



THE LAST MAN

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Based on the graphic novel by:

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June 29, 2012

Y: THE LAST MAN

FADE IN:

EXT./EST. INDIA - NIGHT

The camera flies over New Delhi in the pouring rain. Downtown. Lotus Temple. Humayun's tomb. Then, a modern-looking university campus--

INT. JNU - LOBBY - NIGHT

A WOMAN steps in, shakes out her umbrella. African-American, glasses. Completely unassuming. As she crosses the glass and steel lobby of the university's high-tech science center--

SUPER:

**Jawaharal Nehru University - New Delhi, India
36 Hours Ago**

She stops at the reception desk. In flawless Hindi--

WOMAN

*Excuse me, could you tell me where
to find Dr. Hamad?*

WORK-STUDY STUDENT

His lab's upstairs. Room 812A.

She nods her thanks, enters the elevator. The doors close--

Ding! And open again into--

INT. JNU - GENE LAB - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lab doors on the left, glass and steel balcony overlooking the atrium on the right. The woman walks...

At the end of the hall, AN ASIAN GIRL we'll just call **THE NINJA** (20's), emerges from an office. She's fit and sleek. Short asymmetrical hair cut, long black raincoat. They smile politely as they pass each other in the long hall.

We stay with The Woman. She keeps walking, spots something on the floor where The Ninja passed--*a drop of blood?*

Spider-senses tingling--the woman looks back over her shoulder as The Ninja disappears around a corner. An unseen arithmetic being worked out, her entire demeanor shifts--

She drops the umbrella, pulls a silenced 9mm from beneath her coat--suddenly ice-cold. Badass. Meet **AGENT 355**.

INT. JNU - GENE LAB

BAM! The door is kicked open, and 355 darts in--

WOMAN/355

Dr. Hamad? Dr. Hamad!

It's hard to see. The only light is from the various computer screens running sequences of genetic codes...

At a computer IN THE CORNER--**DR. HAMAD**--slumped over in a pool of his own blood.

355 takes it all in: signs of a struggle, the empty spot on the desk next to him, a bundle of unconnected wires and cables point to where a small hard-drive used to be.

She does the math, tears out to--

INT. JNU - HALLWAY

POW! The Ninja's done the math, too. Lying-in-wait, she drops 355 with a left-hook, 355's 9mm skittering across the floor and down to the atrium 8 stories below.

IN THE NINJA'S POCKET - The hard drive from Hamad's desk.

355 flips back on her feet. From inside her own coat, she produces a baton and--***shink!*** it extends.

The Ninja reaches behind her back, produces her own weapon--A RAZOR-SHARP KATANA BLADE.

355 cocks her head. *Alright, let's do this.*

The Ninja attacks, 355 defends...the two of them crashing through the glass of the balcony, knocking away the guardrail. Then, 355 flips The Ninja over the ledge.

355 goes to confirm she's dead. The Ninja kicks her feet up from below, locks them behind 355's head and pulls her down.

Momentum carries them both to the next floor down, and ***CRASH!*** through a large picture window. They fly out onto--

EXT. JNU - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Whump!--the roof below. Recovering from the fall, both stand, see their weapons out-of-reach. Hand-to-hand it is.

They trade well-trained blows until 355 gets the upper hand, pins The Ninja down in a puddle--almost drowning her.

355
 Who are you?! Who do you work
 for?!

The Ninja head-butts 355, LEAPS from the roof.

355 approaches the edge with caution. Sees The Ninja far below, having slid down the inclined roof to the parking lot.

In 355's hand--the hard drive she pulled off of The Ninja in the fight. SIRENS and LIGHTS in the distance.

INT. JNU - GENE LAB

355 returns, soaking wet. Sees a surveillance camera--the wire to it SLICED. Damn. She hears a GROAN. Dr. Hamad's still clinging to life--barely. On him in an instant, she sees the fatal slice across his chest. Pulling out a phone--

355 (INTO CELL)
 Go secure.
 (then)
 This is 355. Need immediate evac
 for Dr. Hamad and a cleaning crew
 at my location.

Dr. Hamad shakes his head as he manages a few final words--

DR. HAMAD
 ...it's too late.
 (with his last breath)
 It's already out there.

He dies in her arms. *What's already out there?*

A chill runs through her as she looks around at VARIOUS MONITORS--renderings of nucleotide sequencing, chromosomal mutations, helixes twist and turn giving view to the battles that determine life, death and the questions of existence.

As we push in on one such animation--it unzips, morphs from a coiled double-helix to the first letter of--

TITLES:

Y: THE LAST MAN

Pushing in on the "Y"--

MATCH CUT TO:

A Y-shaped branch, on a tiny BONSAI TREE. RACK FOCUS to find a man--hanging upside down from a doorway. Wearing a straight jacket.

Meet **YORICK BROWN** (20s. Cuter than he thinks he is, and almost as charming)

We PULL OUT to find we are in--

EXT. MAGIC SHOP - DAY

A small but well-stocked magic shop. With it's mysterious Oriental decor it could be anywhere in Asia, but we're just off Canal Street, in--

SUPER:

Greenwich Village - New York, NY
24 hours ago

Everything from books on magic to a glass case full of handcuffs, juggling axes, cool jewelry, etc. The owner, **TONY** (Chinese, 50's) watches along with a **KID** (12. Chubby), fistful of allowance money.

Y is putting on an escape act just for him--

Y
Trust me. That girl who sits in
front of you in French class is
gonna love it.

KID
It looks harder to do upside down.

At the same time he works a hand free--

Y
Easier actually, gravity's helping
you. I'm already halfway done.

KID
But I read on the Internet that you
have to dislocate your shoulder...

Y
No way. You only need two things.
Flexibility...and balls.

The Kid is transfixed--*he wants to be Y...*suddenly the mood is broken by the ***ack ack!*** of A **MONKEY!** Meet **AMPERSAND** (Capuchin. Diapered. Impish.) The Kid jumps back--

Y (CONT'D)
It's okay, he's my assistant.

Amp sits on top of the jewelry case screeching.

KID
What's he do?

Y
You mean besides throwing poop at
me when he gets bored...?
(then)
Well, I've only been able to get
him to do one trick, but it's
pretty great. Check it out--

Y is on the homestretch, he gets a final arm over his head
and--TADA! He drops the straight jacket to the floor,
unlocks himself from the ankle cuffs.

Without missing a beat, Amp puts up a coffee-can labeled
"TIPS" in the Kid's face. The Kid looks back at Y--

KID
That's it?

Y
We're working on it.
(then)
His name is Ampersand.
(regally)
Together, we're the Amazing Yorick
and Ampersand!

KID
What kinda name is that?

Y
Ampersand is the little symbol that
means "and." Kind of the perfect
name for a buddy, huh?

KID
I mean "Yorick."

Y
Yorick, is the kind of name a
Literary Professor gives his son.
(beat)
Could be worse, my sister's name is
Hero.

KID
Hero's an awesome name.

Y
(a bit deflated)
Yeah, it kind of is.

The Kid considers, then...handing over his money to Tony--

KID
The monkey's lame, but I like the
trick. I'll take it.

As Tony rings up the kid, as Y hands over the jacket--

Y
Happy to provide a demonstration.

Y's phone rings. Caller ID: "BETH." He answers, sexy voice.

Y (CONT'D)
Hey, Babe, whatcha wearin'...?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL ER - SAME TIME

On the other end of the phone: A beautiful blonde, **BETH DEVILLE** (20's. So hot she makes the hospital scrubs she's wearing look like lingerie) smiling like a woman in love.

She holds a half-eaten piece of cake, a goodbye party for her is happening in the background.

BETH
(playing along)
Scrubs...Very *dirty*, scrubs.
(off his laugh)
Good news, they're letting me go
early. So how about I come to your
place, rinse off the hospital
smell, and we have as much sex as
possible before I leave tomorrow.

Y
I love everything about that plan.
Just let me grab some take-out and
I'll meet you there.

END INTERCUT:

Hanging up, Y looks in the glass case--

TONY
You're great for business, Yorick.
That's the third trick you've sold
for me this week.

Y
Keep that in mind as you count.

Y's looking down at the VERY shiny bejeweled ring in the case, slaps down a stack of bills. Tony counts--

TONY

That's Bess Houdini's ring. I can't sell it for this little money. Even to you.

Instead, Tony pulls out a simple, carved ring.

TONY (CONT'D)

Same time period. From China. They say it's lucky...one of my favorites in the whole shop...and it's in your price range.

As cool as the ring is, Y's not interested. He eyes the shinier one still in the case--

Y

The girl I'm gonna propose to is leaving the country tomorrow. It needs to be something she'll never forget.

TONY

(considers)

For you, only two hundred dollars more. Cash.

(then, considering Amp)

...and throw in the monkey.

Y trades a worried look with Amp.

TONY (CONT'D)

(defensive)

My nephew's birthday is coming up, he likes monkeys.

Y

Forget it. He's not for sale, anyway. Let me see if I can get the money...

Taking out his cell, pulls up a number: HERO.

INT. BROOKLYN - APARTMENT CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

A uniformed cop, **HERO BROWN** (30. Attractive, not to be f'ed with) at the door to an apartment. Her partner, **JOE** has her back as she bangs on the door. Both have pistols out--

HERO

Police. Please open the door.

SUPER:

Park Slope - Brooklyn, NY

On a belt clip, her cell BUZZES,--YORICK's name on Caller ID. She silences it just as ***POP!* *POP!*** Gunfire inside.

She, kicks in the door to find--

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A BATTERED WOMAN holding a smoking gun. Tear-streaked make-up, fresh bruises, wild eyes--

Joe aims but Hero stays his hand as the Battered Woman puts the gun to her own head.

HERO

It's okay...

The Battered Woman looks over to the body of her husband on the floor, pool of blood spreading. She's losing it--

BATTERED WOMAN

He just wouldn't stop...

HERO

I know...

(beat)

Just put the gun down...

BATTERED WOMAN

I kept saying "one day"... if he didn't stop...

HERO

Do you remember me, Mrs. Denton?

(beat)

I'm Officer Brown... this is my partner Officer Carbone. We've been out here before. Do you remember?

(off her nod)

...I told you about how my ex treated me... and how it took a me long time before I realized it wasn't my fault, it was his.

BATTERED WOMAN

Yeah...

HERO

Mrs. Denton, we need to take you to the hospital and get you looked at.

BATTERED WOMAN
You're going to arrest me--

The Battered Woman tenses, Hero talks fast, moving closer--

HERO
I know this was self defense and I'll
testify to that in court. I promise
you, I won't let you go to jail.

She reaches the woman, gently takes the gun from her hand.
The woman collapses in tears, looks up at Hero.

BATTERED WOMAN
How am I gonna live without him?

Joe rolls his eyes. Hero gives him a look: *quit it*. She
understands first hand what the woman is going through.

EXT./EST. WASHINGTON D.C. - DUSK

The sun sets over the Capitol...but something is different: a
ribbon of purple ripples faintly visible in the sky.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DUSK

The **PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES** (50. Sharp.) jacket off,
sleeves rolled up. Before him: **NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR**,
CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS, **CIA DIRECTOR**...the top brass.
The only woman among them is **DEIDRE HALL** (40s, GOP-issued
frosted blonde hair) **SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY**.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR
...we've followed up on all the
leads provided and at this time we
can find no credible evidence of an
imminent attack.

SUPER:

The White House, Washington D.C.
18 hours ago

PRESIDENT
You're starting to sound like a
broken record.

CIA DIRECTOR
Mr. President, if there were an
active threat to National Security,
the CIA would be the first to know.

PRESIDENT
No offense Carl, but your track
record says otherwise.

HALL

Sir, past failures were the result of inter-agency competition, not sharing intel. We've all come together on this, there's no reason to raise the threat level at the moment.

(adding)

Unless you have personally become aware of intelligence that we are in the dark on--

He has, but doesn't want to reveal how. Thankfully, there's a ***knock!*** at the door--

SECRETARY

Mr. President. Your 2pm is early.

PRESIDENT

Great. Show them in.

(then)

Gentlemen, that'll do for now.

But we're in the middle of a meeting. None of the men move. They simply trade looks until--

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

We're done. Gimme the room.

They exit *en masse* as TWO PEOPLE enter from the other side:

AGENT 1033 (40, the guy who'd usually be the hero in a movie like this), chiseled physique and piercing eyes behind a plain gray suit. Behind him: Agent 355. To the Secretary--

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

No interruptions.

She nods as she closes the door. The President moves to his desk as the agents cross to him, stand at attention as--

ANGLE UNDER THE DESK - The President flips a switch. Behind the wall a ***click!*** of recording devices turning off.

The President joins them at the couches in front of the desk--

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

At ease, 1033.

1033

You remember Agent 355.

PRESIDENT

Of course.

(then, sitting)

Where are we at?

355 hands over an iPad with a set of images and info. The President flips through them. First--a DOSSIER of Hamad.

355

Dr. Khalil Hamad.

(off the picture)

Someone contacted us anonymously three weeks ago regarding the potential of a catastrophic threat to the United States. We believe it was Dr. Hamad.

PRESIDENT

"Khalil Hamad"...?

355

(listing it off)

One of the best minds in genetics. University of Geneva, a Rhodes scholar, PhD in biology from MIT. Worked for BASF and Osiris Organics before he went into Academia, became professor of genetics at Stamford, then Nehru University in New Delhi. Part of a team that won the Nobel Prize for Chemistry. Has twelve patents in his name--

PRESIDENT

An impressive resume, but he did leave the country. Maybe he became radicalized. He could be the good guy or the bad guy here, we can't assume anything.

355

In this case, we can. He died in my arms because somehow, someone found out he was talking to us.

1033

Our fear of leaks within the security apparatus seems to be confirmed.

355

And Hamad knew it, which is why he tried to remain anonymous.

(MORE)

355 (CONT'D)
Whoever is behind this is very well
connected.

The President nods, glad to have played his cards close to
his chest with the brass.

THE PRESIDENT
What do we know about the assassin?

Back to the iPad, surveillance footage from the fight on the
roof of JNU. Zooming in to The Ninja's face, very clear--

355
A ghost. No hits in any of the
recognition databases, no prints.
We ran the images through a dozen
international databases. Nothing.

The President watches more of the fight, looks up at 355--

PRESIDENT
(RE: the video)
That you?

355
Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT
(impressed)
Damn.

Proudly toward 355--

1033
You told me to find the best man
for the job.

The President gives 355 a respectful nod, she takes it in
stride, stays focused.

PRESIDENT
What about the hard drive?

355
It's encrypted. Techs said they'll
have it unlocked in less than 12
hours.
(beat)
Sir, before Hamad died he said
"It's already out there."
Considering his background, we
should assume that whatever we're
dealing with is biological in
nature. *And it's imminent.*

PRESIDENT

12 hours is a long time to not know
what we don't know.

355

Compounding the problem, we've got
massive solar flares approaching.
They'll play havoc with the comm
grid...

PRESIDENT

(getting it)

If somebody wants to instigate a
large scale terrorist attack, they
couldn't ask for a better time than
the next 24 hours.

(beat)

I'm getting push back on raising the
public threat level without anything
firm. But it's my decision. If I'm
wrong to do it, tell me now.

A quick look between 355 and 1033, they don't agree on what's
the right course of action.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Somebody say something...

1033

Sir, every flare we've sent up has
been snuffed out. Someone on our
side is hindering the
investigation. If we raise the
threat level now, whoever it is
will scatter.

PRESIDENT

You want to find the mole...

1033

If we're compromised I want to know
by who. That's how we end the
threat once and for all.

PRESIDENT

(to 355)

And you disagree.

355 looks to 1033--

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

I'm your boss, not him.

355

I heard the words from Hamad's own mouth. If you want to raise the level we never have trouble finding a pretext. The clock is ticking.

The President takes a deep breath, then--

PRESIDENT

Okay, find me a pretext, I'm raising the threat level ASAP.

(beat)

My family...

1033

Already returning stateside under our protection.

He nods gratefully--

PRESIDENT

Whatever tools you need, just ask. Finding this mole isn't worth suffering an attack over.

1033

Sir, the Culper Ring has been the clandestine intelligence service of the President since The American Revolution. We predate every other Federal Intelligence Branch. All due respect...not our first rodeo.

The President nods, dismisses them, assured he is in good hands. Off 355, her fears only rising--

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A cramped NY apartment, stuffed with magic props, vintage posters of magicians, action figures, video games... like a teenager lives here. As we make our way around the room...

Y (V.O.)

Beth, we've been together awhile now. I know I don't have a big fancy job... and I need to get a bigger apartment... and leaving college may not have been the smartest idea...

(beat)

You know what, let me start over...

(deep breath)

Okay... when we met I was... I was in a bad place.

Almost hidden in a cramped bookshelf we come across a PICTURE of a young Yorick and his BROTHER, **HENRY** (older, square-jawed, wearing a WEST POINT CADET'S uniform).

Y (V.O.)
And you pulled me out of it.

Next to the picture a presentation case with Henry's West Point commendations and dog tags with his name on them. The kind of things a relative only has when the person's dead.

