

**Y**  
**THE LAST MAN**

by  
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Based on the series from Vertigo Comics  
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**DRAFT 1.2**

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Open hard on the passenger seat of a speeding minivan, where a MALE TEENAGER is slumped against his blood-stained window. He's dead, and a distinctly female voice is screaming in recognition of this horror.

Pull out to reveal that this voice belongs to the minivan's driver, the late teen's MOTHER, who's presumably racing to a hospital.

MOTHER

Why? Why is this happening?!

Pull out even more to reveal two more DEAD BOYS in the back seats of the vehicle. More subtle this time. They're slumped over their PSPs. We can't see their faces.

MOTHER

Just hold on! I'm going to get you help! I'm--

The mother is cut off mid-sentence by EXPLODING GLASS, as her windshield ruptures on impact with another vehicle.

EXT. NEW JERSEY INTERSECTION - CONTINUING

Cut outside as a SPEEDING FIRE TRUCK runs a red light and easily KNOCKS ASIDE the minivan that dared cross its path.

INT. FIRE TRUCK - CONTINUING

Behind the wheel, a rock-hard FEMALE FIREFIGHTER shakes her head at the smaller vehicle that stupidly ignored her blaring sirens.

FEMALE FIREFIGHTER

Fuckin' women drivers...

EXT. NEW JERSEY STREET - CONTINUING

Outside, the street is LITTERED with crashed cars, most of which contain the CORPSES of recently deceased male drivers. A few small FIRES dot the landscape. This looks more like Fallujah than Jersey.

The fire truck reluctantly slows to a halt as it confronts a JERSEY CITY POLICE CAR parked in the middle of the road.

Outside the squaddie, a Hispanic FEMALE POLICE OFFICER is cradling the lifeless body of her MALE PARTNER, whose face is smeared with fresh blood.

The female firefighter hops out of her vehicle to assist her sister-in-arms.

FEMALE FIREFIGHTER  
Marianella!

POLICEWOMAN  
They're dead, Nat. The whole precinct.

FEMALE FIREFIGHTER  
I know, I'm the only one left from Ladder Ten. It's... it's gotta be Al Qaeda. Smallpox or something.

POLICEWOMAN  
Then why are we okay? Why aren't we--

The female officer is interrupted by the sudden arrival of an AMBULANCE, which screeches to a halt inches from the two other emergency vehicles. A FEMALE EMT hops out and sprints over to the other uniformed women.

FEMALE EMT  
What the hell is happening?  
Dispatch says I'm the only bus responding to calls.

FEMALE FIREFIGHTER  
Is your dispatcher a woman?

Suddenly, a WAILING SOUND is heard, like a distant wounded animal.

FEMALE EMT  
What difference does that make?

The sound grows louder.

POLICEWOMAN  
Is your dispatcher a fucking woman?!

FEMALE EMT  
Yuh--yes. Yes. Why?

The women raise their voices to compete with the alien sound, which is even louder now.

POLICEWOMAN

It's the men! All of the men are--

Pull out, as the sound reveals itself to be a BOEING 747.

It's falling out of the goddamn sky.

A split-second before the plummeting aircraft crashes into this unlucky trio, we SMASH CUT to:

WHITE TEXT ON BLACK BACKGROUND:

**BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. FIVE HOURS AGO.**

YORICK (V.O.)

Did you know Elvis had a twin brother?

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Inside a tastefully decorated office, we learn that the voice behind this non sequitur belongs to YORICK BROWN, an oddly attractive 20-something white guy who looks all wrong in a tie. He's wearing one anyway. Yorick's staring right at us as he nervously rambles:

YORICK

It's true. Jesse Garon Presley. He was an identical twin, stillborn a few minutes before Gladys gave birth to the King. They buried him in a shoebox. How insane is that? I mean, what if Jesse had lived and Elvis had died? Or vice versa? It's destiny, right? Why does fate choose one man over another and all that?

Cut across the desk to the unimpressed FEMALE EXECUTIVE who's apparently been interviewing Yorick.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE

And that's why we should hire you to be an assistant editor?

YORICK

I'm just saying, I'm more Elvis than Jesse. Plus, I'm a ninja with the grammar. Ma'am.

The woman looks over Yorick's resume.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE

You haven't worked since you graduated more than two years ago?

YORICK

No, I've, uh, sorta been doing the Kerouac thing. Minus the road trip. Or traveling. Or leaving my apartment at all, really. I've been thinking. Mostly thinking.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE

Mr. Brown...

YORICK

*Yorick*. Please. Mr. Brown is my father. My grandfather, actually. *Professor* Brown is my old man. He--

FEMALE EXECUTIVE

Yorick, I'll be honest. With your lack of publishing experience, I never even would have given you an interview if *Congresswoman* Brown hadn't asked me personally.

YORICK

My... my *mom* called you?

FEMALE EXECUTIVE

I'm sorry, son. You're a good kid, but you're still a kid.

Push in on Yorick, not quite ready to give up.

YORICK

Did you know Nixon once deputized Elvis to be a *secret agent*?

WHITE TEXT ON BLACK BACKGROUND:

**WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA. FOUR HOURS AGO.**

AGENT 355 (V.O.)

The President is a *bitch*.

INT. DOLL FACTORY - MORNING

It's after hours inside a dimly lit DOLL FACTORY that's cluttered with unassembled plastic body parts of girls' toys.

Standing under a naked bulb in this warehouse-sized room is AGENT 355, a late-twenties African-American woman who could kill you with a single dreadlock.

AGENT 355

If you want him dead, I'm your man.

Pull out, as we reveal that Agent 355 is speaking with two men, a seated RUSSIAN BUSINESSMAN and the nervous ASSISTANT standing behind him.

BUSINESSMAN

And yet... you're not. I am paying for an *assassin*, not a--

ASSISTANT

The woman comes very highly recommended, sir. She took down the head of Roberto Oil. In Venezuela?

355 smiles.

AGENT 355

Haven't you heard? We're the deadlier of the species. If Mother Russia could hold onto her *brides* better, maybe you wouldn't have to *outsource* all your dirty work.

The frowning Russian businessman just stares at 355... but his grimace eventually gives way to a smile.

BUSINESSMAN

You remind me of my first wife.

AGENT 355

Messy divorce?

BUSINESSMAN

I cut her face off and had it stretched into a lampshade.

AGENT 355

(ignoring this)

Give me the first ten million now, and POTUS will be dead before he leaves his stupid ranch.

The businessman motions to his assistant, who brings 355 a SUITCASE. Just as he's about to hand over this case, 355 GRABS the assistant's wrist and TWISTS it behind his back. With her free hand, 355 pulls out a GLOCK, which she presses to her startled hostage's head.

AGENT 355  
Federal agent! You're both under  
arrest!

BUSINESSMAN  
*Which federal agency?*

AGENT 355  
You're not really in a position to  
be asking questions, fuckface.

The businessman calmly raises a finger, and GUNSHOTS ring out as the hostage's chest suddenly EXPLODES. The dead assistant slumps to the ground, as SEVERAL HEAVILY ARMED RUSSIAN BRUISERS step out of the shadows behind their boss.

BUSINESSMAN  
Hurt her as much as you want, but I  
get to finish it.

355's eyes narrow, as she uses her free hand to pull out a BALLISTIC BATON, which she EXTENDS with a satisfying *THINK*.

The first of the six thugs RUNS at 355, and she promptly SHOOTs him in the chest, knocking him to the ground.

The next uses his muscular forearm to CHOP the Glock out of 355's hand, but she SWINGS her metal baton right into one of his eye sockets.

As this blinded man screams in pain, two more charge at 355. She GRABS the first by his thick neck and SNAPS it by using his skull as a fulcrum to SWING around and KICK his partner in the face with devastating force.

355 continues to throw punches and break bones, until she's eventually overpowered by Russian muscle. As the men wrestle her to the ground, 355 looks up to see the businessman holding one of his goons' machine guns.

BUSINESSMAN  
I'm going to enjoy reading by the  
light of your *face*.

And with that, he SMASHES her in the skull with the butt of the weapon, knocking her unconscious.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

A dejected Yorick shambles towards his rundown brownstone in Queens, as an AIRPLANE roars directly overhead. He lives right next door to LaGuardia Airport. What a nightmare.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUING

As Yorick forces open the sticky front door, he's greeted by his very PREGNANT NEIGHBOR, who's retrieving her mail.

NEIGHBOR  
How'd it go, Yorick?

YORICK  
Better than the last three?

NEIGHBOR  
Well, you'll get it next time.

Yorick looks at her belly.

YORICK  
You know yet or you want it to be a surprise?

NEIGHBOR  
Oh, we just found out. Little boy.

YORICK  
Seriously? Congrats, that's so--

The two are immediately interrupted by their TRANSVESTITE LANDLORD, a man trying (unconvincingly) to pass as a woman. S/he angrily slings open the door to his/her ground floor apartment.

TRANSVESTITE LANDLORD  
Something in your apartment smells like *shit*.

YORICK  
Oh. Yeah. Sorry. I... I think I burnt popcorn last--

TRANSVESTITE LANDLORD  
It's literally *shit*, Yorick. The lease says no animals!

Yorick quickly gathers his bills and trudges up the stairs.

YORICK  
(under his breath)  
No, it says no *cats* or *dogs*...

Yorick pushes into his dark pad, a hilariously tiny studio apartment decorated with posters of HOUDINI and other assorted nerdery.

YORICK  
 Ampersand? Amp? Where are you,  
 buddy? Your questionable hygiene  
 has run its course, little man.  
 Time for--

Suddenly, a DARK FIGURE steps out of the shadows, startling Yorick, who screams like a girl.

WHITE TEXT ON BLACK BACKGROUND:

**RAMALLAH, PALESTINE. THREE HOURS AGO.**

ALTER (V.O.)  
 Who the hell are you?

EXT. STREETS OF RAMALLAH - EVENING

This question belongs to COLONEL ALTER TSE'ELON, a thirty-something soldier of the Israeli Defense Forces. She's holding a large MACHINE GUN and smoking casually, as are her SOLDIERS, several of whom also happen to be female.

Pull out to reveal that Alter is addressing an AMERICAN TELEVISION REPORTER and his CAMERAMAN.

REPORTER  
 We're Americans.

ALTER  
 I never would have guessed.

ALTER is joined by her second-in-command, an attractive young Israeli female soldier named RACHEL.

RACHEL  
 They're doing a piece on female  
 combat soldiers, Alter.

ALTER  
 They're not doing *anything* until  
 our patrol is finished.

Suddenly, GUNSHOTS ring out. The reporter and his cameraman flinch, but the Israeli soldiers just casually toss their cigarettes aside.

REPORTER  
 Are... are they shooting at *us*, um,  
 Alter?

ALTER

My name is Colonel Tse'elon, and you will address me as such. Come, my team and I will get you to safety.

The reporter subtly signals for his cameraman to keep filming, as Alter escorts the crew double-time through the dark streets.

REPORTER

So, how did you--

ALTER

Twenty-one months of military service is compulsory for all Israeli women.

REPORTER

Yeah, but this is sort of a new phenomenon, right? Women on the front lines?

ALTER

My grandmother crossed into enemy territory during our War of Independence, and her grandmother was part of the all-female Battalion of Death during the Russian Revolution.

Alter stops, and turns to speak directly into the videographer's camera.

ALTER

Defending our territory at any cost is in women's *blood*, as the new crop of girls strapping on bomb belts for *Islamic Jihad* will be happy to--

Without warning, a nearby car EXPLODES in a deafening burst of sound and fury, KNOCKING everyone to the ground.

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Matching this flash, a frightened Yorick flips on his LIGHT SWITCH, illuminating an unexpected vision standing before him: a 20-something blonde bombshell named BETH DEVILLE, much too beautiful for a geek like Yorick... or is she? Beth's wearing a TRENCHCOAT that's closed tight over her thin body.

YORICK

*Beth?*

BETH

Hey, handsome.

YORICK

I thought you weren't coming over for another--

She kisses him.

BETH

You talk too much.

Yorick smiles, as he looks down at her coat.

YORICK

What's with the trench? You're flying to sunny Los Angeles, not old-timey London.

BETH

I'm insulted. This is what I wore to our first date, remember? Midnight screening of Miller's *Crossing at the Angelika*? You said I looked like a degenerate flasher.

YORICK

That wasn't *our* date! You were still seeing my troglodyte of a roommate.

BETH

So, you were seeing *Libby*!

YORICK

You guys set me up with her! And she covered her eyes every time someone in the movie got shot.

BETH

Well, *my* date kept falling asleep.

YORICK

(pulling Beth close)

But right after the Danny Boy scene, when Leo blew that guy's brains out and stole his tommy gun, you turned to me and whispered, "That was the coolest motherfucking thing I've ever seen."

He kisses her.

YORICK

And that's when I knew you were the only degenerate flasher I would ever love.

BETH

And that's when *I* knew I needed a better wardrobe.

Beth undoes her trenchcoat, revealing skimpy LINGERIE underneath. Yorick is predictably awestruck.

YORICK

Wow. I mean, that is--

BETH

Shh. It's a going-away present.

YORICK

But, *I'm* not the one leaving town... unless those pharmaceutical nerds want you so bad, they've thrown in an extra ticket.

Beth sighs. They've obviously had this conversation before.

BETH

My internship's only for three months, Yorick.

YORICK

Sure, until you discover the cure for cancer, and they offer you--

Fed up, Beth PUSHES Yorick to the floor and climbs on top of him.

BETH

Do you have protection?

Yorick fumbles for a nearby box. He tips it over and out spills DUCT TAPE, a GASMASK, and various CANNED GOODS.

YORICK

Do you have anthrax?

Beth kisses him.

BETH

It's fine.

She starts grinding against him.

YORICK  
Are... are you sure that's safe?

BETH  
Yeah, I'm on the shot.

Yorick kisses her back, but stops abruptly.

YORICK  
Wait, what shot?

Beth smiles.

BETH  
The one I invented.

Close on Yorick's panicked expression.

WHITE TEXT ON BLACK BACKGROUND:

**CLEVELAND, OHIO. TWO HOURS AGO.**

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
What the hell are you talking  
about?

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Standing outside of a large convention center ballroom is VICTORIA, a conservatively dressed redhead in her late thirties. She's arguing with a REGISTRATION OFFICIAL, while dozens of MALE GRANDMASTERS play chess behind him.

VICTORIA  
I registered months ago!

REGISTRATION OFFICIAL  
I'm sorry, Mrs.--

VICTORIA  
It's *Ms.* If they didn't put it  
under my last name, try Victoria.

REGISTRATION OFFICIAL  
Ma'am, it doesn't matter what your  
name is, I can't let you compete.  
The women's tournament isn't until  
next week.

VICTORIA  
 "Women's?" We're playing *chess*.  
 This is a competition of the mind!

REGISTRATION OFFICIAL  
 You'll have to take that up with  
 the organizers, ma'am.

VICTORIA  
 You call me "ma'am" one more time,  
 I'll rip out your hair plugs.

REGISTRATION OFFICIAL  
 Security!

Two MEN IN BLUE BLAZERS rush over to remove Victoria.

VICTORIA  
 I'm a grandmaster! I could beat  
 any man in that room!

The security officers GRAB Victoria, but she shakes them off  
 and steps away from the registration table. On her way out  
 of the center, she looks back and threatens:

VICTORIA  
 There's a reason the *queen* is the  
 most powerful piece, you know!

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Back in his pad, a post-coital Yorick is in bed now, lying  
 next to a disrobed Beth.

YORICK  
 Was that okay?

Beth smiles as she runs her fingers over his chest.

BETH  
 Which part of "faster, harder,  
 again" confused you?

YORICK  
 No, I mean, about me finishing, um,  
 inside you.

Beth rolls over, a little hurt.

BETH  
 Yorick, this is what got me my  
 stupid *scholarship*.  
 (MORE)

BETH (cont'd)

The hormones I synthesized are just as effective as the pill.

YORICK

Then why not just take that?

BETH

Because if it weren't for researches being brave enough to test shit on *themselves*, we'd still have malaria and anemia and a million other diseases.

YORICK

You don't have a *disease*, Beth.  
(a nervous beat)  
Do you?

Beth stands, covering herself in a blanket.

BETH

Baby, you have no idea what it's like to *bleed* for days on end. But the science exists for women to *permanently* suppress ovulation, to get rid of the monthly visitor forever.

YORICK

I thought you were the one girl who didn't *mind* the sight of blood.

BETH

(a little melancholy)  
Yeah, well... people change, I guess.

YORICK

As long as you're sure it, you know, *works*.

Beth smiles again, as she rubs her flat stomach.

BETH

I promise, the last thing I want is any *little surprises* in my--

Suddenly, a SMALL CREATURE leaps out of the shadows and lands on Beth's shoulder. Understandably, she SCREAMS.

WHITE TEXT ON BLACK BACKGROUND:

**SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA. ONE HOUR AGO.**

A SCREECHING ANIMAL is heard under this title card.

INT. LABORATORY - MORNING

Inside a hi-tech facility, a RAT hisses in pain as it's injected with a long syringe.

Pull out to reveal that we're in a laboratory FILLED with CAGED LAB ANIMALS (mice, baboons, etc.). The scientist behind this experiment is DR. ALLISON MANN, a stoic Chinese-American woman in her early thirties.

