

Y
THE LAST MAN

by
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Based on the series from Vertigo Comics
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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 racing to a hospital.

MOTHER

Why? Why is this happening?!

Pull out even more to reveal two other 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 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--

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. It's gradually getting louder.

FEMALE EMT
What difference does that make?

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? 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

And the only job you've held since graduating more than two years ago is as some kind of *street magician*?

YORICK

No, magic is for fruity German guys with tigers. I'm an escape artist.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE

Mr. Brown...

YORICK

Yorick. Please. Mr. Brown is my father. My grandfather, really. 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 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 a glistening KNIFE.

BUSINESSMAN

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

And with that, he SMASHES her in the skull with the heavy handle of the long blade, 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, a Jamaican woman 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 member 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 reporters 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 will get you to safety.

The reporter subtly signals for his cameraman to keep filming, as Alter escorts the crew 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.

She's wearing high heels, fishnet stockings, and strangely, a STRAITJACKET. Her unbound arms are hanging at her side.

YORICK

Beth?

BETH

Sorry, I know I said I wasn't coming over until later, but I wanted to surprise you.

YORICK

You look like the sexiest escaped mental patient of all time.

BETH

I found it in your closet. I wanted to give you something special as a going-away present, and you always liked when I'd walk around in nothing but one of your *shirts*, so...

YORICK

But, you're the one going away, not me. 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 something permanent. Don't you think--

BETH

Enough thinking.

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

YORICK

Wait, I have protection.

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

YORICK

(disappointed)

From *anthrax*, at least.

Beth slips out of her straitjacket and starts GRINDING against him.

BETH

It's fine.

YORICK

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

BETH

Yeah, I'm on the pill.

Yorick kisses her, but stops abruptly.

YORICK
Wait, which pill?

Smiling, Beth takes out a BOBBY PIN, letting her long hair spill out.

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, I go over this every year with you. It doesn't matter who you are, 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

This is the twenty-first goddamn century! How much longer will women like me have to tolerate *segregation* and--

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!

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

YORICK

Was that okay?

Beth 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*. The hormones I synthesized are just as effective as the regular pill.

YORICK

Then why not just take that?

BETH

Because if it weren't for
researches being brave enough to
test crap 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

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.

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, Beth 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

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 startlingly *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 *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 GRAB 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
 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 our college pals are
 off saving the world, and I'm still
 doing bad milk can escapes for
 loose change in Washington Square
 Park.

Inside Yorick's bathroom, Beth bandages her small cut.

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

Back on the bed, 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.

YORICK

Beth, you're brilliant and funny and your favorite movie is Miller's Crossing. I didn't even know they made women like you. I want to spend the rest of my life with...

Suddenly, Beth walks out of the bathroom, and looks down at the ring in HORROR.

BETH

No.

YORICK

Um, do you maybe need a second to think that over?

BETH

Yorick, I... I can't marry you.

YORICK

It doesn't have to be today! We can wait until you're back from--

BETH

I can't marry you ever.

Yorick is crushed.

BETH

You're an amazing guy, but we're... we're moving in different directions.

YORICK

Wait a second, am I getting the "it's not you, it's me" speech?

Beth looks down at her feet.

YORICK

Beth, are you saying you can't marry me or are you saying you can't be with me?

Yorick angrily gestures at his bed.

YORICK

So what the hell was that? My
consolation prize?

BETH

We both knew this was coming sooner
or later, Yorick. That ring is
just you trying to hang on to
something that's been slipping away
ever since we graduated. I didn't
want it to end here... but maybe
it's for the best. You deserve a
clean break.

Yorick grabs Beth by her shoulders.

YORICK

I don't want a clean break! I want
you! Beth, I love you!

BETH

I love you, too. But you have to
let me go.

YORICK

Why?

BETH

Because I feel like I'm in a
straitjacket when I'm with you. I
have for a long time.

Wounded to the core, Yorick slowly lets go.

Beth picks up her bags as she fights back tears. She reaches
out to touch Ampersand with her newly bandaged finger.

BETH

Goodbye, Yorick.

A heartbroken Yorick watches Beth leave, as an unconcerned
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, 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 her plane's cabin, a sorrowful Beth is staring out her window at the world far below.

