus Power plant, a 911 call comes in to the police frequency she's tapped:

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

911 what's your emergency?

ROTH (V.O.)

(a hard-to-place-accent)

I heard a fight... electro-weapons... in the power plant...

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Are you in danger?

The caller hangs up.

EXT. IN FRONT OF GOWANUS POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Roth, trenchcoat fluttering, hangs up a police callbox near: THE GOWANUS POWER PLANT, a floating facility hovering over the canal.

INT. THE ZOES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

ZOË PRIME

He wants a perimeter around the plant. It's going to make it harder to get in.

CALLEN

We'll need maps. You can guide us from here?

ZOË PRIME

Got it.

STRYKA
 (getting off the phone)
 Okay. The storm cellar. I love you.

CALLEN
 If the police are in the dark, who
 were you going to sell her to?

DENAIN
 Back to the lab that made her, of
 course. And they'd have tripled
 security on her.

CALLEN
 And that's your happy ending? You
 get a nice check, she has to live
 in a fish tank for the rest of her
 life?

DENAIN
 (with disgust)
 You were very happy for the payday,
 if I recall. You'll probably make
 it last for *weeks*, you penny-
 pinching bottom-feeders.

Callen clenches his jaw and absorbs the insult.

CALLEN
 (poking Denain's chest)
 We're taking your car.

ZOË PRIME
 Wait--

Zoe throws open the door to her SUPPLY CLOSET...

ZOË PRIME
 You can't go dressed like that.

EXT. IN FRONT OF GOWANUS POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Brooklyn PD are gathering outside the Gowanus Power plant,
 which glitters in the night on the waters of the canal.

Sergeant Reyes (young for a seargent) is organizing them.

SEARGENT REYES
 Set up perimeter here. We need bomb
 squad.

Just then, Denain's car pulls up, gleaming.

The WHOLE TEAM STEPS OUT:

Callen and Stryka are dressed as extraction agents in full-on tactical gear and HUDs covering their faces.

Denain and Marcette have never looked more fabulous as federal officers in steely trench coats.

SEARGENT REYES

Already?

Our team flashes holographic badges, which an officer in a squad car verifies on the police network...

INT. THE ZOES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

...which Zoe Prime is currently hacking. She edits their profiles to say "Command Team" instead of "Fugitives."

EXT. IN FRONT OF GOWANUS POWER PLANT - NIGHT

The officer waves them by and Stryka and Callen walk shoulder-to-shoulder, past the perimeter, INTO THE PLANT.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / CHANNEL - NIGHT

It's quiet once Callen and Stryka are inside.

They are in a dark space many stories tall, full of interlocking levels of pipes, platforms and machinery.

They move stealthily, keeping their backs to the giant banks of equipment.

Callen slows down--he feels something weird in the air.

CALLEN

Hey.

Stryka looks at her arm--goosebumps.

They look around.

The dark corners of the vast space look somehow unclean and smudged, like smoke is gathering.

CALLEN

It's here.

INT. THE ZOES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Zoe Prime is perched at home amidst her computer screens.

ZOË PRIME

Are you inside? What do you see?

EXT. IN FRONT OF GOWANUS POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Denain and Marcette stand by Denain's car on the police perimeter, looking badass.

They're following the conversation on their earpieces.

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / CHANNEL - NIGHT

Callen and Stryka sneak deeper into the plant.

ZOË PRIME (V.O.)

Do you copy? What do you see?

CALLEN

More cloud.

Callen's HUD screen traces the bodies of some murdered power plant employees, but the image begins to cloud over with churning brown smoke.

INT. THE ZOES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

ZOË PRIME

It's bad here too.

All of her computer screens are starting to cloud over too.

INT. BROOKLYN BAR #1 - NIGHT

The bar where the brawl happened way back at the start of the movie.

The barback with head-tentacles is checking his cell phone when he notices that it, and all the other hologram screens in the bar, are clouding over with images of the decaying space mass.

INT. LORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Somewhere in suburbia, a REPTILE WOMAN (30s) and a little REPTILE GIRL (8), of the same species as Stryka, are watching their TV cloud over with smoke.

REPTILE MOM
(reptile language)
Come on baby.

She grabs her daughter's hand and leads her into their storm cellar.