DR. MANN

Easy, girl. It only hurts the first time.

VISITOR (O.S.)

Yeah, I've used that line a few times myself.

Mann turns to see her VISITOR, an intimidating man wearing the kind of standard-issue black suit that suggests you're about to be killed or audited or both.

DR. MANN

Then here's a new one for you. "No means no." I've told you a hundred times, I'm not interested in helping you.

VISITOR

Dr. Mann, China is dangerously close to becoming a peer competitor to the United States, and unless we can slow the growth of its strategic arsenal--

DR. MANN

Why are you people coming to me?  
*I'm Chinese!*

VISITOR

No, you're Chinese-American, and if you had any love for your heritage or the family you left behind, Dr. *Ming*, you wouldn't have taken your new name from a faux-Oriental movie theater in L.A.

DR. MANN

(coldly)  
I was eighteen when I did that.

VISITOR  
Doctor, your country needs you.

DR. MANN  
I'm interested in creating life,  
not destroying it.

VISITOR  
Yeah, but your work isn't cheap, is  
it? It'd be a shame if your  
funding suddenly *expired*.

Mann stops what she's doing.

DR. MANN  
Are you threatening me?

VISITOR  
Look, Allison, we're not interested  
in *hurting* anyone. We're just  
looking for ways to alter the  
geopolitical landscape if and when  
push comes to shove with the  
People's Republic.

DR. MANN  
Whatever, along with being junk  
science, your plan is a grotesque  
violation of the natural order.

VISITOR  
And *animal cloning* isn't?

DR. MANN  
Every *twin* on the planet is a  
"clone." There's a precedent.  
What you're suggesting is  
impossible.

The Visitor tosses a classified file folder onto Mann's desk.  
It's labelled "SETTING SON: PRIMATE RESEARCH PROPOSAL"

VISITOR  
We'll see.

DR. MANN  
What is this?

VISITOR  
The first step. Call me if you  
want to be there for the second.

Before exiting the lab, the Visitor taps on one of the sleeping baboon's glass prisons, causing the frothing animal to SPRING to life.

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

A mortified Yorick screams at his off-screen pet.

YORICK  
Ampersand, no!

Cut over to Beth, who is trying to pry AMPERSAND, a male capuchin HELPER MONKEY, off of her shoulder.

BETH  
What the hell is it?

YORICK  
(drawing a "&" in the air  
with his finger)  
You know, that curly symbol for  
"and," like in Turner & Hooch or--

BETH  
I know what an *ampersand* is,  
asshat. What is... ow!

As the diaper-clad monkey BITES Beth's finger, Yorick reaches out to take the animal.

YORICK  
I'm so sorry. He's supposed to be  
a *helper* monkey.

BETH  
Please don't tell me you've gotten  
that lazy.

YORICK  
It's not for *me*. I volunteered to  
train this feces-slinging bastard  
to help quadriplegics with their  
daily chores and shit. I wanted to  
have him ready before you left, but  
he got stuck in customs after some  
kind of paperwork screw-up, so--

BETH  
Yorick, you couldn't keep *sea*  
*monkeys* alive. Why would you do  
that?

Beth walks into the tiny bathroom to wash her wound, closing the door behind her and leaving Yorick alone with his pet.

YORICK

I don't know. I guess I just wanted to use my abundant free time to *help* people. I mean, you and the rest of my globetrotting pals are off saving the world or whatever, and I haven't done a goddamn thing for *anyone*.

BETH (O.S.)

Yorick, look. Before I go, there's... there's something I need to tell you.

Yorick pulls a tiny BOX out of a nearby drawer, and looks down at the little cube thoughtfully.

YORICK

Wait, me first. I've been meaning to say this for a long time.

He opens the box, revealing a modest ENGAGEMENT RING. As he speaks, Beth runs the water in the bathroom, just barely drowning out his quiet voice.

YORICK

Beth, you're brilliant and sexy and you know the names of all six and half of the Three Stooges. I didn't even know they *made* women like you. I want to spend--

Yorick nervously SHUTS the little ring box as Beth steps out of the bathroom, now wearing conservative attire.

BETH

I should really go, baby.

Before Yorick can protest, she kisses him deeply.

BETH

I'll call you every day, okay?

YORICK

Wait, um, can I at least carry your bags?

Beth reaches out to pet Ampersand with her newly bandaged finger.

BETH

You should probably stay here and  
take care of Chim Chim, huh?  
Besides, it's not like I have very  
far to walk.

On cue, the windows in Yorick's apartment begin to RATTLE as  
a passenger jet THUNDERS directly overhead.

A dejected Yorick watches Beth leave, as Ampersand picks  
something out of his hair.

INT. DOLL FACTORY - DAY

Agent 355 is now seated in a folding chair, with her hands  
HANDCUFFED behind her. The bruises on her face suggest that  
she's been tortured for the last few hours by the Russian  
mobster and his henchmen.

BUSINESSMAN

I'll ask you one more time, what is  
your name?

AGENT 355

I told you, I'm Agent 355.

BUSINESSMAN

Fuck the rank and serial number  
bullshit! Tell me your name!

AGENT 355

My colleagues will be here any  
second now.

BUSINESSMAN

It's been hours. If anyone knew  
where you were, they would have  
been here already. Now tell me who  
you work for.

355 says nothing, as the businessman begins playing with the  
collapsible baton he took from her. He's suggestively  
extending and retracting the hard metal rod.

BUSINESSMAN

If you can't put words in your  
mouth... perhaps we will find  
something else to put in there.

As the businessman nods, one of his henchmen UNZIPS his pants  
and approaches 355, who bravely grits her teeth.

EXT. STREETS OF RAMALLAH - NIGHT

In the aftermath of the explosion, several Israeli ARMORED VEHICLES have arrived to provide backup (and escort the shaken American reporter and his cameraman to safety). A bandaged Alter is smoking on top of a parked TANK, as Rachel, her second-in-command arrives with a situation report.

ALTER

How many?

RACHEL

Six injured, two dead. Noa and Sagee.

Alter takes a long drag off her cigarette.

ALTER

Thank you, Rachel.

Just then, male voices (speaking Hebrew) are heard screaming over Rachel's radio.

Gradually, the screaming becomes LIVE, as the male soldiers surrounding them begin to scream as well.

ALTER

The hell...?

EXT. CLEVELAND PARK - DAY

Victoria is sitting on a park bench, watching as overweight men in business suits walk past.

She's rolling a PAWN PIECE back and forth across her knuckles.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

As a baby CRIES somewhere in the plane's cabin, a pensive Beth is looking out her window at the world far below. She's the only person in her aisle.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Beth turns to see a handsome thirty-something AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN  
Really sorry to bother you, but  
that kid is driving me insane.  
Mind if I sit here?

Beth looks up at him. A brief beat.

BETH  
Not at all.

INT. LABORATORY - MORNING

Dr. Mann paces as she talks on her cell phone.

DR. MANN  
Listen to me, you have to stop this  
now. I'll give you whatever you  
want, but if you go through with  
this without my guidance...

The doctor looks up as she hears one of her animals whimper  
in pain. She returns to her phone, but the line's dead.

DR. MANN  
Hello? *Hello...?*

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

A dejected Yorick feeds small pieces of fruit to his monkey,  
who promptly FLINGS them across the room.

YORICK  
Just you and me now.

BLACK TEXT ON WHITE BACKGROUND:

**NOW**

EXT. SPACE - NOW

Earth hangs silently in the void.

At the speed of light, ZOOM IN on the planet, until we come  
to rest on an ABORIGINAL MAN in the Australian Outback.

He coughs into his hand, and looks down to see a few drops of  
BLOOD.

INT. DOLL FACTORY - DAY

As one of the menacing Russian henchmen approaches the handcuffed Agent 355, she KICKS him in the knee, painfully HYPEREXTENDING the joint. He collapses, and 355 uses the momentum to FALL backwards and SLIDE free of her chair. With her hands still cuffed behind her, she WHEEL KICKS to her feet... only to find the Russian businessman with his gun pressed to her temple.

355 closes her eyes and prepares for the worst, when this man suddenly begins coughing violently. She watches in disbelief as he begins to VOMIT blood.

The businessman drops his gun and 355's baton to grab at his own throat, as he suddenly begins to bleed out of his eyes, nose and ears. His henchmen soon follow suit.

355 can only watch in stunned confusion as the Russian terrorists die painful deaths, leaving her all alone in the quiet factory.

INT. TOKYO STOCK EXCHANGE - MORNING

A lone SECRETARY screams in terror as hundreds of JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN begin to bleed out of every orifice in a tsunami of crimson.

EXT. STREETS OF RAMALLAH - NIGHT

As male soldiers begin to drop left and right, Rachel pulls out a HYPODERMIC and screams in Hebrew at her fellow troops.

RACHEL

It's an attack! Use your atropine!

But before she can inject herself, Alter GRABS the young soldier's wrist.

ALTER

No. This can't be gas. It's...  
it's just the *men*.

INT. THE VATICAN - EVENING

A group of NUNS scream at each other in Italian as they carry the lifeless bodies of several CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

EXT. CLEVELAND PARK - DAY

As the male contingent of the morning rush collapses to the sidewalk, push in on Victoria, who sets down her chess piece... and SMILES.

EXT. AMSTERDAM'S RED LIGHT DISTRICT - EVENING

Scantly clad PROSTITUTES press against the glass of their storefront windows to look out at the JOHNS bleeding out across the streets of the Netherlands.

INT. LABORATORY - MORNING

As her male lab animals writhe in pain, an enraged Dr. Mann picks up a heavy glass beaker and THROWS it against the wall.

EXT. MOMBASA, KENYA - DUSK

A FEMALE GIRAFFE stands watch over the body of her lifeless MATE, as a train spectacularly DERAILS in the background.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

As FRIGHTENED FEMALE PASSENGERS cry and scream, Beth pushes her way past her now deceased aisle-mate to accost a catatonic FLIGHT ATTENDANT. The suddenly pilotless plane ROCKS to one side, knocking Beth into the woman.

BETH

We have to get inside that cockpit!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

What's the point? This is the Rapture. God didn't choose us.

BETH

What are you talking about? This is some kind of... of germ warfare! Why would God only take the *men*?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Because we're the daughters of Eve. We created sin when we tempted Adam in the--

A furious Beth PULLS the flight attendant close to her by the front of her uniform and whispers an inch from her face.

BETH

Listen to me, you dumb bitch. You will pull yourself together and help us land this plane or me and every woman in this cabin will kick the living shit out of you in *hell*.

The flight attendant stares at her blankly.

INT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER, TEXAS - DAY

A frantic FEMALE NASA SCIENTIST rushes past her recently deceased MISSION CONTROL COLLEAGUES to attend to hundreds of flashing lights.

FEMALE VOICE FROM SPEAKER

(through heavy static)

Houston, Houston... do you read...?

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Yorick is startled by the sound of a distant CRASH, followed by muffled screams outside his door.

Carrying Ampersand on his shoulder, he nervously steps out into his hallway, only to see his transvestite landlord collapsed on the floor. His/her long wig is lying in a puddle of blood.

YORICK

Briana...?

Yorick looks up when he hears faint whimpering on the stairwell. He races over to find the pregnant neighbor woman he spoke with earlier. There's blood running down her legs, and she's CRADLING something we can't quite see in her arms.

NEIGHBOR

I... I lost him, Yorick.

Hearing cries of help coming from the street, Yorick reluctantly leaves this woman to step outside. There, he's greeted by A DEAD MAILMAN, A DEAD DELIVERY BOY, A DEAD HOMELESS MAN, and much, much more male carnage.

Women run in fear and confusion, as a plane SMASHES into an AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER in the background.

Horrified beyond words, Yorick can only cover his mouth, while the animal on his shoulder SCREAMS.

WHITE TEXT ON BLACK BACKGROUND:

**Y**  
**THE LAST MAN**

EXT. STREETS OF WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

This suburban street is crowded with crashed cars. A large sign reads: "LADIES: DUSK-TO-DAWN CURFEW STRICTLY ENFORCED."

Pull out to reveal a LONE FIGURE. This person is holding one of those small ANIMAL CARRIERS for little dogs, and wearing a HOODED PONCHO and GASMASK not unlike the one we saw in a certain emergency preparedness kit earlier. It's Yorick.

Suddenly, a blaring HORN is heard, as the disguised Yorick DIVES out of the way to avoid being hit by an out-of-control GARBAGE TRUCK, which careens into a nearby tree.

WHITE TEXT ON BLACK BACKGROUND:

**WASHINGTON, D.C. SIX WEEKS LATER.**

A dazed woman steps out of the truck's smoking cab. By all accounts, she's a SUPERMODEL, a stunningly gorgeous 19-year-old woman wearing the odd combination of fashionably tight attire and heavy-duty work gloves.

SUPERMODEL

Oh my god. Lady, are you *okay*?

YORICK

(muffled by gasmask)

I... I'm fine.

SUPERMODEL

You sure? What's wrong with your *voice*?

YORICK

Just... got the wind knocked out of me.

SUPERMODEL

I am *so* sorry. I just started driving this thing, and I still *suck* at braking. Doesn't exactly handle like my old Miata, you know? I should probably...

The Supermodel walks around to the back of her garbage truck and reacts with disappointment.

SUPERMODEL  
Aw, shit.

YORICK  
What?

SUPERMODEL  
They fell out.

Cut to the back of the truck, where several BADLY DECOMPOSED MALE CORPSES have fallen out of the vehicle.

YORICK  
Oh, Christ. They're... they're all...

SUPERMODEL  
Yep, all *mine*. But if you gimme a quick hand with these dudes, I might consider sharing the profits.

YORICK  
This... this is your *job*?

SUPERMODEL  
I know, right? It's been more than a month, and there are still a *ton* of single dudes rotting in their apartments.

She starts dragging one of the lighter corpses.

SUPERMODEL  
Everyone's worried about diseases and shit, so the CDC pays me a can of food for every corpse I bring in. Only work I could find. Fucked up, huh?

Yorick picks up his ANIMAL CARRIER and looks inside to make sure its occupant is still safe. A little MONKEY'S PAW reaches out before Yorick pushes it back in.

SUPERMODEL  
I used to have a modeling contract with Wilhelmina, and now I'm a goddamn garbage girl. Worst part is, I spent three grand on my boobs two days before the Plague hit. Fat lot of good our tits do us now.

YORICK  
What do you *do* with these bodies?

SUPERMODEL  
I take 'em over to RFK. No one's using the stadium anymore, so they turned it into one of those... whatchamacallits. *Crematoriums*.

Yorick tries not to puke.

SUPERMODEL  
You all right? Take a few deep breaths. You don't have to wear that mask anymore, you know. If whatever wiped them out could've hurt us, we'd be dead already.

The masked figure turns and walks away from the confused model, leaving her alone with her work.

YORICK  
Yeah, well, better safe than sorry.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Later that evening, the masked figure arrives at an expensive home, completely unlit thanks to the lack of electricity.

INT. LARGE HOUSE - CONTINUING

Yorick pushes his way inside the dark foyer. He finally takes off his mask, revealing a few days worth of stubble.

YORICK  
Hello? Is anybody--

Without warning, a figure steps out of the shadows and CLOCKS Yorick in the head with a heavy MAG FLASHLIGHT.

YORICK  
Ow! Son of a bitch!

Yorick rubs his head as he turns to see the woman we'll soon learn is his MOTHER, Congresswoman Jennifer Brown.

YORICK  
*Literally*, I guess.

The woman turns on the flashlight to get a better look at the young man she just struck.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
Yorick? Is... is that you?

YORICK  
Hi, mom.

The congresswoman DROPS her flashlight and EMBRACES her son.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
I prayed every second, Yorick. I  
prayed every *second* for you, but I  
never thought--

YORICK  
I'm sorry. It took me *weeks* just  
to get out of New York.

Yorick's mother begins to WEEP tears of joy. She hugs him  
again, stroking his hair so hard she's almost pulling it out.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
Tell me this is real. Please. I  
can't live through another goddamn  
*dream* like this, Yorick. I can't--

YORICK  
It's real. I checked on all my  
friends. David and Jeff and Dan  
and Jay and--

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
And are you...?

YORICK  
The only one? I think so. Unless  
dad... I mean, is daddy still...?

Congresswoman Brown wipes away her tears, and gives her son a  
look that clearly says "No."

YORICK  
Damn. *Goddamn* it. GODDAMN IT!

Yorick PUNCHES a wall as hard as he can.

He collapses to the floor, taking a seat next to his pet  
carrier. Yorick dries his eyes with the back of a sleeve.

YORICK  
I... I thought maybe it was  
hereditary. I thought whatever  
kept *me* alive might have--

Suddenly, the door to the pet carrier SPRINGS open, and Ampersand comes SCURRYING out. Yorick's mom reacts the same way everybody does to this animal.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
Jesus! What the hell *is* that?

YORICK  
His name's Ampersand. I'm training him to be a helper monkey. I *was*, anyway.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
Him? But the NSA says every male mammal--

YORICK  
I don't know, but whatever kept me alive must have also shielded this guy.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
Or maybe that animal is *carrying* something that shielded *you* from whatever killed all the other men.

