

SS

THE MAYFLY

By

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EXT. FDR DRIVE - LOWER MANHATTAN - DAWN

A BEAUTIFUL SUNRISE. The East River shimmers as the sky bleeds red. Rustling leaves are the only sign of movement.

Serene. Until...

The ROAR of rapidly approaching vehicles spoils the silence. Coming closer. Closer...

BAM!

An AIRBORNE SUV FLIPS across the peaceful landscape, CRASHES to the ground, and slides on its roof.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

CLIFF, 30 and bearded, opens his eyes. He looks to the back seat to find his beautiful but noticeably older wife, **KATERINA**, motionless.

He GROANS as he struggles to KICK OPEN the mangled door. He crawls halfway out of the SMOKING vehicle. To the left he sees a MILITARY HUMVEE. To the right, a clear escape.

A **BABY** CRIES. He looks back.

Katerina cradles her newborn and hangs on for dear life. Her lower half exposed and covered in blood.

KATERINA

It's a boy.

Katerina, in a state of shock and euphoria, musters a smile.

Black boots approach.

CLIFF

I love you, baby.

KATERINA

I love you. Now go. Find her.

Cliff lifts the child from her limp arms. Despite the urgency, he can't help it. He kisses her one last time.

KATERINA

Cliff.

Tears in his eyes, Cliff peers deep into his dying wife.

KATERINA

Don't let him become one of them.

Cliff clutches the screaming child and starts to squirm back out of the vehicle.

EXT. FDR DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

Cliff climbs to his feet. Takes off in a SPRINT.

After a few steps, Cliff GOES DOWN HARD.

A soldier who appears to be in his 20's - and will soon earn the name of **PRIAM** - clutches a STUN GUN as he approaches Cliff's convulsing body. On the ground, the baby CRIES.

Fighting through the convulsions, Cliff unzips his jacket to reveal he's wearing a BOMB VEST. Hands trembling, Cliff fingers the trigger as...

Priam DIVES on top of him, pinning Cliff's arm just in time.

Priam secures Cliff on the ground as he takes out a P-COUNT TESTER and JAMS it into Cliff's arm. The device shoots a thin, electronic TRACKER band underneath the skin that fastens around the muscle. The device BEEPS.

A CLOSE UP reveals the measured **P-COUNT: 0.**

Priam's eyes widen as he reads the tester. Shocked and perplexed, he retrieves a radio with his free hand.

PRIAM (INTO RADIO)
Uninfected Breeder! Repeat.
Uninfected breeder in custody.

He SLINGS a set of HANDCUFFS around Cliff's wrists. *Got one.*

EXT. FDR DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER

REMUS, a domineering General, watches his soldiers usher a resistant, hysterical Cliff into the back of a HUMVEE. Remus smiles as he SLAMS the doors shut.

The BABY CRIES again. Very much alive.

GENERAL REMUS
And the baby?

Priam changes the needle in his tester and grabs the baby.

He JAMS the tester into the squealing baby's arm -- but the electronic tracker band is not released. Device BEEPS. Priam reads results.

PRIAM
P-count ninety eight.

GENERAL REMUS
Toss it.

The baby curls his tiny hand around Priam's finger.

Priam is captivated by the baby's wide eyes. Something softens inside of him. It seems instinctual.

GENERAL REMUS (O.S.)
Moving out, soldier. Get ready for
the hero treatment.

Priam approaches the vehicle with the baby in his arms.

PRIAM
Sir, I'd like to enlist him.

Remus grabs the kid, inspects him like a factory farm piglet, when a horrified SHRIEK pierces the air.

Curious, the General approaches the source of the sound - the overturned SUV. He peers inside, smiles at Katerina.

GENERAL REMUS
This thing yours?

Doesn't wait for a response.

GENERAL REMUS
He'll serve the Kingdom well.

Spots a CELL PHONE amongst the debris. Grabs it.

He aims a gun at Katerina. Then spots dripping gasoline pooling near an open flame. Better option. Steps back.

The car IGNITES.

Cliff's SCREAMS of horror are audible from inside the Humvee. Priam turns to see him KICKING at the caged-glass windows.

GENERAL REMUS
Put it in the system if you want.

Remus tosses the baby back to Priam.

GENERAL REMUS
We can always use more Mayflies.

INT. HUMVEE - LATER

Soldiers gawk at Cliff as if he's an endangered species.
Gagged and restrained, he's too numb to notice.

Priam cradles the baby in the back seat. He pulls out a small razor and discretely carves an "X" deep into the baby's neck.
It CRIES OUT as Priam applies pressure with his sleeve.

Only Cliff sees the branding.

Priam clutches the child and takes in the MAJESTIC SUNRISE outside his window.

As the HUMVEE pulls into a tunnel, we:

CUT TO BLACK.

An INTENSE VIOLIN CONCERTO.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
Welcome to the Kingdom of Alistair.

EXT. ALISTAIR COMPOUND - DAY

The convoy passes through dazzling gates into a heavily fortified urban community. This is The Alistair Compound.

Quaint cafes, lush gardens, beautiful apartment complexes.
Cobblestone streets give way to a GRANDIOSE AMPHITHEATER.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
A beacon of hope in a world of
chaos.

The CITIZENS are handsome, well-fed, and carefree. They pay no mind to the passing convoy as it drives towards a LARGE TOWER at the center of the compound and ducks into a TUNNEL.

INT. NURSERY - DAY - 7 AM

-Priam hands the BABY to a MIDWIFE. She places the baby on an assembly line. The baby faces a series of injections.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
I have rescued you from that world
and ask that you honor my sacrifice
with a small sacrifice of your own.

-BABY is now a **TODDLER**, one of hundreds crawling and stumbling in an undulating mass of supple flesh.

-TODDLER is now a young **BOY**. He is held down as a number is branded into his wrist. The Boy screams in gibberish.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

An unseen crowd watches the following propaganda video PROJECTED ON A LARGE SCREEN:

-UNIFORMED SOLDIERS. Deployed to some desert. An explosion. A bullet. A death. Sent home in a flag-covered box.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
Ages ago, mankind made a mistake.

-SCIENTISTS in WHITE LAB COATS crowd a table in a dark room. The men handle a SMALL VIAL with extreme care.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
When the great conflict arose,
scientists engineered a bio-weapon
in the form of a virus.

-A SCIENTIST holds an empty syringe. A tiny PIGLET, hooked to IV's, miraculously gets bigger, grows hair, stands upright, falls over and dies.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
A rapid aging virus.

-STOCK FOOTAGE OF RAPID AGING IN HUMANS. A man's hair suddenly turns grey and falls out. A little girl clutches her chest and drops dead as her skin wrinkles and cracks. A pregnant woman's belly grows uncontrollably until her baby comes out and immediately starts crawling. Life in unrestrained hyperdrive.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
Billions were wiped out in a matter
of weeks. Few survived.

-THE AFTERMATH. Thousands of corpses litter the city. All appear terribly aged. A lone child wanders the streets.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
We are all direct descendants of
these survivors. But survival came
at a cost. We are all infected.

-HAND JAMS p-count tester into an arm. Tester registers 45.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
The viral load in our blood
determines how fast we age.

-BILLBOARD reads "Unauthorized Sex Strictly Prohibited"

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
As this sexually transmitted virus
mutates in ways we cannot control
or understand our lifespan shrinks
with each coming generation.

-ON SCREEN GRAPHIC: "Man (p-count 75) + Woman (p-count 25) =
Child (p-count 50)"

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
We cannot stop it. We can only
fight on.

-CLOSE ON the face of **KING ALISTAIR**, the perceived "Father of
the Future". His white beard and soft tone emit an infectious
paternal comfort.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
The stars have designated my
bloodline with the divine task of
carrying on humanity.

-THE ALISTAIR FAMILY strolls through the Kingdom's perfectly
manicured streets. They each wear a gold ROYAL PENDANT around
their neck.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
And you, my sons, are a vital part
of this mission.

-PULL BACK FROM SCREEN to reveal a theater full of uniformed
young men: MAYFLIES in training.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
It is your destiny to ensure that
my bloodline and my Kingdom
continue for decades to come.

-ON SCREEN: King Alistair stands beside **PRINCE LAYTON**, a
skinny teen, in front of a CHEERING event crowd.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
To accomplish this, we select only
worthy Breeders.

-MAYFLY tests a young girl on the street. Tracker fastens. P-
count: 5. She gladly climbs into a military vehicle.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
But we are not alone in our search.
Con rebels abduct Breeders purely
for sadistic pleasure.

-MASKED "**CONS**" TAZE a terrified woman, throw her in the back of a truck and start ripping her clothes off.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
This cannot happen. Every Breeder
is essential to our survival. Your
mission is to protect and preserve
these divine creatures.

-Rose petals fall on a beautiful young girl in a white dress.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
The virus has robbed you of time,
but not purpose. Most of you will
never see another day. But do not
mourn the time you lack. Celebrate
the time you have. Without us you
would be an Id, a shell of a human.

-IDS roam city streets. Ids are primitive humans in a feral state. They are controlled wholly by impulse and instinct: eating, fighting, fucking and dying in the street.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
Instead, you are a Mayfly soldier
in the Kingdom of Alistair.

INT. ALISTAIR LEARNING CENTER - DAY - 9 AM

-BOY solves a sorting puzzle. Cognitive training.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
We have given you sufficient
knowledge to make you human.

-BOY, now a **PRE-TEEN**, sits amongst other BOYS. They face a dizzying array of rapid-fire imagery on a large screen. The incomprehensible becomes lucid as a CLOSER LOOK reveals they are plugged in via a DATA PORT in the back of their necks.

-A DOCTOR flips a switch. Data port ejects. Boy sits up, along with the others. Their first words are:

ALL BOYS
Protect and Preserve.

Int. Alistair arena - day - 11 AM

The Boy, now a **TEEN**, is entangled with a young BRUTE in a human cockfight. The CROWD CHANTS and JEERS as Brute charges.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
We have given you specialized
skills to make you a soldier.

Teen evades Brute, trips him and begins pummeling. Crowd
ERUPTS. A man tosses a LEAD PIPE into the ring.

Teen grabs the pipe. No hesitation. He ends it.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY - 12 PM

ON SCREEN, King Alistair speaks directly to his audience.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
I have given you a chance to live a
life with meaning. And if you serve
your father with dignity, I will
award you a name and a burial.
Exceptionally courageous soldiers
will receive a Royal Pendant,
granting you an honorary place in
the Royal Family.

-MEDAL CEREMONY. The King secures a ROYAL PENDANT - identical
to the King's - around a Mayfly's neck.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
But before your death, I promise
that all of you will be rewarded
for your deeds here on Earth.

-IMAGES of a PARADISE OF EARTHLY PLEASURE. A nude seductress
serves an aging soldier a five-star meal.

YOUNG MEN HOOT AND HOLLER as their hormones activate.

Finally, we PAN the training Mayflies until we reach a
familiar face. The Teen is now a **MAN**, transformed from
infancy to infantry in just a matter of hours.

Soon, he will be **MORROW**, but now he's just a number.

No different from the rest, he yearns for the hedonistic
images on screen.

KING ALISTAIR (V.O.)
Protect and preserve, my sons. And
you will be forever remembered in
the Kingdom of Alistair.

The Mayflies ROAR. They're ready.

INT. ALISTAIR TOWER - DAY

The King and his son stroll through the tower's lower level.

KING ALISTAIR

The nerves are a good thing.
They're just your body's way of
emphasizing tonight's importance.
Your body is telling you that
you're ready. Do you feel ready?

LAYTON

I'm ready, father.

KING ALISTAIR

She's probably nervous too. Nothing
a little medication can't fix.

The King places a hand on the boy's shoulder. He notices
NELL, the Royal press secretary, approaching.

KING ALISTAIR

I don't want you to worry about
tonight. You'll have plenty of
reasons to worry when you're King.
Take this time to enjoy what it
means to be weightless.

Nell arrives.

KING ALISTAIR

My son would like to meet her.

NELL

Old fashioned are we? Right this
way your highness.

Nell leads them down the hall.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Nell unlocks the door to a white room. Opens it. SCREAMS.

The King enters the doorway. His face melts into an
expression of horror.

The white bed is covered in blood. Shards of broken glass. **A beautiful YOUNG GIRL is DEAD.** Her pelvic region is mutilated
and blood runs from the slits in her wrists.

EXT. KING'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

The King faces the SALT WATER AQUARIUM that makes up his wall. Hydras, lobsters, and sturgeon lurk in the blue.

Nell enters, holds the door for Remus.

GENERAL REMUS

Sir?

The King remains silent as he watches a lobster SNAP at a roaming sturgeon.

KING ALISTAIR

Protect and preserve. That's the Mayfly motto, is it not?

GENERAL REMUS

It is, sir.

KING ALISTAIR

Then explain, General, how the man in charge of my Kingdom's bottom-feeders is incapable of living up to his own standard?

GENERAL REMUS

I'm sorry, sir. We received information that--

KING ALISTAIR

She was your responsibility!

Remus scrambles to placate.

GENERAL REMUS

If I may, sir...This morning we found a male breeder. Uninfected.

The King softens slightly.

KING ALISTAIR

At the expense of depriving my son his birthright. My line goes through my son!

Remus produces a cell phone, approaches the King.

GENERAL REMUS

We pulled this off the Cons.

He taps the screen and pulls up a picture of a YOUNG WOMAN.

GENERAL REMUS

We believe she's uninfected.
Intelligence suggests he was
meeting her in East Harlem.

The King becomes slightly less tense.

KING ALISTAIR

I don't think I need remind you of
tonight's importance.

(to Nell)

Make like this little disturbance
never happened. I'll speak with my
daughter. In the unfortunate case
that this male breeder is our only
option, Darclyn will be ready.

(to Remus)

I need not disclose what such an
unfortunate case would mean for
you, General.

GENERAL REMUS

I won't disappoint you, sir.

KING ALISTAIR

No, you won't.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Remus speaks before the entire Mayfly class. A projected
image of Cliff is replaced by that of an ethereal blonde
woman, **MARGO**. We recognize her from the cell device.

GENERAL REMUS

And this is the Breeder he was
going to meet. She is your target.

Morrow studies the picture of Margo on the wall.

GENERAL REMUS

Remember, the outside world is
traumatic. Breeders may act
aggressive or violent. She may lie.
She may say terrible things about
you and the kingdom. Do not listen
to her. Do not hurt her. Only
engage in necessary contact.
Intimacy is punishable by death.
Your sole objective is to keep the
breeder alive and safe. Apprehend
her, test her, and stay put. Your
breeder will be tracked and your
Commander will find you.

(MORE)

GENERAL REMUS (CONT'D)

We can't risk any of you getting
her killed on the way home.

(a beat)

This is the most significant day in
the history of the Kingdom. Be
honored to take part. Protect and
preserve.

ENTIRE CLASS

Protect and Preserve.

INT. DEPLOYMENT HANGAR - DAY

The Mayflies load up. A tidied-up Priam, who now looks to be pushing 40, wanders in ahead of two ROYAL GUARDS, scans the brigade of young men. As he feared, it's a sea of unrecognizable faces...

Until he spots something -- a soldier with his back turned loads an M-16. There's a scar on his neck. X.

Priam approaches.

PRIAM

Soldier.

Morrow turns around -- body aged to that of a 20 year-old man. He walks toward the humvee, pays Priam no mind.

PRIAM

You've aged well.

MORROW

(after a once-over)

You're the hero from this morning.

PRIAM

I'm just a soldier.

MORROW

With a name. We numbers have little
time for talk. Hope to serve as
bravely as you one day.

Morrow tries to step around Priam, but Priam blocks the way.

PRIAM

This day.

Morrow studies Priam's face.

LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)
Convoy Seven Nine Seven to your
vehicles. Prepare for departure.

Morrow walks towards the humvee, straps on his helmet.

PRIAM
Listen.

Morrow turns.

PRIAM
When I found you this morning, I
saw the sky give birth to the most
beautiful light, and I spent a
moment in Paradise. The medal, the
woman, they'll be waiting. But you
only get one chance to be there
when the sun is born.

MORROW
Protect and Preserve, soldier.

Morrow climbs into the vehicle. The massive hangar doors open
as the convoy wheels out.