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stryka peeeeeeers out to the far end of the plant. She sees something and points it out to Callen.

At the other end of the plant there is a bright PLATFORM.

They can barely make out ROTH up there... doing something.... Leaning over someone....

Callen charges ahead but Stryka grabs him--

STRYKA
Shhhh.

They make their way stealthily across the floor.

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / POWER CORE - NIGHT

The machine noise is louder up here on the platform, where Roth is HOOKING EON INTO THE CIRCUITS of the power plant.

Callen and Stryka watch from the shadows.

Callen makes a move--

Stryka stops him again.

STRYKA
I'll divert him.

She slinks away from Callen's side.

Drowned by the overwhelming hum of machines, Callen watches as Roth walks away from Eon to get some tool from a bag.

Eon is glowing.

Her head rolls... she isn't quite conscious.

Callen waits there in the shadows, watching.

What is Roth getting out of his bag?

CALLEN
 (to himself? To her?)
 Hold on. Hold on hold on.

After what seems like forever, there's an audible POWERING DOWN as the power plant seems to be somehow turning off.

Roth looks around--what's wrong?

Roth goes to investigate.

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Stryka is in the guts of the power plant. She's found a bank of failsafe levers and is throwing every switch she can find into the direction opposite the one she found it in.

She looks up as Roth's big frame crowds the doorway.

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / POWER CORE - NIGHT

With Roth gone, Callen RACES OVER TO EON'S SIDE.

He shakes her chin. She's mostly unconscious.

CALLEN
 Hey. Hey little Eon.

EON
 It hurts...

CALLEN
 I was worried about you, did you know that?

EON
 There is... badness...

CALLEN
 I know. I feel it too.

He looks down at her hands... multiple wire strands are inserted into the veins of either hand, as if she were completing some kind of a circuit.

CALLEN
 Okay. All right. We're going to fix this.

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Stryka looks up at Roth.

She throws the last switch into the opposite position...

And takes a fighting stance.

Roth walks straight over to the bank of switches, and starts throwing them back into the ON position, ignoring Stryka--

She makes a quick sharp blow to his kidneys and he grabs her by the throat--

--she breaks his hold and they exchange a volley of blows--

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / POWER CORE

Callen gets out his knife and cuts the cords connecting Eon to the apparatus.

 CALLEN (cont'd)
 You're all right. It's all right.

Eon is all limp and woozy. He cradles her on his lap.

But the sound of evil is getting louder, not quieter.

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Hitting the ground on all fours, Stryka can see that the quills on her arms are still standing straight up.

 STRYKA
 (screaming at Callen)
 It's still here!!

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / POWER CORE - NIGHT

 CALLEN
 I know! I know I know I know.

 ZOE PRIME (V.O.)
 Callen can you hear me?

 CALLEN
 Yes. What? What?

INT. THE ZOES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

ZOË PRIME

You have to get her out of there.
The reaction... it could be self-
sustaining.

INT. POWER CORE - NIGHT

CALLEN

Meaning what?

ZOË PRIME (V.O.)

It's powered by her body.

Callen realizes that the girl in his arms is glowing brighter by the second.

He can hear her heartbeat, ticking like a bomb.

He gathers her up in his arms and tries to run down off the platform--

But his path is blocked by brown smoke. It's thicker now, and taking up real physical space, doorways and halls.

He stops short.

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Stryka breaks Roth's hold and gets off a good head blow, but it hardly slows him down--

He comes at her with a flurry of attacks and she dodges as fast as she can--

He is REALLY REALLY fast--

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Callen tries to go around the wall of smoke, to find another way off the platform--

But there isn't one.

ZOË PRIME (V.O.)

Callen if you can't get her out of
there--

Callen braces himself, and plunges into the smoke, carrying Eon in his arms--

But he comes out the other side.

He's still standing on the platform where he started.

CALLEN

What the--

He casts himself again into the smoke, but it seems to function like the teleporter relays at the intersections, delivering him back to his starting place.

Callen looks frantically around him.

The whole platform is totally surrounded by smoke.

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

This is when Roth comes down HARD on Stryka's leg, BREAKING it.

She screams and goes down.

From her position on the floor she can see Roth start to power the machines ON again...