Y (V.O.)
You're the only person who's ever
believed in me.

Finally we land on Yorick, his eyes glistening, his heart on the line. He looks down at an ornate box in his lap.

Y
I know it's not much--and one day
when I make a ton of money, I'm
gonna get you a real one--but I
want you to have this before you go
to Australia...

He takes out the simple, CARVED RING.

Y (CONT'D)
Beth, will you...

AMP (O.S.)
Ack!

Yorick is hit with several DARK PELLETS. Reveal Amp--just a rehearsal--sitting in from of him. Hand in his diaper, Amp is going back for more ammo--

Y
Don't even think about it!

As Yorick cleans up after him. We HEAR a SHOWER running in the other room.

Y (CONT'D)
Seriously, we're like 99% the same
genetically. You should be better
than that.

Yorick looks at Amp, then the ring. The shower turns off.

Y (CONT'D)
Oh God, you're right. It's lame.
It's so lame.

The bathroom door opens, Y sticks the ring and box in his pocket.

Reveal - BETH - in nothing but a towel and come-hither smile.

Y (CONT'D)
Sweet Houdini...
(shooing away Amp)
Go...go...

Amp screeches, trots off unhappy. As he pulls off his shirt--

Y (CONT'D)
Six months of sex in one night. I
can do this.

BETH
I'm counting on it.

As they kiss, Beth drops the towel.

EXT./EST. WASHINGTON D.C. - MORNING

The sun rises on a new day in Washington. Capital Hill to be exact. PRELAP a GAVEL--

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - SAME TIME

Mid-hearing. A half-dozen CONGRESSMEN and WOMEN on a dais look out over a gallery full of reporters, aides, etc.

SUPER:

Congressional Hearing on Genetics - Washington, DC
7 Hours ago

COMMITTEE CHAIR **REPRESENTATIVE JENNIFER BROWN** (50s.
Intelligent, determined but not unkind.) Also Yorick's Mom.

JENNIFER
Dr. Matsumori, what you stand
accused of may not yet be illegal,
but it is without question
unethical.

At the table, **DR. ALLISON MATSUMORI** (DR. M) (30s. Asian.
Glasses. Like the cute biology teacher you had a crush on,
before she failed you).

DR. M
Madam Representative, I
respectfully disagree. The line
regarding what is or what is not
ethical in science tends to follow
what is possible.
(MORE)

DR. M (CONT'D)

We have already cloned plants and animals. It is not a question of *will* a human being be cloned but simply *when*.

A hot-button issue, shouts from the gallery from the citizens on both sides. Rep Brown gavels them to silence.

JENNIFER

Do you understand that many people here--including myself--think of what you did as the height of hubris? You are literally playing God...

DR. M

I am continuing my research in the only avenue available--

JENNIFER

"Continuing research?" You impregnated yourself with your own cloned embryo. This goes beyond normal, *approved* lab testing. You were creating a human life--

DR. M

As nature has done for millions of years.

(then)

We no longer let people bleed to death if we can help it, or die of disease if we can cure it; we've already improved on nature in every aspect of our lives. Why not in this most fundamental way?

JENNIFER

And what you "created"... was it an improvement on human life?

CLOSE ON Dr. M, the first time real emotion crosses her face.

DR. M

The clone was not viable.

The CONGRESSMAN next to Jennifer makes it more pointed.

CONGRESSMAN

It is my understanding that when you miscarried... the fetus that was recovered did not even appear to be human.

Silence in the Committee room. It's clearly upsetting to both women. But neither is ready to give an inch.

DR. M

In the early phases of any breakthrough there are complications.

(then)

Genetic research has been stunted for more than a decade by a determined, extremist minority--

JENNIFER

I'm well aware. I came to Congress specifically on a platform of easing restrictions on genetic research for the purposes of curing diseases, but what you're doing, Doctor--

DR. M

I'm doing what must be done to advance this field. If people like me hadn't been hamstrung by religious zealots, *your son might not have died* due to a genetic illness.

Jennifer--and the committee room--is stunned. Jennifer looks like she could tear Dr. M's head off. More shouts. More gaveling...But Jennifer maintains her decorum.

JENNIFER

I'll thank you in the future not to use my son's memory to further your arguments, Doctor Matsumori.

Dr. M realizes she might have gone too far. She can't even maintain eye contact.

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT - MORNING - SAME TIME

Beth sits on the couch. Bags beside her. She's watching CNN's coverage of the hearings. The ticker below warns of massive solar flares "expected to impact electronics all across the United States." She yells toward the bathroom--

BETH

Your Mom just grilled that cloning scientist on TV.

Yorick sticks his head out, freshly showered, pulls on shoes.

Y
I'd empathize with anyone who's
just been grilled by my Mom.

BETH
Poor baby...

Y
Seriously, I think I *still* have
PTSD from the time I told her I was
leaving college.

BETH
Your Mom is sweet.

Y
Yeah, she *likes* you.

BETH
Shut up, your Mom loves you.

Suddenly, *HONK! HONK!* Y sees a cab waiting outside.

Y
You're leaving already?

BETH
You know I like to be early.

Y
Four hours isn't early, its O.C.D.

BETH
I can't miss my flight. You know
how traffic can be.

Y
Yeah... just thought we had more
time. Sure you don't want me to go
with you to JFK?

BETH
No...it'll cost a fortune to get
back in rush hour... And I don't
want to be a sobbing mess in front
of you.

EXT. YORICK'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A street of run-down brownstones. Cab double-parked outside.
As they come down the stairs, she sees the look on his face--

BETH
Are you going to be okay?

Y

No. But I can't say, "Please Beth, don't go administer medicine to all those aborigines in the outback. Please stay here with me, your pathetic boyfriend."

(then again)

Can I?

At the cab, Beth stops, grabs his face.

BETH

No. And you're not pathetic. Where's the Amazing Yorick?

Y

He's curled up in a fetal position dreading you leaving.

BETH

It's only six months.

Y

Only? Six months is a thousand generations for the fruit fly!

BETH

Is it now?

Y

I'm not some big city fruit fly scientist, Beth. Point is, it's an eternity. Anything can happen. The aboriginal George Clooney could sweep you off your feet...

She laughs as he loads her luggage into the trunk. Then, looking deep into his eyes--

BETH

I'm gonna miss you so much.

(adding)

Don't worry about me being eaten by something or falling in love with someone. No other guy could ever compare to you, Yorick.

He can't take a compliment, but she forces him to listen.

BETH (CONT'D)

Maybe if I tell you enough times how special you are, one day you'll hear my voice in your head instead of your father's.

Y looks at her, so in love it hurts. *Should he pull out the ring?* He reaches into his pocket, then--

Y
Beth, when I met you--

Before he can say anything--

HONK HONK!! The impatient cabbie leans on the horn.

Momentum broken, stricken with panic, Y stuffs his hand back in his pocket. She pulls him into a last hug.

BETH
I love you, Yorick Brown.
(then, through tears)
I'll call you when I get to Sydney.

Unable to make words come out, he simply kisses her. She smiles, jumps in the cab. Y watches, heartbroken, as it motors away. As Beth waves out the back window--

Y
(to himself)
Beth, will you marry me...?

But she's long gone. Y looks down at the ring as we--

CROSS FADE TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

Y and Amp, performing for the long (and captive) line of a out-of-towners trying to score seats from TKTS.

At the end of an intricate escape, Y is covered in large chains with padlocks, furiously unlocking them. Amp holds a stopwatch--micro-seconds speeding towards the two-minute cliff. ***clank!*** The last padlock falls to the ground. Unchained, he throws his hands up in victory--

Y
Thank you, thank you everyone!

No applause. Y looks around--*no one is watching*, their noses in flyers for the latest Broadway musical...or up at Times Square's newest attraction--an amazing natural light display happening over NYC, the AURORA BOREALIS.

SUPER:

Times Square - New York City
30 Minutes ago

It's a crowded day. Buskers all over the square, all doing better business than him.

Y (CONT'D)
So much for making more money in
Times Square.

Even NYC icon The Naked Cowboy, strumming his guitar in his tightie-whities, is surrounded by cheering middle-aged women.

Y (CONT'D)
Tourists.

Y and Amp share a look. Then, a hand on Y's shoulder--

VOICE (O.S.)
Got a permit for that monkey?

Y turns to see Hero--in uniform, Dunkin' Donuts cup in hand.
Older sisters can be tough, but few can match Hero.

Y
Sis, what are you doing here?

HERO
(playfully)
APB out on a dork and his monkey.
Multiple counts of instigating
public boredom.
(then, for real)
The Mayor wants us out in force
today so folks don't freak out over
the light show--

Hero motions to the sky. Y notices the intermittent static on the giant TV. Electronics on the fritz, as predicted.

Y
Everybody seems okay now but if we
lose TV we've got a week at most
until we're eating each other.

HERO
Yeah... Sorry I didn't call you
back. This money you need, is it
for rent and food or smoke machines
and iron maidens?

Y
It was for a ring.

HERO
(genuinely excited)
A ring?

(MORE)

HERO (CONT'D)
You popped the question to Beth?!
Look at little Yorick, growin' up--

She slugs Yorick in the arm--

HERO (CONT'D)
That's great! What'd she say...?

Y
Well...I didn't *technically* ask her.

HERO
Here I thought your perpetual
adolescence had finally come to an end.

Y
A small setback. I'll make it
official when she gets back.
(deflecting)
How's Whatshisface? The new guy?

A brief beat of emotion on her face--there's a soft center
under the harsh exterior.

HERO
Let's just say your instincts were
right about him.

Y
I'm sorry...

HERO
(waving him off)
Don't worry, I'll grab a stress
cushion before my shift is up.

Y
So the anger management classes are
working...

She shakes her head as her radio ***squaks!*** recalling her to
the Precinct--

HERO
No, a "stress cushion" is what we
call a perp who does something
stupid so I get to give him a
justified beat down.

She mumbles into the radio, dumps her coffee in the trash.

Y
Truly New York's Finest.

HERO
Be good, baby brother.

--She disappears in the crowd. Y pulls out his phone.

ANGLE ON a FLIGHT TRACKER APP: A map with a little airplane graphic. He hits the icon, the info pops up: CAPITOL AIRWAYS FLIGHT 1142. DEPARTED JFK AT 6:38AM. CURRENT SPEED, 538 MPH, CURRENT ALTITUDE 34,000.

Y sighs, she's already over the Grand Canyon.

INT. 18TH PRECINCT - DAY

Hero walks into the Midtown Police Station, passes by a **PIMP** being led past in handcuffs, followed by a few bruised prostitutes. Hero stares him down as he passes--

PIMP
Whatchoo lookin' at, Pig?

He spits right in Hero's face.

SUPER:

10 Minutes ago

Before she can even react the other cops pounce. A woman next to her, **VICTORIA** (32, long hair, hot-for-teacher glasses and skirt) hands her a tissue. As Hero wipes her face--

VICTORIA
You might want to get tested.

HERO
Already got my Pimp inoculations,
thanks.

Victoria follows Hero across the lobby--

VICTORIA
You're Officer Brown, right?

HERO
I am. Your hair says social worker but
your heels say lawyer. Which is it?

VICTORIA
That's pretty good. Kind of both
actually.
(handing over her card)
Victoria Bannem.

ON THE CARD:

HERO

"Daughters of the Amazon: Warriors for women." Hell of a name.

VICTORIA

When women choose not to be victims, we make sure they get the defense they deserve.

HERO

You're here about Barbara Denton.

VICTORIA

My group will be covering all of her legal expenses and I will be representing her from now on.

HERO

Little much for a straight-up self-defense case, isn't it?

VICTORIA

Guess you didn't read the Daily News today.

(explaining)

They're claiming that Mrs. Denton had a "reputation." Quotes from the neighbors about other "male visitors"...

HERO

What's that have to do with anything?

VICTORIA

The classic first step to dispossess a woman of her rights: make her a whore in the eyes of the village. They'll try to lynch her before this is all done. But they'll have to get through us first.

HERO

Us? Listen, I just answer the calls. What happens after that is out of my hands.

VICTORIA

Mrs. Denton told me what you said, what you did for her.

Victoria looks around, leans in, a conspiratorial wink.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
I know an ally when I see one.

Hero watches her move off, can't help but be impressed.

INT. TECH ROOM - DAY

A bank of monitors, all fritzing out. At one of them, a frustrated **TECH**. Working furiously--

SUPER:

8 Minutes Ago

355 stands over him as he tries to break through the encryption on the hard drive.

TECH
Almost there...

355
We've got back ups if the whole
grid goes down, right?

TECH
Theoretically.
(explaining)
I've never seen solar storms like--

ON SCREEN: GOBBLEDYGOOK. Suddenly, it transforms into readable data. FLASHES of it on screen as 355 takes it in--

TECH (CONT'D)
Boom! And the walls come tumbling down.

ON SCREEN: Animation of a double helix, CLOSE on a chromosome that sparks, turns black, spreads out like a stain--

To a human form, all systems failing simultaneously--

To data charts, focus on the bottom line: Casualty Estimate, 50% at Zero hour. 70% Zero plus one. 100% Zero plus...
355's eyes devour the screen as the tech asks in horror--

TECH (CONT'D)
What the hell are we looking at?

By way of an answer, 355 pulls her cell.

355 (INTO CELL)
355 in the open to all comms on the
net. Threat confirmed.
(then)
Crash now. Repeat, crash now.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - SAME TIME

The President is in the middle of a photo-op with a group of little leaguers when Secret Service SWARMS and whisks the President out of the room.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING ROTUNDA - MOMENTS LATER

Shoes clack on the gleaming limestone floors of The Rotunda as Rep. Jennifer Brown and a few other Congressman--
surrounded by Capitol Police--are hustled past--

SUPER:

5 minutes Ago

Staffers and gawking tourists alike are shoved out of the way as they're led toward a little-used freight elevator--

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Hero is filing paperwork, Joe comes over. Like he's talking to a buddy. Nods toward Victoria, bailing out her client--

JOE

I'd bang the smart right outta her.

SUPER:

3 minutes ago

He nods at Hero like he's waiting for a high-five.

HERO

Feel free to save that for the
guys, Joe. I won't feel left out.

JOE

Aw, c'mon. Since when do you act
like a chick?

He means it as a compliment. Hero's cell rings, looks at the caller ID, worried. Answers--

HERO (INTO CELL)

Mom...?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING BASEMENT - CORRIDOR

Jennifer, now being herded through a less-impressive concrete and steam-pipe covered corridor in the basement, is on the phone with her. In between intermittent ***static***--

JENNIFER

Hero, something is happening.

Hero can hear the fear in her voice, turns into a cop--

HERO

What? What's happening, Mom?

JENNIFER

I don't know but we're on our way
to the COG shelter in the basement.
They've raised the threat level
nationwide. I'm sure you'll be
getting instructions soon.

HERO

Is it a terrorist attack?

JENNIFER

Hero, take care of Yorick. I'm
counting on you.

HERO

Mom, wait--

JENNIFER

Take care of your brother.
(through the static)
I love you both--

Before Hero can say it back--*fzzzt!* Phone goes dead.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

In the middle of thousands of New Yorkers and even more
tourists, Yorick is about to attempt another show.

SUPER:

One minute ago

His phone rings. Same warbling and static.

YORICK

Hero? That you...?

HERO

I just talked to Mom--

Her voice drops out, interference--

YORICK

Really? Which of you broke down
and called the other?

HERO

--remember that emergency kit I put
together for you after 9/11?

YORICK

Are you kidding? Best birthday
gift I ever--

HERO

Yorick, shut up! Do exactly what I
say. Go home--*static*--Lock your
door. I'll come get you as soon--

fzzzt! The call cuts out. The Jumbotron on One Times
Square FIZZLES and SPUTTERS. Below it, the newsticker
scrolls past with more warnings of "massive solar flares."

TVs in storefronts pixelate and lose signal. Amp--*sensing
something's very wrong*--jumps, shrieks, out of his mind--

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

The President and his men (*Secretary Hall the one woman in
the group*) are led in, locked inside the small, comfy bunker.

SUPER:

PRESIDENTIAL OPERATIONS CENTER Now

Some sit. Some stand. The President paces. On the wall of
monitors, instead of info and video feeds--static.

PRESIDENT

I need these on and broadcasting.
Now.

Staffers move off to get it done. A tense silence.

CIA DIRECTOR

Mr. President. At the risk of making
myself unpopular, I'll say what we're
all thinking: Whoever's intel you are
acting on, they're wrong. All this
will accomplish is scaring a lot of
people not to mention causing the
stock market to crash--

PRESIDENT

The people I'm listening to have only rung this bell twice in the last 100 years. Once on December 7, 1941, and again on September 11, 2001.

(then)

Nobody listened then. I'm not taking that risk....

The President stops talking. Something is wrong. He touches his nose. When he draws it back--Blood.

As he struggles to catch his breath, the Navy DOCTOR steps forward to see what's wrong--*then his own nose bleeds*.

The President of the United States collapses, DEAD.