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

YORICK
"It's not the end of the world."
That's what everybody's gonna say, right? But isn't that setting the bar pretty fucking low?

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 and HEAD-BUTTS the Russian businessman on the bridge of his nose.

The man recoils in pain... and then begins COUGHING violently. A confused 355 watches in disbelief as he soon begins to VOMIT blood. How hard did she hit this guy?

The businessman drops his knife 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 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

Scantily 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 male aisle-mates 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 all 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 deceased MISSION CONTROL COLLEAGUES to check 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 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 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.

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.

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.

The model starts dragging one of the lighter corpses.

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 clicks 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.

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

Am I...? I mean, is this...?

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, before collapsing to the floor and taking a seat next to his pet carrier.

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

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

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN

"Him?" But the NSA says whatever happened killed every male mammal.

YORICK

Well, 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. 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
When there's an operator on duty.
Now quiet, my generator doesn't
have much juice left.

FROM MACHINE
Mrs. Brown? Are you there?

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-

Happiness slowly washes over Yorick's face. For the first
time in a long time, he suddenly looks HOPEFUL.

YORICK
She's worried about me. It's not
the end. I knew it wasn't the end.

CONGRESSWOMAN BROWN
What isn't the end?

YORICK
It doesn't matter. 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. 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
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 most 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 party. They're connected to each other by a pair of CHINESE FINGER CUFFS locking together their two forefingers. With her free hand, Beth is holding up bunny ears behind the laughing Yorick.

He flips the picture over, and scribbled on the back is a handwritten note from Beth that reads, "YORICK BROWN + BETH DEVILLE = DRUNKEN LOVE 4EVER"

Yorick smiles, but his happiness fades as he thinks of how far away his best friend is. He sets the photo aside, 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
 What is this? I told you I was
 going to bring him to the White
 House tomorrow morning!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1
 I'm sorry, ma'am. 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...

On cue, 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, run!

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 tarp. 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 hooded poncho 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

You're not... 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 a 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 hot meal to whoever brings me the 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 when Ampersand WHINES from inside his carrier, Yorick looks back to make sure his pet is all right.

When he returns his attention to the road, Yorick notices that he's now headed right for the SKELETONIZED REMAINS of a male construction worker still holding a "MEN AT WORK" sign.

Veering to avoid hitting this corpse, Yorick SMASHES through orange construction barrels, causing him to LOSE CONTROL of the bike and SPARK to a painful halt on its chromed side.

Yorick struggles to LIFT his ditched bike, but it's much too heavy for him to right on his own.

YORICK
(straining)
Curse my... vestigial T-Rex arms...

THERESA (O.S.)
They're heavier than they look,
huh, sister?

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.

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 then pulls out a pair of HANDCUFFS from the gunbelt she likely stole from a dead police officer, and quickly shackles Yorick.

THERESA
Don't flatter yourself. I'm taking you to my *boss*, so just--

But Yorick suddenly SLIPS OUT of the cuffs, just as quickly as the escape artist was put into them.

He then awkwardly PUNCHES Theresa in the face, but does so with his thumb still tucked inside his fist, probably hurting *him* more than it hurt her. As Yorick clutches his aching hand, an annoyed Theresa DRAWS her firearm.

THERESA
Who taught you how to *punch*, faggot?

CATHERINE (O.S.)
That's enough, Theresa.

She turns to see Catherine's SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN in her face.

THERESA
What the fuck, Catherine?

"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 CLUBS Theresa with the butt of her weapon, instantly knocking her 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
No chance, Warrior Princess.

AGENT 355
I'm not an Amazon.

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

YORICK
Then what are you?

AGENT 355
The person who's going to get you
the hell away from the blast zone.

YORICK
What blast zo--

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 then. Off 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 what if there were a male out there? Whichever nation found him first would instantly become an undisputed superpower.

RACHEL

You're joking, right?

ALTER

Think. All it would take is one of our enemies securing a single living *sperm factory* for them to resurrect their entire armies.

RACHEL

But he's a *fiction*! You're not seriously considering wasting resources on some wild goose chase?

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 superiors 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

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.

AGENT 355

And where'd you learn that Houdini stunt you pulled back there?

YORICK

I'm self-taught, actually. Get stuffed into enough lockers in junior high, and you can eventually escape just about anything. Even the apocalypse, apparently.