Forlorn, Priam glances at the late morning sun. He turns to
the door, where the Royal Guards await him.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

A multitude of humvees and military vehicles pour out of the
compound into the streets.

Outside, we see the compound in its true form: a massive
fortress in the heart of Lower Manhattan. Walls forged of
discarded vehicles, twisted metal, rubble and concrete.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Morrow grips his M-16 in the backseat, as the COMMANDER
steers the humvee through the ravaged streets. The caravan
begins to roll out in different directions.

The city is in a state of abject disrepair. Random fires
burn. Mangled cars line the sidewalks. The streets are
littered with corpses. Shadows scatter at the ROARING humvee.

A HORN BLASTS. The humvee halts at an intersection as a large
MUNICIPAL VEHICLE plows bodies and refuse into a giant street-
level funnel. DRIVER nods to his kinsmen.

The lone humvee turns the corner, heads down a NARROW STREET.

Morrow spots a cluster of agile IDS flooding the streets. Grunting. Wielding crude weapons. They perch in windows and abandoned fire escapes. Morrow grips his gun TIGHTER...

WHAM! Impact from above. The Soldier manning the turret crumbles into vehicle. Dead. Helmet split like an egg. Soldiers immediately return fire through the windows.

COMMANDER
ON IT! ON IT!

Morrow drops his gun and JUMPS UP to man the turret.

EXT. HUMVEE - DAY

Morrow sees a massive CONCRETE BLOCK on the blood-spattered roof. A sudden SHRIEK has Morrow ripping bullets through an Id's chest from a foot away. The Id drops.

Morrow has no time to register his kill as more Ids attack.

All soldiers OPEN FIRE. It's a massacre. When all is lifeless, the GUNFIRE stops. The humvee drives on.

EXT. 3RD AVENUE - DAY

The vehicle slows as it reaches the striking foliage that's taken over 3rd Avenue. Years of growth have made the street unfit for vehicles.

Out of the convoy's sight, a small BAND OF IDS dart through the tall grass. Clothed in rags, they move past abandoned cars, ivy-coated storefronts, small scavengers feeding on the recently deceased.

The LEAD ID notices the Mayfly humvee and holds up a fist. Halt. They're organized. One Id looks at her wrist the way a person might check a watch. We will come to learn these are the aforementioned CONS -- **disguised as Ids.**

She points downtown, past the soldiers. One. Two. Three.

They're off and running, and once again their gait is *purposefully primitive*, almost artificial.

EXT. CORNER - DAY

Standing outside the idling humvee, the Mayflies scan the area, paying little mind to the running "Ids".

One of the SOLDIERS smiles and nudges Morrow. The soldier raises his rifle. Morrow shakes his head. The soldier FIRES a single shot. An "Id" DROPS. Target practice.

Some of the "Ids" halt. A BLONDE "ID" kneels to assess the fallen. Checks the wound. Her face looks familiar...

Even from a full block away, the soldiers know this is unusual behavior for an Id.

Morrow doesn't wait for a command. He BOLTS towards the Blonde. She TAKES OFF along with the other "Ids".

The Commander JUMPS back into the vehicle with the other soldiers and guns it through the rough terrain.

Morrow's pace is freakish. He's on the sidewalk, gaining ground. About to catch them on the corner.

SUDDENLY, three "Ids" turn and pull automatic weapons from beneath their rags. Morrow dives for cover behind the rusted blue remnants of a USPS MAILBOX.

RATATAT! Bullets ping off the metal box.

The gunner in the turret opens fire as the humvee barrels through debris.

It's a full on fire fight.

An Armed "Id" emerges from a storefront on Morrow's exposed side. Morrow SHOOTS her down.

He peers around the box, looks down the street. Nothing. Down the avenue. Nothing. Until he notices a flash of blonde hair. And so does the Commander.

COMMANDER

Don't shoot! It's her! Don't shoot!

A group of "Ids" stand to face down the humvee. The Mayflies follow orders -- and lower their guns.

But Morrow is out of earshot, locked in on the Blonde sprinting down 3rd Avenue. He JUMPS up, gives chase.

The Mayflies and "Ids" engage in a one-sided massacre. The entire squadron of Mayflies is mowed down in fear of violating a superior's command. The Commander returns to the humvee and retreats as "Ids" give chase.

She's fast, but Morrow's faster. She turns down an alley and LEAPS onto a dangling fire escape.

Morrow turns down the alley -- a dead end. He frantically looks around. Finally he looks up, spots her near the 5th floor. FIRES his stun gun, but the electrodes get caught in the tangle of stairs as she disappears into a window.

Morrow takes out his radio.

MORROW (INTO RADIO)
Visual on the breeder. 118th and
3rd Ave.

He waits for a response that never comes. He looks at the back of his radio. Bullet damage. He tosses the radio, breaks a flare, sets it down, then climbs the fire escape.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

The Blonde, Margo, crouches in a dark closet. She aims a PISTOL at the broken window. Her hand trembles. Waiting.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Morrow carefully peers inside, takes a deep breath.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Morrow CRASHES through the window and rolls behind a table in one swift motion. Margo FIRES repeatedly and misses.

Morrow is quick. He's sprawled against the other side of the closet door, out of sight, before she can fire another shot.

No one wants to make the first move. Margo steps back and fires THREE SHOTS. Nothing. She opens the door, steps out.

Morrow SLAMS the door into her body. She collapses to the floor, drops the gun just out of reach. Knocked out cold.

Morrow checks her pulse. Alive. He pulls out a P-COUNT TESTER. JAMS it in into her right arm as the tracker slithers through her skin. His eyes bulge. P-COUNT: 0.

But her eyes shoot open! And while Morrow is fixated on the tester, Margo grabs her gun. Morrow notices her take aim and narrowly avoids her SHOT as he jumps on top of her.

They grapple. Margo fires several rounds at the ceiling.

MORROW
I'm here to protect you. I'm a
soldier in the Kingdom of Alistair.

MARGO
Fuck off!

He slams her hand to the floor. She drops the gun. Morrow grabs handcuffs and quickly cuffs his wrist to Margo's.

MORROW

I am not going to hurt you. Do you hear me? I am not a Con. I am here to protect you.

Margo uses her free hand to remove a bowie knife from a thigh sheath. She thrusts the knife into her right arm and SCREAMS!

Morrow disarms her, but not before she YANKS the tracker from under her skin and TOSSES it into the hallway.

Morrow sees what she's done, but her safety is paramount. He rips off his sleeve below the elbow and tries to tie a tourniquet around her arm. She's bleeding heavily, though that doesn't stop her from pummeling Morrow's face.

Morrow FLIPS her over, shoves her face to the floor and holds her still as he treats.

MORROW

I don't want to hurt you.

Morrow gently flips her back over. Margo spits in his face. She tries to grab the knife again and he strikes her with his cuffed hand.

He picks her up by the collar and pins her against the wall. She knees him in the groin and her shove sends them CRASHING through the door into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Margo lands on top of him, straddles his waist. For the first time they really look at each other. A hint of attraction.

MORROW

Breeder aggression is normal. But I need you to cooperate.

They are handcuffed together. Catching their breath.

Morrow notices the BLOODY TRACKER on the floor. He subtly grabs it as Margo talks.

MARGO

I need to show you something.

She starts to unzip her ragged jacket. It's Morrow's first glimpse of real cleavage but he manages to stifle the charge as he shoves the tracker in his pocket.

MORROW

Now is not the time for intercourse.

Margo rips open her jacket to reveal: she's wearing a bomb.

MARGO

Do you know what a bomb is? Boom?
Explode? We both die.

MORROW

I know what a bomb is.

MARGO

Good. Then handle with care or--

Morrow's eyes widen. He grabs Margo's head and throws her to the ground as a bullet WHIZZES past.

ATTACKER (O.S.)

Y'all ain't gettin my daughter!

Morrow springs up, FIRES down the hall. ATTACKER takes a bullet. Not a soldier, not an Id. Just a man protecting his family. A YOUNG GIRL CRIES from an adjacent apartment.

ATTACKER

Stay inside!

He gets up, takes aim. BULLETS. Morrow and Margo retreat. Margo runs forward, Morrow runs backward as he returns fire.

Margo checks the stairwell, rouses a pair of IDS. They look up, titillated by her long blonde hair. Here they come.

MARGO

No good.

Now they're trapped at the end of a hallway. Morrow pulls Margo into the corner apartment.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

An ELDERLY ID COUPLE huddles behind an upturned coffee table. Morrow pulls Margo to the window. It's a long way down.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Margo and Morrow are perched on the window sill above the rusty fire escape. Morrow kicks the grate to test the support. Seems ok. He lifts Margo out the window and the grate COLLAPSES and CRASHES to the ground below. Shit.

Margo dangles in Morrow's hands as...

GUNSHOTS tear through the room. The elderly woman SCREAMS.

Morrow spots a steep cable running from this building to the roof of another. He yanks it to test the strength.

MARGO

No.

Morrow LEAPS out the window on the other side of the wire. The handcuffs form a zipline. He grips Margo as they SLIDE down the length of the cable.

Margo SCREAMS when she catches sight of the coming impact. Morrow lifts Margo, pulls her in tight, and twists his body just in time to absorb the brunt of the impact. BAM!

They fall to the ground. No boom.

MORROW

You okay?

The Attacker FIRES from the window. They JUMP to their feet and SPRINT across the roof, a trail of BULLETS splitting the black tar. They near the edge of the roof notice the HUGE gap to the adjacent roof.

MARGO

You're gonna kill us!

Morrow checks the gap, peeks over the edge.

MORROW

Get a running start.

BULLETS skip like rocks. Margo has no choice. She and Morrow rush towards the edge, and LEAP!

But it's not even close. Morrow grabs Margo mid-air and they free-fall towards the street. Margo SCREAMS.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

They CRASH on the roof of a parked car. Windows SHATTER. But there's no boom. Again, Morrow absorbs the impact with a muted GROAN. Margo climbs down, unscathed.

MARGO

Get up!

Morrow obliges. On the move again. They stay low and make their way into a cramped alley. They stop, panting.

MORROW

Why would anyone shoot at you?

MARGO

They were shooting at you!

Morrow doesn't understand. Margo points to the uniform.

MARGO

This isn't very popular around here.

Over his head. Morrow pulls out another flare. Margo scans the surrounding buildings and her face drops.

MARGO

Don't do that.

MORROW

Why not?

He breaks the flare.

Morrow follows Margo's eyes. They are surrounded by Ids. Real Ids. Angry Ids.

MARGO

Because they're extremely territorial.

The Ids are closing in and this time there's no humvee or machine gun to protect them.

The barrage of bottles and bricks starts first.

Margo and Morrow duck for cover and try to exit the alley, but the Ids circle the intruders. They scream in an incoherent primitive language.

Morrow and Margo stand back to back, handcuffed together, as several Alpha Ids approach, snarling.

MARGO

Now would really be a good time to uncuff me.

MORROW

I can't. They don't give us keys.

Morrow pulls out his gun. He fires a shot skyward. The Ids jump back, but their fear is short-lived. The Ids know they have numbers on their side, they close in.

An alpha bull charges and Morrow drops him with a bullet to the chest. The tribe is enraged.

MARGO

What do they give you?

He hands the gun to Margo just as two Ids POUNCE. He punches one and throws off the other.

One LEAPS towards Margo. She FIRES. It goes down. But there are ten more right behind.

MORROW

RUN!

Margo shoots as she runs. Morrow is a tornado of fists and kicks as he drops Id after Id.

The Ids are relentless in their attack. Men, women, children. It doesn't matter. All shapes and sizes attack as a ferocious unit. But they do not have Morrow's training. He's a warrior.

Margo shoots until she's out of bullets. An Id attacks and she bludgeons his face with the butt of her gun.

Unarmed and bound at the wrists. They fight. They run.

They hop over an abandoned car and Morrow comes to an abrupt stop when he spots KEYS in the ignition. Margo nearly falls as the handcuffs tug on her wrist.

Morrow tries the door. LOCKED. The Ids are gaining on them. Margo takes control and shatters the driver-side window.

Still bound at Morrow's left wrist, they stumble as they climb into the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Morrow climbs into the driver's seat. Margo awkwardly straddles his lap, face to face. It's almost intimate.

Morrow's head shifts back and forth trying to see around Margo's body.

MARGO

I'm driving.

MORROW

Absolutely not. It's my duty to get you to a safe location. Not to mention you lack the cognitive ability.

He turns the ignition and FLOORS IT as Ids pounce on the moving car and roll off the hood.

MARGO

To drive? What do you think I am?

MORROW

A Breeder. Your divine womb will ensure the preservation of the Kingdom of Alistair.

MARGO

You say that to all the ladies?

MORROW

Only the ones preordained to carry on the royal bloodline.

MARGO

You know it all, don't you?

MORROW

Our benevolent King has bestowed Mayfly soldiers with more knowledge than any member of our race could possibly hope to attain on our own.

MARGO

Stop the car, idiot.

No reaction. He keeps driving. Margo removes her jacket.

MARGO

Did your king tell you the one about the bomb in the passenger seat?

MORROW

I'm not familiar with that narrative.

MARGO

Because the bomb always drives.

Morrow turns, looks at Margo's bomb vest.

SECONDS LATER

Margo shifts the car into drive and tears down the street. A panic stricken Morrow buckles up in the passenger's seat, his left hand cuffed to Margo's right.

The car disappears around a corner as a Royal Humvee creeps into view, narrowly missing the escaping vehicle.

INT. ALISTAIR COMPOUND - ROYAL BALCONY - DAY

A sensuous young woman, DARCLYN, tans nude on a sun-drenched balcony. The King steps onto the balcony, sees the beautiful woman and picks up a robe.

KING ALISTAIR

My dear.

He holds out the robe as Darclyn squints up at her visitor.

DARCLYN

What.

KING ALISTAIR

Save your haste.

He tosses the robe atop her naked body and approaches the edge of the balcony. He admires his kingdom from above.

Clearly not the self-conscious type, Darclyn takes her time covering up. Robe half open, she stands listless and annoyed.

DARCLYN

Well?

KING ALISTAIR

Layton's breeder took her own life
this morning.

Darclyn shows a glimmer of excitement. Tries to suppress it.

DARCLYN

Poor baby brother. Is he okay?

KING ALISTAIR

He'll be fine. I came to tell you
that we found an uninfected male.

Darclyn's eyes practically dilate.

DARCLYN

Oh, daddy!

She HUGS the King and YELPS with joy. The King returns the gesture, then adjusts the robe over his daughter's naked breasts.

DARCLYN

I'm sorry. I know it's a tragic day
for Layton, but you know I've been
dreaming of taking the bed--

KING

I want you to be ready, just in
case.

These last words fall hard on Darclyn. The King turns to the sublime panorama of Manhattan.

DARCLYN

Just in case?

KING ALISTAIR

There's an uninfected female on the island. If the Mayflies come up fruitless in their search, then I'll need you to take the bed in Layton's place.

The King turns and heads inside. Darclyn storms after him.

INT. ALISTAIR COMPOUND - PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DARCLYN

But we have a male breeder, a bird in hand...Layton doesn't even want a child. This is fucking bullshit!

The King isn't listening. He keeps moving.

DARCLYN

You want a man, is that it? Because that worked so well last time!

The King slows to a stop, takes a breath to stifle his fury.

Exhausted by his daughter's dramatics, he saunters across the room and examines FAMILY PHOTOS atop a vanity.

KING ALISTAIR

Darclyn, do you understand why this kingdom works?

Darclyn ignores him. He picks up a PHOTO for a closer look.

KING ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Consistency. We offer consistency in the heart of chaos. The consequences of another family embarrassment would be dire for all of us.

Now we see the PHOTO: King Alistair and his children. We notice a third child.

NELL (O.S.)

Your highness, today's hero awaits you in the courtyard.

Nell stands in the doorway.

The King approaches his daughter, speaks over her shoulder.

KING ALISTAIR

Look outside those walls. Without us, there is no hope. All I ask is that you be there to serve your kingdom should I call upon you tonight.

The King KISSES his daughter softly on the head.

KING ALISTAIR

Get dressed. Put on a smile. These ceremonies are the most important events in these people's lives.

The King leaves Darclyn to her rage.