YORICK  
Huh. Guess I hadn't considered that.

Yorick's mom subtly shakes her head. She loves this kid, but he clearly hasn't thought through his situation.

YORICK  
Whatever. I'm all alone.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
(squeezing his hand)  
We don't know that, honey boy. Have you talked with Beth?

YORICK  
No, she was in a *plane* when everything went down, and... and there are pieces of 747s strewn everywhere. I mean, what percentage of pilots were women? Four? Five?

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
Yorick. There's something you should hear.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Cut inside the study of the late Professor Brown, where Yorick's mom is playing a message from the family answering machine. Ampersand is sitting on Yorick's shoulder.

FROM MACHINE

You have *one* saved message.

YORICK

Wait, your *phone* still works?

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN

If there's an operator on duty.  
Now quiet. My generator doesn't  
have much juice left.

FROM MACHINE

Mrs. Brown? I'm... I'm sorry to  
bother you.

YORICK

(relieved)

*Beth.*

FROM MACHINE

I... I don't know what's going on  
back on the East Coast, but I just  
lived through an emergency landing,  
and I'm on my way to *L.A.* I can't  
get a hold of your son, but if he's  
still... if he's still around, I'm  
sure he'll come to you first.  
Please tell him *-beep-*

Congresswoman Brown turns off the machine.

YORICK

I'm going to her.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN

Don't be absurd, Yorick.

YORICK

She *needs* me!

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN

And we'll find someone to bring her  
to you, but you're potentially this  
country's--this *world's*--most  
valuable resource.

(MORE)

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN (cont'd)  
 The rest of the government has to  
 know about you, so we can decide  
 what to do next.

YORICK  
*What* rest of the government, mom?  
 I mean, who's even in charge here?

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
 President Rice.

YORICK  
 ("We're fucked.")  
*Condi?*

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
 I don't want to hear any of that  
 misogynist bullshit from you, kid.  
 Other countries didn't collapse  
 under Thatcher or Indira or... or  
*Mier*, and we're going to hold it  
 together, too.

YORICK  
 Yeah, but what about *Congress*?  
 Aren't, like, 90% of you *dead*?  
 You're the one who always  
 complained that fucking *Burundi* had  
 more female politicians than us!

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
 And you might be able to help us  
 change that.

YORICK  
 How, by locking me in the Oval  
 Office so I can be a...a *stud* for  
 however many women you want me to  
 inseminate?

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
 I have no intention of whoring out  
 my own son, Yorick. But you need  
 to be somewhere *safe*.

Yorick's mom gently pushes her son (and his animal) outside  
 the study.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
 Now go upstairs, get some sleep.  
 We'll figure out the rest of this  
 in the morning.

Before closing the door, she tries to reassure Yorick.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
 Everything's going to be all right,  
 kid. I love you.

Alone now, Yorick turns to look at his empty house.

INT. YORICK'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Upstairs, Yorick carries his monkey into his boyhood room, which is lit only by what moonlight streams inside.

Yorick notices a few boxes labelled "NYU," leftover memories from his last year at college. He opens one of these cardboard containers, and pulls out an UNFRAMED PHOTOGRAPH. It's a picture of him with Beth at a college Halloween party. Yorick is wearing a STRAITJACKET, and Beth is dressed in the top hat and fishnet stockings of a MAGICIAN'S ASSISTANT. Beth is holding up bunny ears behind the laughing Yorick.

He flips the picture over, and scribbled on the back is a hand-written note from Beth that reads, "YORICK BROWN + BETH DEVILLE = DRUNKEN MAGIC FOREVER"

Yorick smiles, but his happiness fades as he thinks of how far away his best friend is. He clutches the photo against his chest, falls back into his old bed, and closes his eyes.

INT. YORICK'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Smash cut to a few hours later for this image of a sleeping Yorick, as his eyes suddenly SPRING OPEN. We can hear people ARGUING off-screen.

A nervous Yorick quietly opens his bedroom door to look down at the verbal fight transpiring in the foyer just below.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUING

Downstairs, Yorick's mother is yelling at TWO ATHLETIC-LOOKING FEMALE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
 This wasn't part of our deal! You  
 told me you were just going to  
 escort him to the White House!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1  
 I'm sorry, ma'am. There just  
 aren't enough Secret Service agents  
 left to guarantee his safety there.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
Then where are you taking him?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2  
To a classified location.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN  
Like fuck you are! This is my  
child! I'm not going to let you  
*kidnap* him!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1  
Ma'am, please lower your voice.  
This is above all our heads, so...

Just then, the Secret Service agent looks upstairs and catches a glimpse of Yorick in his bedroom doorway. He immediately SLAMS the door shut.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2  
(to her partner)  
Take him.

INT. YORICK'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Panicking, Yorick THROWS on his backpack and STUFFS Ampersand inside his carrier. His mom's voice can be heard off-screen, as can the heavy footsteps of the rapidly approaching agents.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN (O.S.)  
Yorick, I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!

Yorick starts to climb out his second-story window, but before he does, he reaches back and grabs the photo of BETH.

The two Secret Service agents soon KICK OPEN his flimsily locked door... but Yorick has already disappeared.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUING

DROPPING to a concrete patio, Yorick (still carrying Ampersand's case) LANDS awkwardly and stumbles to his feet.

He races for the side of his house, where he finds a large shape covered by a white sheet. Yorick yanks it off, revealing an old HARLEY MOTORCYCLE. Frantically, he starts tipping over lawn equipment and nearby bags of plant food looking for its KEYS.

YORICK

(quietly)

Come on, dad, a little help here...

Finally, Yorick cracks open a can of paint, grabs the hidden treasure inside, and JAMS the key into the bike's ignition. It roars to life, just as the two S.S. agents storm outside!

The women GRAB for Yorick (who's riding the bike while carrying Amp's case on his lap), but he deftly out-maneuvers them, and RACES out into the night.

EXT. STREETS OF WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Later that evening, Yorick (again wearing his hood and gasmask) WEAVES through the cluttered D.C. intersections on his father's old motorcycle. Ampersand's carrier is now tied onto the back of the bike.

Confident that he's no longer being followed, he stops at a makeshift roadblock to catch his breath and find his bearings.

Suddenly, Yorick hears the sound of SINGING. He turns to see a FUNERAL PROCESSION, hundreds of women marching down the street carrying candles, flowers and mementos of their fallen brothers, husbands and sons.

In the middle of the crowd, Yorick spots someone else wearing a GASMASK. Could this be another male in disguise? Yorick slows his bike next to this masked figure.

YORICK

Excuse me. You're not a... are you a...?

The figure pulls off the mask, revealing a weathered forty-something rocker chick. This is HEATHER.

HEATHER

I know you, sweetie?

YORICK

Oh, I... I saw the mask, and I thought maybe you were... I thought maybe you were someone I knew.

HEATHER

Sorry, just got so used to wearing this thing, it's kinda become my security blanket. I'm Heather, by the by.

She holds out her hand for Yorick to shake.

YORICK  
I'm... Beth. Where are you guys  
headed?

HEATHER  
Oh, they turned one of the  
monuments into a kinda memorial for  
all the men.

YORICK  
Which monument?

HEATHER  
Guess.

Heather points up at the nearby WASHINGTON MONUMENT, looking particularly *phallic* in the moonlight.

YORICK  
(under his breath)  
Always about *size* with you ladies,  
isn't it?

Just then, Yorick hears the rumble of MORE motorcycles, as he turns to see a gang of several DAUGHTERS OF THE AMAZON circle this ad hoc shrine to men.

These post-apocalyptic survivalists have RIFLES and other weapons slung over their backs, and numerous MEN'S NECKTIES attached to their belts, like freshly shorn scalps. Two of these women are wearing full-face HELMETS.

YORICK  
The hell?

HEATHER  
Daughters of the Amazon.

YORICK  
I've only heard rumors. They're,  
like, roving packs of pissed-off  
lesbians, right?

HEATHER  
They're not gay, they're *crazy*.  
Been burning down all the *sperm*  
*banks*.

YORICK  
Why?

HEATHER

Who knows? Some girls will do any stupid shit to get into a gang, long as it means food and protection.

Push in on the bikers, as one of the helmeted women (the apparent leader) removes her helmet to address the crowd of mourners. It's the female chess grandmaster, VICTORIA.

VICTORIA

Sisters, why do you continue to worship at the altar of the patriarchy? The gendercide is cause for *celebration*! It rid the planet of rapists and dictators and serial killers! The Y chromosome was an genetic aberration, one that the planet rightly expunged!

As the largely frightened crowd scatters, Victoria spots the disguised Yorick in the background. She turns to two of her underlings, THERESA (a young woman with a completely shaved head) and CATHERINE (the other helmeted Amazon).

VICTORIA

Theresa, Catherine... a pound of Godiva to whoever brings me that woman's *bike*.

While the rest of the Daughters of the Amazon begin attaching some kind of ELECTRONIC DEVICE to the base of the Washington Monument, Catherine and Theresa hop on their bikes and speed towards Yorick.

YORICK

Oh. Oh, crap.

Yorick squeezes the throttle, and his bike JUMPS to life. He squeals past a bewildered Heather, with the two Amazons in hot pursuit. Zooming down a side street and away from the crowds, Yorick does his best to out-race his two pursuers, but Theresa (the bald one) pulls out a handgun and FIRES at Yorick's back tire, causing his bike to LOSE CONTROL and SPARK to a painful halt on its chromed side.

Ampersand WHINES from inside his carrier, as Yorick pulls himself out from under the bike.

YORICK

(groggy, to Ampersand)  
Well, how do you think *I* feel?

Yorick looks up to see the two Daughters of the Amazon standing over him. Theresa has her gun trained on his face.

THERESA  
I'll take the mask, too, whore.

YORICK  
I'm sorry, I... I can't.

The helmeted rider begs Yorick to be sensible.

CATHERINE  
Just do what she says, lady.

Reluctantly, Yorick peels off the gasmask, and the two women react with appropriate shock and awe to his stubbled face.

THERESA  
You're... you're...

Yorick stands and puts on his best female impersonator voice.

YORICK  
(terrible female  
impersonation)  
It's just glandular, okay?

THERESA  
You have an *Adam's apple*.

Theresa steps forward and puts a HAND down the front of Yorick's PANTS.

YORICK  
Hey! What are you--

THERESA  
He's a man... but just barely.

Yorick pulls away, offended.

YORICK  
What are you going to do, *rape* me?

THERESA  
Don't flatter yourself. I'm taking you to my *boss*.

CATHERINE (O.S.)  
No. You're not.

Theresa turns to see *Catherine's* gun in her face.

THERESA  
 Jesus, Catherine, we can split the  
 fucking chocolate.

"Catherine" finally removes her helmet, revealing that she's  
 actually AGENT 355.

AGENT 355  
 My name's not Catherine.

THERESA  
 What are you talking about? I've  
 been bunking with you for a week.  
 You're--

Without hesitating, 355 PISTOL-WHIPS Theresa, instantly  
 knocking the girl out. Yorick FLINCHES in fear as 355 aims  
 the gun at him, but she instead fires at the front tire of  
 Theresa's BIKE, before jumping back on her own motorcycle.

AGENT 355  
 (to Yorick)  
 Hop on.

YORICK  
 Like hell, Warrior Princess.

AGENT 355  
 I'm not an Amazon. I'm an agent of  
 the *Culper Ring*.

Yorick picks up his carrier to make sure that Ampersand is  
 safe.

YORICK  
 The what?

AGENT 355  
 Forget it. We should go before the  
 fireworks begin.

YORICK  
 What fireworks?

Suddenly, a deafening EXPLOSION is heard, and Yorick turns  
 just in time to watch the Washington Monument TOPPLE on its  
 side, felled like a marbled redwood.

As the dust from the demolition spreads their way, Yorick  
 matter-of-factly climbs onto 355's bike.

YORICK  
 Right. And away we go.

INT. TEL AVIV COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Cut to an Israeli war room, where countless YOUNG FEMALE CADETS man phone banks and computer screens. Rachel is looking up at a BIG MAP of the Middle East with her commander, Alter. This display shows heavy TROOP MOVEMENTS out of Israel and into Lebanon, Syria and Egypt.

RACHEL  
When does it end?

ALTER  
When our people are safe.

RACHEL  
Our people are safe, Alter...  
thanks to you. But we no longer  
have their support. The women want  
*security*, not world domination.

ALTER  
Security must be *earned*, Rachel.

RACHEL  
It was already *given* to us when the  
boys died! Israel has more combat-  
ready soldiers than any nation on  
the planet now, and you know it!  
You have every teenage girl in Tel  
Aviv eavesdropping on 192 badly  
fractured governments, and unless  
the three girls on board that  
Australian *submarine* decide to  
invade the Mediterranean, there are  
no more threats to us! We're--

Suddenly, a young girl wearing headphones calls Alter over to her listening station.

RADIO GIRL  
Lieutenant-General Tse'elon! I  
have something!

Alter gives Rachel a knowing look.

ALTER  
(to the Radio Girl)  
On speaker, soldier.

Over the tinny speaker, the voice of one of the female SECRET SERVICE AGENTS is heard.

FROM SPEAKER

I have *not* been drinking, Madame President. Congresswoman Brown's son is *alive*, and now he's somewhere *out there*. We--

RACHEL

Another delusional crackpot.

ALTER

Perhaps, but all it would take is our enemies finding a single boy for them to resurrect their entire armies.

RACHEL

What? You're not seriously considering wasting resources on some wild goose chase, are you?

Alter shoots Rachel daggers before pulling the young woman aside to quietly lecture her.

ALTER

You're welcome to question me, Colonel, but never in front of my troops. I'm your friend, but I'm also your superior.

RACHEL

You may have asked for this career, *Lieutenant-General*, but I'm just a lowly film student serving her time in your "stop gap."

ALTER

So what, you want to make bullshit romantic comedies to sedate the helpless widows?

Rachel looks up at the big map with a hint of sadness.

ALTER

Or do you want to save the world?

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

The motorcycle that 355 and Yorick are riding slows to a halt next to a pickup truck. The two dismount.

AGENT 355

You ever siphoned before?

YORICK

Kind of a personal question, don't you think? Mind if I ask your *name* before I start spilling my sexual history?

355 pulls out a small length of rubber hose and goes to work transferring fuel from the truck to her motorcycle.

AGENT 355

You can call me 355.

YORICK

"Three Fifty-five?" What is that, some kind of double-oh-seven thing?

AGENT 355

It's classified.

Hearing that word again, Yorick suddenly grows nervous.

YORICK

You're not part of the *Secret Service*, are you?

AGENT 355

We're a hell of a lot more secret than that.

YORICK

What does that mean?

AGENT 355

I told you, I'm not allowed to...

355 stops herself.

AGENT 355

Fuck it. What's the point, right? My bosses are all *dead*.

Yorick actually looks a little relieved to hear this.

YORICK

Oh, that's cool. I mean, it's not cool, but I was worried you were--

AGENT 355

355 was the codename assigned to this country's first female *spy*. She was part of General Washington's Culper Ring during the Revolutionary War.

YORICK

So you're what, one of those re-enactors?

AGENT 355

You wouldn't have learned this in A.P. History, but Washington never disbanded the Culper Ring. For more than 200 years, we've been secretly working to protect the men and women of this country.

Yorick looks at a CORPSE inside one of the nearby vehicles.

YORICK

You're doing a bang-up job.

355 spits out gasoline.

AGENT 355

What's *your* story?

YORICK

So far? A pretty crappy mystery.

AGENT 355

So you have no clue why you're the last guy?

YORICK

Your guess is as lame as mine. I'm Yorick, by the way.

355 just shoots him a look: "You thought *my* name was weird?"

YORICK

My dad teaches... *taught* drama. I guess he thought naming his kid after an obscure Shakespeare character would help him get tenure.

The Culper Ring agent finishes putting away her siphoning gear.

AGENT 355

Well, it's a good thing I found you when I did. You wouldn't survive another month out there on your own. The Amazon movement is growing, and those women would love nothing more than killing someone like you.

YORICK

Why? I mean, I can see locking me up, but if those violent femmes offed the last man, wouldn't they sort of be insuring the death of the fairer sex, too?

AGENT 355

I infiltrated their organization to find out if they had anything to do with whatever caused the global *manslaughter*. They're smart enough to exploit it, but I don't think they started it. Unfortunately for you, they *do* have a plan to keep humanity going.

355 jumps back on the refueled bike.

AGENT 355

And it's strictly no boys allowed.

INT. GEORGETOWN LECTURE HALL - NIGHT

Having finished their work at the Washington Monument, the Daughters of the Amazon have returned to this brightly lit, peaceful lecture hall, where they're passing out free Power Bars to the starving women funneling through the doors.

On stage, Victoria is addressing these new recruits while standing next to a large projected image of a human EGG.

VICTORIA

Parthenogenesis, the development of an embryo without fertilization by a male. It's every woman's dream. The joy of creation without having to endure the most painful part of childbirth... *marriage*.

A few of the hardcores laugh at this, as Victoria changes the slide to an image of DR. MANN.

VICTORIA

It's no longer science fiction thanks to the pioneering work of this woman, bioengineer Dr. Allison Mann. By injecting a single cell into one egg, she could help us give birth to our own *twins*.