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 to kill 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*. 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 her bald follower, as she breathlessly enters the hall.

VICTORIA

Theresa. 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. Ampersand and I are headed to Los Angeles to find *Beth*.

AGENT 355

Who?

Yorick hands 355 his PHOTO of the happy couple.

YORICK

My girlfriend. More or less. We kind of broke up, but that was really just a bump in the proverbial road, you know?

AGENT 355

Yorick, you have a *responsibility*. We can look for your ex *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, THREE SNARLING DOGS 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 dogs 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* 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 the poncho-clad Yorick.

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 tall 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

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. 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 prudent 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 "escapology" 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.

355 turns to see Yorick aiming the shotgun at her head.

YORICK
You're coming with me.

AGENT 355
Do you seriously think I'd hand you
a loaded weapon?

YORICK
I've seen T2 before, thanks. I
know how to reload a--

A trigger-happy Yorick attempts to load a shell into his sawed-off shotgun by FLIPPING it by its handle, Terminator 2-style. Sadly, as he spins it, the weapon goes FLYING out of his hand and pinwheeling through the train car's open door.

YORICK
(to himself)
Son of a...

Agent 355 can only FUME.

YORICK
Um, any other ideas?

AGENT 355
Yeah. Maybe I just throw you off
the fucking train.

EXT. DIESEL TRAIN - CONTINUING

The Daughters of the Amazon are making their way between moving cars. Theresa (the bald Amazon) takes point, and KICKS open the small door at the rear of Yorick and 355's car.

It's empty. But just then, the Amazons look out this car's open side door to notice a MALE FIGURE in a familiar blue poncho TUMBLING down a hill next to these tracks.

THERESA
That's him, Victoria! He... he
must have jumped!

VICTORIA
Then go after him, goddammit!

As the other Amazons all rush back towards the rear of the train, Victoria watches the poncho-clad figure roll away in the distance.

Suddenly, over the rumble of the tracks, Victoria hears an unfamiliar sound. She looks around for its source, before finally noticing the coffin-like CRATE.

Victoria pulls out her own .357 MAGNUM, and aims it at this box as she quickly PRIES open its side.

Inside, she finds YORICK (wearing only his BOXERS) and Ampersand, who's SCREECHING his little head off here, despite Yorick's best efforts to cover the animal's mouth.

Clearly, Yorick put HIS clothes on the corpse and tossed IT out the train, but without this information at her disposal, Victoria can only stare in confusion as this semi-nude man climbs out of the crate with his monkey in tow.

YORICK

(annoyed)

I told you we'd pay for exploiting that guy's corpse, 355.

Perplexed, Victoria COCKS her weapon.

VICTORIA

355? The weapon that will be responsible for the fall of man is a .357.

AGENT 355 (O.S.)

He wasn't talking about your gun, Victoria.

Suddenly, 355 steps out of the shadows *behind* Victoria, and presses one of her KNITTING NEEDLES to Victoria's throat!

AGENT 355

Drop it, or I reverse stitch your carotid.

VICTORIA

Go ahead, but I'll squeeze a round into your friend's face the instant you break my skin.

355 hesitates.

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 drops her needle and steps away from Victoria. Yorick looks confused by this seeming betrayal.

YORICK

Uh... what are you doing, Three?

AGENT 355

Going back to Plan A.

And with that, 355 CHARGES at Yorick and TACKLES HIM, pushing him out the open door 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 SQUEEZES off a few rounds at the moving targets, but it's too late. Still, the gunshots bring Theresa racing back.

THERESA

Victoria, what happened? Is he...?

VICTORIA

Forget him, Theresa. No man could survive that fall.

Victoria looks at the still water far below.

VICTORIA

He's history.

EXT. WOODED AREA - MAGIC HOUR

Cut to later that early evening, as SONIA, an attractive 20-something 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, unconscious, and naked as the day he was born... 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 room, lying in her bed. He's wearing an all-new outfit.

YORICK
 What is this? 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.

Yorick looks down at his new unbuttoned shirt with confusion, and awkwardly tries to button it up to hide his bare chest.

YORICK

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

SONIA

Sorry, I only had women's shirts.

YORICK

Since when are your buttons on the left?