EXT. 3RD AVENUE - DAY

ROYAL SOLDIERS collect weapons and supplies from dead Mayflies. They leave the bodies.

Remus examines a dead Con as he speaks to the Commander.

GENERAL REMUS

Explain this to me. You had reason to believe the Breeder was posing as an Id, so you shot all of them?

COMMANDER

No, sir. Once I had a visual--

GENERAL REMUS

Your job is simple. Command the Mayflies. Find the Breeder. I don't see a Breeder.

COMMANDER

Hear me out sir, please. We checked the bodies, the Breeder is still alive.

GENERAL REMUS

But you don't know where she is?

COMMANDER

No sir. But, uh, we have this.

The Commander opens the back of a military vehicle and reveals a WOMAN dressed in rags.

COMMANDER

One of the Cons. She won't talk.

GENERAL REMUS

Commander, am I rational man?

COMMANDER

Yes sir.

Remus examines the Con.

GENERAL REMUS

Well, then I'll reason with her.
Commander, am I a merciful man?

COMMANDER

Yes, sir.

Remus SHOOTS the Commander in the head. Grabs the woman.

GENERAL REMUS

I am merciful, because he will not
have to go through a second of what
you are about to experience. Now,
before we explore the depths of my
mercy, perhaps you would like to
tell me where you were going.

EXT. MEMORIAL WALL - DAY

The Alistair family stands before a towering columbarium.
Thinly veiled indifference. This is MEMORIAL WALL.

KING ALISTAIR

It is my honor to present you with
the Royal Pendant.

The King drapes - and secures - a ROYAL PENDANT around
Priam's neck like a collar. But unlike the King's gold
pendant, Priam's looks made of copper.

KING ALISTAIR

Welcome to the Royal Family, my
son. Your actions today have
ensured the continuation of our
kingdom. You have earned the name
of Priam, guardian of Alistair.

(turns to Memorial Wall)

And now Priam, I present you with
your very own resting plot. May you
forever be remembered in the
Kingdom of Alistair.

Nell unveils a gold-crusted plaque on Memorial Wall. The audience CLAPS. Priam's eyes well up.

KING ALISTAIR
Congratulations, son. Enjoy
yourself in Paradise.

ROYAL GUARDS escort Priam towards a quiet pathway that leads to the heavenly gates of "PARADISE".

ROOK (O.S.)
Poor Bastard.

INT. BAR - DAY

ROOK, chest like a barrel, tends a dim bar. Intertwined couples watch the ceremony on TV and shake their heads.

A couple approaches the bar. The man removes a foil covered square from his pocket.

MAN
What can I get for this?

ROOK
Frosted or unfrosted?

MAN
Original unfrosted strawberry.

Rook inspects the Pop-Tart package.

ROOK
Two hours.

He slides a set of keys across the bar.

ROOK
Third floor. Second door on the
left.

POUNDING ON THE DOOR. Rook picks up a bat covered in nails and approaches the locked entrance.

EXT. BAR - DAY

Margo shoves Morrow toward the wall, out of view, as a hatch opens on a steel door. A set of eyes peer out.

ROOK (O.S.)
What do you want?

MARGO
Love in a hopeless place.

The door opens. Margo and Morrow rush inside.

INT. BAR - DAY

ROOK
Whoa! What's with the Mayfly?

Rook bolts the door. Margo lifts the handcuffs into view.

ROOK
Rooms are for consensual sex only.

MARGO
Tell Venus I'm here for my blind date.

Rook's demeanor immediately shifts.

ROOK
I'll go get her.
(to Morrow)
Don't die on my floor.

Rook leaves through a door behind the bar as Morrow takes in the scene: it's a love nest. Folks drink, lovers laugh, a couple dances to some classical dubstep. They seem as carefree as the royals and yet, they are clearly not royalty.

Margo, meanwhile, glances at the scene playing on TV:

SUBTITLE: "Royal Consummation: Tonight" Timer counts down.

When people notice Morrow's uniform they separate like Mormon teens at prom.

VENUS (O.S.)
Margo, honey.

Margo turns to find a plump maternal figure poking her head out from behind a curtain. This is VENUS. She gently waves Margo hither. Margo tugs on the handcuffs and heads over.

VENUS
Hurry, hurry. Who's the hunk?

MARGO
Dead by morrow.

Venus chuckles. Morrow misses the joke.

INT. BAR - BACKROOM

Judging by the accumulation of her belongings, Venus has lived longer than most. She calmly produces a HAMMER and an ICE PICK. Rook stands guard.

MORROW

I'm not allowed to remove these
without consent from my commander.

VENUS

It's cute that he still thinks he's
in charge. What should we call you?

MORROW

Six zero zero three alpha seven.

Venus looks at the tattoo on his wrist. 6003A7.

VENUS

Morrow comma dead-by it is.

She positions the ice pick in the keyhole of Margo's cuff and STRIKES with the hammer. One.

VENUS

Hold still Mr. Morrow, mama's gotta
bang.

Pick and STRIKE. Two. Handcuffs release.

VENUS

Rook, get this fella a drink will
you. Our little Margo would already
be gettin a Brazilian if it weren't
for him.

(to Morrow)

Relax, hot stuff. She'll be safe
with me.

Morrow displays reservations.

MARGO

Where am I gonna go?

She gestures around the tiny room. Morrow carefully scans. No windows. No vents. No escape. He looks at Rook.

MORROW

If she's not out in five minutes I
will assume she's in danger and
eliminate any threat to her life.

ROOK

Let's go tough guy.

Rook leads Morrow outside.

MARGO

Hope your bouncer's got a gun.

VENUS

Got a ten inch barrel, that one.
Kidding. But the guy's tougher than
concrete. Ate a bag of it during
happy hour last week, thought it
was oatmeal. Not kidding.

Venus produces a first aid kit. Begins cleaning Margo's
wounds. She tenderly wipes blood from Margo's face, then
notices the bomb vest.

VENUS

C'est le boom.

(beat)

At least it worked for one of you.
We found Cliff's car this morning.
On fire.

Margo's face drops. She breaks away.

MARGO

What does that mean? Did it go off?
Is he dead?

VENUS

Don't think so. Only body inside
was hers. Let's just hope we find
him before they do.

MARGO

And if we don't?

VENUS

Listen dear, we're gonna get you
there no matter what.

MARGO

Get me where?! Only Cliff knows
where the Program's gonna dock.

VENUS

And that's how it has to be. We
can't risk doing it any other way.
If I know it'd mean someone else
knows.

(a beat)

Pick-up's at dawn. Keeping you safe
until then is all we can do.

MARGO

Great. I'll just guess a location on the coast and wait for a boat that might not even exist.

VENUS

Margo. Don't. It exists.

MARGO

What the hell happened, anyway? The city is crawling. It was supposed to be quiet for the Consummation.

VENUS

The girl offed herself.

Margo's face turns ghostly white.

VENUS

They're not postponing either, so they're damn confident they'll find a replacement.

Her. The urgency registers.

VENUS

We don't have much time.

EXT. STREET - DAY

General Remus OPENS the back of the Humvee, steps out to the sounds blood curdling SCREAMS. He passes a BLOW TORCH to a TIMID SOLDIER and wipes his hands clean.

GENERAL REMUS

What is it?

TIMID SOLDIER

We found this.

The Timid Soldier timidly reaches into his pocket and pulls out Morrow's used P-Count Tester. Remus reads the 0-count.

GENERAL REMUS

Get a lock on that tracker, now.
And somebody clean that truck.

INT. BAR - DAY

Morrow sits at the bar. We hear two LOUD BEEPS. Morrow pulls the tracker out of his pants. Beeping stops. He pockets it.

Rook sets a beer down on the bar as Morrow feigns innocence. He watches TV.

ON SCREEN: A REPORTER interviews Nell in front of an ornate CANOPY BED at the center of an amphitheater.

REPORTER

Let's talk history. Could you explain to our younger audience the significance of tonight's Consummation?

NELL

Ten years ago, our great King took this very bed and pioneered our current life-sustaining breeding system. Tonight's consummation marks the first in which the King himself will not be a participant. Whichever Royal Family member takes the bed will not only be given the task of carrying on the Royal bloodline, but will also be crowned heir apparent of our great Kingdom.

REPORTER

Divine. Just, divine. And now for the question on everyone's mind, who will be taking the bed tonight?

NELL

You know I can't divulge those details. You'll just have to wait and see who cuts the rope.

LOVERBOY (O.S.)

Ohh, you're dirty aren't you?

Morrow turns to find a couple at the bar rounding second base. Doesn't approve. He taps LOVERBOY on the shoulder.

MORROW

Where's your permit?

Loverboy lifts his shirt to reveal a SIDEARM PISTOL. He WINKS at Morrow, goes back to tonguing LOVERGIRL'S ear.

LOVERGIRL

He's cute maybe he can join.

LOVERBOY

He's underage, baby.

A lustful LAUGH.

Morrow's about to discipline the lovebirds when a man wearing fisherman WADERS and a GAS MASK steps between them. This is **JESSE** (appears to be in his 30's), tough exterior offset by a soprano voice.

JESSE

Man, don't jump the chump for
pumpin' some rump. He fucks like he
fight and fights like he humps.
We've all got needs. Too many to
mention. But a round on me will
ease the tension.

(notices Morrow)

So a Mayfly walks into a bar.
Something tells me you've never
heard this one.

(to Rook)

Four shots, Rook!

Shots? Morrow doesn't understand. He exists in a time of exponentially condensed time and Jesse is still speaking a thousand miles an hour.

Jesse places a BUSINESS CARD on the bar and puts his arm around Morrow.

JESSE

You can call me Jesse, my friend,
but my friends call me Jesse. I'm
in the business of making dreams
come true. I connect the dots
between the spots that most folk
forgot. I can put a smile on any
face, throw a rave in any place,
and provide fun to the hapless
remnants of the human race.

(leans in close)

I'll give you the best day of your
life.

He plants a kiss right on Morrow's cheek.

JESSE

I'm a tour guide, pervert.
Interested?

MORROW

I already have a mission.

Jesse smiles knowingly. He hands the card to Morrow.

JESSE

Tomorrow I'll give ya the senior
discount.

Morrow inspects the card and pockets it. The shots arrive. Jesse passes one to Morrow and two to the couple.

JESSE

To getting honor, to keeping honor,
and if you can't come in 'er, come
on 'er!

Jesse and the Lovers throw shots back. But Morrow doesn't move -- he watches Loverboy remove Lovergirl's panties.

MORROW

In the name of the Kingdom, show me
your permit.

Morrow grabs Loverboy by the shoulder. Loverboy whips around - sidearm drawn!

In a flash, Morrow TWISTS the man's arm behind his back, steals his gun, and BOOTS him across the room. He CRASHES into a table of innocent lovers. Morrow picks Lovergirl's panties off the floor and returns them.

MORROW

M'am.

Morrow turns to the bar, shot glass still in hand -- didn't spill a drop. Takes it. Jesse looks at Morrow. Woah.

Rook taps Morrow on the shoulder.

JESSE

Rook, I would advise against--

INT. CANTINA - BACKROOM

They are hovered over a map of New York city. Venus points as she speaks. Puts a PIN on 57th and 7th.

VENUS

Safe house's in midtown. You'll
stay the night there and wait for
contact. Be ready at sunrise. Now,
as for your day-old piece of
man-meat...

Venus crumples the map, drops it in the trash bin and lights it on fire. Destroying the evidence.

VENUS

Have you grown attached?

Margo scoffs, shakes her head.

VENUS

Then off with his head, my dear!
It's the right thing to do. Can't
risk anyone knowing your location.

MARGO

Seems wrong, in a way.

VENUS

We'll make it quick.

MARGO

My escort's dead.

VENUS

I'm sending someone with you. Not
another female militia, but pretty
damn close. You can trust him.

And then it clicks.

MARGO

Would he die to protect me?

VENUS

He's a dedicated Con, so...Wait,
what are you suggesting?

An incredulous pause broken by SOUNDS of SHATTERING GLASS.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Margo and Venus run into the bar to see Morrow standing above
Rook, a bar stool raised above his head, about to deal a
death blow. Jesse watches from the bar, rapt.

MARGO

Hey!

No response.

MARGO

Morrow!

Morrow freezes, looks at Margo. He drops the stool and heels
like a dog. Venus inspects the damage: Rook lays on the floor
in a bloody pulp.

MARGO

I'm sorry. This is my fault.

Jesse CLAPS on the other side of the bar, impressed by
Morrow's work. Venus looks at Morrow. Completely unscathed.

JESSE

I think we have a third ticket
available for today's tour.

INT. CANTINA - BACKROOM - DAY

Jesse and Venus argue behind the curtain to the bar.

VENUS

This is a seriously foolish
liability, Jess.

JESSE

I was supposed to be working with a
fully armed detail. He's the next
best thing. He's biologically
programmed to protect her.

VENUS

Programmed to capture her.

JESSE

I know how they work. I can
probably do this alone. I can. But
I can *definitely* do it with muscle
like that. She's on board. What
choice to we have?

VENUS

I don't like this. But you're
right. What choice, what choice?

She pokes her head out of the curtain.

VENUS

Margo! Mr. Morrow!

When the two arrive, Venus opens a hidden closet full of
seriously heavy ARTILLERY.

VENUS

You kids should use protection.

INT. LIQUOR STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Venus leads the crew to an escape hatch.

VENUS

Stay off street level. Inside
voices, marshmallow feet and swivel
those pretty little heads.

JESSE

Relax, Vee. I know dead spots like
a leper. Nature special to 48th.
Holy ghost to 51st. Crosstown
moleman to homestretch. Say, wanna
see a monkey pillow fight?

VENUS

Just don't get them killed.

JESSE

I haven't had an unplanned fatality
in nearly two days. Company record.

Jesse holds the hatch open for Morrow. He hesitates.

JESSE

Mayflies go first.

VENUS

You're so bad...

Morrow climbs through, misses another one.

VENUS

Wait, you two. Give mama a kiss.

Jesse lifts his gas mask to give Venus a kiss on the cheek.
Margo studies his mug, a hint of recognition.

VENUS

I told ya you could trust him.

MORROW

Why can she trust him?

MARGO

He made the ultimate sacrifice.

Jesse pantomimes scissors across his genitals. Morrow doesn't
get it, but we do, he's a eunuch.

Jesse stoops to crawl through the hatch.

JESSE

Pregnant mothers expecting heart
conditions must be this tall to
ride.

Venus and Margo embrace. Tight. As if the goodbye is final.

VENUS

Don't lose hope, dear. Don't ever
lose hope.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

SOARING HIGH ABOVE the green oasis, we note a sliver of serenity wedged between all the concrete and calamity.

THE GREAT LAWN

Native flora and fauna flourish. A lone DEER grazes in the overgrown outfield of an ancient baseball diamond.

A NAKED ID LAUNCHES a crude SPEAR into the deer's torso.

JESSE (O.S.)
Boom. Got 'em.

BELVEDERE CASTLE

Jesse walks backwards and alters the tone and cadence of his voice as Morrow and Margo observe the lawn from above.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Ages ago our ancestors gathered
here for exercise and recreation.
That word alone is testament to how
much time they had to waste.

MARGO
Speaking of wasting time.

JESSE
If I don't recite the tour
I get lost. And if I get lost how
can I recite the tour?

MORROW
Where did that id learn to hunt?

MARGO
Instinct.

MORROW
But the man in the building spoke.
He fired a weapon.

MARGO
Probably fled the kingdom. Like all
the people you pissed off at the
bar back there.

JESSE
Ah, the facts of life!
(taps Morrow's neck port)
Insert tab A into slot B.
(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)

That explains you and me. Why we
talk and think. Why we're not ids.

He grabs Margo. Spins her around. No neck port.

JESSE (CONT'D)

But madame smiley over here doesn't
have any holes because she was born
before that wall ever existed.

Jessie points out a massive WALL cutting off access to lower
Manhattan. Beyond the wall is the Alistair Tower.

JESSE (CONT'D)

You and the Ids live a day. The
people in those towers count years
and everyone inside those walls
fall somewhere in between. The
virus can't be stopped. This is the
end of the timeline, friend. Papa
Alistair found a way to extend it,
but soon we all go the way of the
stegosaurus.