STRYKA

Callen, you have to get her out...

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / POWER CORE

Callen looks into the heart of the cloud, and for the first time, really sees it.

Something that's destructive, because it's being destroyed from within.

And he realizes something:

It looks familiar.

INT. CALLEN'S CHILDHOOD APT / KITCHEN - DAY
(FLASHBACK)

This is the scene from the beginning of the movie, with young Callen watching from the doorway as his parents have a violent, screaming fight.

This time, we see what he sees:

His dad. His dad ripping a kitchen chair apart while his mother backs against a wall, both arms up defensively to shield her face.

His dad's flared nostrils and wild, bugged-out eyes, his dad gritting his teeth even as he cries.

BACK TO SCENE

CALLEN

I can't get out. There's no way out.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Stryka hears him say this. She's crawling on her belly as Roth turns the circuits back on and the plant starts to hum with electricity.

She has a moment of deep realization.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What is the precise moment that you realize you are fucked?

Stryka rests her forehead on the ground for just one second.

STRYKA

Then you know what you have to do.

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / POWER CORE - NIGHT

CALLEN

No. I'm not going to do that, there's got to be another way.

STRYKA (V.O.)

You know there's no other way.

CALLEN

What are you doing? Stryka? What are you doing.

STRYKA (V.O.)

Make it count.

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / CONTROL ROOM

Stryka gathers herself up and rushes at Roth, bearhugging his head so he can't see--

Blinded, he windmills wildly for a minute--

He is staggering on the edge of a WATER CHANNEL that runs through the control room--

Stryka hangs on with all her strength, roaring like a monster--

Roth FLIPS her off and THROWS HER INTO the water channel below.

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / POWER CORE

CALLEN
Stryka? STRYKA?

He hears only static.

He looks around him--the smoke is pushing at the doors now, seeping through crevices.

Eon is glowing brighter and brighter, her heart beating harder and harder. Her hands start to FLOAT, like she's becoming weightless.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Is it.... Now?

INT. THE ZOES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

ZOË PRIME
Callen, please. I know it's, I know
it's terrible but you gotta--

INT. LORI'S HOUSE / CELLAR - NIGHT

In the suburbs, the reptile mom and daughter huddle in their storm cellar, but the darkness seems to be bubbling and crusting with the same eerie gas--

The mom holds her daughter and cowers on the stairway--

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / POWER CORE - NIGHT

Callen stands there, alone, on the platform.

Everyone is right.

There is no other way.

He sinks to his knees.

He holds Eon tight and says a quiet prayer into her hair:

CALLEN
Jesus Mary and Joseph forgive me.

EON
(waking up)
...Callen?

CALLEN
What, what is it, are you okay?

EON
I'm sorry...

Callen winces. He holds her face, smooshing her hair against her cheeks.

CALLEN
No you haven't done anything wrong,
okay? You could never do anything
wrong.

EON
Okay.

CALLEN
Are you listening?

EON
Means, I stay with you now?

This just about breaks Callen's heart.

CALLEN
Of course, yeah, of course you can.

EON
Do crimes. Have fun. Sparkle. No
jail.

CALLEN
Of course. It'll be fun, real fun.

EON
Yes. Fun.

CALLEN
Right now though I need you to do
something for me, okay?

EON
(delirious.)
Yes. Can do. Can do all things.

He takes out his knife.

CALLEN

Hold on to me, as tight as you can.

EON

Yes.

CALLEN

And keep your eyes shut.

He hooks his arm around her eyes, squeezing them shut, holding her head to his chest, exposing her throat.

EON

Yes.

CALLEN

This is going to hurt.

He takes a deep breath, and cuts her jugular.

She still squeezing him hard. She makes a little sound when the knife cuts, and goes quiet.

Something bright and shimmering seems to leave her body. Her weirdly radiant hair turns drab.

Her blood pools on the floor, glowing--but after a moment, the glow flickers, and then goes out.

Her clasped hands relax, releasing his neck.

Callen looks all around him...

And realizes THE SMOKE IS STILL GETTING THICKER.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Or is it.... Now?

EXT. IN FRONT OF GOWANUS POWER PLANT - NIGHT

From the perimeter, Denain and Marcette can see the smoke start to throb and swell behind the windows of the power plant.