(MORE)

VICTORIA (cont'd)  
 Can you imagine, a society of  
 daughters brought into this world  
 without the poisonous seed of man?  
 We find this woman, and the battle  
 of the sexes is won.

THERESA (O.S.)  
 Victoria!

Victoria looks out to see Theresa, her bald follower. The girl KNEELS as she enters the room.

VICTORIA  
 Off your knees, Theresa. You know  
 we're all equals here.

Dutifully, Theresa rises.

VICTORIA  
 What happened out there? Are you  
 all right?

THERESA  
 You have to put out a dragnet,  
 Victoria. I saw one. I... I saw a  
*man*.

Close on Victoria, suspicious, but not disbelieving.

EXT. BALTIMORE SHIPPING YARDS - DAWN

Early the next morning, 355 walks her empty motorcycle along a dirt road. A gasmask-clad Yorick is strolling beside her, with Ampersand on his shoulder.

YORICK  
 So you're going to Frisco to find  
 this doctor before Mad Maxine does?

AGENT 355  
 That's the plan. Hopefully, Dr.  
 Mann will be able to tell us why  
 you and your animal survived, too.

Yorick grows nervous.

YORICK  
 Um, actually, I kinda have a prior  
 engagement. So to speak.  
 Ampersand and I are headed to Los  
 Angeles to find *Beth*.

AGENT 355  
Who the hell is that?

YORICK  
A woman I trust more than my own  
mother. These days, anyway.

AGENT 355  
Yorick, you have a *responsibility*.  
We can look for your girlfriend  
*after* we see if there's anything  
you can do for the human race.

YORICK  
I appreciate the offer, Three, but  
I'm not looking for a chaperone. I  
handled myself just fine out there  
before you came into the--

AGENT 355  
Quiet.

Ampersand loudly EEKS as 355 points at a grizzly sight up  
ahead, THREE SNARLING WOLVES gnawing on the REMAINS of a male  
corpse.

As the growling animals approach them, a frightened Yorick  
casually STEPS BEHIND 355. She quickly dispatches the killer  
wolves with a WARNING SHOT fired above their heads.

A grateful Yorick suddenly looks a little more amenable to  
the idea of a travelling partner.

YORICK  
Okay, let's say I *did* opt to come  
with you. How are you getting to  
Cali?

AGENT 355  
First, I have to sell our bike.  
The Plague hit at rush hour out  
west, so the highways will be too  
congested with dead guys, even for  
a motorcycle.

YORICK  
But, commercial aircraft have all  
gone the way of boy bands. How are  
we getting cross country?

AGENT 355  
The old-fashioned way.

355 and Yorick finally reach a TRAIN YARD, where hundreds of American women are lined up like REFUGEES, vying for a spot on board an impossibly long DIESEL TRAIN.

AGENT 355

Girls have been trading tampons and vibrator batteries for seats in first class, but these wheels should buy us some room in cargo.

The masked Yorick stares at this overgrown train set, unable to hide his boyish enthusiasm.

YORICK

*Cool.*

Push into the bustling crowd, where a FEMALE SCOUT clearly dressed in the garb of the Amazons subtly watches Yorick and 355's every move.

EXT. DIESEL TRAIN - NIGHT

Later that evening, the packed DIESEL TRAIN chugs out of Maryland. The landscape is peppered with LARGE PIECES OF WRECKAGE from the various passenger jets that crashed in the minutes following the Plague.

INT. FREIGHT CAR - CONTINUING

Push inside a freight car, which is filled with boxes of CARGO, but only two passengers, 355 and an unmasked Yorick. The duo is quietly eating out of cans. Yorick is feeding most of his share to Ampersand.

YORICK

I've eaten so many canned peaches over the last few months, I think I shat a *cobbler* last night.

Disgusted, 355 sets down her food.

Yorick checks out the car's sparse interior.

YORICK

So we're gonna have to *sleep* in this thing, huh? Hobo-tastic.

AGENT 355

Sorry I couldn't get us booked in the Four Seasons.

YORICK

You know, I actually stayed there one night. After the Plague, right before I left to find my mom. Slept in the presidential suite.

AGENT 355

Why?

YORICK

Because I could, I guess. It was mostly sad though. The whole place was packed with homeless women, and they didn't exactly seem... *distraught* about the turn of events, you know? Made me wonder if this whole thing happened for a reason. "And the meek shall inherit the earth," and all that.

355 glares at him, half-joking.

AGENT 355

Who're you calling meek?

Ignoring this, Yorick stands and looks out the car's open door at the unlit scenery passing by.

YORICK

Man, I have no idea where we're at now. All these towns look the same in the dark. Is it *that* hard for you ladies to turn some lights on?

AGENT 355

Electricity doesn't come through the sockets magically, Yorick. It takes a lot of manpower... *human-*power to operate all of the plants and substations. Energy was a male-dominated industry, but other Culper Ring agents are out there trying to fill the void.

YORICK

So you weren't you the only girl in your... club?

AGENT 355

Men held administrative positions, but the Culpers' undercover agents were all women.

YORICK  
Why go the Charlie's Angels route?

355 stands to stretch her legs.

AGENT 355  
Because men can think with their brains or with their penises, but not with both. We have better relationships with our bodies, makes us stronger in the field.

YORICK  
Sure, as long as that field doesn't contain *Mike Tyson*.

AGENT 355  
We're not always as physically powerful, but there's a reason the best rock climbers are women. We've got you beat in flexibility, agility, problem-solving.

YORICK  
Yeah, yeah, I've seen this sitcom. You're all great, we suck at everything.

AGENT 355  
Not everything. You ever been to a nursing home? Notice how it's ninety percent old *women*? Same with suicide. We might attempt it more, but you guys usually *succeed*.

YORICK  
So what, you're saying the one thing men are better at than women... is *dying*?

355 looks out at the darkness.

AGENT 355  
You're ahead of us so far.

EXT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - DAWN

Cut to the next morning, as a fleet of stolen BLACK HAWK HELICOPTERS flies past the rising sun.

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - CONTINUING

Cut inside the passenger section of one of these attack choppers, as Alter and Rachel talk to each other over radio headsets. They're alone here, so Rachel can speak freely.

RACHEL

I'm still not sure how wise it was to *steal* vehicles from our most loyal ally.

ALTER

The U.S. military isn't an ally, Rachel, it's a distant memory. All of their brass is dead, and the girls they coddled and refused to let fight are stranded in foreign theaters. Besides, the end justifies the means. The troop transport we used to fly to the States was too slow and unwieldy to keep up with the elusive Mister...

Rachel consults her small field notebook.

RACHEL

Brown, Yorick. Our intelligence has nothing on him outside of a social security number and three posts to his old blog. He's a zilch, Alter. If Yorick's really the last, God didn't exactly leave us a *Moses*, did he?

ALTER

The fact that you still believe in a higher power after all this is charming.

Rachel listens to something coming over her headphones.

RACHEL

Scuttlebutt on the ground is that a young man was recently spotted in D.C. But unsubstantiated male sightings are more common than *corpses* these days, so I continue to question the wisdom of all this.

ALTER

My gut says Yorick is alive, Rachel.

RACHEL

Let's say he is. And let's say we *abduct* the Americans' only son. You realize they'll go to war to get him back.

ALTER

We should be so lucky.

RACHEL

What does *that* mean?

ALTER

You saw what happened at the Temple Mount a few months ago, didn't you? Between our own people? The rioting? The fistfights?

RACHEL

Yeah, well, the ultra-orthodox women interpret the men's death a little differently than the rest of us.

ALTER

The fighting didn't begin in earnest until the Israeli Defense Forces... *sedated* our Arab neighbors. As soon as we removed all of Israel's *external* threats, the *internal* conflict that's been simmering for years finally came to a boil.

The helicopter BANKS into the sun.

ALTER

The same will happen to our friends in the States soon enough. Without an outside "evil" for its citizens to hate, poor will turn against rich, white against black...

RACHEL

What are you suggesting, that the only way to protect peace in our time is to invent a war? What the hell kind of plan is that?

Alter smiles a little Mona Lisa grin.

ALTER

A very old, very reliable one.

INT. FREIGHT CAR - MORNING

Open tight on a sleeping Yorick, who's JOLTED awake as the stopped train begins to MOVE.

He bolts upright, and is relieved to see 355 sitting across from him with Ampersand on her shoulder. Strangely enough, the Culper Ring agent is KNITTING.

YORICK

What are you working on? Rifle cozy?

AGENT 355

Just keeping my hands busy.

The train quickly picks up full speed.

YORICK

How long were we stopped?

AGENT 355

Few hours. Crew had to remove a herd of dead cows from the tracks.

YORICK

Bulls.

AGENT 355

Sorry?

YORICK

All cows are females. Any dead cattle were probably *bulls*.

355 scrunches up her nose as she points at Yorick's shirt.

AGENT 355

Yeah, well, speaking of rotting livestock...

Yorick sniffs at himself.

YORICK

Whoof. Sorry. I haven't changed my shirt since I got to Washington.

AGENT 355

You want to borrow one of mine? Say what you will about the Daughters of the Amazon, but their laundry skills are phenomenal.

355 takes a fresh dress shirt out of her bag.

YORICK

Third time you've saved my life,  
Three-fiddy.

Yorick pulls off his dirty T-shirt, and 355 can't help but check out his body. Surprisingly, the seemingly scrawny young man actually has a pretty good build. 355 quickly looks away as Yorick starts putting on the new shirt.

YORICK

Am I having a stroke or are these  
buttons suddenly on the wrong side?

AGENT 355

It's a woman's shirt, Yorick. Deal  
with it.

YORICK

Since when are your buttons on the  
left?

AGENT 355

Since buttons were invented? Guys  
used to carry swords, so the left  
side of his jacket had to close  
over the right. So he could draw  
without his blade getting caught in  
something?

Yorick continues to stupidly fumble with his buttons, and 355 comes over to help him.

AGENT 355

Ladies had servants who did their  
dressing for them, so putting  
buttons on the left made it easier  
for them.

YORICK

That was then, huh?

The two look into each other's eyes for a moment. They're only inches apart here.

Suddenly, Ampersand (sitting on a crate in the background) interrupts this near-romantic moment with his SCREECHING.

YORICK

Settle, Amp. What's got you so...

355's ears perk up, too. Her expression is grave.

AGENT 355  
You hear that?

YORICK  
What is it?

AGENT 355  
The sound of a hundred women's  
*cycles* syncing up.

EXT. DIESEL TRAIN - CONTINUING

Outside, the train is now being pursued by DOZENS OF MOTORCYCLES being ridden by the heavily armed DAUGHTERS OF THE AMAZON. Victoria is in the pole position, as her troops begin to LEAP off of their bikes and BOARD the moving freighter's caboose, like a modern-day Great Train Robbery.

INT. CABOOSE - CONTINUING

As Victoria and her followers climb inside, this rear car's female PASSENGERS scream and clutch their possessions.

VICTORIA  
We mean you no harm, sisters!  
We're simply here to liberate you  
from the last of your oppressors!

INT. FREIGHT CAR - CONTINUING

355 is looking out her freight car's open side door as the last of the Amazons board the rear of the train. She pulls her head back inside and slides the door closed behind her.

YORICK  
How bad?

355 pulls a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN out of her bag, and hands it to Yorick.

AGENT 355  
Depends how many of these crates  
have *ammo* in them.

YORICK  
We're not going to *fight* them,  
Three!

AGENT 355

No, I'm gonna hold them for as long as I can while you make a break for the conductor. Tell her to disconnect the engine from the rest of the cars. She gives you any trouble, put that scatter gun to her head.

YORICK

But you said it yourself, I can't make it to California on my own! I need you out there!

Push in on 355 as she checks the clip of her HANDGUN.

AGENT 355

This isn't a democracy, remember? Consider it payback for all the years women weren't allowed to vote.

YORICK (O.S.)

Yeah, well, I'm big into suffrage.

355 turns to see that Yorick is aiming his shotgun at her head.

YORICK

Here's the new plan.

EXT. DIESEL TRAIN - CONTINUING

The Daughters of the Amazon are making their way between cars of the moving train. Theresa (the bald Amazon) takes point, and KICKS open the small door at the rear of Yorick and 355's car. Her fellow Amazons follow her inside... but there's nothing here but big boxes of freight. Yorick and 355 are nowhere to be seen.

The women make their way through the car quickly, with Victoria taking up the rear. As her followers exit, Vic stops dead in her tracks. She looks down and sees a FRESH SLICE of canned peach on the floor of this car.

She pulls out her own .357 MAGNUM and looks around, finally noticing a CRATE that's been recently opened, one large enough for two people to hide inside of.

Victoria aims her gun at this box as she quickly PRIES open its side.

Out come tumbling a dozen CANS OF PEACHES... followed by a dozen HUNGRY RATS. They scurry across Victoria's feet.

VICTORIA

AHHH!

Embarrassed by her less-than-brave reaction, Victoria looks around to make sure none of her women heard it. Finally, she holsters her weapon and prepares to exit the car.

But just then, over the rumble of the tracks, Victoria hears an unfamiliar sound. She looks around for its source, before finally staring up at the CEILING of the car.

EXT. FREIGHT CAR ROOF - CONTINUING

Cut onto this car's ROOF, where 355 and Yorick are hiding. Yorick is frantically trying to shut up Ampersand, who's SCREECHING his little head off here.

AGENT 355

Exactly who is that thing supposed to be *helping*?

Yorick stuffs the monkey into his backpack.

YORICK

It's not my fault! He's fucking learning disabled or something!

VICTORIA (O.S.)

Men never were very good teachers.

355 and Yorick spin around to see Victoria standing behind them on this moving train. A trigger-happy Yorick attempts to load a shell into his sawed-off shotgun by FLIPPING it by its handle, Terminator 2-style, but sadly, as he spins it, the weapon goes FLYING out of his hand and pinwheeling over the side of the train.

YORICK

(to himself)  
Son of a...

355 is about to draw *her* weapon, when Victoria warns:

VICTORIA

I don't *have* to kill you both, you know.

355 keeps her handgun at her side but chivalrously steps IN FRONT of a clearly grateful Yorick.

AGENT 355

Yeah. You do.

VICTORIA

Theresa tells me you're not who you said you were, "*Catherine*." That's fine. We're all welcome to remake ourselves in this brave new world. But don't tell me that you didn't believe what I had to say.

355 listens silently.

VICTORIA

I looked into your eyes. I saw the way men have *hurt* you. It's time to stop protecting our abusers like helpless battered wives. We have to step aside... and let *evolution* take its course.

Slowly, reluctantly, 355 steps aside, leaving Yorick exposed, not to mention confused.

YORICK

Uh...

Victoria again aims her gun at Yorick.

VICTORIA

Thank you, sister. You'll be able to tell your granddaughters that you were there to witness the fall of man.

AGENT 355

Truer words.

All of a sudden, 355 GRABS Yorick and YANKS him over the side of the moving train with her!

Pull way out, as the train barrels across a LARGE BRIDGE. 355 and Yorick are just tiny figures here, FALLING a hundred feet before finally SPLASHING into a river far below.

Victoria watches in disbelief, as Theresa and a few of her fellow Amazons join their leader atop the train.

THERESA

Victoria, are you...?

VICTORIA

I'm... I'm fine.

THERESA  
And the man?

VICTORIA  
(flatly)  
History.

EXT. WOODED AREA - MAGIC HOUR

Cut to later that early evening, as SONIA, an attractive 19-year-old vixen with tattoos and piercings, carries two buckets of water along the bank of a river.

Sonia stops in her tracks when she sees AMPERSAND sitting on top of a backpack that's washed up against a stone. She approaches the little capuchin monkey slowly, careful not to frighten it.

SONIA  
Where'd you come from, little guy?  
Guess they musta opened up the zoos  
like they opened up our...

Sonia DROPS her two pails as she notices something else that's washed ashore. It's YORICK, waterlogged and unconscious, but alive.

SONIA  
Thank you, Jesus.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

We're looking through Yorick's P.O.V. As he opens his eyes, a blurry figure looming over him slowly takes shape.

YORICK (O.S.)  
Beth...?

Rack focus to reveal that this is actually Sonia.

SONIA  
Who's Beth?

YORICK  
Bah!

Yorick sits up to find that he's in Sonia's messy bedroom, lying in her bed. His clothes are dry now.

YORICK  
What is this?

SONIA  
Take it easy.

YORICK  
Who are you?

SONIA  
My name's Sonia. I... I *found* you.  
With your pet.

Ampersand eeks over on Sonia's dresser.

SONIA  
Where did you come from, Yorick?

YORICK  
How the hell do you know my *name*?

She holds up Yorick's wallet.

SONIA  
Your library card. I didn't even  
know people still carried--

YORICK  
Oh my God. 355. Is she...?

SONIA  
You mean her?

Sonia points across the hall, through the open door to  
another bedroom, where Agent 355 is sleeping peacefully.

SONIA  
She's fine. Bit of a bump to the  
head, but she should be all right.  
What happened, Yorick? I just  
found you out there, like Thomas  
Newton or something.

Yorick's confused.

SONIA  
*The Man Who Fell to Earth?*

YORICK  
Seriously? You a fan of the book  
or the movie?

SONIA  
Both, I guess. Mostly Bowie, to be  
honest.