He throws his arm around Margo.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Unless, of course, we save the very
few uninfected people left. Far as
we know there's two, and one of
'em's standing right here. It's not
the kingdom versus the cons,
Morrow. It's the truth versus-

A TIMBER RATTLESNAKE LUNGES at Margo. Morrow SHOTS IT.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Extinction! Inside voices mean no
bullets.

LOUD POUNDING.

EXT. BAR - DAY

The hatch on the steel door opens. Rook peers through.

ROOK

Yes?

SOLDIER

The Kingdom of Alistair demands
entrance.

The hatch CLOSES, as Remus and his armed unit wait for the door to come unlocked. It doesn't.

Instead, they hear a series of GUNSHOTS inside the bar. It sounds like a war-zone. They take cover until the shooting stops. Soldiers bust down the door and enter.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Venus stands behind the bar, AUTOMATIC RIFLE in hand. The entire bar is still. Rook is in a heap on the floor. Bloody patrons slump in bar stools.

GENERAL REMUS

Drop your weapon!

Soldiers survey the bar. Every single patron has been blown away. Some wounds look self inflicted.

Venus turns the gun on herself. FIRES.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - CEMETERY - DAY

Under the majestic spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Jesse leads the trio through a maze of crowded headstones on a dirt-covered 5th Avenue.

It's spooky. A mother id breast-feeds her child alone in the mud. They keep walking.

JESSE

Ancient people believed that a righteous life would lead to a second life. Like they didn't live long enough already. They believed if they were good, they got buried here and lived forever in the sky.

Morrow and Margo stop to stare at a tombstone, albeit for different reasons. The dates on stone read 1964-2021.

MORROW

What did these people do to deserve this?

Morrow runs his fingers along an ENGRAVED NAME.

JESSE

They had faith. Few people still do. Let's cut through here.

INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - NAVE - DAY

They quietly make their way up the aisle. Morrow is lost in the impressive arches above.

JESSE

They believe ancient texts
predicted the pandemic. That all
the people that died were raptured
by their God and everybody left
behind is awaiting judgment.

Dozens of people pray and weep and clutch rosaries. Jesse lowers his voice to a whisper.

JESSE

I spent a lot of time worrying that
they were right, but if all the
good people were already judged,
then we were too. So what the hell?

BEEP BEEP. Morrow stiffens. But Jesse recognizes the sound. He WHIPS around and instantly has a GUN to Morrow's forehead.

JESSE

Hand it over or your mission ends.

A tense beat. Jessie presses the gun into Morrow. Reluctantly, Morrow hands over the TRACKER.

MARGO

Son of a bitch.

Jessie stomps the device to pieces when...

The Church doors BURST OPEN! A gang of MAYFLIES storm inside.

Margo instinctively rushes up the stairs to the balcony. Morrow instinctively pursues. Jessie follows.

The Commander holds a BEEPING HOMING DEVICE. It goes SILENT.

COMMANDER

All females must identify
themselves to the Kingdom!

INT. ST PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

FROM THE BALCONY, we watch the soldiers guard the exits. Jesse, Morrow and Margo peek over the edge.

JESSE

If they come up those stairs, you
make sure they don't touch her.

MORROW

But they're--

MARGO

The bomb always drives.

Jesse pantomimes an explosion.

INT. ST PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - NAVE - CONTINUOUS

The Commander YANKS a cowering YOUNG WOMAN off the floor.

COMMANDER

Identify yourself!

But she's frozen in fear. The Commander jams a tester into her arm. He reads it. SHOOTs her. An OLD MAN, presumably her father, tends to her as he CRIES out.

COMMANDER

Any more dissent today?

Various females begin to rise, offer their arms for testing.

COMMANDER

Search upstairs.

A SOLDIER climbs the stairs.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - DAY

Margo and Jesse hide in one confessional booth. Morrow in the other. Approaching FOOTSTEPS...

INT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Soldier, gun ready, whips open the curtain of the first booth. Nothing. Moves to the second. Nada. Only two more...

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Margo closes her eyes. Heartbeat like a viking drum. Jesse grips his gun tight and watches Morrow through the window.

Morrow listens. His face unreadable. He spots the Soldier's boots right outside the curtain.

FROM Jesse's POV, we see Morrow's curtain drawn OPEN. A flash of light. A SCUFFLE. A DULL CRACK. A figure sits back down in the booth and the curtains draw shut.

But the man is not Morrow -- it's the Soldier. Dead. Margo lets out a horrified SQUEAK as Morrow's face pops into view. Furious, he signals to her, "Shh".

INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - NAVE - CONTINUOUS

Another SOLDIER looks up. Heard something. He ascends the stairs with caution.

He reaches the top of the steps when the hysterical OLD MAN leaves his daughter's side to CHARGE the Commander. He struggles for the gun. SHOTS ECHO throughout the church.

The SOLDIER abandons his mission upstairs and returns to the nave to find the Old Man being torn to shreds. Two soldiers are gunned down in the over-excited friendly fire.

Finally, the shooting stops.

A Soldier finds the BROKEN TRACKER, picks it up.

SOLDIER

Sir.

The Commander takes it, looks around the room. All the women have been tested.

COMMANDER

She can't be far. Move out!

INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - NAVE - MOMENTS LATER

The threesome inspects the mayhem. Jesse stops when he reaches the body of the OLD MAN.

JESSE

They were on tour last week. Told them about the judgment. They marched downstairs and never came back. Makes it easier to die if you believe in something.

Jesse shakes his head as he takes in the carnage around him. Pops to his feet.

JESSE

We need to get off street level.

Margo follows Jesse to the door. Pauses at Morrow.

MARGO

So much for protect and preserve.

She doesn't wait for a response. Leaves Morrow to himself.

A moment later, a RADIO CHIRPS. Morrow spots the radio on the belt of a dead Soldier. He checks over his shoulder to find Jesse glaring at him from the doorway.

Jesse follows the chirp and picks up the radio. He approaches Morrow, lifts his gas mask.

JESSE

No one's ever given you a choice
before, but I'm giving you three.

He hands the radio to Morrow - but doesn't let go.

JESSE

One, you can continue trying to
complete your totally bullshit
mission and watch that sweet thing
out there blow the three of us into
a million pieces.

A GUN COCKS. Jesse lets go of the radio -- because he's got Morrow at gunpoint with his other hand.

JESSE

Two, you can continue trying to
complete your totally bullshit
mission, I kill you, and then maybe
she still dies.

Jesse UNCOCKS the gun, tucks it away. Comes in close.

JESSE

Or three, you can help us. You can
keep that girl safe. Get her out of
this city. Lead her to the
scientists dedicated to helping
people like her, and people like
us. Get her to the Program and
maybe then your life will actually
mean something.

MORROW

Doesn't sound like a choice.

JESSE

Listen mayfly. If I had one day to
live, I wouldn't want to be doing
this either. I'd be on the beach,
eating deep fried Kool-Aid off a
pair of cocoa bazongas. And I wish
I could let you do that, I really
do, but I can't. So choose.

Morrow hands Jesse the radio. Jesse smiles.

JESSE

My brethren.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Descending stairs. It's dim. Most lights are burnt out or broken. Margo scrunches her nose, reacting to a foul smell.

JESSE

You're lucky, Morrow. You know why you're lucky?

MORROW

Because I'm alive. And I've been given enough knowledge to appreciate my own existence.

JESSE

Wow. That, there, is a positive attitude. You hear that old lady?

MARGO

Easy to be an optimist on your birthday.

The subway platform is pitch black. Jesse and Morrow fire-up flashlights. Jesse hops the turnstiles. The others follow.

JESSE

It's not a bad way to celebrate. Alive in the greatest city in the history of the world, and in one day you get to see more than most people see in a lifetime.

Jesse hops down onto the tracks. He stops for a second before entering the tunnel.

JESSE

And the thing about seeing more of something is that you see the really good, and then you see some shit.

He reaches into his backpack and pulls out two GAS MASKS.

JESSE

Stick close. Move fast. And keep in mind that without the shit, we'd never appreciate the good.

He pulls his own mask over his head. Morrow and Margo place the ventilators over their mouths. They enter the tunnel.

Soon the beams from their flashlights land on the shit: Bodies. Skulls. CORPSES. Stacked to the ceiling. Rotting.

Jesse presses into the darkness. Morrow and Margo follow.

Rats scatter in the distance as the silhouette of a FOUR-LEGGED CREATURE discovers an interesting new scent.

INT. ALISTAIR COMPOUND - KING'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The King looks out his window at the afternoon sun. Not much time left. Draws the blinds.

DARCLYN (O.S.)

Daddy.

He turns to find his daughter in the doorway.

KING ALISTAIR

Now is not the time, darling.

DARCLYN

Doesn't it strike you as odd that we found two breeders on the same day as the Consummation?

KING ALISTAIR

There's nothing odd about destiny. What does strike me as odd is that you're here nagging me when you should be helping to calm your brother's nerves.

DARCLYN

I think the Program still exists.

KING ALISTAIR

I can guarantee you it does not.

Darclyn moves in close to her father.

DARCLYN

I've spoken with Layton. His demeanor reminds me of someone else. Someone who wasn't ready.

KING ALISTAIR

We will not have this discussion!

DARCLYN

I can rule this kingdom.

The King SMACKS her. Her tiara falls to the floor. She smiles. As if she enjoyed it.

The King's INTERCOM RINGS on his desk.

GENERAL REMUS (V.O.)
Sir? You called?

KING ALISTAIR
Have you found her yet?

Darclyn LAUGHS as she proceeds to the door. The King is perplexed, pushes HOLD on the intercom.

KING ALISTAIR
Is something funny to you?

DARCLYN
No, it's just that slap. I can feel
you getting weaker with age.

She leaves him to the endless spectacle of his aquarium. The King takes a seat. Hits a button on intercom.

GENERAL REMUS (V.O.)
Are you there, sir?

KING ALISTAIR
Tell me.

GENERAL REMUS (V.O.)
We haven't found her. But we're
close.

The King is enraged. Then he notices Darclyn's fallen tiara.

KING ALISTAIR
General.

GENERAL REMUS (V.O.)
Yes sir?

KING ALISTAIR
What if I said, if you find me my
Breeder for tonight's Consummation,
I'll have a reward waiting.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Morrow and Jesse tread through knee deep water. Margo is a few steps behind.

JESSE
Here's one. Xiphoid process?

MORROW
Fuses the sternum. Connects the
last ribs.

MARGO

How much do they cram in there?

Margo holds a gun and a flashlight. She hears SPLASHING in the distance. Turns. Nothing.

JESSE

Five hundred terabytes in two minutes. This guy can prep a meal, deliver a baby and fly the kids to school in a helicopter. Perfect single serving husband. This one's my favorite. Hey Morrow, what's a merkin?

MORROW

Pubic wig.

MARGO

Get out! Why is that in there?

JESSE

Proper genitalia recognition. A bad comb-over makes things confusing. Try one.

MARGO

Okay, Morrow...what is love?

JESSE

Baby don't hurt me.

MORROW

Incorrect. Love is the strong fondness that King Alistair has for the children of his Kingdom.

MARGO

You mean like that?

Margo points to a corpse. Morrow shines his light on the remains of a ROTTED MAYFLY IN UNIFORM. Morrow slows his pace, perturbed. *No proper burial?*

Margo and Jesse share a look of pity. SPLASH. They all hear it. Jesse's flashlight illuminates a pack of green eyes glowing in the distance. Backpedal.

JESSE

Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?

Morrow WHISTLES the chorus of the popular Disney tune. It echoes through the tunnel.

GROWLS.

JESSE

RUN!

They book it! SPLASHING. Closing in.

The trio sloshes through the water as they come upon another subway station. Jesse and Morrow hop up onto the platform. SPRINT towards an illuminated TOKEN BOOTH.

Margo climbs up, when a wolf POUNCES. She lays on her back and drops it with a fierce KICK. Pops up and keeps running.

Jesse hops the turn style. Morrow is about to follow when Margo SCREAMS! He looks back, sees a wolf LEAP onto her back. Jaws clamp down on her hair, YANK her head back. Another wolf bites her arm. She drops her gun.

Morrow pulls out his GUN, takes aim.

FIRES. Wolf down. Margo keeps running. But so do the wolves. He FIRES multiple rounds. But it's only buying her that extra step. Takes aim. CLICK. Empty. He drops the gun.

Morrow runs to meet Margo -- KICKS the leader of the pack off the platform. But there's four more behind.

Morrow pushes Margo through the revolving EXIT GATE and squeezes in with her -- but it's stuck. A stack of dead bodies on the other side won't give.

Wolves bombard the gate, foaming at the mouth.

MORROW

Keep your extremities inside!

MARGO

Yeah no shit!

They're safe for now -- like divers in a shark cage.

JESSE (ON PA)

Who takes the revolving gate during rush hour?

Morrow and Margo turn to find Jesse speaking through the TOKEN BOOTH microphone. Safe and sound.

MARGO

FUCK YOU JESSE!

JESSE (ON PA)
Sit tight for two minutes and we'll
move this tour upstairs.

MARGO
You said this was the safest route!

JESSE
I said fastest.

Morrow turns to Margo, their bodies touching.

MORROW
You have any bullets left?

MARGO
Dropped my gun.

MORROW
Shit.

Did he just curse?

Morrow looks around. His wheels turning. Need weapons. He reaches into the heap of bodies. Digs his arm in deep and JERKS at something. Can't get it. He STOMPS down HARD.

Margo GAGS.

Morrow reaches down. Grips a set of broken ribs like a BATTLE CLAW. Passes his empty GUN to Margo.

MORROW
Hold it by the barrel. Stay behind
me. Jesse, I'm gonna need you to--

Several wolves have tracked Jesse. He taunts the beasts through the bulletproof glass. Flips them the bird.

MORROW
Head for the steps!

Jesse looks up, cool as ever.

JESSE
I said wait!

Too late.

Morrow barges through the gate, out the way they came. He starts SLASHING and STABBING violently, methodically. No wasted movements. Margo looks for something to do -- but Morrow's got it under control...

Until Jesse's taunted wolves attack from behind! Margo hears the SNARL. Immediately pinned to the ground, she jabs the wolf in the mouth. Another takes its place. Morrow tosses the wolf like a toy. Lifts her up.

They hop the turn style, cross in front of the toll booth and make for the steps. Margo gets to the top of the steps, slips through a loosely chained gate, holds it open for Morrow -- but he's not there.

Morrow stands at the bottom of the steps, the broken ribs covered in blood. He stares down the pack of wolves. Just beyond them we see Jesse in the booth: no man left behind.

JESSE (ON PA)

Maniac! I said to wait two god damn minutes and you go ahead risking--

Morrow charges the pack, death blow after death blow. Until a wolf lunges from the roof of the booth. Morrow goes down. Wolves tear at his flesh. They draw blood. He has a wolf by the neck...

POP POP POP!

Morrow realizes he's choking a lifeless beast and tosses it aside. Jesse PULLS HIM into the booth and SLAMS the door shut just as a wolf POUNCES on the glass.

Quiet save the buzzing of fluorescent light.

MORROW

You had a gun this whole time?

JESSE

Yes, asshole. If you followed my directions, I wouldn't have had to use it in the first place.

MORROW

What directions?

Jesse looks at his watch. A RUMBLING ABOVE. Points his torch towards the tracks: Bodies and trash fall through a hole above -- that explains the funnels in the street.

JESSE

Feeding time.

The wolves pick up the scent of the fresh meat behind them. They turn and disappear into darkness.

JESSE

I appreciate the effort.

Jesse pats Morrow on the shoulder as he exits the booth.

JESSE

Always trust your tour guide.

He calmly struts up the steps as he WHISTLES "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?". Morrow follows.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

A surprisingly clean lobby accentuates their absolute filth. Morrow and Margo are bleeding. They remove the ventilator masks and breathe heavily.

MARGO

Please tell me your friends have a shower.

Jesse heads over to an elevator shaft. He pulls out a key and inserts it into a keyhole. The elevator doors open.

JESSE

Don't act like that stench of yours isn't au naturale. Morrow, has she not smelled like that all day?

MORROW

Since the moment I met her.

Both Margo and Jesse do a double-take. *Humor?*

JESSE

My brethren!

Jesse hi-fives Morrow. Margo is incredulous. They all step into the elevator.