The other men all have nosebleeds, shortness of breath, hives--as if stricken with decompression sickness. Secretary Hall watches in horror as they grunt in pain, double over--

EXT. TIMES SQUARE

EVERY MAN in Times Square has the same reaction--except for Y. He watches, terrified, as the men around him wheeze, collapse, fight nosebleeds, etc. Then--

SMASH! An out-of-control UPS truck--its male driver unconscious--smashes through the Pedestrian-only area of Broadway, sending tables, chairs and tourists flying. It shows no sign of stopping as it continues toward--

A TEENAGE HIPSTER, giant sound-cancelling headphones connected to his iPhone. Oblivious to the chaos coming his way. *Y sees it, runs flat out towards him--*

Y tackles the Teenager, just as the UPS screeches past and ***KA-RASH!*** flattens the statue of George M. Cohan.

The head-phoned teenager looks up at Y with a combination of shock and thanks...but before he can say anything, *his nose starts to bleed*. Then, his eyes roll back in his head--

Y

Hey! Wait. No...hey...you're okay.

He yells for a nearby middle-aged male COP--with a nosebleed.

Y (CONT'D)

Help! Help us!

The cop drops DEAD. Women all around reach for their dying husbands, children...even *The Naked Cowboy*--collapses.

Y (CONT'D)
What the hell is going on...

Shocked, Y takes in the pandemonium. Cabs smashing into each other. COPS all around the square DROPPING--

He sets off, running for his life as--

Overhead--A jumbo jet ***SCREAMS!*** past...completely out of control and ***SMASHES!*** into the top of a high-rise hotel. ***BOOM!*** ***CRASH!*** Debris goes flying!

Off Y--with Amp on his shoulder and clinging for dear life-- darting between falling debris as we--

INT. POLICE STATION

Chaos. Radios blare with the shouts of women declaring emergencies in every Borough in New York.

HERO is holding on to Joe for dear life as his eyes roll back in his head, nose bleeding. Around the station other women hold fallen men, also in shock.

HERO
Joe? Joey...?
(then)
What the hell is happening?!

Every man--from Cop to Pimp--lies dead or dying all around--

SMASH TO:

ALL OVER THE WORLD --

As the plague strikes every male mammal with a Y-Chromosome--

Stock Exchange, Dubai

The trading floor. Usually hopping with activity...dead silent. Hundreds of MEN splayed out holding buy/sell orders.

St. Peters, Vatican City

Underneath Michelangelo's iconic fresco of God giving life to Adam, An aging NUN cradles the head of the lifeless POPE.

King Hill, Idaho

Early morning. A little FARM GIRL in pigtails and overalls walks through a pasture, cradling a cute little piglet. Half the herd have dropped dead.

FARM GIRL
 (re: the piglet)
 Daddy? I think Buck is sick.
 Daddy...?

The camera racks to reveal the rumpled pile of denim...and a cowboy hat. Her ***scream!*** matches the blaring alarms of--

Leningrad Nuclear Power Plant, Russia

With no one to regulate it, the plant nears meltdown.

Johnson Space Center, Texas

A lone woman--frozen with terror--stands in the middle of the bodies and blood of Mission Control. From radio--

ASTRONAUT (ON RADIO)
 Houston, Houston do you read?

Mombasa, Kenya

The African Plain. A female giraffe nudges her lifeless mate. Just beyond, the smoking wreckage of a derailed train.

Washington, D.C.

355 attempting CPR on her boss, 1033. A pool of blood spilling out beneath them--

355
 No. Stay with me...stay with me...

But he's already gone. She stops, puts a tender hand to his cheek. *He wasn't just her boss--*

Shibuya District, Tokyo

Night. Looking down on the city from a high vantage -- The Ninja. Neither happy nor sad...nor surprised.

Brooklyn, New York

The door bursts open, Y bolts into his apartment--Amp on his shoulder--locking the deadbolts. Amp screeches in panic.

Rummaging through the closet, Y pulls out a duffle bag. Inside FLARES, GRANOLA BARS, BOTTLES OF WATER, a GAS MASK...

He pulls on the mask (a clear faceplate), takes a few deep breaths. He flips on the TV for news: Static. He shuts it off. Runs over to the open window--

OUTSIDE HIS window, he can hear the **HYSTERICAL WOMAN**, trying to flag down a nearby policewoman--

HYSTERICAL WOMAN (OUTSIDE)
Officer! My boys...they're throwing
up blood--you have to help me...

FEMALE COP (OUTSIDE)
It's too late. It's like this
everywhere.

As she talks, Y pulls out of his pocket the "lucky" ring from Tony's shop. The ring he never gave her--

Y
...Beth...

He holds it, thinking of her as the Cop outside continues--

FEMALE COP
My partner. My husband. All over
the City. Maybe all over the
world. Some kind of plague...
(beat)
All of the men are dead.

As the Female cop pulls her sidearm, we PUSH in on Y's gas-masked face--full of terror--as he hears this. Then, from outside--a single gunshot.

BLAM!

SMASH TO BLACK!

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Y is still wearing the gas mask. Looking out over the City--

SUPER:

Thirty six hours after the plague

On the counter sits Amp, watching him. Then, he stands, screeches impatiently. Y gets it. Through the mask--

Y
No Amp. We're staying put.
(then)
Hero said she'd come for us.

Off Y, wishing it to be true--

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Brooklyn side. Women walk across, climbing over a bottleneck of cars. Inside one, the sounds of sobbing.

A **MOM**, still cradling the body of her 8-year-old son. In the distance--the ***rumble*** of the only vehicle moving on the bridge: a CITY GARBAGE TRUCK.

A dozen women walk alongside, the only show of organization in the City. At the lead, Victoria. All the women wear paper masks and rubber gloves.

Some push cars and vehicles to the side of the street to let the truck through. The rest pull the bodies of men from their cars and toss them into the truck.

The Mom takes offense when they try to grab her son.

MOM

No! What are doing to him? Stop!

Victoria looks at her, an almost studied compassion in her voice, but her eyes remain cold.

VICTORIA

He's dead.

(then)

We are taking the bodies to the stadium to be cremated.

MOM

Don't touch him!

VICTORIA

There are millions of bodies lying around this city. If we don't do something disease will spread.

MOM

We're all dead anyway!

The Mom pulls a tire iron from her car--SWINGS! Before it can connect with Victoria's head--it's caught--

By Hero. She looks the Mom right in the eyes--

HERO

Ma'am, she's right. Something needs to be done.

The Mom sees Hero's uniform, the badge. It gets through to her--Hero is Authority. The Mom lets go, begins to weep. Before Hero can move along, heading toward Brooklyn--

VICTORIA
You saved my life. Thank you.
(recalling)
Officer Brown, right?

HERO
Hero.

VICTORIA
It's like you were destined to be a
life-saver...

Hero looks away, not one to take a compliment well. Victoria
steps closer, puts a hand on her shoulder-

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Where you headed, Hero?

HERO
To find my brother.

Victoria gives her a "poor delusional you" kinda look.

VICTORIA
The plague took every male of every
mammal--dog, horse, rat...all of
them. They're all gone.

HERO
Then I'll bury him...

VICTORIA
There's thousands--millions--of
women. They're scared, in shock,
trapped in elevators, under
wreckage...they're alive, and they
need our help. We could use
someone with your training and
experience.

Hero knows she's right, but can't let go. Looks in the
direction of Brooklyn, where her brother would be.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
I'm not trained to do this. But I
do have an organization of women
that's used to getting things done
without having to wait for a man to
tell them what to do. Every woman
here has lost her family. And we
found each other. Now we're
family. Nobody needs to be alone.

Hero wants to join the group, but she made a promise.

HERO
Wish I could help...

VICTORIA
(sincere)
Good luck.

The procession continues on, leaving Hero to take in the chaos: She looks in the direction of where Yorick would be...then back to Victoria. Makes her choice--

HERO
Hey! Victoria! Wait up!

As she jogs to catch up, they slow down, welcome her in--

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON: A milk crate. Hands tear into it--

SUPER:

One week after the plague

Y, still wearing his gas-masks, rummages through it. It's full of toys. And Y has a touch of cabin fever.

Y
They all made fun of me. "Yorick,
why do you hold onto that crap?
It'll never be worth any thing."
(to Amp)
How about life-saving food? What's
that worth?!

Amp looks on, hungry, worried. Y finds what he's looking for--

Y (CONT'D)
Jackpot!!

A SHOEBOX. Victorious, he lifts it above his head, flips it over. Out of it spill bags and bags of cross-promotional candy, ET Reese's Pieces, Peter Parker Peanut Butter Cups, Fantastic Four fruit roll ups, etc. Etc. Amp cheers!

Y (CONT'D)
We will feast like kings!

He grabs a label, reading it--

Y (CONT'D)
I mean, something in here must have
some nutritional value...
(beat)
(MORE)

Y (CONT'D)
 Corn's good for you, right? It's
 in everything.

He picks up some peanut butter cups.

Y (CONT'D)
 It's peanut butter for god's sake!
 Wholesome peanut butter. From...
 (reads)
 2002.
 (deep breath)
 Okay, here we go...

He quickly lifts the mask, takes a bite, pulls it back down.
 A beat, then--***hurk!***--he spits the peanut butter all over
the inside of his mask. He yanks the mask off, taking his
 first--*unintentional*--breath of fresh air in a week.

Y (CONT'D)
 Oh God, it's so wrong.

Realizing his mask is off--

Y (CONT'D)
 Why am I not dead?
 (then to Amp)
 Why aren't you dead, *you never even*
had a mask?
 (looking at the mask)
 Maybe it's all just hysteria.
 Maybe there's guys alive out there.

ON THE COFFEE TABLE: the ring he intended to give her.

Y (CONT'D)
 Maybe Beth is okay.

At hearing her name, Amp makes a sound. Y turns on the TV
 again. Still nothing. Checks his cell. No signal.

Y (CONT'D)
 Beth had a connection in L.A. She
 left for JFK so early, maybe she
 got an earlier flight. She would
 have landed before the plague hit.
 She's fine.

Amp looks at him with simian skepticism. Or it's in Y's head.

Y (CONT'D)
 I'm telling you, she's in L.A.
 Thinking *I'm* dead. And when
 everything's up and running and we
 surprise her--it's gonna be epic.
 (MORE)

Y (CONT'D)
 Particularly the sex, which you
 won't be a part of.
 (beat)
 We've got to stay alive. And that
 means eating... I don't have a
 choice. I have to go outside.

Out the window: a light rain falls on the haze that has
 settled over the city, particulate from all the fires. Amp
 gets upset, screams, jumps on Y's shoulders.

Y (CONT'D)
 Okay, you can come, too, but we
 gotta be incognito. I don't want
 us getting crushed to death by a
 mob of horny women.
 (then)
 So we stick to the alleys, find
 food, get back to the apartment and
 wait for the official all clear.
 Got it?

Amp nods. Y grabs his gas mask, rain poncho. Then stops,
 the ring catching his eye again. He thinks for a moment,
 reaching for his brother's dog-tags, opening the chain,
 sliding the ring onto it. Puts the chain around his neck.

Y (CONT'D)
 For good luck.

As he puts on his mask, unlatches the door, to Amp--

Y (CONT'D)
 Keep your junk hidden.

EXT. BROOKLYN - LATER

In gas mask and poncho, Y wanders his street, picked over and
 burning. Nothing to eat here. Seeing a few other women--a
 couple even wearing their own gasmasks and rain gear, he
 doesn't look so out of place... *except for the monkey.*

Up ahead he sees a small bodega, still locked up. He ducks
 in the alley. Finds a side-door. Eyeing the lock--

Y
 Alright, a standard pin-tumbler
 Kwikset. This'll only take a second.

He pulls out a small tool-kit, works the lock. It takes
 longer with his mask fogging up.

Y (CONT'D)
 Dammit, wipe me down Amp.

Amp doesn't do anything.

Y (CONT'D)
Or just sit there. Waiting to be
fed. Like some kinda lazy--

VOICE (O.S.)
Stop! That's man's a thief!

Y freezes. Then, slowly turns to see who is talking--

ACROSS THE STREET: An OLD WOMAN is pointing at A MAN. He holds a bag full of canned goods.

Three women surround him, eying him. The Old Woman takes back the bag and moves off.

MAN
The place was vacant--

The three women step closer. In the lead is **CHRISTINA** (20s, punk, pierced, tattooed).

CHRISTINA
You a tranny?
(off his nod)
Takes a special kinda self-hatred
to do that to yourself, doesn't it?

Not the tone of a fascinated bystander but of a bully. Three of them. Y notices what they're carrying crowbars, bats-- weapons. Receding into the alley, he watches.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
You think because you paid somebody
to give you a dick you're the new
boss around here? You can just
take whatever you want?

MAN
It was an honest mistake...

CHRISTINA
Was it? 'Cause I hear you trannies
have been causing a lot of problems.

The Man takes a beat, then breaks for it. But not before--
crack! The women attack beat him mercilessly.

MAN
Help! Please! Help!

Y watches, eyes wide with terror. Hand over Amp's mouth.

CHRISTINA

Who's gonna help you? You betrayed
your sisters by becoming one of
them, and they're all dead!

Amp is struggling in Y's arms, freaking out. He bites Y's
hand, starts SCREAMING. *That gets the attention of the
women. They all look up to see--*

Y take off down the alley, running for his life.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - VARIOUS

He tears through car-clogged streets, Amp clinging to him--

INT. HELL'S KITCHEN APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - LATER

Y, out of breath, makes his way down a hall. He reaches a
door, knocks. Whispers--

Y

Hero? Hero?

INT. HERO'S APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

He enters, having picked the lock. The ROOM is COVERED in
ASH from the windows left open. No footprints.

Y

She never came back.

Y goes to the window, sees the Lincoln Tunnel in the
distance. Makes a decision--

Y (CONT'D)

We're getting the hell out of here,
Amp. I'm finding Beth.

(off Amp's squeak)

I know, L.A.s far, especially with
the roads how they are...

As Y opens a closet, finds a backpack--

Y (CONT'D)

Washington...Mom...she can help.
If there's anywhere that things are
still functioning, it's D.C.

Amp cocks his head.

Y (CONT'D)

Don't get political, you know what
I mean. They can track down Beth.

He opens the fridge. No power, everything is rancid. Looks for canned food in the cupboards. They're mostly empty.

Y (CONT'D)
Right...Hero doesn't cook.

He sees her bike in the corner--

Y (CONT'D)
Okay, we've got a bike. We'll find food along the way. Good plan?
(off Amp's *ACK!*)
Agreed. But you're not gonna like the next part.

He picks up Amp and puts him in the back-pack. Zips it up enough for Amp to get air. Looks down into the hole.

Y (CONT'D)
Sorry buddy, I'll take you out when it's safe.

Amp squeals inside the backpack as Y wheels the bike to the door. REVEAL a message written in ash on the wall--

"H- OFF TO D.C. TO FIND MOM, BETH. STAY SAFE. LOVE Y.
P.S. I'M ALIVE. P.P.S. I BORROWED YOUR BIKE."

As Y closes the door--a stiff wind helps *SLAM!* it closed, knocking loose a cascade of ASH and DUST which completely obscures the message.

The camera moves OUT THE WINDOW catching Y biking away from the apartment. As he disappears down into the Lincoln Tunnel, the camera TURNS BACK and WIDENS OUT to reveal what a wreck New York City has become, ground littered with collapsed planes, choppers and buildings. It tracks through the skyline we see where one building leans across another, making a shape in the sky of a large Y.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - SAME TIME

The same building from another angle. Hero looks out at it, transfixed. Her old midtown precinct has been transformed into a make-shift base of operations.

Suddenly, a SCUFFLE and she turns to find the transgendered Man that Y saw get beaten, dragged in by Christina and the others. Victoria enters from another room, taking command--

VICTORIA
Gather around!

Everyone, including Hero, gathers around the beaten Man. Most obviously uncomfortable at the blood. Then they see his face, shocked whispers: *Is that a man?*

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
This is a "man" who has been
stealing from and otherwise
terrorizing our fellow sisters.

She circles around the Man like a tigress about to strike--

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
There was a time when our
oppressors and our protectors were
one and the same: men. Those days
are gone. Now we are many. We are
powerful. And only we can protect
ourselves.

HERO
Is there any proof?
(off Victoria's confusion)
That he hurt anybody.

CHRISTINA
Three eye witnesses.

VICTORIA
A week ago, we would have been in a
courtroom with a lawyer blaming
those women for bringing the
attacks on themselves. By how they
looked. How they dressed. How
they wore make-up. And we would
watch this man go free to do it
again. We don't live in that world
anymore, do we?

As Hero thinks the Man eyes a PAIR of SCISSORS on the table. He grabs them, lunges for Victoria, and--***BANG!***

Hero pulls her gun and shoots the Man dead. Everyone is shocked, holding their ears from the sound.

Hero looks down at the dead Man, numb. Victoria puts her arms around Hero, takes her in an embrace.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Thank you, again. You've made us
all safer.

Everyone looks at Hero with a combination of respect and fear. She now is clearly Victoria's right hand--*the hand that holds the gun*.