Yorick's almost starting to fall for this girl, when he notices Ampersand playing with his RING BOX.

Feeling guilty, Yorick gets up to SNATCH it away.

YORICK

That's... that's cool.

SONIA

Anyway, we figure you must be some kind of genetic anomaly, like those prostitutes in Africa that are immune to HIV?

YORICK

Huh, I hadn't...

(backing up)

Wait, what do you mean "we?"

Sonia walks over to the window of this second-story bedroom.

SONIA

Yorick, this is a town of sixty-seven gossiping women. Did you really think I could keep something like you a *secret*?

Yorick joins her at the window and looks out to see all SIXTY-SEVEN WOMEN, a collection of various ages and races (but no children), gathered below. They're looking up at him expectantly.

Yorick sighs.

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - EVENING

Back inside the passenger hold of Alter's helicopter, she and Rachel speak to each other over their headsets.

RACHEL

We might have a hit, Alter. Sixty clicks due south. Girls in the listening stations back home are reporting a lot of chatter about a twenty-something *male* washing ashore in a little town called Marrisville.

ALTER

Good work. We'll pay a visit right after we refuel.

RACHEL

Actually, we should probably send  
as many choppers as we can *now*.

ALTER

Why? You honestly think some  
undersexed American will be in a  
hurry to leave an entire *village* of  
lonely women?

RACHEL

That's not my concern, Lieutenant-  
General. I'm worried about who  
these women happen to *be*...

EXT. SONIA'S HOME -- EVENING

Back at Sonia's place, Yorick's new friend escorts him  
outside. She introduces him to the town, which stares at  
this last man with a mixture of disbelief and mistrust.

SONIA

Marrisville, this is Yorick.  
Yorick, this is Marrisville.

Yorick waves shyly.

NINA, a middle-aged Hispanic woman gives Yorick the once-  
over.

NINA

You really the last?

YORICK

I... I don't know. I think so.

NINA

Hn.

Sonia leads Yorick through the crowd of gawkers.

YORICK

Is it just me, or are there no *kids*  
in this town?

SONIA

Um, I guess I'm the youngest one,  
yeah. Come on, you want to help me  
in the hydroponic greenhouse?

YORICK

You have food? Fresh food?

SONIA

Sure. Why so surprised?

YORICK

It's just, almost every post-Plague town I've been to has looked like the third act of a Godzilla movie.

Yorick looks up at the town's working street lamps.

YORICK

But you guys still have a perfect little utopia.

SONIA

I don't know about that. But we did vote to slaughter one of the lambs for you tonight. And don't feel guilty. Lydia wants us to get rid of them anyway, before the damn flies eat them alive.

YORICK

Lydia?

Suddenly, an elderly white woman steps out of the crowd. This is LYDIA.

LYDIA

Hard to believe that helpless little women can get by without your kind, huh?

YORICK

I... I didn't mean any disrespect.

LYDIA

We've all had plenty of experience making do without any *men* around.

Nina steps forward to try to silence Lydia, but the old lady's on a roll.

NINA

Lydia...

LYDIA

Back in '42, the only fellas left in this country were the goddamn 4F-ers tryin' to get into our overalls. Girls weren't *part* of the workforce, we *were* the workforce.

(MORE)

LYDIA (cont'd)

If none of our boys had come home alive, we coulda run this place just fine on our own... better even.

YORICK

Back up, you said you *all* had experience living without men. How? I mean, most of you are a little too young to have been doing the Rosie the Riveter thing, right?

SONIA

Maybe Lydia can explain herself after we fix you some supper.

Sonia starts to pull Yorick away, but Nina calls after him.

NINA

Kid. The black girl up there, she your wife?

YORICK

No! I mean, she's just a... a *friend*. But Three's good people. She's kind of a government agent. But on the downlow, you know?

As Sonia and Yorick walk away, Nina and Lydia exchange nervous glances.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Cut to a few minutes later for this establishing shot of an impressive greenhouse. Its windows are fogged with condensation, so we can't quite see inside.

INT. GREENHOUSE - CONTINUING

Sonia and Yorick enter the well-lit facility, which is filled with fresh flowers and vegetables. They're alone now.

YORICK

So, you and your neighbors all seem pretty... close-knit. Do you mind, can I ask, are you all, not that I care, but...?

SONIA

Some are, but it'd take a hell of a lot more than all the men dying to make me suddenly eat *pussy*.

YORICK  
Well, you don't beat around the  
*bush*. As it were.

SONIA  
No. I don't.

Suddenly, Sonia PULLS Yorick close and KISSES him deeply.  
Yorick pushes her away, but only eventually.

YORICK  
Sonia.

SONIA  
What? Oh my God. Are... are you  
gay?

YORICK  
What? No! No, not at all.

SONIA  
Oh. 'Cause, talk about irony.

YORICK  
It's just, there's someone else.

SONIA  
But you said your bodyguard--

Yorick pulls out his PHOTO of Beth, which he hands over to  
Sonia.

YORICK  
No, my fiancée's name is *Beth*.  
We're on our way to find her.  
She's... she's in Los Angeles.

SONIA  
It must be hard.

Sonia sets aside the photo, and presses herself against  
Yorick.

YORICK  
It is.

But Yorick gently pulls away from her.

YORICK  
Look, I'm flattered, but for some  
retarded reason, I was picked to  
survive all this, so I'm trying not  
to take advantage of the situation.

SONIA

You're not taking advantage of anything, Yorick.

YORICK

But I would be. Beth... Beth was my first, you know? She was the only woman alive who wanted me back when I was an unemployed loser. If nothing else, I owe her a little loyalty.

Sonia steps forward and runs her fingers through Yorick's hair.

SONIA

I'm sure lots of girls wanted you back then. They just didn't know how to tell you.

Again, she kisses him. Harder this time. The two fall backwards onto one of the greenhouse tables. Sonia is on top of Yorick, who's clearly wrestling with more than just his conscience.

YORICK

Please. You... you have to get off.

SONIA

(smiling)

I'm trying.

She kisses him again.

YORICK

Beth--

SONIA

--will never know. Besides, this isn't about her. It's about you helping the planet, and the only way you can do that is by sowing your seed, right?

YORICK

I love her.

SONIA

You think JFK didn't love Jackie?  
You think MLK didn't love Coretta?

(MORE)

SONIA (cont'd)  
Great men fuck around on their  
wives, Yorick, and whether you like  
it or not, you're the greatest man  
alive now.

Sonia writes against Yorick, who's really struggling to be good.

YORICK  
Please...

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)  
Yorick?

Sonia and Yorick look up to see a relatively recuperated AGENT 355 standing in the doorway of this greenhouse. Ampersand is on her shoulder.

AGENT 355  
You all right?

Sonia and Yorick quickly pull themselves apart, like two teens caught making out at Lovers Leap.

YORICK  
It's cool. We're... we're done  
here.

SONIA  
(to Yorick)  
I'm so sorry. I... I don't know  
what came over me, I--

AGENT 355  
Yorick, may I borrow you for a  
second?

EXT. GREENHOUSE - CONTINUING

355 drags the embarrassed last man outside. As Yorick finishes buckling his pants, Amp jumps onto his shoulder.

YORICK  
Look, whatever you saw in there...

AGENT 355  
I don't care. We have to get out  
of here.

YORICK  
Right now? I mean, this town is a  
wonderland. We should at least  
stock up on provisions and--

AGENT 355  
 These people aren't what you think,  
 Yorick. They're--

NINA (O.S.)  
 That's far enough.

Cut over to Nina, Lydia and several of the other residents of Marrisville. They all have HUNTING RIFLES trained on Yorick and 355.

NINA  
 I'm afraid we can't let some *spy*  
 rat us out to the feds.

355 shoots Yorick a dirty look.

AGENT 355  
 Does the *secret* in secret agent  
 mean anything to you?

YORICK  
 What is this? Some kind of  
*militia*?

AGENT 355  
 There's a *women's penitentiary*  
 about a mile up the road, Yorick.

YORICK  
 You mean, they're... they're  
*convicts*?

SONIA (O.S.)  
*Escaped* convicts, technically.

Yorick turns just as Sonia walks out of the greenhouse.

SONIA  
 When all the men died, the warden  
 decided to turn us loose... instead  
 of letting us starve to death in  
 our cells.

The other women close in on Yorick and 355.

NINA  
 The guards lived in the houses  
 we're in now. They took off weeks  
 ago. Guess they couldn't stand  
 staying where their kin passed.

SONIA

None of us *wanted* to get out like this... but it happened. The other inmates and I all get along pretty well, and we've been taking care of ourselves for years already, so this community just kinda... fell into place.

YORICK

What did you do? *Murder* someone?

SONIA

Robbed a bank. For a *guy*. Long story.

Lydia aims her rifle at Yorick.

LYDIA

If you're looking for a *killer*, you got one. I shot my bastard of a husband in '59 and I don't regret it for a goddamn second.

Sonia walks over to Lydia and pushes her rifle down.

SONIA

(to Yorick and 355)

Please. We just want to live in peace.

AGENT 355

(to the women)

This isn't my jurisdiction, and we have no intention of telling anyone about your situation.

NINA

Why should we believe some *spook*?

355 starts to lose her cool, so it's Yorick's turn to play peacemaker.

AGENT 355

For your sake, I hope you're talking about my occupation and not my *race*.

YORICK

Look, let's all just... pretend tonight never happened, okay? 355 and I have bigger things to worry about, so we're just gonna--

Suddenly, Yorick is illuminated from directly overhead by a burningly bright SPOTLIGHT. He looks up, half-expecting to see a mother ship here to take him home.

A WHIRLWIND kicks up dirt and leaves as three BLACK HAWK HELICOPTERS descend into view.

NINA

It's a setup!

AGENT 355

No, I have nothing to do with this!

Like the word of God, a familiar voice booms from the heavens over one of the chopper's loudspeakers. It's Alter.

FROM HELICOPTER

Women of Marrisville, this is not your fight! Hand over the boy, and no one will be harmed!

As the helicopters circle to land in a nearby field, a baffled Yorick turns to 355.

YORICK

Why does everyone keep calling me boy? I'm a college graduate!

Nina again swings her rifle in 355's direction.

NINA

Whatever, we're not fighting an *army*. They can take you both for all I care.

YORICK

What the hell does the *Israeli military* want with me?

AGENT 355

If it was anything good, they probably only would have brought one gunship.

(to the women)

Please. If you hand Yorick over to another country, you people will never know another peaceful day.

NINA

If we don't, we'll never know another day *period*.

Sonia suddenly steps in front of Yorick and 355.

SONIA

Run. They're probably landing by the orchard, so you've still got a few minutes. Take Lewis to Montecito. No street lamps there so you'll have some cover for a getaway.

LYDIA

You lost your *head*, girl?

Sonia looks at Yorick with sad eyes.

SONIA

We still owe a debt to society, and without someone like him, there might not be another one.

355 nods gratefully before dragging Yorick away from the scene. As he's being pulled away, Yorick calls after Sonia.

YORICK

Wait! Sonia! Come... come with us!

Sonia just watches with regret as the man who fell to Earth disappears into the darkness.

SONIA

Good-bye, Yorick.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - NIGHT

355 and Yorick run through the unlit outskirts of this neighborhood. A winded Yorick is falling out of his Chuck Taylors.

AGENT 355

Keep up, goddammit!

YORICK

(breathless)

Totally... not.. running shoes..

As the two round the corner, they run smack into *another* Black Hawk helicopter, this one parked in the middle of the street.

Three female I.D.F. SOLDIERS all drop their cigarettes and raise their machine guns as they spot Yorick and his bodyguard.

AGENT 355  
*Four gunships?!*

The youngest Israeli soldier looks for guidance from her older superiors.

YOUNG SOLDIER  
 (in Hebrew)  
 What... what do we do?

OLDER SOLDIER  
 (in Hebrew)  
 We take the male alive, but kill anyone who--

That's all 355 needs to hear, as she raises her weapon and FIRES it at the two older soldiers, killing them both instantly.

Yorick screams in fear and revulsion.

355 aims her Glock at the youngest soldier (she's frozen in terror), and squeezes the trigger. Nothing. The gun's empty.

With trembling hands, the young soldier aims her SIDEARM at 355.

YOUNG SOLDIER  
 (in Hebrew)  
 Fuh--freeze!

355 instead TOSSES her own weapon aside and CHARGES directly at the young female soldier.

The soldier fires wildly as the screaming Culper Ring agent rushes her. 355 eventually TACKLES the soldier, knocking her to the ground. The two wrestle over the Israeli's firearm, as the young soldier struggles with what few English phrases she remembers.

AGENT 355  
 Let go of the gun! Please!

YOUNG SOLDIER  
*Lo! Bevakasha!*

AGENT 355  
 You don't have to die!

YOUNG SOLDIER  
 Take... take me to my hotel! How much does this cost please! Where is the library! Which train--

BANG.

Push in close on the two women, as one of them is SHOT.

AGENT 355  
(under her breath)  
Stupid...

355 stands, as the young soldier rattles her last breath.

The Culper Ring agent looks over at Yorick, who promptly VOMITS all over his own shoes.

AGENT 355  
Come on.

YORICK  
Why... why did you...?

AGENT 355  
Me or them. Let's go.

YORICK  
They were *girls!* If you're such a fucking markswoman, couldn't you have just *wounded* them or--

AGENT 355  
This isn't a comic book, Yorick. They knew what they were doing when they filled their hands, and so did I. Now get in the chopper.

YORICK  
Now we're stealing *helicopters?* No, I... I don't want anything more to do with this.

AGENT 355  
If you had listened to me on the train, we wouldn't *be* in this situation! Now do as I fucking say!

YORICK  
Go on without me, Three. I'm tired of people dying. I'm... I'm just gonna surrender.

355 aims her weapon at Yorick.

AGENT 355

That stopped being your decision  
the second other countries got  
involved.

Ampersand barks in protest, but Yorick hangs his head. He's done fighting.

In the distance, a faraway gun battle can be heard.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Sonia and her fellow inmates are waging an epic battle against the incoming army, but they're clearly no match for the Israelis' numbers.

As more and more of them take fire, the surviving townswomen eventually lay down their arms and hold up their hands in surrender. Sonia screams in defiance.

SONIA

Keep fighting! We can take them!

As the shooting dies down, Alter steps out from behind her troops' frontline.

ALTER

Thank you for your attention. The good news is that I have no interest in taking prisoners, so you don't need to fear another incarceration.

Alter pulls out her sidearm and AIMS it at Nina's head.

ALTER

The bad news is that I have no objection to *field executions*.

The rest of the townswomen start to rush to Nina's defense, but the overpowering I.D.F. soldiers back them off.

ALTER

Tell me where you're hiding Yorick Brown or I start putting bullets in brainpans.

Sonia drops her rifle and calls out.

SONIA

Don't! He... he ran away!

Alter cocks her gun.

ALTER

Nonsense, I stationed roadblocks at every possible exit. He--

After consulting with a young female soldier carrying a RADIO PACK, Rachel steps forward to whisper something to Alter.

RACHEL

Alter, North Team is dead. One of our snipers saw their chopper being *stolen*. She thinks she caught a glimpse of a *black woman* behind the controls.

Alter looks at Rachel in stunned silence for a moment.

ALTER

(to her troops)  
Kill them all.

Sonia charges forward and all of the I.D.F. Soldiers promptly aim their rifles at her.

SONIA

Wait! I... I can tell you where he went. He has a girlfriend. In L.A. *Beth* something.

Careful not to make anyone think she's reaching for a gun, Sonia slowly pulls out the PHOTO that Yorick left behind.

Alter stares at the picture of this once-happy couple with interest.

EXT. AMERICAN AIRSPACE - DAWN

Several hours later, 355's stolen Black Hawk soars just above the treetops of Middle America.

INT. STOLEN BLACK HAWK - CONTINUING

Cut inside the hi-tech vehicle's cockpit, where 355 is flying. Yorick is in the passenger seat, with Ampersand on his lap.

AGENT 355

Yorick, I'm... I'm sorry about back there, okay? I never should have pointed a gun at you.

YORICK

Yeah, well, guess *I* opened that door.

A nervous Yorick just silently stares out the window as their craft barely skims the foliage.

YORICK

I can't believe you really know how to fly this thing.

AGENT 355

I told you, the Culper Ring trained me well.

YORICK

How do you study *espionage*, exactly? Is there some kind of correspondence school?

AGENT 355

The Ring recruited me out of a foster care facility when I was thirteen, after I put two redneck teenagers in the hospital for calling me names.

YORICK

Foster care?

AGENT 355

My parents were killed I was six.

Yorick suddenly looks guilty.

YORICK

Sorry.

AGENT 355

Don't be. You weren't driving the truck that night.

YORICK

You know, before all this, I honestly wasn't sure if your whole undercover sister spiel was legit, or if you were, you know... insane.

AGENT 355

Yorick, a mentally ill person wouldn't be able to fly a medium-lift assault helicopter below radar at 250 miles per--

Suddenly, the chopper DIPS uncomfortably as one of its extended range fuel tanks accidentally CLIPS a high branch.

AGENT 355

Oops.

A frightened Yorick looks down at his diaper-clad monkey, who yelps.