MARGO

Oh, I'm sorry I forgot to put deodorant on before saving the world. Assholes.

The doors start to close. Morrow has a smirk on his face.

JESSE

My brethren.

INT. PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A posh top-floor penthouse. The living room looks like the MOMA and BestBuy collaborated on a time capsule. Flat screen on the wall. A real Miro over the fireplace. Vast windows overlook Central Park.

JESSE

Welcome to the safest tower in the neighborhood. Unfortunately that means the fire escapes and stairwells are blocked. So in case of fire, take a cold bath.

Jesse leads them to an impossibly elegant bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He turns on the shower, hands Margo a towel.

MORROW

Don't Mayflies go first?

JESSE

You were seconds away from seeing a naked lady.

MORROW

Oh. You may go first, Margo.

MARGO

Out, boys. Get out!

Margo shoves them out. She'd never admit it but she's entertained.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A filthy Morrow explores the living room. White Leather. A desktop Mac. An empty baby carriage. He curiously touches.

Jesse rummages through drawers and cabinets when he notices Morrow pick up a TEDDY BEAR. He stares at it, inquisitively.

JESSE

It's for kids. Their first friend. They left that one out on purpose.

Jesse finds what he's looking for - a SET OF KEYS. He crosses the room and begins trying the keys in a closed door.

Morrow sets the Teddy Bear back down.

MORROW

What makes you an expert on how the Kingdom works?

JESSE

I know more than you could imagine.

He pulls his shirt aside to reveal a ROYAL PENDANT around his neck. Morrow is shocked. He KNEELS in reverence.

Jessie pulls him to his feet.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Get up, man.

MORROW

A hero of the kingdom? I thought
you were a con.

JESSE

I am.

The key fits. Jesse unlocks the door, pushes it open...

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Flips on a LIGHT. Like something you'd expect to see in a precinct, the walls are covered. Maps. Newspaper clippings. An American Flag. Photographs of young faces.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Welcome to the birthplace of the
Conservationist movement.

Morrow is taken by the timeline on the wall. Images and headlines: **"Progeria: Implications of a Cure"** / **"World War III"** / **"Biotech CEO Purchases NYU Campus"** / **"Billions Dead From Outbreak"** / **"Floating Clinic To Study Virus At Sea"**.

And history stops there.

JESSE

Of course, your great King
preferred the shortened version.
The Cons.

MORROW

The enemy.

JESSE

Time is your enemy. The Cons are
just trying to put the battery back
in your watch.

Morrow looks at PHOTOS of young men and women. A thick line on the wall separates one photo from the rest: MARGO.

Jesse studies items on a desk. Sonograms of a baby in gestation. Stork Magazine. A book of baby names.

Opens the drawers. Jackpot. Guns and Ammo. Dumps the contents of his pack on the desk. Restocks.

Morrow finds a photo on the desk.

CLOSE ON photo: a loving couple. We recognize them as Cliff & Katerina from this morning's crash: Morrow's parents.

Morrow holds the photo up to the wall.

MORROW

More divine breeders?

Jessie checks out the photo.

JESSE

Not divine, just lucky, unaffected
by the airborne strand. Reason
Margo is so special is because
she's the first since these two
with a zero P-count.

Jesse takes the photo from Morrow. Sets it back down.

JESSE (CONT'D)

She was uninfected until a Mayfly
like you captured her. Became the
mother of a prince. Then she got
passed around the kingdom. Used up
by all the royals. Soaking up their
disease. Horrific shit, really.

MORROW

She died?

JESSE

Not from that. All she wanted was a
child with him. But by the time we
got her out of the kingdom her
viral load was too high to make a
baby the natural way.

MORROW

Cliff was the father of her child?

JESSE

Artificially. He couldn't risk
infection.

(beat)

How did you know his name?

MORROW

We rescued him this morning.

The SHOWER STOPS running. Jesse moves in close.

JESSE

What did you just say?

MORROW

We rescued Cliff this--

JESSE

Keep your voice down! Is he alive?

MORROW

Why wouldn't he be alive?

JESSE

Because her and the baby are dead.

They hear a DOOR OPEN in the hall.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Do you remember what I told you in the subway after I saved your life?

MORROW

Always trust your tour guide.

JESSE

Right. Listen. Sometimes there are things you have to keep from people so they don't get all...crazy. Do not tell Margo what you just told me. Got that?

Margo KNOCKS. Jesse and Morrow quickly separate. She enters in a robe, still wearing the bomb.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Your turn, Mayfly.

Morrow walks past Margo, who notices the hundreds of photographs behind Jesse.

JESSE (CONT'D)

You don't need to see this.

He goes to lead her out. She stops him.

MARGO

Who are they?

JESSE

The ones who didn't make it.

Jesse kills the LIGHTS.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Margo searches through a woman's closet. Jesse enters. Margo holds up a skimpy little black dress.

MARGO

Too much?

JESSE

The fate of mankind rests on that bust. Let those puppies breathe.

Hangs the dress back in the closet. Pulls out a red one.

MARGO

Men are supposed to knock.

JESSE

I lost my male etiquette a long time ago.

MARGO

I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking.

JESSE

Don't be. Now I can do jumping - jacks without a facemask. Anything in there for me?

MARGO

Maybe. I've got one just like this.

She points to a THICK BLACK VEST.

MARGO

C'est la boom.

Jesse's intrigued. Morrow enters the bedroom naked.

JESSE

Holy Mayfly! Naked as the day--

MARGO

Don't.

MORROW

What do I...do?

Jesse shrugs at Margo: don't look at me.

INT. BATHROOM - DUSK

Margo fiddles with the faucets as Morrow watches.

MARGO
Hot. Cold. It's easy.

Morrow catches his reflection in the mirror. This is the first time he has ever seen himself -- he appears to be in his mid 30's.

MARGO
Give a yell if you need anything.

Margo is on her way out when she notices Morrow's discovery. In awe, she lingers for a moment. Closes the door behind her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Margo wears jeans and a button down as she watches the setting sun. Jesse packs a duffel.

JESSE
You'll be safe here till morning.
If I'm not back by sunrise, don't
go anywhere. We'll come for you.

MARGO
Where are you going?

JESSE
Cliff's with our people uptown.
Alive and safe.

MARGO
Oh thank God.

They hear Morrow WHISTLING "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

MARGO
You're leaving me with him?

JESSE
You seriously feel threatened?

MARGO
No, I don't know. I feel safe, it's
just...shit, I feel so bad for the
guy. I treated him like crap for
half his life...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morrow turns the shower off. He sees Margo's towel and dries himself. He hears voices in the next room.

MARGO (O.S)
I mean, how do I even relate to
him? He's completely brainwashed.

Morrow opens the door a crack. Listens.

MARGO (O.S.)
No family. No friends. No one gives
a shit about him. The guy was just
born to die.

Morrow's heard enough. Furious and hurt he shuts the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARGO
Maybe I shouldn't care. I'm just
having a really shitty day.

JESSE
So make it up to him.

Jesse swings the duffel over his shoulder.

JESSE
There's enough food here to last a
month, so you can go nuts on the
last supper. Sit tight.

Jesse opens the front door, peeks back.

JESSE
You should probably make sure he
didn't fall in the toilet.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A set dinner table. Everything looks very domestic, banal,
worlds away from the day's reality. Margo sets a covered
plate on the table. Tries to break the ice.

MARGO
Here's one for you, negligible
senescence. Did they upload that?

Morrow says nothing.

MARGO
Means you can potentially live
forever. Unless you're delicious.

Margo uncovers the plate to reveal two LOBSTER TAILS.

Morrow ponders. Margo takes a seat at the table, places a napkin on her lap. Morrow mimics her table manners.

MORROW

You didn't have to do this.

MARGO

I know. I wanted to.

MORROW

It's unnecessary.

MARGO

It's okay to do things because you want to, not because you have to.

MORROW

Not for someone like me.

MARGO

There's always a choice...Ready, tell me. If you could wake up tomorrow and do anything in the world, what would you do?

MORROW

You'll think it's silly.

MARGO

Try me.

MORROW

I want to see the sunrise. Someone told me that it's beautiful.

MARGO

Why would I find that silly?

MORROW

Because. The sun rises many times. But not for someone like me.

A solemn understanding. Margo digs in, then she notices Morrow carefully examining his fork.

MARGO

You okay?

MORROW

It's strange. I know this is a fork. But this is the first time I have ever seen one. And I already know how to use it.

He points to a painting on the wall.

MORROW

I know that's red and blue, and yellow. I even know who painted it. Pollock. I know all these things, every day things, but I don't understand them. That's why I want to see the sunrise. To understand why it's beautiful.

Margo is clearly taken aback.

MORROW

It's cruel. What you're doing. This morning I had a task and life was simple.

MARGO

Life isn't always simple, Morrow.

MORROW

It is for a soldier. If I protect and preserve I earn a name and a burial. I die with honor.

MARGO

You have a name, Morrow.

MORROW

I had a mission. And you lead me to failure. Why won't you let me fulfill my destiny?

MARGO

Why won't you let me fulfill mine?

MORROW

I will. I want you to breed with the Prince and make royal heirs that live for years and years.

MARGO

That's not my destiny. That would destroy everything.

MORROW

I don't care what Jesse says. You'd be a queen.

MARGO

I'd be a slave! Don't you get it? The Alistairs don't care about us.

(MORE)

MARGO (CONT'D)

I'm a vessel and you're disposable.
You mean nothing to them.

MORROW

You already made my insignificance
clear! No friends. No family. No
one gives a shit about me.

The food has gone cold.

Margo gets up. Walks over to him, speaks softly.

MARGO

I won't apologize for changing your
fate, for spitting in your face or
for my shitty cooking. But I am
sorry for saying that nobody cares
about you. Because it's not true.

She touches his face.

MORROW

Don't do that.

MARGO

I care, Morrow.

He pushes her hand away.

MORROW

You wanted me dead.

MARGO

Not anymore.

Locking eyes.

MARGO

I wouldn't be alive if it wasn't
for you.

MORROW

Intimacy is punishable by death.

Their stare is intense. We're not sure who makes the first
move. It's instantaneous.

Billions of lives have started and ended because two people
just said fuck it. They kiss. Because they have to. Because
they are young and pretty and scared and alone but mostly
because they have to.

And it's violent. They claw at each other on the table. There's writhing. Morrow's jacket comes off first. Then Margo's. They almost press through each other.

Then the BOMB VEST COMES OFF.

Now Margo is on top of Morrow in her bra and it's getting hot. Until. The awkward moment when reason overtakes passion.

MARGO

Stop.

But he doesn't. She slaps him.

MARGO

Stop!

He does.

MARGO

We can't. You know we can't.

MORROW

I know.

CLICK. The sound of handcuffs.

The color drains from Margo's face.

MARGO

What the fuck are you doing!?

He violently rips her off the table away from the bomb. She looks down to find her wrist CUFFED to his! Morrow drags her into the:

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

He finds the ROYAL RADIO on the desk.

MORROW (INTO RADIO)

This is soldier Six. Zero. Zero.
Three. Alpha. Seven. Nine. I have
the Breeder in custody. Location is
Three Three Two Seventh Avenue. Top
floor.

MARGO

You piece of shit!

She pummels him with her free hand. Tears flow from her eyes. He avoids eye contact, says nothing, and lets the blows rain down.

MARGO

What did you just do?!

MORROW

I made a choice. To fulfill my destiny.

MARGO

Destiny? Fuck you! They're going to throw you in the gutter!

Insults clearly won't work. A long beat of SILENCE as Margo rethinks her strategy.

This seems to mean nothing to him.

MARGO

You've spent the majority of your life with me. How could you be loyal to them?

Morrow checks the window, sees FLASHING LIGHTS approaching the building on the streets below.

MARGO

Alistair caused all of this -- He was trying to live forever. His company made the virus!

He yanks her wrists and drags her through the...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Towards the elevator.

MARGO

He's infecting people like me so he can stay in power.

MORROW

They told me you'd lie about the kingdom.

MARGO

Fuck! Do you know what a mayfly is? A bug that lives a day. An insect! People are supposed to live more than that! I'm twenty-five years old. We used to live to be a hundred. They stole that from you. They stole it! And now you're helping them steal it forever.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors shut. Morrow presses G. She's dejected now. She's almost past bargaining.

MARGO

They're going to rape me. I'm going to be a sex slave, and you, you're going to a death camp. They'll lock you away and you won't get to see the sun, period.

The elevator descends down. Down. Floor numbers grow smaller as the SOUNDS OF approaching SIRENS grow louder.

MARGO

Look at me, Morrow. You can make this right. Get me to the program. Actually be remembered. Fucking look at me!

Finally, he turns to face her. Full on eye-contact.

MARGO

Everything you've done, you did it, it was your choice. They. Do. Not. Control. You. It's not too late.

Except it is. DING. The betrayal is final. The elevator doors open to reveal General Remus, smiling.

GENERAL REMUS

Well, aren't you a sneaky one.

He pulls out a CATTLE PROD.

MARGO

Fuck you! I hope you die before sunrise and never see--

ZAP! Margo convulses on the floor.

MORROW

Stop!

Remus' eyes dart to Morrow. Morrow gathers himself.

MORROW

We wouldn't want to leave any marks, sir.

He stares at Morrow long and hard.

GENERAL REMUS

No. No we wouldn't.

Royal Guards quickly unfasten the handcuffs, scoop her up.

GENERAL REMUS

Pack it up, boys. Let's get her home while she's still fresh.

Soldiers CHEER. Remus returns to his fleet without the slightest recognition of Morrow.

MORROW

Sir. I called in the rescue.

Remus turns, skeptical. He motions to a Royal Guard, who produces a ROYAL PENDANT. Morrow's eyes light up.

GENERAL REMUS

Considering tonight's schedule of events, hope you won't mind us rewarding you here on the spot.

MORROW

No sir. It's an honor.

A group of smug Royal Guards gather round as Remus covertly produces the cattle prod behind his back. A gleam in his eye, Morrow listens proudly:

GENERAL REMUS

Congratulations. You've earned the name of Priam. Guardian of Alistair.

ZAP! Morrow goes down hard. Remus and his men LAUGH as Morrow convulses on the floor.

GENERAL REMUS

Huh. They usually wet themselves during this part. I consider that exceptionally courageous.

Nods all around.

GENERAL REMUS

Get this fly a medal.

A Royal Guard passes the Royal Pendant to Remus, who kneels down to secure it around Morrow's neck.

Remus catches a glimpse of JESSE'S BUSINESS CARD peeking out from Morrow's pocket. Protocol. He lifts the evidence as guards drag Morrow's limp body into the back of a humvee.

GENERAL REMUS
Enjoy yourself in Paradise.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

The Royal Family sits around a decadent feast. Nell enters with General Remus.

NELL
Great news highness, she's come home.

KING ALISTAIR
Excellent. Is she pure?

Nell looks to Remus. He clears his throat.

GENERAL REMUS
Yes sir. Pure and unharmed.

A smile grows on the King's face. He reaches across the table and clutches his son's hand.

LAYTON
Can I still meet her?

NELL
Well, of course. She's a bit unkempt at the moment as you can imagine, but we'll have her ready for you shortly, highness.

LAYTON
Thank you.

Nell excuses herself. The King stands, approaches the beaming General. Shakes his hand.

KING ALISTAIR
Excellent work.

GENERAL REMUS
Thank you, sir.

Remus eyes Darclyn at the dinner table.

KING ALISTAIR
But it shouldn't have been necessary.

The King turns his back to the General and retakes his seat at the table.

KING ALISTAIR
That will be all.

The General's hopes are dashed. He takes one last look at his desired reward. He's surprised to see Darclyn return his lustful gaze. But Remus breaks first. He's ashamed she witnessed his rejection. He departs.

Palpable tension at the table. A room on edge.

LAYTON
Father. I have a confession.

Silence broken. All eyes on Layton.

KING ALISTAIR
Let's hear it.

LAYTON
This morning, when I saw the girl,
I felt...nothing. And I wonder.
With this one. What happens if I
don't love her?

Darclyn BURSTS into laughter.

KING ALISTAIR
Darclyn, please.

DARCLYN
Oh, I thought he was kidding!
Forgot we were in the presence of a
child...Layton, why don't you ask
father if he loved your mother.