INT. GAS STATION MINI MART - DAY

A PICKED LOCK sits on the counter. Y stuffs his face with a cold, packaged sandwich. Amp is eating old fruit. Finished, Y stuffs food and drinks into the backpack, followed by Amp--grabs a map. Exits to--

EXT. GAS STATION MINI MART - DAY

On a little-used road off the New Jersey Turnpike. He rides the bike up the embankment to see the Turnpike full of cars, crashed, no straight path through.

EXT. TURNPIKE - LATER THAT DAY

Y now walks--the iconic image from the comic of Y, gas mask and poncho, Amp on his shoulder, trudging down the car-clogged highway.

They pass a sign: WASHINGTON D.C. 230 Miles.

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - DAY

Thousands of women in vigil around the monument.

FROM A DISTANCE

The mass of silent humanity is impressive--then, a poncho-clad refugee passes in front of us. Monkey in silhouette on his shoulder.

SUPER:

One Month after the plague

Behind his gasmask, Y, taking it all in.

Y

Whoa.

Then he realizes what they are standing in front of, a giant phallic symbol. To Amp--

Y (CONT'D)

As symbolic memorials go, this one's a bit on the nose.

INT. OFFICE ANTEROOM - DAY

Waiting is **MARGARET VALENTINE** (40s, attractive, a bit bruised up), former Secretary of Agriculture. From her face and clothes it's obvious she's been through some trauma. But that's not why she's so nervous. Across from her, 355.

Rep. Jennifer Brown enters. Margaret and 355 stand.

355

Ma'am.

VALENTINE

I can't.

JENNIFER

For the good of the country,
Margaret...

Jennifer takes her hands, walks with her into--

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The lone-surviving Supreme Court **JUSTICE** awaits with a bible--

JUSTICE

Raise your right hand, repeat after
me...

(then, as she does)

I, Margaret Valentine, do solemnly
swear to administer justice without
respect to persons, and faithfully
perform all the duties incumbent on me,
according to the best of my abilities
and understanding, agreeably to the
Constitution. So help me God.

Margaret repeats, and just like that, she's President.
President Valentine is overwhelmed.

JENNIFER

You weren't an easy woman to find,
Madam President.

PRESIDENT VALENTINE

Please don't call me that.

JENNIFER

You'll need to get used to it.
There's a lot of work to do.

As she pulls out the chair for the President to sit at the
Resolute Desk. The President sits, uncomfortably.

PRESIDENT VALENTINE

I won't lie, I dreamed of being
President since I was a kid. But
nobody elected me... I'm Ninth in
line for God's sake!

JENNIFER

Not anymore.

(then)

(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 People will look to you to lead.
 You need to act like you belong in
 that seat.

VOICE
 What the hell is going on here?

Three women have entered, along with Secret Service. At the
 lead, Secretary Hall. Now acting President. 355 subtly
 moves towards the President for protection.

JENNIFER
 Deirdre, we've found the President.

HALL
I'm the President.

JENNIFER
Acting President.
 (gesturing to Valentine)
 The Secretary of Agriculture is
 above you in the line of
 succession.

HALL
 I've been doing the job for a
 month! This is a coup!

JENNIFER
 You never took the oath. We kept
 the Oval office vacant until things
 were official. Now they are.

HALL
 Says who?!

JENNIFER
 The Constitution!

HALL
 As interpreted by you?

355, content to watch from the sidelines no longer--

355
 There is no *interpretation*, ma'am.
 the 25th Amendment is clear: V.P.
 Speaker. President Pro Tem.
 Secretary of State, Treasury,
 Defense. Attorney General.
 Interior. Agriculture.
 (motions to the Pres.)
 President Valentine.

HALL

And who the hell are you?!

355

Agent 355.

HALL

What's your name?

(no answer)

What branch of Government, Agent 355?

355

You don't have clearance to know
that, Ma'am.

HALL

Are you kidding? I am the damn
Secretary of Homeland Security?!

(then)

Who does?

355

The President.

President Valentine stands up--

PRESIDENT VALENTINE

She is a member of the Culper Ring.

That stops the room. 355 doesn't like that she said it.

HALL

You're joking.

PRESIDENT VALENTINE

That's what I said when she told me.

(then)

I didn't know they still existed.

355

We are answerable only to the
Executive Branch. We've had eyes
on you since the attack, ensuring
your safety. But my job was to
confirm the status of *everyone* in
the Line of Succession.

PRESIDENT VALENTINE

And somehow she found me, barely
conscious in a hospital outside of
Philadelphia. Believe me, I'm just
as surprised as you.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - SAME TIME

The vigil at the Washington Monument spreads across the Ellipse to Pennsylvania Avenue. Along the fence, candles burn in front of photos. A shrine to lost men. Y, gas-masked and incognito makes his way past hundreds of women to--

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - FRONT GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Pushing his way forward, he shouts to the uniformed **SOLDIERS** (90% of secret service agents were men) guarding the gate--

Y

I need to see Congresswoman
Jennifer Brown. They told me she's
in here.

SOLDIER

Sorry, ma'am. No one gets in, no
matter who you're here to see.

Y's got no time for this, he pulls his mask off, revealing his stubbled face. Several women GASP--

Y

Trust me. She's gonna wanna see me.
(beat)
I'm her son.

Off the Soldiers, trading looks: *are we really seeing this?*

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - ADJOINING ROOM

Jennifer enters from the adjoining room an impossible sight, her son alive (with a monkey).

JENNIFER

...Yorick...

She is stunned, almost beyond words...

Y

Hey, Mom. Sorry, it took me so
long--

She is already hugging him. Tightly. Can't believe--

JENNIFER

How...?

Y

I don't know.

She pulls back, touches his scruffy beard, as if her fingers can tell the truth her eyes can't--*this is her son.*

JENNIFER

My God. I prayed every second,
Yorick. But I never thought...

Suddenly she is trembling, tears streaming down her face--

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Did you see any others?

Y

Men? No...
(then)
So Dad...

Her look says it all...

Y (CONT'D)

Thought it might have been
genetic... damn...

JENNIFER

What about Hero?

Y

I went to her apartment, she hadn't
been home.
(then, covering)
Phones are out all over. I'm sure
she's fine, Mom. She's a badass.

As she pulls him close again, crying, Amp squeaks. She looks at him, wipes away tears--

JENNIFER

Why is there a monkey in here?

Y

That's Ampersand. Got him from the
pound two years ago. They were
going to euthanize him so I took
him home, trained him to be a part
of my--

Suddenly, shouts and furniture crashing from next door. She opens the adjoining door to see--

INSIDE THE OVAL OFFICE

One Secret Service agent is unconscious while 355 has pinned another to the ground.

Hall grabs the President, pulling her from the chair--

HALL

Get out of that chair! You are not
the President!

355 pulls her gun and ***BLAM!*** A lamp shatters. Everyone
freezes. Hall looks at the bullet hole, too close for
comfort. Backs away--

355

(ice cold)

Next person to step within 10 feet
of the President dies.

Y saw the whole thing through the adjoining doorway.
Jennifer's maternal instincts kick in, she pulls him out--

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

She opens the giant steel door. Y is shoved inside.

Y

People getting shot at in the Oval
office?! What the hell's going on?

JENNIFER

You're now the most important
person in the world, Yorick. I'm
not risking your safety.

SLAM! We stay with Y--Amp on his shoulder--as he hears his
Mom on the other side--

JENNIFER (OUTSIDE) (CONT'D)

Two guards on this door at all
times. Don't open it for *anyone*
but me.

Y

What the hell? They're supposed to
be the fairer sex! They're bigger
assholes than we are!

He sees Amp poking something on the floor. Y comes over to
see... a blood stain. This is where the President died.

Y (CONT'D)

...We were...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME ROOM, TIME HAS PASSED.

Yorick, at the door, working on an escape. The lock's complicated, but he's already taken a bunch of it apart.

Y
It's definitely been too long...
anything could be happening up there.

Suddenly, wheels start turning inside the mechanism. *Did he do that?* Y jumps back as the door opens.

He pushes Amp behind him for protection--*it could be anyone.* Grabs a MUG with the Presidential Seal, ready to strike--

The door opens--it's 355. Seeing him with the mug, she raises an eyebrow: *really?* She steps aside for Jennifer--

JENNIFER
Everybody's okay.

Y
(looking at 355)
Oh, I'm sure...

Another person has entered the room--Dr. Matsumori. She stares in disbelief as Y recognizes her--

Y (CONT'D)
Hey, I saw you on TV.

Dr. M reaches for Y, examining every inch of him, without any regard to him as a person.

DR. M
Any strange or adverse symptoms
since the event?

Y
Like superpowers? Sadly, no.
(re: the exam)
That kinda tickles...

Dr. M pokes and prods without giving him any attention.

JENNIFER
The doctor got stranded here after
the plague. We brought her in as
soon we found out you were alive.
We need to know why, Yorick.

355 snaps to attention as President Valentine is lead into the bunker. She walks up to Yorick, takes him in, then--

PRESIDENT VALENTINE
So it's true.

Y
Yes, I'm real.
(then)
And so is my monkey.

DR. M
He's male?!

Dr. M reaches for Amp. Y is getting increasingly frustrated.

Y
Yes, *we're both male.*

DR. M
You don't think that's significant?
A worldwide phenomena kills every
living mammal with a Y chromosome--
except you...and your monkey? That
can't be a coincidence.

(then)
You're immune to whatever happened,
and you passed it along to him.
The two questions that matter most
right now are "Why?" and "How?"

His anger at the lack of answers finally boils over--

Y
I have no idea! I don't eat
anything special, live anywhere
special, do anything special. I
was the least impressive man even
in my own family.

Jennifer is pained to hear that but knows he's not wrong.

Y (CONT'D)
The fact that I'm the last man
alive is simply proof that nature
has a sense of humor.
(then)
So draw some blood, take a lock of
my hair--hell, I'll even leave you
a stool sample. Then, I'm off to
find Beth.

PRESIDENT VALENTINE
Who's Beth?

JENNIFER
His girlfriend.

Y
 (correcting)
 My fiance. Well, about to be.

JENNIFER
 (genuinely happy)
 Oh, Yorick, I didn't know...

Y
 She's alive. She flew to Australia
 but had a connection in L.A.

355
 (matter of fact)
 Less than 3% of commercial flights
 in the US are piloted by women.
 All the other planes went down.

Y
 (screw you)
 She could have caught an early
 flight.

355
 We've only just restored limited
 phone access. Internet is still
 offline. Cell network is down. If
 she lived--*which is highly unlikely*--
 -she'd be very difficult to find.

Y's had enough of Dr. M's prodding, pushes her away--

Y
 Would you just--
 (to 355)
 Sounds like you're giving up before
 we've even started searching.

355
 There are greater priorities right now.

Y
 Not for me.

JENNIFER
 Yorick--

Y
 No. Mom, I love her. She believed
 in me when no one else did!

Everyone in the room realizes that's a crappy thing to say to
 your Mother. Y feels badly, but continues, rubbing his thumb
 over the ring he had intended to give her.

Y (CONT'D)

...I'm not just gonna abandon her.

President Valentine looks at Yorick with empathy, she totally gets what he's going through.

PRESIDENT VALENTINE

Seventy-two percent of all doctors were men. Eighty percent of all police officers, ninety-two percent of the military, ninety five percent of all firefighters. Men ran the power plants, communications companies, drove the trucks that moved food and gasoline. We're really in trouble.

(beat, then)

Listen, Yorick, a month ago I was a Secretary of Agriculture. So I know what it's like to go from no one to *the* one...and everyone's looking to you.

(then)

It sucks, but we have one priority right now: Survival. The fate of humanity may lie with you. Everything else has gotta take a backseat.

(beat)

Understood?

Y nods, chastened.

PRESIDENT VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Dr. Matsumori, we need to get to the bottom of what happened, who, if anyone, did it, and why this man is still alive. Then we need to figure out how to make more of him. Can you do all of that?

DR. M

(considering)

I got very close last time. But I'll need the necessary equipment, which exists in four places in the world--only one of which is in the States--at my lab in San Francisco. You get us there, I can do it.

President Valentine looks to 355--

355

West Virginia ANG has a C-130 with a crew on the tarmac at Yeager Airport. Fueled and on ready-five.

PRESIDENT VALENTINE

Agent 355, from here on out, you're in charge of this man's protection.

Y reacts to the name--

Y

Mrs. President, the only person with a number for a name I'd trust right now is 007.

PRESIDENT VALENTINE

She was trusted by the last two people that did my job.

Y

Can you at least send me with someone less trigger-happy?

PRESIDENT VALENTINE

She did what she had to in order to protect my life. She's exactly the person I want guarding you.

(to 355)

I want all of you on a chopper in fifteen minutes.

(then, Y)

We'll make every effort to find your Beth. You have my word.

Y, calmed by her natural leadership, nods.

Y

Okay. Thanks.

PRESIDENT VALENTINE

Alright everyone, let's get to it.

With that, she turns and heads out. No question--*she's the President, alright.*

Y

How long has she been President?

JENNIFER

About 2 1/2 hours.

Y

Not bad.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Victoria has taken over the Chief's office. A buzz of activity, her at the center. A number of women surround her, including Hero. Mid-meeting.

VICTORIA
--we'll have the water working when
we get power restored. What's the
delay?

POWER WORKER
Street gang is blocking access.
Not letting anyone through.

Victoria looks at Hero.

HERO
I'll deal with them.

Victoria nods, done. Then, Christina sticks her head in.

CHRISTINA
Victoria, we just got a call.

VICTORIA
I'll take it in a minute, Chris.

CHRISTINA
It's from D.C.

Victoria picks up the phone at the desk, listens, then--

VICTORIA
How is that possible?! ...And
you're certain...

Off Victoria, looking at the world she is building, and this new threat to it. Wheels turning...

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION

ON A LAPTOP SCREEN: an image of The Ninja. A few keystrokes and a flash of images, then, a status bar: TRANSFERRING DATA.

REVEAL 355 transferring the contents of the hard drive to a hardened lap top. She's not letting this investigation go.

Transfer done. She stows the laptop in tactical backpack and grabs a Kevlar vest before heading out to join--

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CORRIDORS

A walk-and-talk already in progress. Y and his Mom at the front, he's getting looks from everyone they pass--they haven't seen a living man in weeks.

Dr. M pushes her way forward--

DR. M

I need a medical history.

Y

I broke my pinky when I was seven.
Broke my arm when I was 9. I've
contracted two distinct forms of
equine lupus... that was a long
summer.

(then)

Also, I was born lactose intolerant
but willed myself--

JENNIFER

--Sweetheart. She doesn't think
you're funny.

He looks at Dr. M. No smile. Y gives up...

DR. M

No other hospitalizations?
(off his head shake)
Your brother died of Amyotrophic
Amyloid Sclerosis. How did it
affect you?

Y

I was upset.

DR. M

Did *the disease* ever manifest
physical symptoms in you? It's
genetic.

JENNIFER

We ran their blood when Henry was
diagnosed, Yorick and his sister
were both clear and they never
showed symptoms.

DR. M

What about your father?

Y

(nods to his Mom)
Ask her, we didn't talk much.

That's when they're all led out to--

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - SOUTH LAWN

Y--and Amp--lookout at Washington, hearing the distant ***Pop! Pop! Pop!*** of gunfire. Jennifer sees his concern--

JENNIFER

Restoring order will take time.
But this is a big step in the right
direction.

355 steps forward, putting the Kevlar vest on Y.

Y

Seriously?

355

Not taking any chances, Washington
is still a hot LZ. The Chinook is
vectoring in, thirty seconds.

Y

I understood two of those words.

JENNIFER

They're barely stopping long enough
to pick you up so we have to say
goodbye now.

Chuka chuka chuka!, a fast-approaching helicopter nearly
drowns out Jennifer who's now just another worried Mom.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Be careful. Call me as soon as you
get to San Francisco.

They hug, she kisses him on the cheek, musses his hair--

Y

(embarrassed)

Mom...

They shout over the noise.

JENNIFER

I love you.

Y

(earnest)

I'll try not to screw this up!

JENNIFER

What?!

Y
 (gives up)
 I love you, too, Mom!

Amp squeaks, as the giant twin-rotored helo sets down on the South Lawn, sending dust and leaves everywhere. The rear ramp touches down just long enough for Dr. M to jump on with her gear...then 355 pulls in Y and Amp.

The helo takes off again. As it goes, Y waves back to his Mom--
-tearing up as she watches her boy speed off into the clouds.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Standing in the open back of the Chinook, Y takes in the view of Washington from 500 feet--a combination of Monuments and chaos. Smoke from fires, muzzle flashes. Suddenly--

***thump! thump!** Turbulence makes Y lose his footing, before 355 yanks him away from the open rear ramp.

She slaps a helmet on him, cinches him into a pretty serious parachute, buckles him and Amp in.

Y looks up at her, shouting to be heard over the noise--

Y
 Is this really necessary?!

***thump! thump thump!** More bumps as 355 pats him on the helmet, then tightly secures her backpack with the laptop. She gingerly moves off to check in with the all female crew.

He's getting looks from the three crew members as well--but they have a job to do. Y notices Dr. M sitting across from him, belted in tight, and staring right at him--

Y (CONT'D)
 What?!