YORICK

(quietly, to Amp)

Yeah, I'm gonna need a diaper change, too, buddy.

355 activates a few controls on her dash.

AGENT 355

If you want to help, check that navigation computer and make sure we're on target for San Fran.

YORICK

We're still headed to this Attack of the Clones doctor?

AGENT 355

A few refuelings aside, we should be able to fly a straight shot to her lab. It's more important than ever that we find out why you're still alive.

YORICK

Yeah, but what if Victoria and her goons get to Mann's joint first? We lost some time in Marrisville.

AGENT 355

Don't worry, the trains are about as dependable as they were in pre-Mussolini Italy, remember? We'll beat her by *days*.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - MORNING

Smash cut to this close-up of a DEAD MALE COWBOY, slumped over the wheel of his pick-up. Pull out to reveal that this unlucky corpse's truck is parked directly in the middle of RAILROAD TRACKS.

BAM! The vehicle is OBLITERATED when a familiar DIESEL TRAIN plows right through it.

INT. DIESEL TRAIN ENGINE - CONTINUING

Inside the train's engine, Victoria is reading to Theresa (the bald Amazon), while an overweight FEMALE CONDUCTOR reluctantly works the train's throttle.

VICTORIA

"With no aspect of society being at all relevant to women, there remains to civic-minded females only to overthrow the government and destroy the male sex." Those are the opening words of the SCUM Manifesto, the seminal work of our dear sister Valerie Solanas, a prophet and a--

CONDUCTOR

Um, ma'am?

Theresa immediately whips out a CROWBAR, which she uses to threaten the conductor.

THERESA

"Ma'am" is short for madam, the mistress who manages a man's household or the whore who enslaves other women. Which one are you saying Victoria is?

VICTORIA

Let her speak, Theresa.

CONDUCTOR

I don't mean to start trouble, m... *Victoria*, but I'm gonna have to stop at the next station to pick up medical supplies for California.

VICTORIA

That can wait, sister.

CONDUCTOR

Begging your pardon, but it can't. If you care about women so much, there are girls with diabetes and whatnot suffering as we speak. Seeing how the shipping lanes died with all the *sailor boys*, the only way anyone's gettin' insulin is--

Victoria puts a hand on the frightened woman's back.

VICTORIA

Nothing is more resilient or resourceful than womankind. I'm confident our sisters will make do.

EXT. L.A. TRIAGE CENTER - EVENING

Cut to later that night, where HUNDREDS OF WOMEN are gathered outside a makeshift triage center in downtown Los Angeles. All of these Angelenos are helping one another, there are no pockets of violence. It's a welcome bit of peace.

INT. L.A. TRIAGE CENTER - CONTINUING

Push inside, where Yorick's long lost girlfriend BETH DEVILLE is sitting at a round table, leading a diverse group of FEMALE COMMUNITY LEADERS in a meeting. She turns her attention to a young Asian woman named CHLOE.

BETH

All right, so Fara is taking care of Meals on Wheels outside the valley. Chloe, what's our postal situation?

CHLOE

A step above Pony Express, but a far cry from UPS. Still, not bad considering the only thing *mailmen* are carrying these days is disease.

BETH

Speaking of which, how are we on antibiotics, Nora?

Beth turns to NORA, a sixty-something pharmacist.

NORA

Unless you're in the market for six crates of *Viagra*, I'm dangerously low on every drug in the--

Suddenly, the sound of HELICOPTERS is heard outside. The women all race to a nearby window, where they see Black Hawks approaching. Chloe and Nora are immediately excited.

CHLOE

Is that military? Oh, God, are they finally dropping *supplies*?

NORA

Behold, the angels storm the gates  
of hell.

Push in on Beth, the only one who looks *nervous*.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - EVENING

On cue, jump to Las Vegas, as its entire gaudy skyline BURNS  
in a spectacular inferno.

EXT. LAS VEGAS'S MCCARRAN AIRPORT - CONTINUING

Cut over to the airport across the highway, where Yorick and  
355 calmly watch this conflagration. Their grounded  
helicopter is REFUELING next to a tanker truck at the Vegas  
airport. Ampersand is playing on the hose connected to the  
Black Hawk.

YORICK

This is men's fault, too, right?  
Because we taught our daughters to  
be showgirls instead of firemen?

AGENT 355

*Firefighters.*

Yorick is fed up.

YORICK

You know, I'm not the He-Man Woman-  
Hater you think I am. I didn't  
roadie for Lilith Fair or anything,  
but I'm down with the cause. I  
rarely make sexist jokes, always  
hold doors open for ladies...

Suddenly, 355 gets into a SPARRING position.

YORICK

I mean, I *never* hold doors open?

AGENT 355

I'm not always going to be around  
to protect you, Yorick. But the  
S.U.V. of the sky here needs  
another ten to finish gassing up,  
so I figured I might as well teach  
you a little self-defense.

Yorick waves her off.

YORICK

I've gotten myself out of plenty of scrapes before, thanks.

AGENT 355

In what, Double Dragon?

YORICK

Double Dragon? What are you, *forty*?

355 playfully flicks him the finger.

YORICK

Like many a high school nerd, I survived bullies in the tried and true fashion of fighting like a *girl*.

AGENT 355

Which means what exactly?

YORICK

Scratching eyes, pulling hair, kicking balls. Not that the last one is so applicable anymore...

AGENT 355

Why not just go to the gym?

YORICK

What's the point? You know what the strongest muscle in the human body is?

AGENT 355

The heart?

YORICK

No, it's not the *heart*, you sappy fuck. It's your *jaw muscle*. Even a scrawny dude like me has five hundred pounds of bite strength.

AGENT 355

Great, that'll come in handy when you're fighting *food*.

As the helicopter continues to refuel, the two sit down on its edge and watch the fires continue to rage in the distance.

Ampersand scampers over to sit on Yorick's lap.

YORICK  
Hey, before all this, did you, you  
know? Have somebody?

AGENT 355  
Not for a while. My relationships  
always ended bad.

YORICK  
Because of your job?

355 takes a deep breath.

AGENT 355  
Because men are all cheating  
bastards.

YORICK  
Oh. Hey, look, what happened with  
Sonia...

She softens a bit.

AGENT 355  
Relax. You've got to be the only  
guy on the planet who'd end up in  
this position and *not* try to bang  
everything that moves.

YORICK  
Yeah, well, I scored someone way  
above my pay grade.

A wave of sadness suddenly washes over Yorick. 355  
recognizes it and reaches out to touch his shoulder.

AGENT 355  
Beth is still out there, Yorick.  
You'll find her soon and she'll be  
fine.

YORICK  
How do you know?

AGENT 355  
I don't. I'm just saying whatever  
shit will get you to stop moping.

A smiling Yorick sets Ampersand down and stands into sparring  
position.

YORICK  
Okay, show me what you got, killer.

355 rises to meet him.

AGENT 355  
Your funeral.

The two playfully throw punches while black smoke continues to billow into the Vegas sky.

EXT. CALIFORNIA TRAIN STATION -- EVENING

Later that night, Victoria and her fellow Daughters of the Amazon exit their train. Theresa looks concerned.

THERESA  
Last stop, Victoria, and Dr. Mann's laboratory is gonna take at least another ten hours to reach on foot.

VICTORIA  
Why the hell would we travel on foot, Theresa?

THERESA  
Well, bikes are pretty much nonexistent after we lost ours boarding this thing, and the highways are too clogged with makeshift hearses for us to all pile into a Greyhound or whatever.

Walking along the tracks, Victoria approaches a LIVESTOCK CAR.

VICTORIA  
Do you know what the Girl Scout motto is?

Victoria stops in front of a car filled with a dozen young female HORSES.

VICTORIA  
Same as the Boy Scouts'.

EXT. DR. MANN'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Hours later, 355's helicopter LANDS in the empty parking lot just outside of Mann's modest laboratory in San Francisco.

Push in on the craft, as Yorick (with Ampersand on his shoulder) exits the helicopter with Agent 355. They inspect the darkened lab.

YORICK  
Abandoned?

AGENT 355  
Maybe. I'll look around. You and  
your animal stay here.

YORICK  
And let you inspect the mad  
scientist's haunted laboratory all  
by yourself? If you insist...

Ampersand chirps as 355 walks into the black building.

INT. DR. MANN'S LABORATORY -- CONTINUING

355 steps inside the eerily quiet building and draws her  
sidearm, just in case.

AGENT 355  
Hello?

Just then, she hears something SNAP behind a door to her  
left.

Slowly, 355 turns its knob and pushes her way inside. A  
small GENERATOR is whirring away quietly as it powers  
numerous COMPUTER TERMINALS, ELECTRON MICROSCOPES, etc.

AGENT 355  
Dr. Mann? Dr. Allison M--

Suddenly, a figure steps out from behind the door and presses  
a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE millimeters away from a frozen 355's  
neck.

It's DR. MANN.

DR. MANN  
There are enough sedatives in this  
syringe to put a woman twice your  
size to sleep for a month.

AGENT 355  
I'm not here to hurt you, Doctor.

DR. MANN  
The Black Hawk you parked in the  
handicap spot suggests otherwise.

AGENT 355  
I'm here to *protect* you. I'm Agent  
355, I--

A terrified Mann immediately BACKS AWAY from her hostage.

DR. MANN  
You work for the *Culper Ring*?

With lightning speed, 355 reaches up and GRABS Mann's wrist, snatching the hypodermic away from her.

AGENT 355  
How the hell do you know about the  
Culpers?

Dr. Mann takes a seat in one of her lab chairs, exhausted.

DR. MANN  
You're the people *responsible* for  
all this.

AGENT 355  
(a beat)  
What?

DR. MANN  
"Project: Setting Son" or whatever  
you monsters called it.

A disbelieving 355 aims her Glock at the doctor.

AGENT 355  
What are you *talking* about?

DR. MANN  
Please, if you're going to kill me,  
just do it, but spare me the  
feigned ignorance.

AGENT 355  
Doctor, look at me. I have no idea  
what this is all about. I'm here  
to *protect* you from... from people  
who want to *use* you.

DR. MANN  
Like your superiors did?

AGENT 355  
*Which* superiors?

DR. MANN

You're serious? The Culper men honestly kept their foot soldiers in the dark about their *real* plans?

355 lowers her gun and sits down across from Mann, ready to listen.

DR. MANN

Your "ring" was terrified of the possibility of our country eventually having to fight a ground war with the Chinese military. So a man named 1033 ("Ten-thirty-three") apparently began considering the possibility of a *preemptive* biological strike.

AGENT 355

How... how do you know all this?

DR. MANN

Because Ten *told* me. He came here once a week, offered me millions in exchange for helping to make his sick vision a reality.

AGENT 355

His *vision*?

DR. MANN

Discretely releasing a chemical agent into Beijing's air supply, one that wouldn't harm civilians... but *would* prevent its women from conceiving male children. His hope was that it could be used to effectively cripple China's economic and military capabilities within a generation.

AGENT 355

Someone from the *Culper Ring* did this? That's... that's *impossible*.

DR. MANN

If only. I refused to have anything to do with Ten's tests, but he and his team proceeded to the experimental stage without me.

AGENT 355

What *happened*?

DR. MANN

What always happens when man tries  
to fuck with Mother Nature.

Dr. Mann stands and looks out her window at nothing in particular.

DR. MANN

I knew the second I read their preliminary research that the environmental impact of even an isolated test would be severe... but I had no idea it would be *this*.

AGENT 355

But, how did it spread so *quickly*?

DR. MANN

Morphogenetic fields? Trade winds? Migrating flocks? Your guess is as good as mine. All I know is that there doesn't seem to be one corner of the globe that wasn't affected.

AGENT 355

Can it be reversed?

DR. MANN

I can't raise the dead, Agent.

AGENT 355

But, can you bring *mankind* back to the planet?

DR. MANN

The Plague destroyed every last sperm, fetus and fully developed mammal with a Y chromosome. And whatever was released into the atmosphere is *still there*. I've attempted to make new XY rats by using the cells of dead subjects, but they all end up suffering the same fate as their late brethren. I'm afraid a living male will never again set foot on this planet.

YORICK (O.S.)

Then this is one small step for man...

355 and Dr. Mann turn to see YORICK walk inside the room. Ampersand is on his shoulder, as always.

YORICK  
Etcetera, etcetera.

Mann's jaw goes slack.

DR. MANN  
Oh... oh my God.

YORICK  
I get that a lot.

Much to Yorick's surprise, the doctor rushes over to inspect *Ampersand*.

DR. MANN  
The size of those canines. Is this monkey a *male*?

YORICK  
Uh, yeah. Actually, I'm *also*--

DR. MANN  
Obviously. I could understand one of you being some kind of mutation, but how did you *both* survive?

YORICK  
Doc, the last time I delved into science on my own, it involved a baking soda volcano nearly blowing off one of my testicles. I was kinda hoping you had some answers.

DR. MANN  
Where did you find this creature?

Mann takes *Ampersand* from Yorick, but the animal LEAPS out of her hands and starts playing with one of the nearby TEST TUBES.

YORICK  
Online, at this volunteer group's website. But maybe *Ampersand*... I don't know, escaped from some Area 51 *research facility* first. He certainly seems at home here.

Mann inspects *Ampersand*'s fur.

DR. MANN  
He's not tagged with any lab markings. I'll need to take a blood sample. From both of you.

355 is lost in her own world, still processing her group's unforgivable betrayal.

AGENT 355

I... I dedicated my *life* to those men.

YORICK

I'm sorry, Three, but we gotta save the existential crises for later, right?

(to Mann)

Do whatever you need to get started, Doc, but there's a crazy train blowing into town with your name on it, so we should really be out of here by morning.

Mann ominously pulls on a single RUBBER GLOVE.

DR. MANN

We'll leave when I'm good and ready. Last man or not, it's going to take more than the apocalypse for me to start taking orders from my *patients*.

EXT. L.A. TRIAGE CENTER - NIGHT

Back in Los Angeles, Beth leads the other local women outside, as the Black Hawks make a dramatic landing.

ALTER steps out of the first chopper, and immediately approaches Beth.

ALTER

Beth Deville. Your reputation precedes you.

BETH

You're not Americans, are you? Who the hell are you peop--

Before Beth can say another word, someone comes up behind her and places an ETHER-SOAKED RAG over her mouth. As she slips into unconsciousness, Beth falls back into the arms of RACHEL, Alter's second-in-command.

Beth's friends scream in horror and race to help their colleague, but the Israeli soldiers back them away with their machine guns, while Rachel and Alter carry the sleeping Beth into their copter.

RACHEL

What now? We just take up position here and wait for the boy to come to us?

ALTER

No, young Mr. Brown and his mystery associate have already killed three of our soldiers and stolen one of our ships. He's obviously not a threat to be taken lightly. We need a more *fortified* staging area if we're going to take him alive.

Rachel considers this.

RACHEL

Have you seen Citizen Kane?

Alter just stares at her blankly.

INT. DR. MANN'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Open on an image of Y-SHAPED PROTEINS as seen through an incredibly powerful microscope.

DR. MANN (O.S.)

It's about sex.

Pull out, as Mann looks up from her work.

DR. MANN

Like everything, it's about sex.

355 and Yorick are confused.

YORICK

Uh...

DR. MANN

A foreign agent was introduced into your animal's bloodstream, and his immune system produced unique antibodies to fight it. Somehow, these antibodies had the added side effect of *masking* him from the effects of the Plague.

AGENT 355

How'd this "foreign agent" end up inside a monkey?

DR. MANN

It appears to travel through the body much like syphilis or hepatitis, so my guess is that it was *sexually transmitted*.

YORICK

But... how did it get inside *me*?

355 and Dr. Mann just stare at Yorick and Ampersand.

YORICK

Okay, that's just sick. I did not *blow my monkey!*

DR. MANN

Well, did it ever bite you deeply enough to draw blood?

YORICK

No, the only person he ever bit was...

The truth slowly dawns on Yorick.

YORICK

Beth. *I fucked Beth.*

355 and Dr. Mann just look at each other.

YORICK

Look, I had sex with my girlfriend, and Ampersand bit *her*. Whatever mojo saved the two of us must have come from *Beth*.

AGENT 355

How's that possible? How is *she* connected with the Culper Ring?

DR. MANN

She's not. I don't think this antidote was created *deliberately*. It's another moldy Petri dish that turns out to be penicillin.

YORICK

Beth isn't mildew, she's a *genius*.

DR. MANN

I don't care about her mind, I care about her body. What made her special?

(MORE)

DR. MANN (cont'd)

Was she ever diagnosed with a rare blood disorder? Polycythemia vera or Immune Thrombocytopenic Purpura or--

YORICK

Her shot. Beth's been testing some kind of... of *injectable contraceptive* on herself.

DR. MANN

Then she might be the greatest failure in the history of science... because her "birth control" could very well be the key to *repopulating* the entire planet.

As this slowly sinks in, a vindicated Yorick celebrates.

YORICK

I knew it! I *knew* we should have been looking for Beth all along!

AGENT 355

Doctor, can you *replicate* the antibodies inside Yorick and Ampersand?

DR. MANN

Maybe, but I need to know exactly what *triggered* their creation before I can retro-engineer an inoculation.

AGENT 355

Then we have to get to Los Angeles fast, before Beth--

Suddenly, a SQUAWKING is heard coming from outside Mann's laboratory window. 355 draws her weapon.