The King moves to Darclyn chair.

KING ALISTAIR
You are excused.

Darclyn rises, walks around the table and leans over her brother's shoulder.

DARCLYN
When you take the bed, try not to
think about mother.

Layton lets her comment sink in -- which is exactly what Darclyn hoped for. She leaves him with his demons.

INT. GENERAL'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Remus trashes his desk, furious. Darclyn enters and witnesses the spectacle.

DARCLYN

I always fancied you as a man of restraint. But I can use passion.

Regaining control, he's visibly embarrassed.

GENERAL REMUS

For what, highness?

DARCLYN

For a mutually beneficial proposition.

Remus tries to listen more than stare. Darclyn moves closer.

DARCLYN

This *will* be my kingdom. I need you to kill my brother. Tonight.

GENERAL REMUS

How does that benefit me?

Darclyn turns around and begins to unbutton her dinner gown when she lays eyes on something atop Remus' desk. She picks up JESSE'S BUSINESS CARD.

DARCYLN

Where did you get this?

She turns to the General, card in hand, gown undone.

GENERAL REMUS

Pulled it off the mayfly who found the girl--How do you expect me to get away with murdering a breeder?

Darclyn looks CLOSER. The card reads: "**Jesse, Your Brethren**". Something registers. She starts to button her gown.

DARCLYN

You might not have to. Tell me, this Mayfly, what is he capable of?

GENERAL REMUS

A Fresh one will execute any mission on command. But that one is well past his formative stage. He also wasn't quite right. Why?

Darclyn's eyes light up. A plan.

DARCLYN

I want you to bring him to me.

GENERAL REMUS

Impossible. Your father was adamant that no returning mayfly ever leave paradise. They know too much. Breed em' and burn em'. He's probably already dead.

She gently strokes Remus' cheek.

DARCLYN

Surely a man in your position might be able to do something.

GENERAL REMUS

You'd be better off with new ones but they wont be ready. There's one way we could get him out without raising suspicion, but...why do we need him?

DARCLYN

To kill my brother and keep our hands clean. You eliminate the assassin and become a hero. And I'll become a Queen.

INT. PARADISE RESORT - NIGHT

Blackness. Then blinking. An angelic young woman gyrates above us. Her hair shimmers, her eyes sparkle, the background light seems to form a halo.

Is this heaven?

REVERSE ANGLE reveals Morrow, regaining consciousness in one of the more pleasant ways imaginable. He's awake for his first earthly climax.

But it's not heaven. The girl climbs off Morrow indifferently and retakes her place at the bar. He's still a bit dazed. He looks around.

Strung-out nubile meander around a dank nightclub. Lithe figures dance. They are the promised spoils for victorious mercenaries.

A young GIRL straddles an old man. Her face shows a hint of disgust. She crawls off. Checks the man's pulse. He's dead. She signals to a pair of SERVICE WORKERS.

They cart the dead body to a back corner and toss the corpse down a large BODY CHUTE.

Is this is hell?

Morrow's eyes are drained and hollow. He now looks about 40.

He scans the faces of men and women around the club. Everyone shares the same expression. One face looks vaguely familiar.

Morrow gets up and approaches the solitary old man.

MORROW

Priam?

Several soldiers turn. But the Priam we know doesn't.

PRIAM

Talking to yourself already?

Priam stares at the snake-like woman in front of him with indifference. He looks almost 60 -- and acts it too.

Morrow takes a seat, scans the Guards.

MORROW

The Breeder I found. She said things about the Kingdom.

PRIAM

Relax, my boy. You just got here. Enjoy the hero treatment.

MORROW

She was convinced that the Kingdom is based on lies. That Alistair made the virus. And that you and I, all of us here, that we aren't heroes at all.

PRIAM

I'd be careful talking like that around here.

Morrow scans the club, notices everyone is wearing the exact same copper "Royal Pendant".

PRIAM

Allow me to suggest a remedy.
(holds up drink)
Drink and forget.

Priam takes a swig and turns back to the stripper. Morrow is enraged. He grabs Priam's arm.

MORROW

We have to do something.

Priam snaps. He forcefully grabs Morrow's collar.

PRIAM

We have no choice.
(regains composure)
Now if you'll excuse me.

Priam pulls the girl on top of him. Morrow watches his mentor, crestfallen. Finally, he gets up, storms across the

DANCE FLOOR

He pushes his way towards the exit. The TWO GUARDS seated at the door don't look the least bit worried.

GUARD 1

That's far enough, mayfly.

Morrow continues on, but when he crosses the threshold, his pendant delivers a violent ELECTRIC SHOCK. He doubles over.

GUARD 2

Hurry up and enjoy the resort while
your rifle still works.

They LAUGH. Enraged, Morrow picks himself up and re-enters...

THE LOUNGE

He takes a seat next to the skin covered Priam.

PRIAM

See. No choice in Paradise.

Morrow's biggest fear is confirmed: everything Margo said about the fate of a Mayfly is true. He spots a CLOCK on the wall. It's a cruel place for such a device. Morrow watches helplessly as the seconds slip away.

In a fit of panic, Morrow reaches over and starts to chug Priam's glass of whiskey. Priam throws the girl off.

PRIAM

Woah woah!
(snatches drink)
You'll kill yourself.

Morrow wipes whiskey from his mouth, breathing fast.

MORROW

We're already dead.

Priam watches Morrow, sympathizes with his realization -- he had the same one hours earlier.

MORROW

The sunrise. I'll never see one.

The words linger. Priam remembers everything he was trying so desperately hard to forget.

A hand grabs Morrow's shoulder. It's a Royal Guard.

ROYAL GUARD

You're coming with us.

PRIAM

What's all this?

Two Royal Guards jerk Morrow out of his seat.

MORROW

Maybe they'll end it early for me.

INT. RESORT - CABANA - NIGHT

A hooded figure stands in the corner of a dark, decrepit cabana. A ROYAL GUARD clears his throat.

ROYAL GUARD

Highness.

The figure lowers her hood. It's Darclyn.

DARCLYN

Excuse us.

The Guard abides, skeptical. Having never been in the presence of Royalty, Morrow is swept into a reverent silence.

DARCLYN

Mayfly.

His eyes meet hers.

DARCLYN

Seems you have quite the crush on our little breeder. You would have saved me a lot of trouble if you'd just fucked her out there in the streets.

MORROW

Highness, I would never.

DARCLYN

Such a shame, you would have made some very cute babies.

She steps closer.

DARCLYN

Funny, you seem almost...human.
Wish I had more time to chat, but
we've got a kingdom to renovate.
Neither of us wants this
consummation to happen. And if
Jesse trusted you...

Morrow perks up.

DARCLYN

...I'd say it's safe to assume that
you'd be willing to give everything
to protect her.

MORROW

I would.

DARCLYN

Then let's talk.

INT. PREPARATION ROOM - NIGHT

The prep team works to turn Margo into a doll for TV.
Stylists primp her hair. Beauticians apply makeup and perform
a mani/pedi/wax.

She's repulsed, and under the circumstances, so are we.

BEAUTICIAN

He's young, it'll be over before
you know it.

Nell enters with a nervous Layton in tow. She signals to the
prep team. The room clears out.

LAYTON

Hi.

Margo sneers.

LAYTON

This doesn't have to be terrible,
you know. It could be...nice.

No response. Layton steps closer to Margo's chair.

LAYTON

I'm not what you think I am. In
time you'll learn to love me.

MARGO
(softly)
I've had dreams about this night.

LAYTON
Tell me.

Margo glances at Nell. Then draws Layton closer with her eyes -- a secret. She whispers slowly.

MARGO
The best ones end with me ripping
it off and throwing it at the
cameras.

Layton turns. His face stone. Nell approaches, smiling.

LAYTON
Drug her.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The King waits outside the prep room as Layton storms past.

KING ALISTAIR
So?

Nell follows behind. The King looks worried as he watches his son march down the hall.

NELL
A minor sedative will do.

KING ALISTAIR
It's perfectly normal, Layton!
(to Nell)
Please remind him that it's
perfectly normal. This is the last
thing I need.

NELL
Yes, highness.

INT. PARADISE RESORT - NIGHT

Morrow returns to Priam. Carries a bag. Looks deadly serious.

PRIAM
A Royal escort? The hell was that?

Morrow opens the bag to reveal a GUN and WHITE ROBES.

MORROW
A choice.

Priam is petrified, checks over his shoulders.

MORROW

Is this the destiny you imagined?
The King just wants to prolong his
bloodline. He doesn't give a shit
about us. He betrayed us. You and
I, we're dead by morning. But we
were trained to preserve humanity.
Honor that duty with me, friend.

Morrow stands up.

MORROW

Or don't.

Morrow approaches a dimly lit corner of the floor. Priam
contemplates Morrow's words -- and one glance at the clock is
all it takes.

He hurries to join Morrow. They speak in hushed tones.

PRIAM

(re: pendant)
So how the hell are we getting
these things off?

MORROW

We're not.

Priam turns, not going to waste his time. Morrow grabs him,
points at the clock.

MORROW

In exactly ten seconds they'll be
deactivated. We need to get outside
their range before they're turned
back on.

PRIAM

How? Run past the guards? You're on
your own, boy.

MORROW

Trust me.

The LIGHTS GO OFF.

Mayflies panic. SCREAMS. FOOTSTEPS. GUNSHOTS. CRASHING.

The LIGHTS GO ON.

Morrow and Priam are gone -- we realize the dimly lit corner
in which they were standing is home to a BODY CHUTE.

INT. INCINERATOR - NIGHT

Morrow and Priam fly out of the chute and land with a THUD. Slits in the ceiling vents chop the light and cast the metal room an eerie blue.

They COUGH. Morrow and Priam are knee deep in ash.

MORROW

Up there!

A ladder leads to a service hatch in the ceiling -- but it isn't "dropped".

Morrow jumps. He can't reach. Looks to Priam. Yeah, right.

PRIAM

The lights are on.

MORROW

So?

PRIAM

So are the timers.

CLICK. WHIR. They hear the incinerator firing up. Shit.

Morrow climbs onto Priam's shoulders. Can't reach. He jumps off and misses.

PANIC.

Priam tries to scale the wall. There's nothing to grip. Morrow uses his hands to shovel ash like sand on the beach.

MORROW

Help me!

Priam gets down to help Morrow. That's when Morrow notices scores of copper rings mixed in with the ash -- discarded pendants of discarded mayflies. Priam is equally horrified.

Sounds of COMBUSTION. They snap out, shovel desperately.

PRIAM

Try now!

Morrow climbs on Priam's shoulders. Jumps up. Grabs the last rung on the ladder. Pulls it down.

Flurries of FLAMES.

PRIAM

GO!

They climb frantically. Morrow opens the hatch, climbs out. Reaches back to YANK Priam to safety just as flames flood the incinerator. They SLAM the hatch door.

No time to catch their breath.

MORROW

Come on.

EXT. FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

An extravagant outdoor fountain. White-robed drunken ROYALS approach en-route to the Consummation.

The only path. Morrow and Priam have no choice but to join.

MORROW

Act human. Don't seem like you have a mission.

PRIAM

What?

MORROW

Smile, laugh, speak when you're not spoken to.

A woman smiles at Priam.

PRIAM

Long live humans!

A man LAUGHS.

MAN

Yes! To life!

A DRUNK WOMAN tosses off her robe. Jumps in the fountain. Splashes around. Other drunk revelers soon join as Morrow and Priam continue towards the amphitheater.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT

Establishing shot.

Hordes of Royals in WHITE ROBES approach an extravagantly decorated amphitheater. The buzz is evident.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT

Morrow and Priam blend with a large crowd of Royals filing into their seats. Ushers pass out glasses of wine.

The amphitheater surrounds an ELEVATED STAGE. The centerpiece of which is an ornate CANOPY BED concealed by blue curtains.

The ELEGANT MAN next to Morrow pours a glass for himself.

ELEGANT MAN

I've waited a whole month for this.
Been saving this bottle.

Morrow nods. The Elegant Man pours Morrow a glass.

ELEGANT MAN

A fine wine and a fine empire share
the same key ingredient. Blood. The
Persians knew it. The Romans knew
it. Twenty generations of Mayflies
stomped these grapes.

(hands Morrow the glass)
What can I call you?

MORROW

Morrow.

ELEGANT MAN

Does the man with the funny name
come with a funny joke?

They have inadvertently gathered the attention of all the
surrounding Royals.

MORROW

Ever heard the one about the
Mayfly?

ELEGANT MAN

Go on...

Morrow pauses for effect. Royals hang on his every word.
Priam is petrified. Considers running away.

MORROW

Meh, gets old fast.

Everybody surrounding them BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER.

ELEGANT MAN

Yes! Classic! Classic, my good man!
To laughter! To love! To life!

People are IN STITCHES. They CLINK their glasses and drink.
Priam can't believe this is happening.

A FULL ORCHESTRA bursts to life. Everyone quiets.

NELL (ON PA)
Ladies and gentlemen, The Royal
Family.

THREE FIGURES in BLUE HOODED ROBES emerge from the TUNNEL, up-stage. Faces concealed, two of them stop before the Bed. The remaining figure moves down-stage, descends the steps and takes a seat in the front-row Royal Box.

One figure on stage lowers a hood: the King. He turns to the other, ceremoniously removes the hood: Prince Layton.

The crowd GASPS and CHEERS.

The King leaves his son and takes a seat in the Royal Box next to Darclyn, who removes her hood, scans the crowd, and makes eye contact with Morrow.

The Orchestra changes tune.

STAGE

The blue curtains DROP to reveal Margo's silhouette framed by white lace curtains. A RED ROPE wraps the white lace.

Layton timidly approaches. When he reaches the foot of the bed, he looks back to his father. The King nods approvingly.

Layton produces a knife and symbolically SEVERES THE ROPE at the foot of the bed.

STANDS

Morrow starts to get up when Priam PULLS HIM DOWN.

PRIAM
You can't just march down there.
What about the plan?

MORROW
That *is* the plan.

PRIAM
It's a terrible plan.

Morrow sees Layton part the curtain and cross the threshold. He can't take it. Morrow JUMPS UP before Priam can stop him and makes his way down through the aisle.

BED

Layton kneels at Margo's feet. She avoids eye contact as the nervous boy removes accessories from her gown. He's stripping her down.

Layton notices the look of displeasure on her face. He gently touches her chin, lifts her head up and KISSES her.

Margo recoils, but only barely. She's heavily drugged.

STANDS

With hands clasped and hearts warmed, the crowd watches unapologetically. To them, this is love. This is life.

Morrow continues his descent through the stands.

DIRECTLY ACROSS THE AMPHITHEATER, behind the Royal family, Remus skulks down the aisle. His progression towards ground level is a mirror image of Morrow's.

BED

Layton lowers the straps on her dress and slips it off. He lays her down. Naked. He steps back to admire her. He looks back through the curtain at the Royal Box.

The King nods to proceed. Darclyn catches his eye. Demons.

Layton DROPS HIS ROBE to reveal the trembling naked body of a skinny teen. He shuffles towards Margo and nervously parts her legs. He's about to end the world with one feeble thrust.

STANDS

Priam eyes Morrow's progress down the aisle. He notices Remus reaching for a gun. It's a set up. Morrow's next move will be suicide.

BED

Layton hovers over Margo. He kisses her body. Her eyes are glazed over. Her mind far away.

STANDS

Remus and Morrow are eye to eye on opposite sides of the stage. They are about to unleash hell when...

PRIAM (O.S.)
STOP THE CEREMONY!

Morrow and Remus halt their attack and turn to see Priam on his feet, signing his own death warrant.

BED

Layton stops. He and Margo turn in confusion.

STANDS

PRIAM

I have a confession. I am a mayfly.
And...I fucked her!

GASPS. Elegant Man tries to pull him down.

ELEGANT MAN

You drunken fool, you'll get
yourself killed.

CRIES of outrage.

PRIAM

She's not pure!

ROYAL BOX

The King stands up. Looks up into the crowd.

KING ALISTAIR

Bring him forward.

STANDS

Guards escort Priam. He makes eye contact with Morrow on the way down -- knows his friend is on his own from hereon out.

Remus approaches Darclyn. She gives him a concealed "wait" signal and he tucks his weapon away.