DR. M
 Why you?!

Y shrugs--*no answer for her*. Meanwhile 355 talks to the **FLIGHT ENGINEER** manning the mounted machine gun--

355
 ETA?

FLIGHT ENGINEER
 About an hour. But it's right across the jet-stream so it's gonna be bumpy.

355

Don't care how smooth the ride is,
just get us there.

FLIGHT ENGINEER

Roger that.

As they talk, the CO-PILOT takes a long hard look at Y. As 355 heads back to sit down she carefully unbuckles her harness and--unseen--slides a 9mm out of her chest holster.

Another ***WHUMP!*** of turbulence. Y jokes to 355--

Y

Is it always this bumpy or does the
cliche about women drivers apply to
helicopters, too?

355 sees the Co-pilot making her move as--

BLAM! 355 causes the shot to go wide by grabbing the gun.

The Co-pilot tries again, aiming for Y as 355 struggles for the gun--***BLAM! BLAM!*** ***BLAM! BLAM!*** emptying her clip.

Y is shot, goes down. The Flight Engineer is hit in the neck, the Pilot in the back of head. She slumps over, dead--

On the floor, Y. Saved by the vest 355 put on him, grabs Amp to keep him from flying out the side of the chopper.

Alarms wail! 355 makes a move for the stick but she's met by the Co-Pilot, happy to die as long as she takes Y with her--

They trade PUNCHES and KICKS in the middle of the cabin, the Co-Pilot is almost as skilled a fighter as 355...almost--

As the helo spirals out of control, 355 gets the edge, uses a harness to snap the Co-pilot's neck. As she drops--

355 looks out to see the ground beneath SWIRLING UP AT THEM.

She can't save the chopper. Instead she pulls Y up with one hand, tosses a parachute to Dr. M with the other, shouting--

355

When you hit the ground, bend your
knees and roll! And hold onto your
monkey!

A beat, then it dawns on them both at the same time.

Y

Wait, no, no, no--

But 355's already pulling the rip-cords of their chutes and--

FOOSH! *Their chutes open and fill with air. Y, Amp and Dr. M are yanked out of the back into the sky!*

As 355 looks back at the LAPTOP, secured in. She's not leaving it behind--

Y, Amp and Dr. M sail down--*Amp clinging to Y for dear life.*
In the distance they see the Chinook--

KA-RACK! *make a VERY hard landing, *skid!* through an open field.* It comes to rest in front of a cluster of trees.

Then all is quiet. *Middle of Nowhere, West Virginia.*

CRUNCH! Y and Amp land hard in the tall grass. Y pops up--

Y (CONT'D)
Holy Shit. I'm alive.
(to Amp)
You okay?!

Amp gives a weak squeak. From a nearby thicket--

DR. M
I'm okay, too. Thanks.

Y wrestles himself free from the chute, then tears off for--
THE WRECKAGE

Y stands on the berm created by the still-smoking Chinook plowing through the field.

Y
355!

He scurries down the berm to the twisted, smoking hunk of metal as ***thunk! thunk!***, the plexiglass window of the cockpit is kicked out, revealing--355!

She pulls herself out of the wreckage...along with her backpack. A little banged up but okay.

Y (CONT'D)
What the hell is in that backpack?!

355 sniffs the air, looks down, sees a trail of fuel leaking from the engine--

She grabs Y, pushing him back up the berm onto flat ground before ***KABOOM!*** the CHINOOK EXPLODES.

Dr. M runs up with Amp to see Y and 355 picking themselves off the dirt.

Y (CONT'D)

Okay, seriously--what the hell just happened?!

355

A pretty sloppy assassination attempt.

Y

Who would want to kill me?!

355 and Dr. M both look at him.

Y (CONT'D)

Okay, besides you two.

355

The same people who carried out the attack.

DR. M

Attack? What evidence do you have that the plague was an attack and not a natural phenomena?

355 eyes her backpack before putting it on.

355

That's classified.

Y

Classified?! The government barely exists!

355

Whoever the bad guys are, they failed. They'll try again. We need to get moving. There's a safehouse in the area--

Y

What makes you think they're not there waiting for us! Why should I trust you to come up with any plan? Anything you know they know--

DR. M

I hate to admit it but he's right. The Government's been infiltrated.

Y
Tell her, Doc!

Dr. M looks at Y--*don't help*--before continuing.

DR. M
We need to stay off the grid until
we get to San Francisco.

Y
They *know* we're going to San
Francisco! We can't go there
either.

DR. M
And where would you have us go?

Y
Los Angeles! To find Beth!

DR. M
You're an idiot.

Y looks to 355.

355
I concur with the Doctor's
assessment.

Y
I'm so glad you two are getting
along! Enjoy each other's company.
I'm off to L.A. A lot safer
without you "watching over me" no
doubt.

Y heads off, Amp on his shoulder.

355
You're heading east.

Y stops. Turns 90 degrees.

Y
Kiss my ass, Secret Agent Lady.

Starts walking again, Dr. M notices--

DR. M
Now you're going south.

He thinks it through before turning West, determined. As he
goes, Dr. M looks at 355.

DR. M (CONT'D)
How far do we let him go?

355
Whatever gets him going in the
right direction for now. The rest
of the battle we'll fight later.

As they start walking after him...

DR. M
This is why I like working alone.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Empty except for three trucks parked inside. At the opposite
end of the warehouse the elephant doors open and SIX
SILHOUETTED FIGURES enter. As they step closer we see--

Victoria at the lead, followed by Hero, Christina and three
other women. They look around--

VICTORIA
We've outgrown the Police Station.
Our numbers are doubling every day
as more see what we're able to
accomplish together. We've
restored water and power to 90% of
the city and the boroughs. This is
just the beginning. We're creating
a new future for ourselves. I
couldn't have done any of this
without you.

As they reach the trucks--

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
And that is why I've brought you
here. Few women alive know what
I'm about to tell you. Fewer still
would do what is necessary with
this information.

HERO
If it wasn't for you I probably
would have eaten a bullet weeks
ago. Whatever you need.

VICTORIA
(nods, then)
We have confirmation that a natural-
born man is alive and in the hands
of the government.

They all react, shocked, not happy. Except Hero--

HERO

Isn't this good news? All the inventory in the sperm banks was destroyed when the power went out. Now we won't go extinct.

VICTORIA

Nature made her decision and science has provided a way forward. Within a few years the first women will be successfully cloned. We can create an all female society. Future generations will look back on men like we do the Neanderthals, a necessary, short-lived phase of humanity's evolution. Our future is ours to make. Right now. We don't need men, just the courage of our convictions.

Christina is happy to put it together.

CHRISTINA

So, this man...he's got to die.

The other women are nodding. Hero has grave reservations. Victoria, looking right into Hero's soul--

VICTORIA

Hero, can you do this?

Hero looks around at the closest thing she has left to family. Thinks, then--

HERO

Where is he right now?

VICTORIA

I don't know.

As she says this she opens the back of one of the trucks. A cornucopia of weapons--pistols, rifles, machetes, etc. The others jump up, smiling ear to ear as they load up.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

But Amazons have always been natural hunters. Wherever he is, we'll find him.

Christina tosses Hero a shotgun. Hero sees a compound bow and arrow sitting among untouched weapons. She picks it up.

HERO
Bullets might be hard to come by
out there.

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

Another iconic image: Y with Amp on his shoulder, 355 and Dr. M walking. Exhausted, dirty. They've been at this awhile.

SUPER:

80 miles west of Topeka, Kansas
Six weeks after the plague

As they trudge down a rural highway--a half-plowed field, along with a large hand-painted sign: **Hiring field hands for planting season. Will pay in food.**

Y's stomach growls--

Y
(re: the sign)
I'd give my left nut right now for a
bucket of corn and a tub of butter.

DR. M
It's not yours to give. Your
testicles now belong to the United
States Government.

Y
You know, I'm not just a piece of meat.

DR. M
My interest in you stops at
scientific curiosity.
(off his look)
Not into dudes. ...not even *before*
the apocalypse.

Y
(realizes)
That's why you don't find me funny!

DR. M
Yes. There could be no other
possible reason.

355 slows, looks over the small ridge at--

A bustling TRUCK STOP. An oasis in a sea of fields.

355
Bingo.

Y
Lunch...?

355
Transportation.

CUT TO:

EST. TRUCK STOP - LATER THAT DAY

A make-shift trading post has sprung up in the middle of Iowa. Rough and tumble, a midwestern Mos Eisley promising everything from a good time to a ride out of town. Tracking through the maze of merchants, bikers, truckers, we find...

EXT. TRUCK STOP - FUEL PUMPS

A SEMI with OSIRIS ORGANICS emblazoned on it. The logo: a crook and flail (farming implements used to represent Osiris, Egyptian God of Agriculture--and the Underworld) like peeled husks with an ear of corn.

A **DRIVER** fuels up as 355 steps out of the shadow. Puts a gun in her back. It's obviously not a first for the Driver.

355
I need your truck.

DRIVER
Wish I could help but I've got deliveries.

355
I'll leave enough money to cover it. You'll be fine.

DRIVER
It's not about money. It's planting season. Osiris had three female drivers before the plague; we're each doing twenty hour shifts to get to our customers.

355 pulls back the hammer *click*--

355
Not my problem. The keys.

DRIVER
You don't understand. Its a single-generation crop.

355
You have three seconds--

DRIVER

(fast)

We don't deliver this seed in time
for planting, *we all starve to
death this winter.*

355 considers, this woman's mission may be just as important.
She backs off, nods to the cab--

355

Sorry. Go ahead.

(beat)

And thanks.

As she climbs up into her cab, the Driver tips her cap.

DRIVER

Just doin' my job.

The truck drives off. 355 looks around--*no one else to help.*

EXT. TRUCK STOP - PARKING LOT

Hidden away behind a big-rig in the corner of the truck stop,
Amp picks bugs out of the dirt while Dr. M waits nervously,
uncomfortable here. Y returns from the truck-stop bathroom.

Y

You'd think a world of only women
would make for cleaner bathrooms.

DR. M

It's still a truck stop.

(then)

355's taking too long. Did you see
her while you were in there?

Y

(scoffs)

355 doesn't poop. I haven't seen
her eat. And she doesn't sleep.
She's always there, watching.

He turns scaring the shit out of himself as he sees--355
standing silently right behind him!

Y (CONT'D)

What are you?!

355

Lower your voice.

Y

What if I don--

355 clamps her hand over his mouth.

DR. M
You find us a ride?

355 shakes her head. Holds up the: "Shhh" sign. Then she hears it again--the dull **waaaaail!** of a locomotive's horn.

355
Train.
(points)
That way. Let's go.

355 grabs Y, starts running. Y grabs Amp, no time to put him in the backpack. A TIMID TRUCKER manning a hibachi watches them run past.

355 (CONT'D)
Unless you want to walk to LA
you'll move your skinny ass!

Y
You try running with a monkey on
your shoulder!

He finally wrangles Amp into the backpack as they crawl through the chain-link separating the truck stop from the rail-line and see a distant TRAIN approaching--

Y (CONT'D)
What'd'you have bionic hearing?

DR. M
It's too far!

Determined, 355 bolts for it. They're forced to match her.

ALONGSIDE the train, an open car door. 355 grabs Amp, tosses him in. Amp **shrieeks!** as she gives Y a help up. Pulls herself up on a handle and holds a hand out for Dr. M --a *step too slow, and running out of steam*.

355 disappears inside the train car. Dr. M can't believe she just got left behind--

DR. M (CONT'D)
Screw you!

Just then, 355 pops back out, body at full extension--grabs Dr. M, and with brute strength yanks her up--using the momentum of the train--pulling her into the--

INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Y is holding onto 355's leg to brace her as Dr. M is pulled in. 355 sits on a crate. Ready for whatever's next. Y shakes his head, wheezes--

Y
That...was...awesome...

Then he collapses.

EXT. AMERICA - VARIOUS

The train snakes it's way across the plains, then the mountains, then into the desert. As the sun sets--

INT. TRAIN CAR - TWILIGHT

Y and Amp watch the passing countryside while 355 takes the opportunity to go through the files on her laptop. On screen--
-THE NINJA. Dr. M is making an argument to read the file.

DR. M
You really don't see a connection
between the biggest solar flares in
history occurring at the exact same
time as the plague?
(as 355 ignores her)
Did you know that electromagnetic
shifts--the same kind that affected
electronics that day--can also
trigger dormant genetic mutations?
(beat)
It's obvious, men had something
buried in their DNA. The flares
turned it on, like a kill switch.

355
It was an attack. Trust me.

Y
If it was, its the worst plan ever.
(off her look)
You kill every living male animal,
nobody gains. The world ends.

355
Maybe the objective was a surgical,
DNA-targeted attack, and things
went haywire.

DR. M
Or, nature went haywire. As it
tends to do.

(MORE)

DR. M (CONT'D)

That's what science is there for--
to stop it when it does.

(to Y)

If people like your Mother let us
do our job.

Y

Leave my Mom out of it.

DR. M

With everything she went through
with your brother she should be the
first person out there supporting
my work!

Y

She wanted to get the ban on stem
cell research lifted to help
people. Not so you could play Dr.
Frankenstein.

DR. M

And yet *now* you need people like
me, don't you.

Y, without a come back with mocks her tone of voice.

Y

And yet now you need people blah blah blah...
You sound like a low rent super
villain.

DR. M

And you sound like a child.

Snapping the laptop closed--

355

Shut up! Both of you.

(as they stop)

One day, out of the blue, three
billion people died instantly. A
few hundred million more went with
them in accidents, in nuclear
reactor meltdowns, from suicide,
starvation, disease. We don't have
a lot of time to figure out what
happened before all intelligent
life on this planet dies out
forever. And you two bicker back
and forth because you--

(to Y)

Are a child and you--

(MORE)

355 (CONT'D)
(to Dr. M)
Are an arrogant bitch.

355 instantly regrets it. But instead of apologizing she goes back to her laptop. Dr. M and Y look at each other.

DR. M
Okay, Foxy Brown, then why can't we see what you've got in your secret laptop there? What's there to hide? Unless the Government itself caused this.

355
I'm not hiding anything. The file is--

Y
--classified. Because *that* matters in the face of extinction.
(beat)
Alright, so Doc's got a healthy ego...

Dr. M gives him a look. He gives a shrug: *you do--*

Y (CONT'D)
And you're a secret agent who can't stop keeping secrets. As of a few weeks ago you were both women in a career that was 99% men. And you kicked ass anyway.
(beat)
All I am is lucky... but you're both here for a reason. Maybe now's a good time for you to both loose the chip on your shoulder.

That hits them both, and they know he's right. After a beat--

DR. M
You're not just lucky.
(beat)
I saw a picture of your girlfriend. You must have been doing something right because she was pretty hot.

Y
(corrects her)
"Is" pretty hot. She's alive. I know it in my heart. And if there's gonna be a world left for me and her to repopulate, we three are gonna have to work together.
(MORE)

Y (CONT'D)
 No more ego. No more secrets.
 We're a team.

DR. M
 (considers)
 I'll try to be less... me.

355 thinks about it. Looks at her laptop--

355
 There's a lot of genetic data in
 here that I don't understand.
 (to Dr. M)
 I could use your help.

Dr. M nods. Y's grin spreads ear to ear.

Y
 You see? This is my superpower. I
 bring people together.

Both women roll their eyes. 355 looks at them--

355
 If you're gonna sleep, now's your
 chance.

That's all Dr. M needs to hear, as she curls up. Y leans
 back against a sack of grain. Eyes heavy, he drifts off
 watching 355 sitting in the doorway--ever vigilant.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

The same rough-and-tumble truck stop where Y, 355 and Dr. M
 came through. A male-impersonating hustler is chatting it up
 with someone when she turns and sees Victoria, Hero and the
 Amazons, walking with purpose and armed to the teeth.

The Hustler bolts. Others see them coming as well and run.
 A group of **BEEFY TRUCKERS** having a BBQ on the engine block of
 a truck, look up, curious. But not afraid.

VICTORIA
 Sisters, wondering if you might
 help us find someone...
 (beat)
 I'm looking for a man.

After the laughter dies down.

TRUCKER
 Ain't we all. Too bad you chased
 off the closest thing we've got.

VICTORIA

I'd been told that he, along with a
few of his friends came through
here looking for a ride west.

Now the Trucker is just irritated. She stands, along with
her other beefy friends, spoiling for a fight--

TRUCKER

Seriously, little miss. You're
that hard up for a good time you
don't have to look any further than
right here--

She grabs Victoria roughly, as the other truckers laugh--

IN AN INSTANT -- Hero ***snaps!*** the compound bow into place,
loads the arrow and--

SHHHUNK!--puts it right through the trucker's shoulder,
pinning her to the truck. Everyone freezes--as Hero pulls a
shotgun with the other hand.

HERO

Keep dicking around and your
friends'll be picking your brains
out of their BBQ.

(beat)

Like my friend said, we are looking
for a man.

Victoria is released as the Timid Trucker steps forward--

TIMID TRUCKER

I saw him--I think. Looked too
good to be one of those
impersonators.