A ripple of fear goes through the assembled cops.

DENAIN

They're too late.

RICARDO

Send the team in now.

DENAIN
It won't matter.

INT. THE ZOES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Zoe Prime is huddled on her chair now, and the smoke on her monitors seems to be REACHING OUT at her, filling the room.

ZOË PRIME
(whispering, scared)
Callen? What did you do?

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / POWER CORE

Callen watches as the smoke continues to swell and crowd all around him.

CALLEN
No.

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Roth stands, triumphantly, in the control room, as evil smoke congeals all around him and the low droning sound gets louder, and louder, and louder--

EXT. IN FRONT OF GOWANUS POWER PLANT - NIGHT

The smoke now bubbles out of the windows, crackling with electricity--

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Because this certainly would seem
to be the moment that the world
ends.

FADE TO:

EXT. CLOUDS - DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Except...
what if it's not?

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT
(FIVE YEARS AGO)

Roth is standing triumphantly in the control room, when out-of-focus, over his left shoulder:

Stryka JUMPS BACK UP out of the channel--

And SWEEPS his legs out from under him.

He stares at her--is she INDESTRUCTIBLE?

She's not, her leg is still REALLY fucked up--

He gathers himself up to full height.

This time, Stryka gets down waaaay waaay low to the ground.

They fly at each other.

Her new vantage gets her in under his guard.

She THROWS HIM INTO THE CONTROL PANEL, shorting it out with a great CRACKLE of electricity.

EXT. IN FRONT OF GOWANUS POWER PLANT - NIGHT

A cheer goes up as the black smoke suddenly melts away from the windows of the power plant.

RICARDO
Is that good?

MARCETTE
(limp with relief)
Oh holy shit.

RICARDO
Is that good, are we safe?

INT. BAR #1 IN BROOKLYN - NIGHT

The evil space cloud vanishes and the bar TV is returned to what it was on before--a reality show called Android Love.

The bartender shrugs and goes back to work.

INT. LORI'S HOUSE / BASEMENT - NIGHT

The reptile family's storm cellar, with a slight electric crackle, becomes a normal basement again.

It contains a very large quantity of tuna fish.

The mom relaxes and kisses her daughter on the head.

INT. THE ZOES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Zoe Prime's screens all go back to normal.

ZOË PRIME

Oh my god. What'd you do? That worked! Guys, that worked!

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Standing over Roth's extremely injured body, Stryka finally, finally relaxes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What if somebody else saves the world?

START MONTAGE

Rapid music starts, like a big, big idea taking gradual hold--

INT. GOWANUS POWER PLANT / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

As Stryka stands, panting, in the control room, her relief gives way to concern.

STRYKA

(into her commm)

Callen. Are you okay? Callen?

Stryka tries to take a step on her injured leg but collapses on the ground in agony.

INT. POWER CORE - NIGHT

Callen is still crouched there on the platform, holding Eon's body, as the smoke melts away all around him.

He can hear Stryka screaming in pain on his earpiece, but doesn't reply.

For him, it's clearly all over--he looks totally numb.

Cops encircle Callen and he hardly pays attention, roused only when two police officers gently lift Eon's limp body out of his arms and roughly slap him with electro-handcuffs.

EXT. IN FRONT OF GOWANUS POWER PLANT - NIGHT

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What if somebody else saves the
girl?

Stryka lies on a makeshift stretcher while a field doctor splints her broken leg.

Cops and rescue personnel stream into and out of the building.

From where she's lying, Stryka strains to see another medic using a defibrillator on Eon. Eon's body lurches and bucks with voltage.

Eon has been hooked up to a blood transfusion bag.

INT. SPACE PRISON - NIGHT

Days later.

Callen is in the space prison where we met him, in a prison jumpsuit.

He is on the phone and is hearing news--wonderful news. He puts his hand to his mouth and then his heart, and leans against the wall, closing his eyes in relief.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Stryka is on the phone with Callen, giving him the wonderful news: Eon is alive, and sitting right there in the room with her.

Eon is sitting up in bed. Alive, but still somehow plain and un-shimmery. Her hair is a drabber, more normal color.