DR. MANN

The hell is that?

YORICK

Sounds like it's coming from our *copter*.

EXT. DR. MANN'S LABORATORY - CONTINUING

355 warily escorts her companions outside, as Yorick notes a flashing light on the helicopter's cockpit.

YORICK  
We have a *radio*?

AGENT 355  
Don't touch it, Yorick. Just--

FROM RADIO  
I repeat, this message is for  
Yorick Brown. You have until  
midnight to surrender yourself to  
us at the *Hearst Castle* in San  
Simeon. If you don't, we will be  
forced to terminate your *loved one*.

The blood drains out of Yorick's face as his GIRLFRIEND'S  
VOICE comes over the speaker.

FROM RADIO  
You people are insane! My  
boyfriend is dead! Yorick is *dead*!

Change angles so that we're now looking at Yorick through the  
familiar P.O.V. of a pair of BINOCULARS.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO HILLTOP - NIGHT

Reverse angles to reveal that these field glasses belong to  
Victoria, who's standing at the top of a nearby San Francisco  
hill, in front of her assembled troops, most of whom are now  
mounted on HORSEBACK.

Victoria lowers the binoculars to speak with Theresa, her  
bald-headed second-in-command.

VICTORIA  
I don't suppose that's his *clone*?

THERESA  
Where the hell did they get a  
*helicopter*?

VICTORIA  
I have no idea, but we're not  
letting him steal the good doctor  
for himself. Bring me Sam.

THERESA  
Are you sure?

Victoria just glares at Theresa, who quickly summons TWO  
AMAZON RECRUITS carrying a LONG CRATE.

THERESA

Sorry, just thought we were saving  
her to use on Mount Rushmore.

Victoria opens this box...

VICTORIA

The best laid plans of mice and  
men...

...revealing that "Sam" is actually a SURFACE TO AIR MISSILE  
LAUNCHER.

EXT. DR. MANN'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Cut back to Yorick and the others, outside the helicopter,  
still debating what to do about Beth.

DR. MANN

We have to tell these people what  
they have. This Beth girl is the  
Holy Grail!

AGENT 355

Somehow, I don't think that's going  
to make the Israelis more likely to  
part with her.

YORICK

Then I have to give myself up.

AGENT 355

No. If they take you, it's going  
to destabilize the entire world.

YORICK

Like it's not destabilized *already*?  
What difference is one less guy  
gonna make to the--

Just then, Yorick and the others are violently THROWN to the  
ground, as the entire tail section of the Black Hawk EXPLODES  
after being struck by a S.A.M. missile.

355 groggily gets to her feet, and looks up to see a STAMPEDE  
of mounted Amazons charging down a hill in the background.

AGENT 355

Jesus Christ.

YORICK

What?

355 yells at a temporarily deafened Yorick, who's holding his terrified pet monkey.

AGENT 355  
We have to get out of here!

YORICK  
WHAT?

An impatient 355 helps a disoriented Dr. Mann to her feet.

AGENT 355  
Do you have a car?

DR. MANN  
(sheepishly)  
Sort of.

AGENT 355  
What does that *mean*?

EXT. REAR ALLEY - CONTINUING

Open tight on a "Y" logo, and pull out to reveal that it's attached to the front of a 1990 YUGO CONVERTIBLE.

Yorick and his companions race for this tiny vehicle, which is parked in the narrow alleyway behind Mann's lab.

YORICK  
A Yugo?!

DR. MANN  
Hey, don't blame me for this country's pathetic funding of the sciences!

355 throws her duffel bag into the passenger seat.

AGENT 355  
Mann, you drive. Yorick, get in the back and keep your head down.

355 pulls out a PUMP-ACTION MOSSBERG.

AGENT 355  
I got shotgun.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO HILLTOP - CONTINUING

Outside the alley, the car soon SCREECHES around the corner.

The vehicle dodges several larger cars still parked in the middle of the street (leftover victims of the Plague), as Mann & Co. are immediately confronted by the oncoming posse of horse-riding Daughters of the Amazons.

DR. MANN  
Are you *kidding* me?

The car's hood is soon PEPPERED with shots fired from the rifle-toting Amazons. 355 leans out of the convertible and RETURNS FIRE.

DR. MANN  
Don't shoot the horses!

AGENT 355  
Don't you experiment on *animals* for a living?

DR. MANN  
You kill a horse, I'll drive us into a lamppost!

355 shakes her head as she SHOOTs another girl, careful not to hit any of the mares.

The Yugo FLIES past Victoria, who circles around to GIVE CHASE to the slow-moving car.

VICTORIA  
We want the doctor alive! Save your bullets for the boy!

Inside the car, Yorick sticks his head up from the back seat.

YORICK  
What's this thing's top speed, *eleven*?

DR. MANN  
It's a goddamn obstacle course! I'm doing my best!

355 turns around and angrily PUSHES Yorick back down, as she FIRES a shot over his head.

AGENT 355  
Do better! If we can't shake them by San Simeon, we'll have *two* sides going to war over Yorick!

Suddenly realizing what she's just said, 355 lowers her gaze to look down at Yorick, whose expression is equally knowing.

EXT. HEARST CASTLE - NIGHT

Welcome to this ridiculously palatial estate overlooking the Pacific Ocean, a shrine to man's self-indulgence.

Alter's troops are at the ready outside, guns drawn in front of their two parked helicopters, while the third chopper circles directly above this modern-day Xanadu.

INT. HEARST'S PRIVATE SUITE - CONTINUING

Inside Mr. Hearst's private suite, a room filled with an obscene amount of MIRRORS, Beth is TIED to an ornately carved chair. She screams against her gag, and the muffled cries for help echo throughout this massive room.

EXT. SUITE BALCONY - CONTINUING

Just outside Beth's makeshift prison, Alter and Rachel are surveying troop movements from the castle's GRAND BALCONY.

RACHEL

Yorick's not coming for her, Alter.  
He could have any woman he wanted!

ALTER

So could Menelaus, and he still  
launched a thousand ships to  
retrieve Helen of Troy. Trust me,  
there's only one thing a man wants.

Alter points at an APPROACHING VEHICLE kicking up dust in the distance.

ALTER

The woman he can't have.

INT. YUGO - NIGHT

Cut inside this approaching vehicle, as a nervous Mann chauffeurs 355 and Yorick towards certain doom.

DR. MANN

How sure are you about this plan?

Yorick and 355 speak over each other.

YORICK

Forty percent.

AGENT 355

Ten percent.

Dr. Mann just sighs, as Yorick reaches back to pull up the vehicle's CONVERTIBLE TOP.

YORICK  
That's a combined fifty percent,  
baby. Even odds we live through  
this...

EXT. HEARST CASTLE - CONTINUING

The car SKIDS to an impressive halt, and the female I.D.F. Soldiers cautiously approach it.

EXT. SUITE BALCONY - CONTINUING

Rachel inspects the car through BINOCULARS, as Alter gives orders over a BULLHORN.

RACHEL  
He's not alone. Looks like at  
least two others in there, but  
snipers won't be able to get a  
clear shot at them while the top is  
up. A Trojan Horse?

ALTER  
(through bullhorn)  
Hold your fire until the target is  
out of the vehicle! Approach with  
caution and--

RACHEL  
Ah, Alter?

An annoyed Alter lowers her megaphone.

ALTER  
What now?

RACHEL  
Forget the horse... they brought  
the fucking *cavalry*.

EXT. HEARST CASTLE - CONTINUING

Cut back outside, as VICTORIA leads her mounted troops thundering up the castle's main driveway.

Theresa looks up to see the Israelis' helicopter, and rides up alongside her leader.

THERESA  
Victoria, what *is* this?

VICTORIA  
Endgame.

Victoria and her heavily armed troops come to a stop on one side of the parked Yugo, as the confused I.D.F. troops square off against them on the *other* side.

INT. YUGO - CONTINUING

Back inside the vehicle, the trio nervously watches this showdown.

DR. MANN  
We're dead.

AGENT 355  
No, the Amazons won't risk hurting you, and the Israelis want Yorick alive. They're not going to be shooting at us.

YORICK  
Yeah, haven't you ever seen two girls go at it over a guy, Doc? After the first slap, they forget he ever existed.

EXT. HEARST CASTLE - CONTINUING

As Victoria's followers keep their weapons trained on the opposing army, the Amazon leader addresses the Israelis.

VICTORIA  
Sisters, your animal instincts tell you to shelter this boy, but ask yourselves, are you animals or are you *women*? Why give your lives to defend some testosterone-drunk *predator*?

EXT. SUITE BALCONY - CONTINUING

Alter and Rachel are still on their high-ground perch overlooking this face-off.

ALTER  
They're not with the boy, they're  
*against* him.

RACHEL  
The enemy of our enemy...?

ALTER  
Is still our fucking enemy.

Alter picks up a small handheld radio.

ALTER  
Air team, take them out.

EXT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - CONTINUING

Cut to the Israelis' one airborne helicopter, as it circles above the mounted Daughters of the Amazon and UNLEASHES a thousand rounds of ammunition.

EXT. HEARST CASTLE - CONTINUING

As her mounted warriors take heavy fire, Victoria barks out orders.

VICTORIA  
Kill them all, let the Goddess sort  
them out!

Theresa again produces the S.A.M. Launcher, which she FIRES at the helicopter above. Its main rotor EXPLODES and the helpless craft spirals towards oblivion, ultimately CRASHING on top of several I.D.F. ground troops.

The Amazons cheer, but the surviving Israelis quickly resume their firefight.

INT. YUGO - CONTINUING

With the two armies otherwise occupied, 355 gathers her weapons and reaches for the passenger-side door.

AGENT 355  
All right, I'm gonna make a break  
around back and try to find Beth.  
As long as these assholes don't run  
out of bullets, you two should be  
safe in here.

YORICK

Three...

AGENT 355

Doctor, if I'm not back in five, peel the hell out of here and do what you can with Yorick.

YORICK

Three!

EXT. HEARST CASTLE - CONTINUING

Yorick calls after her, but 355 is already gone. As she dodges the crossfire, 355 DIVES for a row of hedges on the sidelines of this battle.

INT. YUGO - CONTINUING

Back inside the tiny car, Ampersand LEAPS out of Yorick's arms and goes running out the car's window after 355.

YORICK

Goddammit, Ampersand! Get back--

Yorick starts to open his door, but quickly closes it as a HAIL OF GUNFIRE kicks up dirt just outside the car.

EXT. CASTLE GARDEN - CONTINUING

At the rear of the sprawling estate, 355 carefully lurks around a maze of crumbling old marble columns. She accidentally brushes past a loose fragment of one of these pillars, which falls to the ground with a not insignificant *CHUNK*.

Nearby, the TWO LONE I.D.F. GIRLS entrusted with guarding this rear entrance turn their machine guns in the direction of this sound. An outgunned 355 steadies her SILENCED PISTOL and takes a breath, preparing to confront these women.

Just then, a SCREECHING is heard, and the two soldiers pivot to see Ampersand hissing at them from another column in the background.

Before this bizarre sight has time to sink in with the two soldiers, 355 takes advantage of the distraction to SHOOT the women dead. 355 looks at the capuchin monkey with a hint of gratitude.

AGENT 355  
 (under her breath)  
 You're finally good for som--

Unfortunately, Ampersand proves to be just as useless as ever, as his noises apparently attracted the attention of a THIRD GUARD, one who promptly SHOTS 355.

The bullet enters high in her left collarbone, just above her heart, with enough force to KNOCK 355 backwards. Before she falls, 355 squeezes off a single round, HITTING her attacker square in the eye.

COLLAPSING to the ground, 355 fights to maintain consciousness, but her eyes start to roll back into her head.

Ampersand watches all this with seeming indifference.

EXT. HEARST CASTLE - CONTINUING

Back at the main battlezone, Victoria again rallies her followers.

VICTORIA  
 Hold your ground, sisters! Give me  
 cover while I retrieve our savior!

Still on horseback, Victoria's mare GALLOPS into the fray. The Amazon dismounts when she reaches Yorick's vehicle.

She promptly RIPS OPEN the Yugo's driver-side door.

VICTORIA  
 Dr. Mann, I presume.

Victoria starts PULLING Mann out of the car, but Yorick is holding onto the doctor's feet.

VICTORIA  
 Don't struggle, you *belong* with me.

DR. MANN  
 (struggling)  
 I only... date... *sane chicks!*

Mann pulls out the same HYPODERMIC she threatened 355 with, and PLUNGES it into Victoria's arm. The Amazon leader looks at this needle with confusion before finally COLLAPSING, while Yorick PULLS Mann back inside the car.

EXT. SUITE BALCONY - CONTINUING

Back on the balcony, Rachel watches the battle with disgust.

RACHEL

By the time we kill the last of these maniacs, they'll have wiped out half our platoon. We have to stop this!

Cut over to Alter, as she opens a crate of GAS GRENADES.

ALTER

I concur.

RACHEL

*Fentanyl?* No, the gas is too unpredictable. When the Russians used it on those Chechen women--

ALTER

Yorick's a virile young man. It won't kill him.

RACHEL

But if the wind carries a strong enough concentration our girls' way, they could be paralyzed or worse. We have to call them back first!

ALTER

Retreat? And risk letting those savages escape with our prize?

Push in on Alter, as she begins loading a grenade into a large RIOT GUN.

ALTER

I'm afraid that's not an option.

Cut back to Rachel, as she reluctantly DRAWS her sidearm and aims it at her superior.

RACHEL

Put it down, Lieutenant-General.

Alter slowly lowers the riot gun.

ALTER

You remember the punishment for treason, I trust?

RACHEL

I should have done this back in Tel Aviv. You're a disgrace to our country and our--

With a flick of the wrist, Alter produces a DAGGER WITH A PEARL HANDLE. She steps forward and quickly PLUNGES it into Rachel's heart.

She stares into the girl's eyes as Rachel's pupils become still and black.

ALTER

I forgive you.

As Rachel's lifeless body crumbles to the balcony floor, Alter picks up her riot gun and LAUNCHES several grenades down at the ongoing battle below.

Push past Alter into a close-up of Beth, still hostage in the room behind her. The gagged girl has been watching this entire act of barbarism. Her eyes flash both fear and rage.

EXT. HEARST CASTLE - CONTINUING

As the fentanyl gas grenades IMPACT against the battlefield, I.D.F. soldiers immediately drop their weapons and KEEL OVER.

The Amazons soon follow suit, as their horses struggle to stay upright before finally COLLAPSING, pinning the equally unconscious female warriors under their heavy bodies.

INT. YUGO - CONTINUING

Inside the vehicle, Mann watches this shocking display of chemical warfare with terror.

A panicking Yorick fumbles for the little car's buttons.

YORICK

The windows!

But a frantic Mann quickly opens her door and starts to climb outside.

DR. MANN

No, the vents will let it all in anyway! We have to get outside! Get low! Get...

Push in on an instantly unconscious Mann, as she promptly falls FACE FIRST onto the hard earth.

INT. HEARST'S PRIVATE SUITE - CONTINUING

Beth shudders as someone PULLS OFF her cloth gag. She looks up to see Alter standing over her.

ALTER  
It's over now.

Beth promptly SPITS in Alter's face.

BETH  
You're a fucking *Nazi*.

After a nerve-wracking beat, Alter just calmly wipes her face with Beth's gag.

ALTER  
If you want to live to see your boyfriend, I'd advise against comparing me to the scum that slaughtered my *grandfather*.

BETH  
If the jackboot fits.

ALTER  
Your hatred is unjustified...

EXT. HEARST CASTLE - CONTINUING

Alter's words continue over images of the gas cloud swirling around the still bodies on the battlefield below.

ALTER (V.O.)  
...your true love is only *sleeping*.

Push in on Yorick's body. He's lying down on his stomach just outside of the car.

ALTER (V.O.)  
Dreaming of you, no doubt.

But suddenly, Yorick's body begins to MOVE. Track over to his face, which we can now see is wearing the familiar GAS MASK Yorick's been carrying with him since New York!

ALTER (V.O.)  
The boy will be fine in a few  
hours.

The gasmask-clad Yorick looks around to make sure that no one is watching, before he reaches for one of the fallen Amazon's REVOLVERS. He picks it up, and triumphantly RISES.

ALTER (V.O.)  
And he'll wake in a much safer  
world.

Walking into the noxious fog that still lingers over the grounds, Yorick DISAPPEARS.

INT. HEARST'S PRIVATE SUITE - CONTINUING

Smash cut back to a disbelieving Beth.

BETH  
What the fuck are you?

Alter turns her back on the girl and starts to walk out of the room.

ALTER  
Alter Tse'elon.

Beth calls after her.

BETH  
Isn't that a *guy's* name?

Alter stops in her tracks. She turns to look back at Beth.

ALTER  
Don't tell me Yorick found himself  
a nice *Jewish* girl. But only half,  
no? Your mother must have found  
herself a nice *Aryan* to settle down  
with.

BETH  
Alter. It means "old one," right?

Alter approaches her.

ALTER  
A stupid tradition. Two of my  
siblings died at birth, so when my  
parents had me, they decided never  
to speak my *real* name aloud.  
(MORE)

ALTER (cont'd)

The nickname is meant to deceive the Angel of Death, so that he'll never be able to find me.