(then)

Saw them head towards the train.

Hero's eye-brow goes up--

HERO

Which train?

The Timid Trucker points. Hero pulls the arrow out of the
Trucker's shoulder, stares her down as Victoria and the
others pass. The Timid Trucker watches as others follow with
the Amazons as they head out. Their numbers are growing.

INT. TRAIN CAR - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Y sleeps, fitfully. He wakes, looks around, sees Dr. M sleeping, Amp cuddled up next to her for warmth. 355 is awake, looking out the open train car. He joins her.

Y
Did you even sleep?

355
I don't need much.

Y
Is that something they teach when
you join the Culper Ring or do they
choose people that just don't sleep?

355 looks at him. Maybe it's the time of night, but she decides to be honest.

355
They choose people who don't have
families.

Y
You were an orphan?
(off her nod)
Did you ever know your parents?

355
They died when I was young; I
barely remember them. Now and then
I have flashes; you smell
something, you hear a tune, and
suddenly there's just a flicker of
something... and then its gone.

Y gets what's she saying. And understands a bit more why she's so closed off. He wants to know more...

Y
Did you lose anyone close to you?

355
(beat, hard to say)
Another Culper Agent. The guy who
taught me everything...

SCREEEECH!--the brakes are applied to the train. It's slowing down, fast. 355, back in mission mode, wakes Dr. M.

355 (CONT'D)
Wake up.

Dr. M wakes up to see Amp's face inches away; it gives her a jolt. As 355 gets her things together.

355 (CONT'D)

We need to go. Now.

Y

What's the rush?

355

That was the emergency break. This isn't a scheduled stop. We're not waiting around to find out what the emergency is.

Y

This thing wasn't easy to get on, maybe we hide inside of one of these crates of--

--355 grabs his neck and pulls him off the moving train.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

They tumble in the dust. Up ahead Dr. M jumps from the train and we see others jumping as well.

Y

What the hell?! You're supposed to protect me! Not push me out of moving trains--without warning.

Dusting herself off--

355

I did warn you. You chose not to heed it. Let's move.

Y

So the whole, "We're a team thing, not happening, huh?"

355

If you do what I say when I say, then: "Go team."

Y's attention is drawn by the signs sunk into the dirt--

ANGLE ON THE SIGNS: A rattle-snake, about to strike. Spray-painted underneath, "**ILLEGALS BEWARE! Diamondback Militia.**"

A half-mile down the track they see WOMEN in CAMO with guns pulling people off the trains.

355 (CONT'D)

Stay down, we're going this way.

She leads them away through the tall grass.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

355, Y (Amp in the backpack) and Dr. M emerge from the bush, look through the stained glass windows, it's dark inside.

DR. M

Looks empty.

There's a chain locked on the front door. Y goes to pick it when they HEAR voices coming up the ridge. 355 makes a hand motion. Dr. M and Y look at her: *huh?*

355

(angry whisper)

Around the back.

EXT. CHURCH - STORAGE ROOM ENTRYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

They come up to the door. Y handles the lock. Two seconds, CLICK. It's open. 355 gives him a look, *truly impressed*.

INT. CHURCH - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

355 hands Dr. M the laptop, pulls her back-up pistol, shoves it into Y's hand--

355

The patrol is coming this way. I'm gonna head them off. This is a Walther PPK, it's small but--

Y

--"It's got a delivery like a brick through a plate glass window."

355

You've shot one before?

Y

(shakes his head)

Dr. No.

(off her blank look)

James Bond?

355 closes her eyes a brief moment. Then, to Dr. M.--

355

You're in charge. I'll be a back
in a few. Don't take your eyes off
him.

355 exits. Y heads for the door of the room.

DR. M

Where are you going?

Y

To get drunk on sacramental wine
and stuff myself with communion
wafers. I'm starving.

DR. M

She said we shouldn't go anywhere.

Y

We're still *inside* the church.

He walks out the door, Dr. M has no choice but to follow.

INT. CHURCH - NAVE - NIGHT

Entering, they find it empty, quiet. Y puts down the
backpack with Amp, heads for the sacristy.

Y

The wine should be in here--

SMASH! Dr. M is knocked cold by a wine bottle. REVEAL--
BETHANY (25, beautiful, scar on her face) with a lighter and
some hair spray, homemade flamethrower--

Y (CONT'D)

No wait!

Y covers his head.

BETHANY

Repent or burn.

(then)

You crazy Militia bitches shot up
my church a few weeks ago.

She's about to light the spray, Y steps forward--

Y

I assure you that wasn't--

FWOOOOOOOOM! lights Y's poncho on fire. He pulls it off,
stomps it out. His singed hair still smoking--

Y (CONT'D)
Son of a--what is *wrong with you?*!

And that's when *she* notices--

BETHANY
Sweet baby Jesus...

Y
...yeah.

Disbelieving, she drops the can and lighter...touches his cheek, his beard. Then she runs her hand down his chest to his crotch, *grabs hard*. Y winces, her eyes go wide--

BETHANY
Holy shit, it's real.

She's still got her hand on his junk, when Amp appears.

Y
You want the long story, or the abridged?

EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE CHURCH - NIGHT

Two girls in CAMO walk along, talking.

CAMO #1
I told that bitch, you think 'cause you're cute you can get away with anything. But cute don't count for shit anymore, and I've got a gun.

They both laugh. A SHADOW moves behind them, comes up FAST-- Chop to the THROAT, SNAPPED neck. Both are taken out silently by 355. She looks in the direction they came from...

EXT./EST. MILITIA FORWARD OPERATING BASE - NIGHT

Impressive, assembled with parts taken from overrun National Guard units--*USNG insignia painted over with the rattlesnake*. Armed guards escort prisoners from the train for processing. The militia has a pretty tight grip.

355 looks down from a nearby ridge. *This might not be easy.*

INT. CHURCH - ALTER - SAME

Y and Bethany are eating wafers and passing a bottle of wine back and forth. Bethany looks at Dr. M, across the church.

BETHANY
Think she's mad at me?

Y
We've been through a lot worse than
a sassy girl with a wine bottle.

WITH DR. M --

Who only cares about what's in 355's laptop. Three different
folders are open. One, a bunch of genetic code, another, a
picture of The Ninja--

Y and BETHANY --

Y (CONT'D)
I can't believe your name is Beth.

BETHANY
I'm talking to a real, live man.
With a male monkey. Is my *name*
that hard to believe?

Y
Sorry, no. My fiance--girlfriend,
she's also Beth. Just a weird
coincidence.

He holds the ring on the chain around his neck.

BETHANY
Which is she?
(beat)
Fiance or girlfriend?

Y
Girlfriend, officially. Wherever
she is.
(beat)
She was on a plane.

Bethany gets a grim look on her face--

BETHANY
You know most of the planes...

Y
I know, I know... but she had a
connection...

BETHANY
I was on one, when it went down.

Y
Oh God--

Points to her scar.

BETHANY

How I got this.

Y

But you survived, right? I mean,
somebody landed it.

BETHANY

I did.

Y

Wow--

BETHANY

I was a flight attendant. Miami to
Vegas run... when it happened.
Barely remember anything after
opening the cabin door and seeing
everybody was dead.

(then)

Can't believe I walked away from it
with just this--

(re: her scar)

Not bad for three lessons in a
Cessna.

Y

That must have been terrifying.

BETHANY

(shrugs)

Everybody has their story. I mean,
you could be the last...

Y

Don't say it.

BETHANY

What's it like?

Y

It's like being me, but suddenly
with a lot of expectations.

BETHANY

All you have to be is you.

Bethany puts a hand on his shoulder. Y brushes a stray hair
from across her eye. They lock on for a moment before Y
looks down at his palm--a flame burns in it. He blows it out.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

How'd you do that?!

He winks at her--

Y

Magic.

There's a real spark between them.

INT. MILITIA BASE - TENT - MOMENTS LATER

A DEAD MILITIA MEMBER lies on the ground. 355 looks over a map showing which routes they control. She rolls it up, grabs a canister of gas and heads outside--

EXT. MILITIA BASE - CONTINUOUS

Towards a humvee. Slips silently inside as--

A CONVOY OF VEHICLES arrives at the edge of the base. Doors open and out comes a well-armed group of fifty or so women. Their SHADOWS pass across the headlights--AMAZONS.

Victoria and Hero at the lead. Coming out to meet them, the Militia **GENERAL** (40s, tough as nails) flanked by soldiers.

GENERAL

Don't know who you are but you
ladies are trespassing on sovereign
Arizona soil.

VICTORIA

We're not interested in this patch
of desert. We're looking for
someone who was said to be on the
train you stopped--a man.

GENERAL

(laughs)

All we found was run-of-the-mill
male-impersonating hustlers aiming
to prostitute themselves in my
state. Believe me, if I found a
real live man I'd put him to stud,
build an army and march on D.C.

Victoria sees she has a rival, pulls a gun and *BANG!* shoots the General dead. Militia pulls their guns as--

CHA-CHUNK, more headlights go on, all around the camp--the rest of the convoy had been sitting in darkness. The Militia is surrounded, outnumbered.

Hero looks at the dead General. She didn't see that coming.

VICTORIA

I see no reason that we should shed
each other's blood here as long as you
understand that *I* am in charge. You
all have two choices: join us, or die.

Outnumbered, overpowered, the militia start dropping their
guns. Victoria smiles at Hero. Hero tries to shake off the
gnawing doubts.

355's humvee drives off. FROM THE HILLS overlooking the
base, someone with binoculars. *The Ninja* watches the humvee
as it drives, headlights off, into the countryside.

EXT. CHURCH - CEMETARY - NIGHT

Y stumbles out, a tad drunk. Whistling past the graves he
heads for one of the bigger trees.

Y

Excuse me, pardon. Sorry about this.

He reaches the tree, unzips, sighs with relief. Zips up just
as Bethany comes out. She's slightly tipsy as well.

BETHANY

Show some respect for the--

thud! She goes down, tripped up by an old tombstone.

Y comes over, helps her up--trying to not sound drunk makes
him sound more drunk.

Y

You alright? I can't have any more
people dying on me.

They walk around the graveyard--

BETHANY

How'd you do that fire-in-the-hand
thing?

(warning)

You say "a magician doesn't reveal
his tricks," I'll nut-punch you.

Y

All magic is misdirection. When I
brushed the hair out of your eyes I
swiped your zippo. Put some
lighter fluid on my palm--the fire
burns off the fuel but doesn't
touch the skin.

(another swig)

(MORE)

Y (CONT'D)

One of those tricks guys like me learn because they don't know how to talk to cute girls like you.

BETHANY

If there had to be only one guy left alive, I'm glad it's you, Yorick. You're sweet.

He pulls out the chain again, focusing on the dog-tags.

Y

Nah, Henry, he would have been the best last guy on earth.

(off her look)

He was big and strong. Played football, got straight A's. I always thought I'd be like him one day. Like it would just kick in.

(beat)

He should have been the one they'd clone...the model for every man that'll ever live.

BETHANY

What happened to him?

Y

Genetics.

(then)

My 13 birthday was his graduation from West Point. Top of his class. By the time I was 15 he was dead. For those two years he wasted away right in front of us. In some little strand of DNA a million times smaller than this blade of grass--

(he holds up a blade)

A microscopic timebomb ticked down to zero and went "boom."

(beat)

Who knows, whatever killed him may be the same thing that protected me. Doesn't make any sense.

BETHANY

I used to think everything happens for a reason, but I don't know.

(off his look)

The plane I was on... only three people survived the landing.

Y

You didn't do anything wrong.
You're not a pilot.

BETHANY

I should have let someone else try,
but I was the one in a uniform.
Everyone was looking to me.

Y

You can't blame yourself. The
whole world has survivor's guilt
right now. It makes people act
crazy; when Henry was about to die,
you should have seen my parents.
Complete denial. They just
couldn't accept what was obvious to
everyone else...

And then it hits him. It's exactly what he's going through.
He sits on a tombstone.

Y (CONT'D)

Maybe Beth *is* dead. Maybe
everybody is right. What if I
never found out one way or another?

BETHANY

If the Internet was still working
you could track the flight, see
what happened to it.

Y nods...then, thinks about it a second, pulls out his
cellphone, boots it up--

Y

I'm so stupid...the Internet was
working...

He pulls up the flight tracking app that shows where her
flight was, over Arizona. Shows it to Bethany--

Y (CONT'D)

I checked this right before the
plague hit.

INT. CHURCH - STORAGE ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

A pile of maps, lit by candlelit. Y and Bethany looking at
them. She pulls an aviation map out does some quick math--

BETHANY

According to your phone, Capitol Air, Flight 1142 was heading due west at 34° North, 112° West when the plague hit. Without pilots, it would go down fast--like on my flight. Could be anywhere in this sector.

She circles an area on the map. Then, stepping back--

Y

Wow. That's a big circle.

BETHANY

Yup. We better get started.

Y

We?

BETHANY

You're the first man I've seen in months, I'm not letting you out of my sight.

In the back of the room by the door. She pulls the tarp off of--A VINTAGE MOTORCYCLE.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

And I've been wanting to take her out for a spin.

She gets on the bike, gives him a look: *You coming?* Y smiles.

INT. CHURCH - DAWN

Dr. M, *still* hasn't moved. Still reading, making notes...then, her eyes go wide.

ONSCREEN: An animation of a Double Helix opens and then one block turns black. Suddenly the rest of it does the same thing--it curls up and dies.

DR. M

Son-of-a-bitch...

(beat)

She was right. Somebody caused it.

Bang! The door bursts open. Dr. M looks up to see--

355 with Amp. She lets out a sigh of relief.

355
We need to move. Now.
(beat)
Where's Yorick?

Dr. M looks around. Almost forgot about him.

DR. M
I...don't know...

355 looks her dead in the eyes--*what the fuck!*

INT. CHURCH - STORAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

355 tears in, on the search, with Dr. M right behind--

355
How the hell did you let him get away?

DR. M
He's an escape artist!
(beat)
And I got lost in my work.

355 could shoot her. But then she smells something--

355
Someone else was here. Who?

DR. M
A girl. A stewardess. She and
Yorick bonded...

355 sees -- THE PILE OF MAPS. She sifts through them.

DR. M (CONT'D)
Her name was also Beth. That blew
his easily blown mind.

355
(realizes)
He's going after Beth's plane.

DR. M
He couldn't be that stupid.
(off 355's look)
Oh, shit.

355
(grabbing the maps)
I just saw the people who are
trying to kill him. We better find
him before they do.

And they're off--Dr. M grabbing the laptop on the way out.

EXT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

The humvee tire kicks up a cloud of dust as it tears off...

Right past a MILITIA WOMAN, standing over the bodies that 355 left behind. As she keys her walkie--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ARIZONA COUNTRYSIDE - TWILIGHT

A dust-storm. Y and Bethany are slowly motoring their way through it, shirts around their faces like bandanas--

Y

We're almost out of gas! We need to get back to the main road.

BETHANY

This is the last section! We'll have enough to--

Thunk! The bike's wheel hits something and spins them into the dirt. Shouting to be heard over the wind--

Y

I think we're in a junk yard. Is one of those on the map?!

BETHANY

I can't tell!

Y, spotting what looks like a small shelter ahead, points--

Y

Let's get out of the storm, figure out where we are.

They move toward what looks like a rickety Quonset hut in the middle of the junkyard. There's no door, so they step into--

INT. SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. Eerily quiet. Bethany pulls out her map as Y unzips his backpack, Amp to sticks his head out.

Y

Okay, safe to breath now.

He reaches around the side pocket with the flashlight.

Y (CONT'D)
 Now where's the flashlight...
 (finding it)
 Voilà...

He immediately falls silent as he shines his light around...

BETHANY
 ...we're not in a junk yard.

THEY'RE INSIDE AN AIRCRAFT ENGINE.

Y goes back outside, as we PULL BACK to reveal the "junk yard" is a DEBRIS FIELD.

The aircraft has been pulverized, there isn't a piece of it bigger than the engine. Bethany picks up a seat-back pouch emergency card. Reads it--

BETHANY (CONT'D)
 Emergency Exit instructions for a
 Capitol Airways 777.

Y
 (nods, calm)
 This is her flight.

He looks around at what's left of the wreckage, the scar on the ground. Just nodding. The storm is weakening.

BETHANY
 I'm sorry, Yorick.

He can't process it a first, then he hops down from the engine, walks among the debris. Little touches of humanity: a charred lip stick tube, a shoe, scorched cell phone.

Y
 None of this is hers...

He walks away from the debris field, up a nearby grassy ridge. Bethany walks behind him. Just lets him be.

Y (CONT'D)
 She wasn't here--
 (looking at Bethany)
 She could have gotten on an earlier flight, or bumped to a different one that made it. Hell, she could still be in New York for all I know! But she's not here...

Bethany puts a hand on him as he just runs out of words, unable to convince himself any longer. His knees buckle as his strength leaves him. Bethany holds him as he cries.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

355 determined behind the wheel, sees HEADLIGHTS in the REARVIEW, coming fast. Game on.