Stryka tries to hand the phone to Eon--

INT. SPACE PRISON - NIGHT

--but Callen can't bring himself to talk to her. He drops the phone and pushes roughly past the next prisoner in line.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Stryka says Callen's name into the phone a few times, but he's gone.

Eon holds out both hands for the phone, eyes bright with expectation.

Stryka freezes. For a second she doesn't know what to say, and then picks some excuse, trying to put a good face on it.

Eon's face falls. She's shattered.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And then all that, *all that* time goes by. And the girl grows up,

YEARS PASS, and little baby Eon grows up before our eyes:

- in a wheelchair and hospital gown, staring in heartbreak out the window as a language therapist tries to teach her with magnetic letters.

- in rehab, transferring from a wheelchair to crutches, wincing in agony at the pain in her legs

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And she gets by,

-crying and screaming in frustration at her language therapist, who's appalled by her obscenities

- sitting on her hospital bed, still staring out the window, waiting for someone who is not going to come

- walking now on a single arm crutch and arriving for the first time to an empty, small apartment, carrying a bag of groceries. She looks around, confused and alone. She puts the bag of groceries in the fridge--the whole bag. She clearly doesn't know how to use a kitchen yet.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And she doesn't know where you are,

- in civilian clothes now, petulantly but correctly spelling out the word "truck" in magnetic letters for her speech therapist, then replacing the first two letters with an "f"

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She doesn't know why she can't see you.

- older now, writing her name on an application form

- enrolled in school, laughing with a fellow student

- critically examining her increasingly womanly figure in the mirror--she is gaining weight and has new curves. She still walks with one crutch.

- laughing in a bar with new friends
- kissing a boy

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She doesn't know if she's done
something wrong.

- fumbling her crutch and slipping in the shower, holding her knee and SCREAMING in agony
- skillfully stir-frying dinner while talking on the phone in her now-cluttered apartment--but grabbing some scallions from a full grocery bag in the fridge, apparently that's still how she does it
- out of her teens now, staring out the window of her apartment, heartbroken, full of longing
- checking her miter-board in the mirror and rushing out to graduation, walking on one crutch
- crying
- dancing
- puking
- interviewing for a job

EXT. CLOUDS - DAY (AERIAL)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(starting to cry)

And you don't speak or write to the
girl--

CALLEN (V.O.)

Eon, listen--

NARRATOR (V.O.)

No, you need to listen to *me* now.

We zoom out of the clouds to reveal:

The space prison, floating in the blackness of space.

INT. SPACE PRISON / VISITATION ROOM

Callen is in a prison jumpsuit. His left eye is extensively black and blue.

He is listening to the person visiting him, who must be the Narrator.

The camera comes around her to reveal: Eon.

Eon, of course, has been the narrator the whole time.

She's grown up, as we've just seen her grow up, into an articulate, impassioned 20-something (she's not actually 30, though the maturity and intensity of her voice makes her sound older).

She's put on weight and become a normal-looking young woman, where before she was a strikingly gaunt little waif.

As of right now, she is crying.

EON

You don't speak or write to the
girl for years and years and years.

For the moment Callen doesn't say anything, because she told him not to, but he has tears in his eyes.

EON

So what's she supposed to think?
What am *I* supposed to think?

CALLEN

I am... *so* sorry.

EON

So how come you never called to
tell me that?

CALLEN

I was so... ashamed.

Eon's face crinkles in compassion for him, but she's still really angry and sad.

CALLEN

You do know what happened that
night?

EON

Yeah. The whole world didn't end.

He realizes she doesn't actually know.

He takes a deep breath.

CALLEN

I had to...
I had to kill you. I didn't have a
choice. And I'll be sorry for the
rest of my life.

She takes this in.

EON

...how'd you do it?

CALLEN

(deep shame)
My knife. How else, what do you
think?

Eon nods.

The crutch that she uses to walk is leaning against her
chair.

She touches a scar on her neck that she has from the
incision.

She nods to herself again: All of these facts check out.

However:

EON

Bullshit.

CALLEN

It's not. I wish it were.

EON

No, you're bullshit. And your logic
is bullshit. So, what, you thought
you had to kill me or the world was
going to end?

CALLEN

I knew that I did.

EON

(spreading her hands)
So you killed me so the whole world
didn't end. You saved the entire
world. You saved all those people.