SONIA

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 Sonia leans in to help him.

SONIA

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.

Yorick's almost starting to fall for this girl, when he notices Ampersand playing with his BOBBY PIN. Feeling guilty, Yorick gets up to SNATCH it away.

YORICK

Anyway.

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. Fifty 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 him the once-over.

NINA

You really the last?

YORICK

I... I think so. Sorry.

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 town I've been to so far 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 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 tries to silence Lydia, but the old woman's on a roll.

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. If none of our boys had come home alive, we coulda run things 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. So to speak.

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 to Sonia.

YORICK

No, my girlfriend'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 drops 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? Great men fuck around on their significant others, Yorick, and whether you like it or not, you're the greatest man alive now.

Sonia writhes 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

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

NINA

Why should we believe some *spook*?

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 mothership 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.

AGENT 355

Please, that woman's accent was
Israeli. 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 cover for a getaway.

LYDIA

You lost your head, girl?

Sonia looks at Yorick with sad eyes.

SONIA

We got released early. He deserves
the same.

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

YORICK

Wait! Sonia! Come with us!

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

SONIA
Goodbye, 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.

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.

A lone female I.D.F. SOLDIER drops her cigarette and raises her machine gun as she spots Yorick and his bodyguard.

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

YOUNG SOLDIER
(in Hebrew)
Fuh--freeze!

355 instinctively 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 screams in her native tongue.

AGENT 355
Let go of the gun! Please!

YOUNG SOLDIER
Lo! Bevakasha!

AGENT 355
You don't have to die! You--

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.

As the Culper Ring agent liberates the dead Israeli of her weapons, Yorick promptly VOMITS all over his own shoes.

AGENT 355
 Come on.

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

AGENT 355
 Me or her. Let's go.

YORICK
 She was just a *girl!*

AGENT 355
 She knew what she was doing when she filled her hands. 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.

Without warning, Alter GRABS Nina, and pulls out a PEARL-HANDLED DAGGER, which she points at the woman's heart.

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 hack off this woman's left breast.

Sonia drops her rifle and calls out.

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

Alter PRESSES her blade against her hostage's chest.

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, Galit is dead. And one of our copters has been *stolen*.

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 cockpit, where 355 is behind the controls. 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 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 when I was a girl.

YORICK

(suddenly guilty)

Sorry.

AGENT 355

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 whispers in his ear:

YORICK

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 really headed to this Attack of the Clones doctor?

AGENT 355

A few refuelings aside, we should be able to fly right to her. It's more important than ever that we find out why you're still here.

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 oasis 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 going to be around to
protect you forever, 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*.

355 smiles and again puts up her dukes.

AGENT 355
Come on, give me your best shot.

YORICK
I don't punch girls.

AGENT 355

No, you don't punch girls well.
Now hit me. This could save your
life someday.

Yorick just waves her off.

AGENT 355

It's not going to last, you
realize. You and Beth? Once a
girl ends something, she can never
really start it up again.

Yorick gets in 355's face.

YORICK

I know what you're trying to do,
Commander Obvious. Make me pissed
enough to throw down, right? It's
not going to work.

AGENT 355

No, your *relationship* isn't going
to work. Because even if you get
back together, deep down, you'll
always know that she's only with
you because you're the last--

Suddenly, Yorick PUNCHES 355 in the face as hard as he can.
But again, he hits with his thumb tucked inside his fist, and
the weak jab doesn't even make 355 flinch.

AGENT 355

Again!

Yorick obliges with an equally pathetic LEFT to 355's jaw.
Something in his hand CRACKS.

YORICK

SON OF A FUCK!

AGENT 355

Stop tucking your thumb inside your
fist, dummy! You're going to break
your--

But Yorick isn't done yet. He charges at 355 and tries to
deliver a haymaker to her stomach, but the Culper agent
DODGES the attack and TRIPS Yorick to the ground. She then
CLIMBS ON TOP of the young man, who's pinned on his back.

YORICK

Let me go!

AGENT 355
You're the escape artist.

Yorick huffs and puffs a bit longer, until he finally stops struggling.

YORICK
Did... did you mean what you said?
About Beth?

Agent 355 helps a troubled Yorick to his feet.

AGENT 355
Do you love her?

YORICK
I'm *sick* without her.