355
Here we go...

EXT. GRASSY RIDGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Y sits alone. In shock, numb. Beth pulls a little airline bottle of whiskey out of her bag. Takes a swig. Offers it to Y. He drains it.

Y
Sorry...

Bethany pulls out a few more--

BETHANY
A good flight attendant always keeps something in reserve.

As they get increasingly drunk, Bethany leans on him, rubs his back. He looks at her and she stops.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
Sorry...

Y
No, it's nice. Beth used to do that.
(beat)
She just wanted to help people, too.
I guess I was her biggest project.

BETHANY
Don't say that...

Y
You remind me so much of her. You make me feel the way she always did.

He looks into her eyes, desperate to feel okay, to connect. A little tipsy, they kiss. They fall back in the grass, clothes being shed--

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Several headlights now closing in. Dr. M looks at the map.

DR. M
Aren't we going to lead them right
to him?

355
If I can put enough distance
between us, we grab and go. Then I
can lose them.

EXT. GRASSY RIDGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Post-sex, Y and Bethany are pulling their clothes back on.
She notices that Y is quiet, still a little numb.

BETHANY
I feel like I took advantage of you.

Y
No, no, it's okay....

Y stops, noticing Bethany's attention drawn by a pair of
headlights from a vehicle tearing ass toward them.

BETHANY
We need to run.

Y
What's the point? The whole
world's dead. It just doesn't know
it yet.

The Humvee hits some debris buried under dirt, WRENCHES an
AXLE. 355 pops out, Dr. M follows. They are running.

BETHANY
Yorick...

Y
It's okay, they're with me. And
pretty pissed, I'm guessing.

And then, behind 355 and Dr. M a DOZEN MORE HUMVEES and other
VEHICLES COMES TEARING THROUGH THE SCRUB-BRUSH.

BETHANY
Okay, I don't think *they* are
friends.

Y
No. They either want to kill me or
turn me into a sperm factory.
Either way, I kind of don't care--

355
 (shouting)
 Get down, you idiot!

She says this as one of the Humvee's MINI-GUNS OPENS UP, bullets chewing up the ground. 355 and Dr. M run full out toward the safe-haven of the engine cowling. Once inside--

INT. ENGINE COWLING - CONTINUOUS

SLAM! 355 knocks Y to the ground the line of bullets crossing just over-head.

355 picks Y off the ground, enraged. Y couldn't care less.

Y
 Beth is dead.

355 softens for a moment--

355
 All that matters right now is you. I
 need you to understand that, Yorick.

Dr. M is looking outside. The Convoy has stopped, their lights illuminating the darkness. Amazons and militia, now together, emerge. The ones in camo are the first wave.

braap! braaaaaap!! 355 fires at them, hitting several.

The others hit the dirt, retreat, or return fire.

Most bullets ricochet off the small opening but suddenly Dr. M crumples. One bullet got through. Bethany pulls Dr. M away from the opening, putting pressure on the wound.

355 sprays more fire, driving them back. Loads a new clip.

355 (CONT'D)
 (to Bethany)
 You know what you're doing?

BETHANY
 I had basic EMT training, that's it--

355
 Good enough for now. Keep it up.
 (to Y)
 If you've got any more escape tricks up your sleeve, now would be a good time to use one.
 (beat)
 Yorick?

Y is speechless, staring at the BLOOD COMING OUT of Dr. M.
She puts a bloody hand out towards 355--

DR. M

Give me the gun. I can cover you,
buy you time to get to the Humvee.

355

Axle's broken... and the other
vehicles are too far to reach.

(then)

I'll go after the leader. Hopefully
they'll scatter if I take her out.

(to Bethany)

You'll have to get him out of here.

BETHANY

No, no--you guys are the important
ones. I'll do it--

Y is watching them all sacrificing themselves on his behalf.
He's numb, almost can't hear them. He looks down and sees
the lighter on the ground, fallen from his pocket.

Y

...misdirection.

They look at him: *What?* He looks back: *Was that out loud?*

EXT. CRASH SITE - MOMENTS LATER

Silence from the engine cowlings. Hero leads a group of
Amazons and militia towards it--

--*Brap! Brap! Braaap!* semi-automatic fire from the engine
cowlings. They hit the dirt.

HERO

Wait for the re-load!

A second later **click!**, the gun goes silent. Hero stands
back, watching as The Militia wastes no time, SWARMING into--

INT. ENGINE COWLING - MOMENTS LATER

It's empty! Everyone's gone--the trigger of the machine gun
has been tied back with a swatch of torn fabric.

MILITIAWOMAN

Where'd they go?!

The Militiawoman knocks the side of the cowlings and **plink!**
a lighter--already ignited--drops to the ground--

HERO
Get out of there!

--It lands in a trail of fuel in the dirt...and catches fire.
It rides a trail all the way up back up into the engine--

FOOM!

The engine cowlings EXPLODES like a huge bomb, INCINERATING some militia members, SHREDDING others with shrapnel. Hero is KNOCKED OFF HER FEET. Victoria and the others run in to help as one of their Humvees tears off into the darkness.

INT. HUMVEE - MOMENTS LATER

Y and Bethany watch the fireball as 355 drives. Looking back in the rear-view mirror at Y--who has Dr. M's blood on him.

Y
I know, this is all my fault. I
shouldn't have left the church.

355
I was going to say "good job."

Y would rather beat himself up. He looks out the window.

INT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

Hands grab gauze, antiseptic, tubing, antibiotics etc. Dr. M is laid on top of the Pharmacy counter, unconscious. 355 and Bethany work together to save her--

BETHANY
Maybe we should find a Doctor.

355
No time.
(reassuring)
People generally don't die around
me unless I want them too.

Bethany's throat is suddenly very dry.

BETHANY
Well, that's good to know.

INT. DRUG STORE - STOREROOM - SAME TIME

Y is at the sink, washing the blood off. BLOODY SHIRT in the garbage. Around the room, scattered boxes of non-essentials--ornaments, pool toys, condoms. The good stuff's long-looted.

Y
 I'm the biggest screw up who ever
 lived.
 (then)
 Dad was right, it should have been me.

Amp, sitting in a box of greeting cards, *squeaks* softly--

Y (CONT'D)
 They keep saying I'm so important.
 Like if you gave the Doc enough money
 and resources she couldn't restart
 the human race all on her own? Why
 the hell start over with me?

Y joins Amp on the floor--among the greeting cards: Father's
 Day, New Grandfather, boys birthday. "TO MY BIG BROTHER..."

Y (CONT'D)
 I wish I'd known I'd be the last
 one. I'd have done things
 differently, prepared for it, gone
 total John Connor. But now I'm
 just a pathetic, stupid, useless...
 man-child.

Amp cocks his head.

Y (CONT'D)
 Yes, I know I'm awash in self-pity.
 Stop judging me.

EXT. CRASH SITE - LATER

Still picking up the pieces from the fight. Victoria and a
 few of the Militiawomen look out over the wreckage--

VICTORIA
 Why here...? Why were they at a
 crash site?

That's when Hero steps up with a bloody wallet.

HERO
 Must have fell out when they
 dragged her away.

She pulls out Dr. M's lab ID--picture and address on it.

HERO (CONT'D)
 Allison Matsomori... She's got a
 lab in San Francisco.

As they load up a Humvee--

INT. DRUG STORE - STOREROOM - LATER

Y opens a box full of men's t-shirts. He puts one on. Pulls out the dog tags...and Beth's ring.

Y
The other dudes, Henry, Beth...

He stands, sees his reflection in the mirror over the sink.

Y (CONT'D)
...the old Yorick... They're gone.

He walks to a display of road maps, grabs one--

Y (CONT'D)
The Amazing Yorick and his trusty
monkey sidekick, Ampersand. Off to
save the world. How's that sound?

Amp *squawks!* his approval. Off Y--

INT. DRUG STORE - LATER

Bethany brings over two cans of warm soda. She stops, seeing 355 hooked up via tubing and needles to Dr. M.--

355
(explains)
She's fine, just lost some blood.
(pointing to her arm)
O-negative. Universal Donor. Comes
in handy--

BETHANY
Last two cans. "Vanilla
Pomegranate Twist." Not surprising
they were left here.

355 takes one, they start drinking.

355
Thanks.

BETHANY
Where's Yorick?

355 shrugs, *doesn't care*.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
You know, you could be nicer to him.

355
You try draggin' his ass cross-country.

BETHANY

Sure. Soon as you try being the last of your kind on earth.

(adding)

Not to mention having everyone looking to you to save humanity.

355

He's got one job..."stay alive."
And he's not making it easy.

BETHANY

Because he doesn't think he deserves it. And you're not helping him any.

355

You've known him, what, about 24 hours now?

355 drains the can and tosses it across the floor--

BETHANY

I bet I know him better than you.

(beat)

But just keep doing what you're doing; sounds like the plan's been working perfectly so far. I'm gonna get some air.

As she goes, Bethany picks up 355's can, drops it in the recycling bin. Exits.

355 exhales deeply. Then, sensing someone, she looks over to see Y and Amp standing there. *Did Y hear their conversation?*

If so, he doesn't betray it. He nods at Dr. M, asks quietly--

Y

How is she?

355

She'll live.

(then)

How are you?

That stops Y a moment, but then--

Y

I'm sorry. For every screw up, for every bad joke, for making your job harder. I'm done with all that.

(MORE)

Y (CONT'D)

From now on I'll do whatever needs
to be done, even if it means
shutting up.

(holding up the map)

We've got 800 miles give-or-take
till we're in San Francisco. When
can we get moving?

DR. M

(groggy)

As soon as someone unhooks me from
Grace Jones.

They both look to see Dr. M, sitting up, rubbing her head.

DR. M (CONT'D)

What did I miss?

Y

I got you shot.

DR. M

Of course you did.

As 355 unhooks them both from the transfusion--

355

You made it through the night so
you'll live, but you're definitely
going to be sore for a while.

DR. M

Wish you weren't the first girl to
say that to me...

Y

Gross...

(then)

You get her ready, I'll load up the car.

355 tosses Y their bag of supplies.

355

Sounds like a plan.

(then)

Bethany's outside getting some air.

Y

I'll let her know we're on the move.

Dr. M looks curiously at 355, then to Y--

DR. M

What the hell happened to you?

Y doesn't break stride.

Y
I'm the last man on earth. It's
time I act like it.

And he heads out the door. Dr. M and 355 exchange looks--

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

355 is driving, with Y riding shotgun. Amp sits on the console between them looking back at--

Dr. M--laptop out--explaining to Bethany what she found out. On her display, *the DNA strand unraveling--*

DR. M
355 was right. The plague was
engineered by somebody altering
male DNA.

BETHANY
How is that even possible?

Y
And what's the point if it means the
end of *all* life?

DR. M
My only guess is that the mutation
was intended to be targeted but
somehow spread through the
population. Intentional or not,
the electromagnetism from the solar
flares activated it.

Dr. M is looking at DNA-renderings on the laptop. Twenty-thousand genes over 23 chromosomes.

BETHANY
That's human DNA...?

DR. M
No, that's the DNA of corn.

Y
I'm confused.

DR. M
As am I. Whoever put this file
together is making some kind of
link that I'm not seeing yet.

Up front, 355 suddenly makes that connection--

355

...How do they make corn live for only one generation?

(off her look)

Driver at the truck stop was delivering seed for Osiris Organics. Said the seed only lasts a generation.

DR. M

(starting to click)

They call it a kill gene. Some genetically modified crops are programmed to commit suicide before they can reproduce.

Y

(gets it)

So farmers have to keep buying new seed from the company. That's so brilliant. And evil.

355

Could eating enough of it cause genetic mutations?

DR. M

It's never been proven but I shared research with somebody who theorized it was possible.

355 slams on the breaks. Right in the middle of the road.

355

Was his name Khalil Hamad?

DR. M

How'd you know that?

355

You're reading his file. He reached out to us right before the plague.

It's too much. Dr. M needs to get out of the car--

EXT. HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

She stands out on the street, the others come out as well, trying to get their minds around it.

BETHANY

Hold on a second, it wasn't terrorists or some kind of conspiracy, it was... corn.

Y

Looked at a nutritional label lately? It's in pretty much everything we eat. And everything animals eat for that matter.

DR. M

Osiris was the most aggressive in pushing the envelope, far beyond what anyone else was doing. When Dr. Hamad went to the CEO with his concerns they just offered to move him to a different project. So he quit. At that point Osiris' product had been in the world's food supply for over a decade.

355

A gene programmed to commit suicide so crops couldn't reproduce on their own... eaten by *every living being on the planet*. Somebody thought that was a good idea?

(beat)

So much for science solving all our problems.

Dr. M looks down. She's right. 355 is pissed.

355 (CONT'D)

They knew... Osiris knew. We had a ton of chatter before the plague, like an attack was coming. But that was them, scurrying for safety, trying to protect themselves from what they created.

Y

Jesus... This is somehow worse than terrorists. It wasn't anybody's plan. Just a mistake. Greed. Randomness.

355

I'm just glad that Osiris is still in business.

BETHANY

Why?

355

Because there'll be somebody's ass to kick when I get there.

355 heads back to the car, still has a mission to accomplish. The others follow.

INT. HUMVEE - LATER

Everyone rides in silence, still processing. Bethany looks out the window.

BETHANY
We're almost there.

355
Yorick, it's game time.

He nods, pulls on the mask and slightly-melted poncho. The GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE is REFLECTED off the mask--

Y
Hello, San Francisco.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - LATER

An accident scene, trolley vs UPS truck. It's been that way since the plague. Until now, a group of women pulls them apart, revealing the Embarcadero in the distance. Street by street the city is being put back together.

A humvee moves through the now open gap. Inside, a motley crew: 355, Bethany, a hobbled Dr. M, and Y--in mask and poncho, don't draw any undue attention...

...but one SFPD **MOTORCYCLE COP** takes an interest, pulls out her radio, keys the mike--

MOTORCYCLE COP
I may have a visual on our targets.
Will follow and confirm.

EXT. ADVANCED GENETICS - LATER

The humvee is parked close by a high-rise building. 355 ushers everyone inside.

Further down the street, none of them notice the Motorcycle Cop pull to a stop, speak into her radio.

INT. ADVANCED GENETICS - MAIN LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Nearly pitch black, until--*KA-CHUNK!*. Yellow lights flicker on revealing our gang minus Dr. M. Y's disappointed with how plain it is.

Y
 You hear "genetics lab" you think it'll
 be something a bit more high tech.

Dr. M appears--

DR. M
 Still got enough juice for lights,
 that's something.

The lights flicker like they're going to give out. 355
 doesn't like all the shadows, eyes scanning.

355
 Some light.

Dr. M gives her a look, defensive.

DR. M
 I'm on a shoestring budget. I put
 all my money into my equipment. The
 lab is this way.

Down a corridor. They enter--

INT. ADVANCED GENETICS - LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Where the power is completely out. Dr. M's cloning equipment
 gleams in the moonlight, standing out as the only high-end
 pieces in the room.

Y
 So much for the power--

But 355 sees a blinking digital clock--*there is power*. 355
 pulls her gun--

355
 Someone's turned out the lights...

Suddenly, spider-senses tingling, 355 wheels, but--***SHINK!***--
 its too late. A sword *glints* at Y's throat.

Held by The Ninja! As she steps from the shadows, 355 aims
 right past Y at her head--

THE NINJA
 You really want to risk it?

355
 Not a risk if you're gonna kill him
 anyway.

THE NINJA

Wasn't my plan. That of course can
change, depending on what you do
next.

355 wants to take the shot, but can't bring herself to take
the risk. She drops the gun. Raises her hands.

THE NINJA (CONT'D)

Smart girl.

(beat)

Dr. Matsumori, please insert this
flash drive into your computer for me.

She tosses her the flash drive. Dr. M looks at 355--

DR. M

Listen bitch, there's no way I'm--

She tightens her sword, drawing blood from Y's neck--

DR. M (CONT'D)

Okay, okay!

Dr. M goes to her computer, inserts the flash drive.

DR. M (CONT'D)

What do I do now?

THE NINJA

Just sit there and look pretty.
The flash drive will do the rest.

ON SCREEN: A VIRUS runs through directories, deleting data.

Y

Feel free to monologue about your
plans, who you're working for,
whatever. Just get it off your
chest.

The Ninja looks at Y.

THE NINJA

You're adorable.

(to 355)

You screw him yet?

355 just stares her down.

THE NINJA (CONT'D)

It's an honest question. I haven't
had any in months.

(to Y)

(MORE)

THE NINJA (CONT'D)

She's no fun at all.

(re: Bethany)

That's what the blonde is for,
right?

The data scrolling on screen (and being deleted) plays across Dr. M's glasses. She's taking in all of it.

DR. M

(to 355)

She's still working for Osiris.
Covering up what they did, so they
can keep doing it.

THE NINJA

Girl's gotta make a living, right?

DR. M

What's it like working for the
people responsible for over three
billion deaths?

Amp lets out a screech. Reaches into his diaper and throws few pellets at The Ninja--but Y is a body shield.

Y

Dude, quit it!

Ding! The virus has done its job. The Ninja pulls out a cool-looking gun and ***THWIP!***--

Amp falls over, hit by a tranquilizer dart.