CALLEN

Yeah but, Eon...
(he leans in:)
(MORE)

CALLEN (cont'd)
*who the fuck are all of those
 people. I had ONE job. YOU were the
 one I was supposed to look out for.*

Eon looks at him, and wipes the tears out of her eyes.

She takes an envelope out of her pocket, and puts it on the table.

EON
 Came in the mail.

Callen glances at the one-way glass as he picks up the envelope and opens it.

CALLEN
 (reading the letter)
 Dear citizen, in light of your
 detainment 2,919 days ago we have
 remanded to you the following
 personal items recovered from your
 person during your custody...

He checks the envelope.

In it he finds his ring, the one he gave Eon in the infirmary.

He looks up at her.

CALLEN
 Have things... been very bad?

EON
 Do you hear my voice?

CALLEN
 Yes.

EON
 Do you know how hard it was to
 learn to speak? To write? To walk
 again after what happened?

CALLEN
 No. I don't.

EON
 Then why didn't you ask? Why
 weren't you there?

CALLEN
 Eon.
 I... killed you.

EON
That's a SHIT REASON since you
OBVIOUSLY DIDN'T KILL ME.

CALLEN
Yeah but there was this... there
was this *brightness* to you.

Eon looks like she might cry, but instead she asks:

EON
Yeah?

CALLEN
A radiance. I don't know... I don't
know what to call it.

QUICK FLASHES OF GIRLISH YOUNG EON, GLOWING -

CALLEN
And I promised... I promised I
would keep you safe and I...
destroyed it.

For a second, Eon looks at the table to imagine what this
might be like--

QUICK FLASH - CALLEN ON THE PLATFORM IN THE POWER PLANT,
HOLDING BLEEDING EON IN HIS ARMS --

Then she looks back up at him.

EON
So how bright am I now.

IMPATIENT GUARD (V.O.)
(on the loudspeaker)
Prisoner 86, this visit needs to
conclude.

EON
GIVE US A SECOND.

CALLEN
Eon, I would do ANYTHING in my
power to take it all back--

EON
No you're NOT LISTENING TO ME.

He looks at her, and listens.

EON

(with fury and precision)

I learned to speak,
and to write,
and to walk.
I fell in love. I held my
boyfriend's hand the night his mom
died and my roommate held my hand
the night he broke up with me.
I went to school. I majored in
security systems and when people
asked why, I said some old friends
taught me a few tricks and I
figured maybe I'd have a knack for
it, and as it turns out, I do.

We see glimpses and flashes of what she's describing as she
talks -- moments of struggle, moments of pain.

Moments of progress.

EON

And none of this, none of this
would ever have happened if you
hadn't come along with a fireman's
ax.

IMPATIENT GUARD (V.O.)

This visit is over--

The door to the room slides open and a guard waits to take
Callen back to his cell--

Callen ignores both, eyes on Eon--

EON

So I am *sorry*. That I don't have
that "special little glow" anymore.
But I came here to tell you:

Here she leans in close so that he gets this part--so that WE
get this part--

EON

That I am *very much alive*.

Callen looks... surprised. He looks like something is finally
falling into place or becoming rapidly more clear--

He looks back at the one-way glass.

INT. SPACE PRISON / OBSERVATION ROOM

The impatient guard behind the glass...

...is Zoe Prime.

She smiles as Callen tries to see her.

ZOË PRIME
That's right, big boy.

INT. SPACE PRISON / VISITATION ROOM

Callen's eyes go wide, hearing her voice.

He looks to the guard at the door. The guard at the door...

...is STRYKA. She's dressed as a prison guard. She winks at him.

Callen looks back at Eon, shocked. Can this be happening?

Eon, eyes still wet, jaw still set with determination, begins very slightly to smile. Yes, it can.

The most beautiful music rises.

Callen can't help but grin.

Eon mouths the words "three, two, one."

The heroes fly into action, Callen vaulting over the table, Eon grabbing her crutch, Stryka knocking out the guard next to her--

It's a jailbreak.

EXT. SPACE

With this tiny human conflict flickering in one of its many windows, the massive SPACE PRISON floats in the starry void.

At first, no planets are visible anywhere.

Until the camera swings around, and the whole world rises into view like a sun.

CUT TO BLACK.