AGENT 355
Sure, she makes you *feel* better,
but does she make you better?
That's what my mom always said was
the difference between a
relationship that works and one
that doesn't.

YORICK
Yeah? What did your *dad* say?

AGENT 355
Never to fall for a white boy.

Yorick smiles, but only a bit.

AGENT 355
Come on, it's too late to make you
a good lover, but there might be
time to make you a halfway decent
fighter.

The two resume playfully throwing 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.

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

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

AGENT 355

What?

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

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, I have no idea what this is
all about. I'm here to save you
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.

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 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 the night.

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 a nearby TEST TUBE.

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
You looked *thinner* in your photo.

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 take up position here and wait for the boy to come to us?

ALTER
No, young Mr. Brown has already stolen a ship and killed one of our own. 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 made love to 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? Was she ever diagnosed with a rare blood disorder? Polycythemia vera or immune--

YORICK

Her *pill*. Beth's been testing some kind of... of new *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?

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

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!

AGENT 355

Mann, you drive. Yorick, get in the back and keep your head down.

355 throws her duffel bag into the passenger seat and pulls out one of her stolen Israeli weapons, 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 SHOTS another girl, careful not to hit any of the mares. The Yugo then 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 girl 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	AGENT 355
Forty percent.	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?

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.

Mann rolls her eyes and readies for blood.

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 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.

YORICK
The windows!

But a frantic Mann opens her door.

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
boy, 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 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 got 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. 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
Shut the fuck up, both of you!

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'm a fraud, Beth. The only thing
I've ever really escaped from is
anything resembling *responsibility*.

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 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 not even loaded. You'd never--

Yorick interrupts her by FIRING a shot into the marble floor. Beth and Alter recoil 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 uses his one good hand to YANK the dagger out of his wrist. He's trying to look like a badass as he wields the blade, but Alter effortlessly ROUNDHOUSES it out of his hand.

Now unarmed, Yorick PUNCHES Alter with a decent-looking left hook. He actually kept his thumb out of his fist for once.

ALTER

Not bad.

And with that, she ferociously HEAD-BUTTS him between the eyes.

ALTER

Not good, either.

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 navel.

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 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.
It's... *your* turn to escape.

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 was 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 WHEEL KICKS 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 girl,
aren't you? Back in Marrisville?

AGENT 355

If anyone got her 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 repeats 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... but it's too late.

The Israeli collapses next to 355, who stares into her opponent's lifeless eyes.

Just then, BETH runs down the stairs to meet 355.

BETH

Jesus! Are you all right?

AGENT 355

(weakly)

Yorick? Is Yorick...?

BETH

I... I don't know. He's holding on, but he told me I had to check on you.

AGENT 355
He's a good man, Beth. A good...

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 things 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 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 laboratory, where Yorick has 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.

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 other prisoners applaud and cheer these declarations, pan over to SONIA, the girl who tried to seduce Yorick. Sonia'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, leaving the young couple alone.

They stare at each other silently for a time, before Yorick finally pulls something out of his pocket.

YORICK
I think this is yours.

He hands Beth her BOBBY PIN.

YORICK
It's good for getting out of things
you don't want to be in.

Yorick chuckles awkwardly, but instead of laughing back, Beth begins to CRY.

YORICK
Beth, don't! I was kidding! You
were *right* to dump me. I was a...
a selfish, naive little douche. I
was completely smothering you.

BETH
But you've *changed*, Yorick.

YORICK
Um, that's *good*, right?

BETH
I'm so proud of you, but all this
has nothing to do with me.
Seriously, it took me being *removed*
from your life before you could
become something new.

YORICK
That's... that's not true.

BETH
You know it is. You loved me
because I never pushed you to be
anything more than what you were.
You loved me because I was
comfortable. But you deserve
something more than that.

YORICK
I don't care about me! What about
you?

BETH
No, it would be selfish and... and
dishonest to say yes to the last
man when I said no to the man. You
belong to the world now.

Beth dries her eyes with the back of her sleeve.

BETH

Look, 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?

And then she 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, 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.

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 was right about Beth, wasn't I?

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 find a way to work it out.

YORICK

Actually, I told Beth 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?

A beat.

YORICK

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 and throws it in the car's player.

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 shockingly 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