In a flash, The Ninja ditches Y, scoops Amp up in a mesh net,
and dives out the doorway--

Y (CONT'D)

What the f--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

355 slides across the floor, grabbing her gun and firing into the hallway at her. Y knocks the gun toward the floor--

Y (CONT'D)

Stop! She's got Amp!

355

Stay here!

355 bolts out as the others turn to each other--

BETHANY

What just happened?

DR. M

She wasn't after Yorick, she was after the monkey.

Y

That doesn't make sense.

DR. M

She must know something we don't. Like maybe you didn't give your immunities to him, maybe he gave them to you.

INT. ADVANCED GENETICS - HALLWAYS/STAIRWELLS - CONTINUOUS

355 burns rubber going after The Ninja. Bursts out the door to the building to see--

EXT. ADVANCED GENETICS - CONTINUOUS

The Amazons. Led by Victoria, Hero at her side with a bow.

MOTORCYCLE COP

That's her! She has the man!

355 freezes--

355

Fuck me.

And darts back INSIDE. Barring the door.

INT. ADVANCED GENETICS - LABORATORY

And bursts back into the lab, slamming the door shut and moving a desk in front to bar it as well. Looks at Y--

355

That group that's trying to kill you... They're here.

Everyone jumps in, helping to block the door.

355 (CONT'D)

Any other ways in or out of here? Doors I'm not seeing? Vents?

DR. M

(shakes her head)

The vents are six-inches square with pressure gaskets on each one. Other than the door, the room's air-tight.

355's eyes are on the open window. Outside she sees a HUNDRED more Amazons with guns. She backs away, no way out. Gun ready, how will they breach? Waiting...

Y

I'm sorry I brought you into this.

BETHANY

There's worse ways to go.

She kisses Y. Then--***BRAP BRAP BRAP!*** Gunfire erupts at the window, glass ***shatters!*** as everyone dives for cover. A beat, then ***plink, plink, plink!*** a handful of tiny canisters arc in, fired by air-pistols down below--

355

Tear gas!

They all start choking as fumes spread.

In the corner, Y pulls out his gas mask for Bethany but she forces it onto him. Dr. M heads for the door--

DR. M

We've got to get out of here!

Trying to warn her--

355

No, they're going to breach--

BOOM! The door EXPLODES, flinging desks and filing cabinets across the lab. 355 barely has time to get Dr. M behind cover as ***FLASH!*** ***BANG!*** grenades are tossed in--

355 stands up, fires with a gun in each hand--***BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!*** at the advancing Amazons...they drop one at a time, bottlenecking the entrance until, from out of the smoke--

SHUNK! an arrow lands in the upper chest of 355, just above the top of her Kevlar vest. As she drops--

Y

No!

355 reaches back to a horrified Y, who takes her bloodied hand as SIX MORE AMAZONS POUR IN including Hero and Victoria.

Dr. M goes to 355, applies pressure to stop the bleeding.

From behind the fogged up faceplate of his mask, Y can barely see anything, until Victoria's face comes into view.

VICTORIA
 So, you're him.
 (to Hero)
 Take his mask off.

Hero, pulls off Y's facemask and sees her brother. She staggers backward...

HERO
 Yorick...

Y
 (beat, eyes adjusting)
 Hero?

Hero stops, unable to believe what she's seeing--

HERO
 Oh my God... *how are you alive?*

Y
 What are you doing... *with them...*

VICTORIA
 You know him?!

HERO
 He's my brother.
 (then)
 I thought he was...

She trails off. Y's disappointment burning a hole in her, the reality settling on her. Victoria seizes the moment--

VICTORIA
 When I found you, you were wandering around alone, without any purpose. We're the family you chose. You want to give all that up? Be all alone again?
 (beat)
 It's time to get off the fence, Hero. If you're with us, then prove it. Do what must be done.

Hero just stares at Y, her whole world upturned. Her mind flooding with everything she's done. *Am I the bad guy?*

Clarity coming to her, she drops her bow to the floor...*tears stream down her face.*

HERO
 I'm sorry, Yorick...

Y
It's okay...the whole world went
crazy.

VICTORIA
No.

Victoria picks up a gun--

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
The world finally makes sense.
It's our time now.
(to Hero)
You can still be one of us. We'll
make the world what we want it to be.

Hero only hates one person more than herself right now--

HERO
You took advantage of us. All of
us. You took our fear--

VICTORIA
And I made you strong!
(to the Amazons)
We cannot allow this weakness. It
will spread like a cancer.

Victoria raises the gun to Hero and ***BANG!* *BANG!* *BANG!***

It's Victoria who's shot. The force of the bullets in her
chest forces her back and through the shattered window. She
falls...her body landing with a ***thud*** on the asphalt below.

REVEAL: Y behind the still-smoking barrel of the Walther 355
gave to him in Arizona. His eyes cold.

The Amazons are stunned for a moment before they snap out of
it, and raise their own weapons at Y. ***POP POP POP POP!***
Hero's grabbed a gun off the floor and takes them out with
lightening speed and precision. She turns to Y--

HERO
I gotta get you outta here.

Y
Not without my friends.

Hero looks around, takes in the motley crew. To Dr. M--

HERO
(re: 355)
What do you need to save her?

DR. M
I need to get the arrow out. Help
me move her...

Hero picks up 355 along with Dr. M. As they carry her over to a nearby table, Hero looks down at 355--

HERO
Don't die on us.

Still conscious, 355 looks at her, nods.

355
(re: the arrow)
Can't. I still owe you for this...

Bethany is at the window, looking out at the now very angry mob of women below, gathered around the body of Victoria.

BETHANY
Maybe they'll go away since she's
dead.

Dr. M gets to work on 355 as Hero gathers the guns of the fallen Amazons.

HERO
Victoria gave them a purpose; now
she's gone. Killing us is the only
thing that'll make sense to them.
(looking around)
Any of you know how to shoot?

As Dr. M grabs for the arrow in 355, 355 pushes her away. She sits up, and--coming as close as she ever will to a scream--she pulls the arrow out of her chest!

Takes a few deep breaths as Dr. M applies pressure.

355
I can still shoot.

Whoa. Hero hands her a gun. To Bethany and Dr. M--

HERO
You know how to use these?

As Bethany nods.

DR. M
Can't promise I'll hit anything.

HERO
Just aim for where they're
clustered.

She moves to Y, who's been silent, processing the fact that the person sent to kill him was his sister. A beat.

HERO (CONT'D)
I don't know what to say.

Y
I'm just glad to have my sister back.

She nods, holding in the emotion. There's no time for it.

HERO
The only thing I can do to try to
make up for everything is keep you
alive.
(beat)
Whatever happens, stay behind me.

Y thinks about that, then--

Y
It's suicide.

HERO
It's our only--

Y
NO!
(beat)
Everybody keeps killing everybody
because they think they have no
other options. They're scared and
confused and... hopeless... We
don't need to wait for lack of
procreation to put an end to us.
We're gonna kill each other first!

No one knows quite what to do...until--

355
What'd'you want to do, Yorick?

Dr. M and Bethany look at her. *She just said that?*

355 (CONT'D)
Every plan we've had has failed.
You tell us what you want to do,
we'll do it.

Off Y, the weight of everything on him, but this time he's ready to handle it.

Y
No more magic. No more
misdirection. No more running.

EXT. ADVANCED GENETICS BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The Amazons are armed and moving toward the building when the doors open. Hero comes out, alone.

HERO
You all know who I am...
(then)
And I'm telling you what I now know
to be true. Victoria was wrong.
It wasn't God's will that all the
men died. It was a mistake. And
we made that mistake worse.
(beat)
I want you to meet my brother.
Yorick...

JUST INSIDE THE DOOR, Y holds up 355. Bethany supports Dr. M. Y moves towards the door but 355 holds him back--

355
They'll kill you.

Y
No, they won't.

OUTSIDE, Y and the others emerge. Having not seen a living man in months, the women don't quite know how to process it.

Everything goes suddenly quiet...then...

Y (CONT'D)
My name's Yorick Brown. I survived
the plague, because I was somehow
inoculated by my monkey...
(beat)
It's a long story but here I am.

We see faces of the women in the crowd as he speaks to them--

Y (CONT'D)
Everybody lost fathers and brothers
and husbands that day. And maybe
mothers and sisters and girlfriends
too. We all lost a lot but not
everything. For whatever reason we're
all still here.
(MORE)

Y (CONT'D)

And not because we're special. Or smarter. Or we planned ahead. We just got lucky. All of us.

(beat)

The only thing we get a choice in is what we do next. If we don't want a world like it was, we rebuild it better. That's our choice.

(then)

Men can be cruel. Women can be cruel.

He looks at Hero-

Y (CONT'D)

But we can also be strong--

(then, to 355)

And protective.

(and Dr. M)

And smart.

(and Bethany)

And good-hearted...

As he takes another step into the crowd of women--

Y (CONT'D)

This isn't the end of the world. We'll go on. We'll figure it out. But whether or not we do more than just survive, day to day, whether or not we make life worth living. That's our choice.

The women are still silent...Y stands there a moment, then--

Y (CONT'D)

Sorry...I'm babbling. Usually if I talk this long someone tells me to shut up...

A few women approach, tears in their eyes...

WOMAN #1

My husband, Tom, was a good man. He always tried his best...I wish he knew I knew that.

WOMAN #2

My son, Brian, he was a Marine. I was so proud of him...

Woman after woman line up, to tell Y about the men they lost, hoping for redemption.

We PULL BACK to see the crowd around Y, and guns on the ground. No longer Amazons, just grieving women.

INT. MILITARY BASE - YORICK'S ROOM - DAY

A computer monitor, the image pixelated beyond recognition. Y whacks the monitor, and it stabilizes. Jennifer Brown is on the computer screen, mid-video conference. It's still a bit warbly as everything is just getting up and running--

Y
I'm fine, Mom. Just a little stir
crazy is all.

JENNIFER
You'd rather be roaming around the
country being hunted?

SUPER:

NAS Alameda, San Francisco Bay
Four Months since the plague

Y
No, but the 24-hour guard seems
excessive.

Sure enough, two uniformed Marines guard him like a prisoner.

JENNIFER
Until the cloning program is
successful, you're staying under
lockdown. Word gets out that we
have a live male and we'll have
every country in the world landing
troops here to try and snatch you
away.
(then)
How's your sister?

Y
Okay I guess. She really hasn't
talked much.

JENNIFER
When she's ready to, she will.
(then)
I'm just glad you're together.

ON SCREEN a staffer quietly whispers something to Jennifer.
She frowns, then--

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
I need to go sweetheart. Let's try
to talk again tomorrow. Love you.

Y
Okay, Mom. Love you, too.

The video conference ends. Y turns to see Dr. M and 355, both looking healthy. 355 turns to the guards.

355
Can we take him for a walk?

They nod, step aside.

Y
Sure, flaunt you power in front of me.

355
Fine. We can just stay here--

But Y's already halfway out the door, bound for sunlight--

EXT. AIR STATION - DAY

They walk along the bustling runway of the newly re-instated Naval Air Station, Alameda. In the distance, downtown San Francisco. Beyond a fence--jeeps, taxing jets, palates of supplies--proof that life is returning to normal here.

355
We've got good news...

DR. M
The genetics group has isolated an enzyme in Ampersand's feces--

Y
Be honest, how long were you carrying monkey poop around with you?

DR. M
Just after he was taken and I realized that he was the key to this whole thing and you were just an accidental by-product of fecal inoculation.

Like he needs to be reminded.

Y
My fault for interrupting. "Monkey poo enzyme." Go on...

DR. M
The enzyme is itself engineered.

Y

So before I found Amp at the animal rescue he was, what--a lab monkey?

355

Not just any lab monkey--a lab monkey for Osiris. He must have escaped.

DR. M

Osiris knows he is the key to a lasting cure, so this never happens again. Considering their track record, they won't be sharing that cure with anybody. So we need to get Amp back.

Y

Seriously?! The team rides again! Where are we going?

355

Our intel indicates that Amp was put on a ship to Asia. Dr. M and I are following it.

Y

Oh... so I'm stuck here.

355 can barely make eye contact. She feels terrible.

355

The President is concerned that Osiris has infiltrated the Intelligence community based on the brick wall we hit before the plague. The loop is being kept tight. Just the two of us.

Y

Yeah. Fine. I'm just monkey-poo by-product. Totally get it.

355

Yorick, you know you're too important...

Y

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

DR. M

We'll see you again soon. Good luck with the other scientists. They're not all as congenial as me.

Y can't tell if she's joking or not. He hugs Dr. M. It's brief. Then he looks at 355...

Y
I know you've got to get in the zone so I won't divert you with my manly musk.

355
I'm not *that* easily diverted.

Y hugs 355. After a moment she hugs him back. Dr. M notices it goes on a little longer than normal. After, they head for--

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE YORICK'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They return Yorick to his room. A pair of tough-looking girls are waiting patiently to take him back inside--

355
Be nice to the Marines. They're just doing their job.
(beat)
Be good Yorick.

He looks back at the room, his prison cell, shrugs.

Y
How much trouble could I get into?

He gives her a wink. Then heads inside as 355 turns to a **LIEUTENANT** (tall, brunette, all business).

355
He's all yours, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT
Anything I need to know about him?

355
(shaking her head)
Easy watch. Keeps to himself; don't bother him he won't bother you.

Dr. M gives her a look: *Yorick*? 355 looks back as they go--

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

A pregnancy test. A positive one. In the shaking hands of--

BETHANY
Oh my God...

She steps out of the stall to find Hero leaning up against the tile. Bethany jumps.

HERO

Seriously, I'm not going to kill you.

(beat)

Especially now that you're carrying my niece...or nephew.

(explaining)

I saw you pick up the pregnancy test earlier.

Off Bethany, busted--

BETHANY

Yorick doesn't know...and I don't know how to tell him.

HERO

Come on, I'll do it with you.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE YORICK'S ROOM - DAY

Hero and a nervous Bethany approach The Lieutenant.

HERO

Can we talk to the stud for a moment?

She nods, unlocks the door to the room to find--

The room is empty! The one window in the room, high up on the wall with no way to reach it, is open.

LIEUTENANT

How the hell--

LIEUTENANT (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)

Bird's left the nest. Repeat, bird's left the nest.

As the Lieutenant bolts out of the room, Hero just shakes her head, *classic Yorick*. Bethany is upset.

HERO

Don't worry, he'll be back, eventually.

BETHANY

What am I gonna do?

HERO

You'll be fine. You've got Aunt Hero.

Off Bethany, not all that thrilled.

EXT. PORT OF OAKLAND - PIER 58 - DAY

A huge, rusty TANKER is being loaded up. Dr. M and 355 walk down the Pier toward the gangplank. Dr. M takes it in--

DR. M
You couldn't have wrangled us
something nicer?

355
Only boat leaving today. We want
to stay off the radar, this is our
best bet.

An arm goes around Dr. M. Someone in a poncho, gasmask--

GASMASK
Ladies, ladies...
(beat)
We've been through much worse.

Y lifts the mask enough to show them his shit-eating grin.
355's smile gives away that she's not surprised.

355
Took you long enough.

Y
I like to make a dramatic entrance.
(then)
Now, let's go get my monkey.

The three of them keep walking as a HORN BLOWS, *all aboard!*

Off Y, softly whistling "On The Road Again..."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REFUGEE SHELTER - DAY

TIGHT on a NEWSPAPER. Bold headlines: *China invades Japan. Israel annexes the Suez. Russian Prime Minister's wife declares herself Czarina.*

An **ARMY DOCTOR**, reads the paper, shaking her head. She refolds it closed and we see the front page: a PHOTO of YORICK from outside the lab, standing in a crowd of women.

The headline: **MAN FOUND ALIVE?**

Beyond her we see cots and cots of refugees. Some injured, others just sleeping. It's a pretty big shelter. Outdoor.

SUPER:

67th Army CSH Refugee Camp - FOB Los Angeles
Four Months since the plague

A **NURSE** comes by with a tray of coffee, sees the paper--

NURSE

How many times are they gonna try
to fool us with that?

The Army Doc drops the paper in the garbage can.

ARMY DOC

All they care about is selling papers.

She reacts to the bad coffee. Dumps her cup into the trash, spilling hot coffee all over the paper. A CIVILIAN DOCTOR, back to us as she cleans up at the sink, says:

CIVILIAN DOCTOR

Hey! I was going to read that.

NURSE

It's all bad news and B.S. Don't waste your time with it, Honey.

The Civilian Doctor turns. It's Beth! She looks in the trash can, paper covered in coffee. The only thing left is the headline. Beth sighs.

ARMY DOC

What's next, Beth?

We hold on Beth a moment before she turns back to work--

BETH

Busload of toddlers from the Inland Empire. Severe dehydration, sunstroke...

As her voice fades we RISE UP into the air to see the open-air refugee camp is in the middle of Dodgers Stadium.

Rising HIGHER and HIGHER we see the stadium in Chavez Ravine, at the intersection of two great ribbons of highway...

Inside of a large Y.

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF MOVIE