Beth just sneers.

BETH

Today's the day he catches up with you.

A sinisterly smiling Alter gets close to the girl's face.

ALTER

Really? Have you guessed my true name?

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah. It starts with "C" and rhymes with "cunt."

Cut over to the gun-wielding YORICK, as he dramatically rips off his gasmask with his free hand.

BETH

YORICK!

He confidently aims his weapon at Alter, but she immediately steps behind the still-bound Beth, and presses her pearl-handled DAGGER against the stunned girl's throat.

ALTER

Drop it before I open her.

Yorick looks at the revolver in his trembling hand. There are only TWO BULLETS in its chambers. What if he misses? Reluctantly, Yorick lowers the weapon.

YORICK

I'm sorry, Beth.

BETH

Yorick, it's fine! Go, get out of here!

YORICK

No, not just about this. I'm... I'm sorry about before. I lied to you.

Beth is confused, but Alter's just impatient.

BETH

What?

ALTER

This is not fucking *couples therapy!*

YORICK

I told you I got Ampersand because I wanted to *help* people, but really, I just wanted to *impress* you.

BETH

Yorick, *leave!*

YORICK

I love you, Beth, but everything I've ever done, I've done for myself. I don't know why fate chose a selfish bastard like me, but she made a huge mistake.

ALTER

If you want to help your girl, why the hell are you still *talking?*

YORICK

Because, men are only better than women at one thing.

Alter can't resist.

ALTER

And what might that be?

YORICK

This.

Suddenly, Yorick SPINS his revolver's open wheel, before slamming it shut... and PRESSING THE GUN TO HIS OWN TEMPLE.

He closes his eyes and plays his first round of Russian Roulette.

CLICK.

ALTER

What the fuck are you *doing?*

YORICK

I'm useless to you dead, right? Let her go, or I punch my own ticket.

ALTER

You're lying. That gun's even not loaded. You'd never--

Yorick interrupts her by FIRING a shot into the marble floor. Beth and Alter flinch in shock, as Yorick again SPINS the wheel and takes aim at his own skull.

YORICK

All it takes is one, right?

Push in close on the gun, as we see the one remaining bullet start to move into position behind the revolver's slowly descending hammer.

ALTER

NO!

Just as Yorick's about to squeeze the trigger, Alter THROWS her pearl-handled dagger at his WRIST!

As the dagger EMBEDS itself just below Yorick's hand, the last man DROPS his weapon before it discharges.

Alter RUNS for the fallen weapon, but Yorick KICKS it away before she can get her hands on it.

As Alter cautiously approaches him, Yorick YANKS the dagger out of his wrist. He's trying to look like a badass as he wields the blade, but the pain is unbearable.

YORICK

AHH! Holy *shit* did that hurt!

As Yorick continues to brandish the dagger, Alter suddenly CHARGES at him.

ALTER

You've never even *met* pain.

Alter KICKS the knife out of Yorick's hand before ferociously HEAD-BUTTING him between the eyes.

As a stunned Yorick falls backwards, Alter calmly picks up her dagger, tucks it into her belt, and heads for the revolver. But just as she's about to reach this gun, Yorick catches a second wind and DIVES for it. The two violently WRESTLE over the weapon... until a SHOT finally rings out.

Yorick smiles. This is just like what happened with 355 and the Israeli soldier back in Marrisville, right?

Wrong. A horrified Alter looks down to see the smoking weapon in *her* hand... and a smoldering hole in *Yorick's* shirt, just to the left of his belly button.

Yorick slumps to the ground, and Beth is too shocked to scream.

BETH  
(under her breath)  
No...

A worried Alter stumbles back to Beth. The soldier DRAWS her blood-stained dagger. Beth flinches, but Alter just SLICES her free of her restraints. She points at the fallen Yorick.

ALTER  
FIX HIM!

BETH  
I'm... I'm not a *medic*, I'm just  
a...

A furious Alter glares at the girl.

BETH  
I'll need your knife.

More glaring.

BETH  
To cut his *clothes*.

Alter reluctantly flips the pearl-handled blade around and hands it to Beth, but not before she AIMS Yorick's sidearm at her, and takes a defensive position near the room's one doorway.

ALTER  
Don't fuck up.

Beth runs over to Yorick, quickly kneeling at his side. She brushes his hair affectionately before she tears into his shirt with her knife.

BETH  
(smiling, playfully  
sarcastic)  
My knight in shining armor.

YORICK  
Right, more like... your damsel in  
distress.

As Beth goes to work, Yorick whispers to her:

YORICK

Listen to me. Don't worry about  
Alter. That gun... is *empty* now.  
You have... to let me die.

BETH

Don't talk like that.

YORICK

The world's... safer without me.  
Just--

Alter angrily aims her gun at the young lovers.

ALTER

STOP FUCKING TALKING! One more  
word out of either of you, and...

Just then, Alter notices something in one of the suite's many  
MIRRORS. A figure has silently entered the room behind her.

It's Agent 355, badly wounded, but alive.

Just as 355 is about to put a silenced bullet in Alter's  
head, the Israeli general spins around and KNOCKS the gun out  
of her hand.

AGENT 355

AHN!

Yorick is both excited and frightened to see his friend.

YORICK

Three!

Alter then KICKS 355 in the stomach, sending the secret agent  
flying out of the room. Alter runs out after her.

Back in the suite, Beth is more confused than ever.

BETH

Who the hell is *that*?

YORICK

(groggy)  
It's... a long...

And with that, Yorick slips into unconsciousness.

INT. NORTH WING - CONTINUING

In the opulent north wing just outside this suite, Alter continues to battle Agent 355.

355 flicks open her BATON, which she SMASHES against Alter's right hand, causing her to drop her gun. Alter then ROUND-HOUSES the baton away from 355.

It's strictly hand-to-hand and woman-to-woman from here until the end. 355 taunts Alter, as she deftly uses her one good arm to violently SPAR with her opponent.

ALTER

You're the one who killed my girls?  
Back in Marrisville?

AGENT 355

If anyone got them killed, it's  
you.

Alter charges forward and digs her THUMB *into* 355's bullet wound.

AGENT 355

NAHH!

355 tries to PUNCH Alter in the kidneys, but the Lieutenant-General dodges the attack and uses 355's momentum against her, THROWING her over a nearby railing.

355 lands on her back with a sickening THUD.

Alter looks down at her, and, without pity, proceeds to VAULT over the railing and POUNCE on 355's one good arm, SNAPPING it loudly.

355 screams, as Alter uses that same broken right arm to painfully DRAG the Culper Ring agent back up the stairs. At the landing, Alter then climbs ON TOP of the pained woman.

ALTER

Who? Who do you work for?

355 says nothing, so Alter PUNCHES her in the face as hard as she can. Through bloody teeth, 355 spits out:

AGENT 355

The... the Culper Ring.

Alter smiles.

ALTER

You're joking. I thought your little sewing circle was just a *myth* the drill instructors used to scare us at boot camp. They told us you were the best of the best.

Alter PUNCHES 355 again.

ALTER

Tell me, what number did your keepers give you? Maybe I'll get it tattooed on my ass.

A winded 355 struggles to whisper something inaudible.

ALTER

Speak up, girl.

Alter leans in close, as 355 echoes Yorick's earlier words to her.

AGENT 355

(whispering)

You know what the strongest muscle is?

Before Alter can answer, 355 SNAPS her jaws around Alter's throat, and BITES DOWN as hard as she can.

Alter howls a hideous, gurgling scream, as 355 TEARS OFF a healthy chunk of her neck.

Stumbling away from her defenseless opponent, Alter presses a palm against her own neck to try to stem the horrible tide pouring out of her opened jugular.

With her free hand, Alter reaches down to pick up the GUN 355 knocked away earlier. She raises her shaky hand to fire a fatal round down into her opponent's face.

355 squeezes her eyes shut, bracing herself for impact... when she hears an unfamiliar SHUNK noise.

The Culper Ring agent opens her eyes just in time to watch Alter fall forward, DEAD. Sticking out of her back is the pearl-handled dagger.

355 looks up to see a trembling BETH standing over the deceased soldier.

BETH

Are... are you all right?

Struggling to stay conscious, 355 asks:

AGENT 355  
Yorick? Is Yorick...?

But before she can finish her thought, 355's eyes fall shut.  
Blackness.

WHITE TEXT ON BLACK BACKGROUND:

**TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA. TWO WEEKS LATER.**

INT. DR. MANN'S NEW LABORATORY - MORNING

Gradually, this blackness gives way to the sight of a BLURRY FIGURE looming overhead.

YORICK (O.S.)  
Beth...?

As the figure racks into focus, it turns out that it really *is* Beth. We're again seeing the world through Yorick's P.O.V.

YORICK (O.S.)  
Beth, I... I had this fucked-up dream that--

BETH  
Doctor! He's awake!

Similar framing from Yorick's bed-ridden point of view, but now Dr. Mann appears in frame, with Ampersand on her shoulder.

YORICK (O.S.)  
Damn.

DR. MANN  
Nice to see you, too, dick.

Pull out to reveal that we're inside of Dr. Mann's glistening new futuristic laboratory, where Yorick has apparently been recuperating.

YORICK  
How long?

DR. MANN  
A while. And then some.

YORICK  
Are you guys...?

Mann puts a hand on Beth's back.

DR. MANN  
We're fine.

YORICK  
And 355?

Low angle on the doorway to this room, as a figure carrying a CANE steps inside.

AGENT 355 (O.S.)  
Never better.

Change angles to reveal Agent 355, her face badly bruised and her right arm in a cast. She looks like SHIT.

Yorick tries to mask his revulsion.

YORICK  
Let me guess, walked into a door?

355 holds up her cane.

AGENT 355  
Don't cry for me, gimp. This is  
for you. Figure you'll need it  
until your "strength" comes back.

She gives the hand-carved walking stick to Yorick, who sits up a bit in his hospital bed.

YORICK  
Does it have a sword in it?

355 just squints at him.

YORICK  
Somebody gimme the post-game. Is  
that Israeli woman...?

AGENT 355  
No longer active duty. And we had  
her troops deported, with a little  
help from your mother.

YORICK  
You called my *mom*?

BETH

She's the one who told us about this safe house. She doesn't want the rest of the government knowing where you are until she's sure they can be *trusted*.

YORICK

And the Amazons?

DR. MANN

Somewhere safe, where they can all be *deprogrammed*.

INT. MARRISVILLE PENITENTIARY - AFTERNOON

Open tight on Victoria.

VICTORIA

Man can imprison our bodies, but he cannot enslave our minds!

Pull out to reveal that Victoria is wearing an ORANGE JUMPSUIT, and she's addressing a crowd of her FELLOW INMATES inside of the women's penitentiary back in Marrisville. The other prisoners cheer with each of Victoria's declarations.

VICTORIA

We are the chosen few who recognize that the Plague was our emancipation, but we can't stop until *all* our sisters are freed from the yoke of the past!

As the women continue to applaud, pan over to SONIA, the girl who tried to seduce Yorick. She's dressed in the uniform of a PRISON GUARD, and as she listens to Victoria speak... she slowly begins to CLAP.

INT. DR. MANN'S NEW LABORATORY - MORNING

Cut back to Yorick, exactly where we left him.

YORICK

Well, at least there's that.

Pull out, as Yorick asks a favor from 355 and Mann.

YORICK

Hey, Doc, Three, you mind if I have a moment?

Mann looks at Beth for approval, and Beth nods. The doctor escorts 355 outside.

Yorick reaches for his nearby bag.

YORICK

Beth, there's something I need to ask you.

BETH

You're looking for this, right?

Beth pulls out Yorick's RING BOX from her pocket.

He just stares at it.

YORICK

Oh.

BETH

There's something I have to say first.

YORICK

(nervously)  
Okay.

BETH

Yorick, back in New York, what I was trying to tell you before I left. I... I wanted you to know that I thought we should break up.

A beat.

YORICK

What?

BETH

I'm sorry. I was too scared to say anything. I... I didn't want to hurt you.

YORICK

But...

BETH

We were going in different directions, Yorick. You recognized it, too.

Beth hands him the ring. She's starting to cry.

BETH

That's why you tried so hard to hang on to me, because you knew the world was pulling us apart.

YORICK

That was a different world, Beth!

BETH

Maybe, but it would be selfish and... and dishonest to say yes to the *last* man when I would have said no to the *man*.

Now Yorick is tearing up, too.

YORICK

But I've changed since then!

BETH

And so have I. Look, I... I don't believe in coincidence. There's a reason my formula worked the way it did, and I have an obligation to stay here with Dr. Mann and help her find new ways of applying it.

Beth lovingly touches Yorick.

BETH

And it's no coincidence that destiny picked you. There's a reason you're still alive, and it wasn't to save me.

YORICK

Then why? Why am I here?

Beth wipes away Yorick's tears and kisses him, one last time.

BETH

Alas, poor Yorick... that's the question that separates the men from the boys.

EXT. DR. MANN'S NEW LABORATORY - MORNING

Cut outside what appears to be an ordinary FARM somewhere in the United States, as a hi-tech hatch OPENS IN THE EARTH. 355 and Dr. Mann walk out of it.

AGENT 355

You sure you guys will be all right here on your own?

DR. MANN

Yeah, Yorick's mother said this old shelter was designed to house Congress for *fifty years* in case the Y2K bug plunged the country into chaos. Thank Christ for misplaced paranoia.

355 walks over to the parked Yugo and throws her bag in the passenger seat.

AGENT 355

Well, I appreciate the parting gift.

DR. MANN

Where are you off to, 355?

AGENT 355

If what you say about the Culper Ring is true, then they might be responsible for more atrocities than just this. I'm going to find out what they were and try to make up for as many as I can.

DR. MANN

You don't have to pay for the sins of the father, you know.

AGENT 355

All you *have* to do in life is die, right?

DR. MANN

I guess, 'cause I'm sure as shit not filing taxes anymore.

The two shake hands, before Mann returns to her new home.

As 355 finishes loading her stuff into the car, the sound of the hatch re-opening is heard off-screen. 355 turns to see Yorick (cane in hand), with Ampersand on his shoulder.

YORICK

What, does the hard-as-nails secret agent suck at good-byes?

AGENT 355

Just figured you had more important things to do down there.

YORICK

Actually, the doc says she's gotten everything important from Amp and me already. She took all the semen samples she needs while I was out. Not sure I want to know *how* she took them, but--

AGENT 355

I hope Beth let you down easy.

He stares at 355 in disbelief.

YORICK

You... you *knew* she was gonna dump me?

AGENT 355

From pretty much the moment you told me about her, yeah.

Yorick just kicks at the dirt a bit.

YORICK

Why is women's intuition only right when it's too late to do anything about it?

AGENT 355

It's never too late, Yorick. I'm sure you two will work it out.

YORICK

Actually, I told her I'm *leaving*.

355 stops what she's doing.

AGENT 355

And going *where*?

YORICK

I was kinda hoping to hitch a ride with you.

AGENT 355

Yorick...

YORICK

Just hear me out. I know you ladies have the world under control. Beth was telling me the water's back on in most cities and the nuclear power plants are cooling down and all that... but maybe there's something out there that someone still needs a *man* for.

AGENT 355

Like what?

YORICK

(a beat)

Opening jars?

AGENT 355

Yorick, you're safest *here*.

YORICK

You sure about that? What if other... *villainesses* find out about *this* place? Burn it to the ground, God forbid. It's not smart to keep all our sperm in one basket.

AGENT 355

(a little disgusted)

You have a way with words.

YORICK

Does that mean I can tag along?

A long beat.

AGENT 355

Why not.

As Ampersand scampers into the Yugo's back seat, Yorick climbs in shotgun. 355 takes the wheel.

AGENT 355

Buckle up. I don't need the last man on earth flying through my windshield.

YORICK

Not the last man, Three.

Yorick pulls out a CD from his bag, which he throws in the car's sound system.

YORICK  
Just the only one for now.

Jay-Z's "99 Problems" comes to life over the speakers.

Agent 355 reaches for the volume, and with a little half-smile, turns it up.

We're looking at the car from above now, as it peels away from the hidden shelter, eventually slowing to stop at a fork in a clearly Y-SHAPED ROAD.

We pull out farther, faster and faster, high into the AIR, past the CLOUDS, past the UPPER ATMOSPHERE, until we're once again in SPACE, taking in the serene blue planet, looking much like it did in the moments before the Plague.

But this time, a LARGE OBJECT suddenly floats into frame.

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - NOW

Push in through one of the space station's tiny windows to reveal a FEMALE ASTRONAUT, the one we heard come over the NASA Ground Control speaker during the opening Plague montage.

This woman's checking a complicated control panel.

FEMALE ASTRONAUT  
That's it. The Elektron's gone  
from working intermittently to  
belching *hydrogen* into the cabin.  
Even the HAM radio's dead.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)  
Then the decision's been made for  
us.

Finally, cut over to two MALE ASTRONAUTS, a bearded RUSSIAN COSMONAUT and the handsome AFRICAN-AMERICAN TEAM LEADER, hovering in the weightless environment across from their female colleague.

MALE ASTRONAUT  
We're going home.

Blackness.

**SMASH CUT TO CREDITS**