BED

Layton looks at Margo with scorn, or perhaps, relief. He puts his robe back on and hurries out to join his father.

ROYAL BOX

Priam comes before the King, smug. The consequences no longer matter. The King studies him.

KING ALISTAIR

I remember your face.

PRIAM

As promised. Forever remembered in
the Kingdom of Alistair.

KING ALISTAIR

(seething)

We will re-test her to see if what
you say is true.

(MORE)

KING ALISTAIR (CONT'D)
Regardless, I promise you'll pay
for every ounce of embarrassment
you've caused my son. In blood.

The King turns as the Royal Family is escorted up-stage into the tunnel. Guards drag Priam into the darkness.

NELL (ON PA)
Ladies and gentleman, we'll get
this sorted. Please sit tight and
enjoy your wine. The ceremony will
resume shortly.

MURMURS pick up and people stretch their legs.

INT. TUNNEL / TOWER LOBBY - NIGHT

The Royal convoy arrives in an extravagant tower lobby. Guards carry a limp Margo close behind.

A MEDICAL TEAM sprints down the hall to greet the King.

KING ALISTAIR
Test everything.

They place Margo on a GURNEY and wheel her away.

KING ALISTAIR
(to Darclyn)
Take your brother upstairs. I'll
call when we're ready.
(to Remus)
We'll take care of him.

General Remus restrains Priam, turns to follow the King down the hall. Darclyn grabs him.

DARCLYN
Go.

Remus nods as Darclyn and Layton enter the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Layton presses a button. Darclyn caresses his hair. She reaches under her robe and produces a knife.

She slits his throat.

He drops to the floor. She calmly hits a different button.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Morrow enters in time to see Margo disappear around one corner and Priam disappear around another.

Decision time: his mentor OR the future of mankind. The obvious choice isn't always easy. The FUTURE it is.

Morrow strides across the lobby towards the hallway ENTRANCE where an armed DOORMAN sits behind a desk.

He spots the medical team just as they disappear behind double doors.

DOORMAN

Sir, I'm going to need to see some credentials.

Morrow doesn't listen.

DOORMAN

Sir!

The Doorman aims a PISTOL. Morrow faux-rummages through his robe, approaches the desk. WHAM. Breaks the Doorman's arm, disarms him and knocks him out cold.

No time for games. He grabs the pistol and BURSTS through the double doors.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Short corridor. A door slams shut. Lone GUARD out front. No time for tact. Morrow TAKES AIM.

INT. TESTING FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Margo is strapped to a MOBILE EXAMINATION TABLE in the center of the room as DOCTORS and NURSES hurry to get results. Needles prick and prod. A most unpleasant visit to the gyno.

THREE ARMED GUARDS line the walls. Two by the door, and one directly behind Margo.

A SINGLE GUNSHOT in the hall. The Guards jolt to attention. Nothing yet, until...

Morrow bursts in, moves right in a flash and has a Guard in a chokehold -- gun pointed at his head.

MORROW

Let her go. Or he dies.

The Guards look to one another for direction.

DOCTOR
(to other Guards)
Shoot him!

Guards FIRE at Morrow. He drops his pistol. He's forced to use the hostage Guard as a human shield.

The dead weight is too heavy for Morrow. He crumbles to the floor. As he falls he joins hands with the shredded Guard -- around the trigger of the M-16. SQUEEZE.

He FIRES as he falls. Guard number two goes down. The remaining Guard ducks behind Margo's examination table...

CLICK. Morrow's out of ammo. He pushes the dead man off of him and rushes for cover -- on the other side of the examination table. The men can hear each other's breathing.

Margo is still on the table. The Doctor and remaining nurses cower in the corner.

Morrow needs a weapon -- reaches up to feel around the bedside table.

Margo rolls her head left to see: Morrow's hand removes a SYRINGE and a VIAL from the table. Rolls right to see: the barrel of the Guard's M-16.

Morrow quietly gets himself into a ready position. He tosses the vial LEFT and uses the distraction to LEAP over Margo's bed and STAB the Guard in the right side of his neck. Guard FIRES SHOTS skyward as Morrow works the SYRINGE. It's ugly.

Finally, Morrow gets hold of the Guard's gun and takes aim, point blank. Except...

MARGO
He's already dead.

Margo locks eyes with Morrow. In the bloody rags of Royalty, he's still handsome as ever save an added wrinkle or two.

He hurries to untie her, frees her wrists. Her movements are slow and belabored.

MARGO
Who was he, back there?

MORROW
A friend.

The Doctor - crouched in the corner - covertly crawls across the floor. His eyes fixed on Morrow's dropped pistol.

MARGO

Morrow, I --I can't feel my body. I
can barely move my fingers.

He places the Guard's M-16 on her lap.

MORROW

As long as you can squeeze a
trigger.

Morrow starts to free her feet from the stirrups.

MARGO

What makes you think I can trust
you after what you did?

Morrow pauses, holds out his bloody hands and motions to his
now-sanguine robe. *Are you kidding me?*

MARGO

Valid. What's the plan?

Morrow has his back to the wall when the Doctor STANDS, aims
the pistol. Margo FIRES between her legs. He drops.

Morrow looks at the gun on Margo's lap and the nurses in the
corner. The plan...

INT. LOBBY/ HALLWAY - NIGHT

A squad of ROYAL GUARDS assess the fallen Doorman. They watch
the security monitors.

ROYAL GUARD 1

He's got the breeder.

Upon a closer look...

ROYAL GUARD 2

Asshole thinks he's clever. Lock
down the hall.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Morrow wears a SURGICAL MASK as he and bevy of nurses push
Margo's gurney down the hall. She's strapped in. Seems
helpless. They turn the corner to find:

FIVE ARMED GUARDS blocking their path.

ROYAL GUARD 1

Hands in the air!

They charge on, picking up the pace.

MORROW

Now!

RATATATAT. With legs strapped in stirrups and the concealed M-16 perched between her legs, Margo is a rotating gyno-gun-turret. The guards never see it coming.

Morrow rotates the examination table. Bullets RIP through the hall. Nurses dive for cover. Guards drop in heaps.

A BRIEF SILENCE is broken by rapidly approaching FOOTSTEPS. More guards turn the corner and approach from behind.

Morrow pushes the gurney with one hand, turns to fire behind him with the other. BANG. Guard down. BANG. Another.

BULLETS FLY. Margo takes out incoming guards in front. Morrow takes down guards in pursuit.

Morrow lets go of the gurney. Turns. Kneels. THREE SHOTS, THREE KILLS. All clear.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

No one is steering Margo's gurney as it rolls to a slow stop. Cowering Royals peer out of their hiding spots to see Margo strapped in stirrups, a smoking gun between her legs.

Morrow BURSTS through the double doors and hurries to unstrap her feet. He helps her off the gurney, but she can't support herself. She collapses.

Morrow lifts her in his arms and takes off running.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Priam sits tied to a chair, covered in blood. The King warms his hands on a burning cresset.

KING ALISTAIR

Ten years of the mayfly program and we've never had a single act of dissent. Until you. I think someone put you up to it.

Priam stares back at the King. Nothing.

General Remus enters.

GENERAL REMUS

Sir, there's another mayfly.

KING ALISTAIR
(to Priam)
Who is he?

He smiles at his executioners.

PRIAM
His name...is Priam.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Morrow bolts down the hall where Morrow last saw Priam. He looks to the end of the Hall. Wants to save his friend. Knows he can't. Until he hears a BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM.

On instinct, he breaks into a SPRINT.

MARGO
It's the other way!

A series of doors line the walls. Morrow checks the windows of each, no Priam. Finally, he looks in to see:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Remus stands above Priam with a FLAMING TORCH. Priam sits tied to a chair, the flesh on his chest turning to liquid.

Remus taunts Priam. He dips the torch back into the cresset, about to deliver another smoldering blow...

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Morrow lowers Margo. He raises his gun and takes aim at Priam -- can't bare it any longer.

Priam looks up. Catches Morrow's eye through the window. Tacit consent. Reluctantly, Morrow's finger tightens around the trigger and FIRES.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The glass window SHATTERS. Priam slumps forward in the chair. Dead. Remus and the King spin. The torch amplifies their glares. Remus recognizes Morrow.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Morrow lowers the gun, picks up Margo, and bolts down the hall. Still fast, despite the aging. Guards give chase.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

An entourage of Royal Guards shuttle the King to the elevator. The doors open to reveal LAYTON'S MUTILATED BODY.

The King rushes to his son, hysterical.

Remus assumes control as Alistair cradles his dead son.

GENERAL REMUS

Get upstairs. Lock the doors. I'll
find your daughter.

INT. DARCLYN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Cliff is BOUND. Darclyn stands over him, titillated by the carnal tease she just witnessed. Seduction without consent.

DARCLYN

Forbidden love. It's a turn on. And
yet, you refuse. Am I not pretty
enough for you?

CLIFF

You're psychotic--

She forcefully presses her fingers to his lips.

DARCLYN

Shhh. Let me tell you a secret.

She gags him. Leans in close. Nibbles. Whispers.

DARCLYN (CONT'D)

It's not worth it.

She backs away. She's a minx. She undresses slowly.

DARCLYN (CONT'D)

We're not worth saving. We're
selfish and foolish and we've
always been that way. And we always
will be. Forever.

She bends over him. Under almost any circumstances, this woman would be irresistible.

DARCLYN (CONT'D)

We think ourselves logical, but
we're not. We're just chemicals.

She's close to kissing him, but she doesn't. She's teasing herself and toying with him. She grabs his crotch.

DARCLYN (CONT'D)

I know it hurts. I want it to hurt.

Cliff shuts his eyes and strains to avoid her touch.

DARCLYN (CONT'D)
You don't need to see me. I'm
already in your head.

And her breath is already on his body.

DARCLYN (CONT'D)
We want what we can't have. We act
on impulse.

She rubs her hands on his skin. Down his chest. His torso.

He squirms as she kisses and nibbles. She grabs him again.
Engorged. No choice. He is, after all, just chemicals.

DARCLYN (CONT'D)
A love forbidden by all of humanity
is the most powerful aphrodisiac in
the universe.

She forcefully removes his pants and crawls over him. Her
face is pressed to his when...

DARCLYN (CONT'D)
You're going to father the child of
a Queen.

He HEADBUTTS her. She falls back hard. Her mouth bleeds. She
smiles. Licks her lips.

DARCLYN (CONT'D)
I don't want to drug you. Maybe I'm
old fashioned.

She secures a rope around his neck. Makes a choke collar. She
pulls hard.

DARCLYN (CONT'D)
The trapped carbon dioxide
increases pleasure. Plus I like to
see you squirm.

Darclyn climbs on the bed and straddles Cliff. TIGHTENS the
rope. But just as she lowers herself onto him...

Her face contorts in shock and agony. She slumps on top of
Cliff. DEAD. A knife in her back.

JESSE
And people wonder why I cut it off.

Jesse unties the choke collar. Cliff GASPS for air as Jesse nonchalantly takes a seat next to him on the bed.

CLIFF

How long until they cut the rope?

Jesse frees Cliff's hands.

JESSE

Already did. It's twenty past.

The urgency in Cliff's demeanor fades. To their knowledge, this is the end of the line.

CLIFF

So what now?

Jesse shakes his head. For once, he's speechless.

A SILENT beat.

CLIFF

We're not done here. This morning I lost my son and saw my wife burned alive on the side of a highway.

Jesse looks up at Cliff.

CLIFF

She gave everything for us to fix this. She went through hell here.

Cliff reaches over, YANKS the knife from Darclyn's back and tucks it into his pants.

CLIFF

I need to see the rope with my own eyes. I owe her that. And if it's over, if Margo's gone, then maybe it's time we all went to bed.

Cliff heads for the door. Jesse's wheels are turning.

JESSE

You're gonna need a tour guide.
(Cliff turns)
And more than an envelope opener...

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse and Cliff, disguised in royal family BLUE ROBES, disappear around a corner.

SECONDS LATER, General Remus arrives and enters Darclyn's quarters.

After a moment's visit, Remus re-emerges with a savage look on his face. His stride quickens to a SPRINT.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Morrow carries Margo. We recognize this hallway from Morrow's formative stage. Morrow, however, seems disoriented.

MORROW

There has to be a way out around here...I wish she'd thought of an exit plan.

MARGO

Who's *she*?

MORROW

Darclyn!

Margo is visibly concerned -- Morrow now resembles a man in his late 50's.

MARGO

Darclyn?! Morrow, I need you to trust me here. Your mind is starting to slip--

Morrow KICKS open a door and enters:

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Underneath the screen. Morrow's crestfallen when he realizes it's not an exit; he's lost.

MARGO

It's part of the aging process.

Confused, agitated and completely exhausted, Morrow sets her down in the theater's front row seat.

MORROW

I'll be right back.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Alone. Perplexed. Disappointed. Morrow needs a minute to figure out his next move. *Age is a motherfucker.*

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Margo has never seen a movie theater quite like this. No cushions. No cup-holders. Data ports. She moves her hands to assess her mobility.

Then she glances up at the screen. HORRIFIED. She YELLS.

MARGO

Morrow!

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Morrow buries his face in his hands, wipes the stress from his eyes when he hears FOOTSTEPS. Lots of them.

Morrow looks up to find an ENTIRE LEGION OF MAYFLIES marching down the hall towards him. Their pace quickens. Surprise becomes concern.

Remus emerges from the pack, draws a pistol. Aims. FIRES.

Morrow reacts -- a near miss. Morrow RETURNS FIRE. Misses. He bolts back towards the briefing room.

GENERAL REMUS

Take him out!

He arrives at the briefing room entrance. Finds Margo crawling in the doorway.

MARGO

Morrow, the Mayflies--

Morrow rushes to Margo. Scoops her up.

MORROW

No shit!

He throws her over his shoulder and SPRINTS down the corridor just as...

Mayflies storm the hall. They are young, fast and on a mission. A terrifying force.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Mayflies rush through the outside corridor we PULL BACK to reveal the IMAGE PROJECTED ON SCREEN:

MORROW'S FACE. Below it, one word: **KILL.**

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Morrow rushes to a Jeep. Leaves. Rushes to a humvee. Nope.

MARGO
Just pick one!

FOOTSTEPS approach. Mayflies...

MORROW
They don't have keys!

Morrow keeps checking. Spots gleaming MOTORCYCLE. A key sits in the ignition. Of all vehicles...

MARGO
What, you don't know how to drive a fucking motorcycle!

MORROW
Not with a paralyzed passenger.

Morrow jumps on. He swings Margo onto the seat, facing him. He throws her arms around his neck as he revs the bike.

MORROW
Can you feel anything?

MARGO
Just my hands.

SHOTS ring out behind them.

MORROW
Squeeze!

Margo SQUEEZES. Each hand has the opposite elbow in a death grip as Morrow KICKS THE THROTTLE.

They slalom in and out of armored vehicles as BULLETS RICOCHET through the garage. They speed towards the HANGAR DOOR. It's closed. But Morrow can't slow down.

He looks right. Notices the door to a service exit.

Morrow skids right, GUNS it. Margo's weight shifts, her limp legs dangle. Morrow rights her body with one hand.

BULLETS hit the walls in front of them but the bike is a war horse as... Morrow wheelies the bike so that the front tire collides with the exit door's push bar and...

EXT. COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Morrow barrels through the exit. The bike ZOOMS off into the pre-dawn light.

The HANGAR OPENS. Vehicles RUSH OUT. Mayflies deployed.

INT. AMPHITHEATER TUNNEL - NIGHT

Cliff and Jesse reach the end of the tunnel. Cliff peeks out at the stage. He sees the severed rope. Looks back to Jesse.

JESSE

Tour's over?

A final look of resignation as they throw on their hoods.

EXT. KINGDOM STREETS - NIGHT

The bike CHARGES down the cobblestone streets. Weaves between cars, lampposts, people. Margo clings for dear life, her limp body swaying at every curve.

A crowd watches TV coverage of the Consummation at a street side cafe.

ON SCREEN:

NELL (ON TV)

We're expecting the Consummation to resume any moment now.

The ROAR of a motorcycle rips the crowd's attention away from the TV. They turn to find:

Morrow TEARING down the street. He steers with one hand and clutches Margo with the other. Her gown WHIPS in the wind.

Mayfly Vehicles close in fast, FIRING wildly. Cafe windows SHATTER. Royals DROP. The TV EXPLODES.

A Humvee pulls up alongside the bike. A Mayfly takes aim.

MARGO

Morrow!

Morrow locks the FRONT BRAKE. His rear tire lifts in the air. Margo's knuckles are white around Morrow's neck - the bike's handlebars the only thing protecting her from being eaten alive by the PEELING front tire. They skid to a stop.

The bike falls back on two wheels.

MORROW

Good? Again!

Margo SQUEEZES. Morrow GUNS it. They CHARGE toward the Royal FOUNTAIN just as Mayfly Vehicles emerge to form a ROADBLOCK.

Morrow turns on a dime except Margo's too weak to hold on this time. Her hands slip, and she FLIES off the bike!

But Morrow's quick -- he CATCHES her by the waist, uses her momentum to SWING her onto the back of the bike as her bare feet graze the pavement. She locks back up around his neck.

GUNSHOTS. Mayfly Vehicles are back on track when Morrow sees a renovated subway entrance up ahead -- a getaway.

Margo sees it too. She closes her eyes, SQUEEZES tight as Morrow REVS the bike straight into...

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

They BUCK down a set of stairs and the bike jumps off the platform as Morrow goes full throttle between the tracks.

Margo has a vice grip around Morrow's neck but he rides on.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT

Jesse and Cliff emerge from the TUNNEL and slowly march to center stage. Their blue robes fool the masses. The crowd rises in the perceived presence of the royal family.

NELL (ON PA)

Oh! Here we go, folks. Looks like
the action will resume momentarily.

INT. ALISTAIR TOWER - NIGHT

The bike emerges in a wide hallway. We start to recognize our surroundings as we come upon the:

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Morrow BRAKES. He removes Margo's hands from his neck to BREATHE. They turn to see the MAYFLIES CLOSING IN. Royal Guards block all exits except the amphitheater tunnel.

There's only one way out.

Margo takes hold and Morrow DROPS THE THROTTLE as a CURTAIN OF BULLETS whip across the wall behind them.

NELL (O.S.)

Is Prince Layton's lover pure? Who
will take the bed once and for all?
The moment we've been waiting for.

INT. AMPHITHEATER - CONTINUOUS

Jesse stops next to Cliff in front of the bed. The rapt audience falls SILENT. They speak in hushed tones.

CLIFF

Last words?

JESSE

Yeah, I have a confession. Last time I was here. I'm not the hero you think I am. I just got so nervous I cut the wrong rope.

Both men muster some laughter.

CLIFF

She always said your sacrifice was the only thing that kept her going here. No matter what, you'll always have the biggest balls in the city.

He COCKS a gun underneath his robe. Impending mayhem...

VROOOM!

The motorcycle FLIES out of the tunnel. Morrow side-slides to an abrupt stop -- but Margo can't hold on. She FLIES off the bike and CANNONS through the bed's canopy.

Jesse and Cliff run to Margo's aid and take cover.

JESSE

You okay?

MARGO

Yeah.

But she's not. Her legs are wobbly and bleeding as she clutches the men for support. Morrow joins the group.

MORROW

The Mayflies are right behind.

JESSE

My brethren.

MORROW

Good to see you friend.

JESSE

Cliff, meet Margo, the other half of humanity. And Morrow, the reason we've made it this far.

They nod to one another.

ROYAL GUARD (O.S.)

Highness, are you alright?

Several ROYAL GUARDS approach, guns trained on the bed.

JESSE

(hurried)

Original plan. Neither one of you
are to leave his side. Got it?

The Guards share a suspicious glance after the non-response.

JESSE

(to Morrow)

I'll take care of these guards, you
get them out of here. At the front
gate, make a right. South two
blocks. You'll see it. Get in and
drive straight.

ROYAL GUARD (O.S.)

Identify yourself!

JESSE

You hear me, Morrow? Drive
straight.

Morrow nods. Jesse grasps Morrow's forearm.

JESSE

You chose well. And don't be
afraid. I hear dying is like sex
with a condom. You don't feel a
thing.

Jesse smacks Morrow's shoulder in jest. Turns to leave.

MORROW

You're not coming?

JESSE

Nope. Gonna show these people
something they haven't seen in
years.

Jesse walks around the canopy to center stage, for all the
Kingdom to see. The Guards raise their guns.

ROYAL GUARD

Remove your hood!

He does.

Audible GASPS from the audience. The Guards lower their guns
and take a knee. Audience members bow their heads.

ROYAL GUARD
Prince Jesten.

Morrow seizes the moment to lead Cliff and a shaky Margo stage-left, up into the stands as...

JESSE
I've come home to see my father.

SUDDENLY, Mayflies BURST from the tunnel like hornets from a disturbed hive and FIRE SHOTS at the trio. They duck and run.

But the Mayflies are shooting in the company of Royalty. The Royal Guards - loyal to Jesse - jump to their feet to return fire. They rush Jesse to safety.

Morrow, Cliff and Margo dodge crowds of fleeing Royals as Mayflies pursue and fire wildly into the stands. It's bloody.

MORROW
This way!

EXT. KINGDOM STREETS - NIGHT

They reach the gate, turn right. Two blocks south. *Now what?*

MARGO
What are we looking for?

Mayflies pursue. Cliff provides cover fire.

Then Morrow spots it -- a large MUNICIPAL PLOW. Morrow leads the way as more Mayflies turn the corner and open FIRE.

INT. PLOW - DAWN

BULLETS ricochet off the hood of the gigantic target as Morrow shifts into gear.

MORROW
Shoot when you can and keep your
head down.

Morrow is behind the wheel. Cliff has an automatic perched on the door. He unloads on the pursuing Mayflies. Margo lies on the floor of the tiny cab, desperately trying to rub her limbs back to life.

Morrow guns it -- whatever that means for a garbage truck.

He drives straight. Runs out of road.

CLIFF
What are you doing? Turn!

Morrow refuses to turn the wheel. He drives straight through the ROYAL FOUNTAIN, barrels through some shrubbery and emerges back on the road on the other side.

Mayflies give chase, fire from their gun turrets.

They drive past a LARGE MUNICIPAL EXIT. It's heavily guarded, but this would be a logical place for Morrow to abandon Jesse's directions. He doesn't.

CLIFF

Where the hell are you going!?

MORROW

Pick her up. In the seat.

Cliff obliges. Then they sees it. Morrow is barreling straight towards the MEMORIAL WALL.

MORROW

Fasten your safety buckles.

Margo knows he's not kidding. She and Cliff find seats in the cab and buckle up. Morrow floors it.

He drives up the ramp towards the Memorial Wall.

No turning back. All close their eyes as the TRUCK DRIVES STRAIGHT INTO THE WALL.

EXT. COMPOUND WALL - DAWN

The truck SMASHES through the other side, which is situated one floor above the compound's tough exterior wall.

The truck soars over the wall and lands in the street. Steel scrapes asphalt. SPARKS FLY. Morrow clutches the wheel and regains control of the vehicle.

Morrow checks the rear-view. All clear.

Cliff lifts his head, as does Margo.

Cliff readies his gun on the window sill, just in case. Morrow checks the side-view, just in case.

Excitement grows on their faces -- they're home free.

INT. KING'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

A distraught King despondently stares at his fish as he sulks over Layton's dead body.

JESSE
Still with the negligible
senescence, huh?

The King turns. A wave of shock and recognition.

KING ALISTAIR
Jesten? Oh my sweet sweet Jesten.
What have you done?

JESSE
I done good, daddy. Done real good.

The King looks at Layton's body.

KING ALISTAIR
How could you?

JESSE
What? Do the right thing?

The King SCOFFS.

KING ALISTAIR
There is no *right* way to survive.

JESSE
True. But there is a wrong way. Say
for example selling a highly
contagious deadly virus to a
foreign military.

KING ALISTAIR
This world is an unintended
consequence of my ambition, I admit
that. But those military contracts
provided the means for
unprecedented research. If a
genetic disorder like progeria
could accelerate aging, then there
had to be a way to slow it down. We
were so close to unlocking
immortality.

The King pushes a button on his desk, depositing food into
the tank. He stealthily slips a DAGGER under his sleeve.

KING ALISTAIR
But look at what we have now. We
created a place where people
prioritize. People act. There's no
time for deliberation. Every second
is precious.

(MORE)

KING ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

The beauty of life never fades. Why would you ever want to change that?

JESSE

You know exactly what its like outside these walls and you did nothing to find a cure. You drove away the people that could have saved us.

KING ALISTAIR

There was no incentive. History cannot possibly absolve me. But history dies with me.

JESSE

Wrong old man. He and the girl are headed to the Program. You didn't kill them all. History just set sail, daddy.

Jessie points at the lobsters in the aquarium.

JESSE

Know why those things never actually live forever?

The King produces the dagger.

JESSE

Interference.

THRUST. Jesse's eyes go wide. The King makes sure he's in nice and deep, then helps his son drop onto his chair. The King wipes blood from his dagger.

Jesse COUGHS up blood. Struggles to talk.

JESSE

All I came to...say...

KING ALISTAIR

Always did talk too damn much.

Jesse opens up his robe to reveal a Con BOMB VEST. The King's face fills with horror as Jesse fingers a trigger, a shit-eating grin on his face.

JESSE

All I came to say was...fuck your lobsters.

BOOM!

EXT. ALISTAIR TOWER - TWILIGHT

The contents of the King's aquarium surge outward and cascade down the sides of the building.

INT. AMPHITHEATER - TWILIGHT

Urchins and lobsters wash into the abandoned Consummation Bed as water rushes into the theater and streets.

INT./EXT. PLOW - DAWN

Dawn's first light breaches buildings and trees as the Garbage Plow hugs the East River and breaks for freedom.

CLIFF

This next exit.

Morrow takes his eyes off the road, joins Margo in an anticipatory gaze over the water. His movements seem labored, since by now his body has aged to that of a 60 year-old man.

MARGO

I think I see it!

MORROW

Where?

BAMMM! The truck is propelled forward as Morrow momentarily loses control. Morrow pulls next to the median, leaving only one side exposed.

MORROW

Take the wheel. Stay in this lane!

Cliff jumps in the driver's seat as Morrow mans the gun.

POP POP POP! BULLETS cut through the passenger side door and Morrow returns fire at the MILITARY JEEP pulled up alongside of them. EMPTIES HIS CLIP.

Morrow RE-LOADS. He spots Remus climbing through the roof of the JEEP. Readies a ROCKET LAUNCHER and takes aim.

MORROW

Hit the brakes!

Cliff glances over, SLAMS the brakes. The truck fishtails, careens off the median -- as the rocket narrowly misses -- and FLIPS onto it's side. They skid to a stop.

All is still.

INT. GARBAGE PLOW - MOMENTS LATER

They're beaten up, but alive. Vehicles RUMBLE to a stop.

Morrow crawls through the cracked windshield, looks in to Cliff and Margo.

MORROW

Get out. Run! I'll fight them off.

MARGO

I'm not leaving your side. You kept me alive all day, we're not changing the plan now.

MORROW

You don't understand. The General said to take *me* out.

POP POP! Bullets whiz past their heads. Morrow peeks out to see Remus flanked by an entire squadron of Mayflies.

MORROW

They're only after me.

She knows.

CLIFF

It's a block away. We can make it.

MORROW

As soon as I start shooting. Run.

Margo, as much as she hates it, knows this abrupt goodbye is the best they're going to get. She takes one last look at him, and that's when she notices the BLOOD STAIN on the right side of his abdomen. He's been shot.

MORROW

NOW! GO!

Morrow POPS UP and STARTS FIRING as Margo and Cliff make a mad dash for the EXIT RAMP. The Mayflies don't pursue.

Morrow EMPTIES another clip, ducks down to check Margo and Cliff's progress. They're already gone. Mission complete.

GENERAL REMUS (O.S.)

Don't shoot. I want him for myself.

Armed Mayflies surround Morrow. It's all over. Remus calls out to Morrow from the other side of the truck.

GENERAL REMUS

Shame you let that bitch brainwash you.

(MORE)

GENERAL REMUS (CONT'D)
Could've been gettin' worked by
three girls at the same time.
Now you're gonna die on a highway.

Morrow TOSSES his guns onto the pavement.

MORROW
I'll make it easy for you.

Morrow steps out from behind the garbage truck. He puts pressure on the bullet wound on his side. Remus sees the foolish Mayfly, starts LAUGHING.

GENERAL REMUS
Is that how you want to end it?
Remember, some things can't be
learned from a computer program.

Remus tosses his gun away. Two soldiers, trained to kill, square off in the middle of a highway.

The General strikes first, a combination of blows that Morrow manages to block, except for a body shot that comes painfully close to his open wound. He doubles over.

GENERAL REMUS
One and done? Come on, Mayfly.

Morrow picks himself up. He returns the attack, but is thrown into a headlock, ready to be choked to death.

GENERAL REMUS
Your friend told me something funny
when he was on fire. We found you
here as a baby this morning. Seems
I also had the pleasure of meeting
your mother.
(points to charred car)
Take a look at what's left of her.

The adrenaline rush comes. In one swift motion, Morrow unlocks Remus' arm, twists and BREAKS it. Remus screams in pain. Morrow pummels his body and face. Remus falls.

Morrow climbs atop him. Remus tries to protect himself from the blows. He desperately claws at Morrow.

GENERAL REMUS
Help me! Shoot him!

Mayflies RAISE THEIR GUNS just as Remus rips Morrow's robe, revealing his neck. Finger on the trigger, the ALPHA Mayfly calls out:

ALPHA

Don't shoot!

One by one they lower their guns.

GENERAL REMUS

Shoot him! That is an order!

Mayflies remove their helmets, bow heads and kneel. Morrow takes in the Mayflies' behavior. Trying to understand...

Then Remus notices. THE ROYAL PENDANT -- which he awarded Morrow. Cheap copper reflects the morning sun.

GENERAL REMUS

He's not Royalty! It's not real you
fucking babies!

Then Morrow gets it. He doesn't need to strike Remus. He already won. Morrow gets up.

MORROW

Kill him.

All Mayflies follow orders. Remus. Dead on a highway.

Morrow is in bad shape. He can barely walk. He clutches his bullet wound and leans on the truck for support.

The remaining Mayflies timidly surround Morrow.

ALPHA

We didn't know, sir.

The General's Jeep pulls up alongside the truck -- Mayflies aim their weapons. It's Margo and Cliff.

MORROW

It's okay. They're my brethren.

MARGO

Get in, we need to hurry.

INT. JEEP - DAWN

Cliff drives. Margo looks out at the water.

MORROW

Where are we going?

MARGO

Here's good.

EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - SUNRISE

Cliff takes care to position the car just right. The vehicle pulls up alongside the river and STOPS.

They both pop out and help Morrow from the back seat. He's in a lot of pain, covered in blood. Not much time left.

Arms around their shoulders, he stands and looks around -- his eyes water and the tears reflect a pale red. It's more beautiful than anything he could have possibly imagined.

REVERSE ANGLE reveals a BREATHTAKING SUNRISE. Morrow limps to the front of the car. Cliff hoists him onto the hood.

The three of them watch in silence. All the pain, strife and loss was for this very purpose.

Margo looks at Morrow, the life from his eyes almost gone. She grabs hold of his hand and musters a smile.

Morrow's mouth has gone dry. He squeezes her hand with every ounce of life he has left, his final thanks. As the sun's rays bathe his face in light, he's gone.

MOMENTS LATER

Margo opens the back of the jeep, finds a GAS CAN.

As Cliff positions Morrow's body on the hood, he notices the X on Morrow's neck and it registers: Morrow is his son. As he promised, his son didn't become "one of them."

They douse the car in gasoline, stand back and light a match.

Margo tosses the match, and a makeshift funeral pyre lights up in a blaze that matches the sunrise.

The sky bleeds red and the ripples on the East River shimmer pink and gold as the RISING SUN makes the city blush.

Armed Mayflies guard Cliff and Margo. They're ready to perform their life's work. To protect and preserve.

In the distance, a single ship approaches.

Mankind stands hand in hand. The past burns behind them. The future sails in on the horizon. Their eyes fixate on a new day.

FADE OUT.