

T H E D O M A I N

Original Screenplay

by

Michael Raymond

Property of:
Michael Raymond
7719 – 27th Avenue NW
Seattle, WA 98117
206-297-1558 (h)
206-331-9403 (cell)
mraymond22@gmail.com

FADE-IN:

NOT-TOO-DISTANT FUTURE

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

A massive shantytown sits on the banks of a black river. On the opposite side, a city skyline flickers in the distance. The tallest building displays a large neon sign: ORION.

SHANTYTOWN

Wooden shacks, campfires, and tents line the river's edge. The shantytown teems with people, looking disoriented, huddled around campfires in a catatonic state, cooking rats and mice.

A BEARDED MAN (20s)

Injects a needle into his arm, staggering past a group of grotesque-looking people with deformed limbs and faces. The man steps onto a narrow one-lane bridge.

BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER

The man looks to the opposite end of the bridge at a checkpoint where TWO ARMED GUARDS stand. The bearded man stares straight ahead, walking with his hands raised.

BEARDED MAN

I am not a carrier.

The guards bristle, stepping forward, raising their weapons. A red laser casts a red dot on the man's forehead, as he walks to the midpoint of the bridge and stops.

BEARDED MAN

I've been healed.

He takes a step, as the SOUND of laser-fire punctuates the night air. The man's body convulses, dropping lifelessly to the deck of the bridge. The dead man's still-open eyes stare in the direction of the distant neon sign: ORION.

INT. ORION SANATORIUM - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

A pale-lit room. A solitary light hangs from the ceiling above an operating table. A SURGEON stands over a YOUNG WOMAN, who is seated in stirrups, sweating and pushing.

SURGEON
That's it. Just a bit more.

The woman grunts and screams, gasping for air.

SURGEON
Here it comes.

The woman lets out a wail, as the surgeon collects the newborn into her arms. The surgeon turns, giving a quick glance up to a dark-windowed observation room.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

A pale-looking man named CORTEZ (51) gives a cold-blooded stare into the operating room. Cortez exudes power and fear, as he turns to RUFUS (42), a broad-shouldered goon.

CORTEZ
Kill them both.

Rufus nods, as both men leave the room.

OPERATING ROOM

The new mother collects the swaddled baby into her arms.

MOTHER
He looks normal. I'm sure he is.

She gives an apprehensive and exhausted smile, as the door CREAKS open. The mother looks up and sees

RUFUS

Standing in the doorway, giving a blank stare in her direction.

THE NEW MOTHER

Gives Rufus a look of familiarity and horror, reacting with abject fear. She lets out a blood-curdling scream.

EXT. ORION CITY - ORION MEDICAL COMPLEX - DAY

A series of white buildings, encircling and connecting to an ominous-looking structure known as Orion Sanatorium — gray, cylindrical, and without windows. The building stands in marked contrast to the other more benign-looking research buildings.

INT. ORION RESEARCH BUILDING - LUNCH ROOM - DAY

A small rectangular-shaped room. A half-dozen boisterous INTERNS are gathered around an old-fashioned dartboard, exchanging money and heckling each other. They look to

ANDREW TRUMAN (29)

Medium-built and good-looking with dark hair and a tidy appearance. Andrew ignores the glare of DAVID (20s), a young man with a scowling countenance and surly disposition.

DAVID

Bulls-eye to win. He's toast.

Andrew manages a smile, lowering the dart to his side.

INTERN (O.S.)

Uh-oh, the patented knife toss.

DAVID

I'll take action at ten to one.

More money is hurriedly passed around and collected, as all eyes turn to Andrew.

DAVID

That's it. Let's go, Andrew.

Andrew holds the dart by his hip and in one lightning-fast motion, he flicks his wrist, as the dart explodes out of his hand. The dart nails the dartboard dead-center. Bulls-eye.

THE ROOM

A collective series of cheers and groans. David's jaw hits the floor, shaking his head with disbelief. Andrew turns with a look of self-satisfaction, as he hears a BEEPING sound, and then glances at his space age-looking wristwatch.

ANDREW

Shit.

Andrew turns and runs out of the room.

INT. ORION RESEARCH BUILDING - RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Opaque marble floors, long corridors, and clean, white walls. A narrow corridor with low ceilings terminates at a security-locked glass door that reads: RESEARCH LABORATORY.

ANDREW

Runs up to the glass doors out of breath. He turns to face a flat-panel screen imbedded into the wall.

ANDREW

Andrew. Truman.

Andrew waits, bouncing on his feet.

ANDREW

C'mon, already.

A chime RINGS, as the doors slide open and Andrew dashes inside.

INT. RESEARCH LABORATORY

A large room aligned with long tables and futuristic medical equipment. The laboratory is augmented by adjoining rooms.

CONSULTATION ROOM

A small room with a couple of sofas and chairs. Seated on a sofa is a nervous young couple named MR. AND MRS. CAMPBELL. Holding the hand of Mrs. Campbell is

DR. ROMAN PARKER (62)

A graying man with short limbs, round face, and slightly unkempt and untidy appearance. Despite his appearance, Dr. Parker has a calm benevolence to his mannerisms.

DR. PARKER

The genetic map we created is consistent with your wishes. It also ensures your baby is not infected with The Plague.

Mrs. Campbell gives a nervous smile.

MRS. CAMPBELL

How can we be sure?

MR. CAMPBELL

Honey, this is Doctor Parker.

DR. PARKER

It's okay. We all wish we could conceive a child naturally. But everyone is a carrier. And all natural births result in deformity and insanity.

ANDREW (O.S.)
There are no exceptions.

Andrew stands in the doorway, looking slightly winded.

DR. PARKER
Dr. Truman here knows the
mantra of Orion Sanatorium.
He's also quite a dart player.
If he can just arrive on time.

Andrew takes a seat, as Dr. Parker rises.

DR. PARKER
Andrew will modify your barcode.

MR. CAMPBELL
Will it hurt?

ANDREW
Just like getting a shot.
Instead of a clear barcode,
yours will be green.

Andrew points to a clear and transparent barcode, barely visible on Mrs. Campbell's forehead. It becomes apparent that everyone's forehead contains a see-through barcode that looks a lot like a watermark — barely visible.

DR. PARKER
It helps Orion Security
identify you in public so they
know your pregnancy is
government-approved.

ANDREW
After you've been inseminated
with your husband's modified
sperm. You'll be in the system.

The couple gives nervous smiles to one another. Andrew takes Mrs. Campbell's hand, giving her a reassuring look.

INT. RESEARCH LABORATORY — ANDREW'S WORKSTATION — DAY

Andrew's sits at a table of microscopes and specimens. Tacked to a small bulletin board are.

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS

- Andrew and a young woman.
- Andrew making pottery.

BACK TO SCENE

Andrew works in his wheeled-chair, as video cameras monitor his every move. He gathers a computer printout, inserting it into a tube that is sucked through a pipe. An overhead computer console reads in red letters: CAMPBELL

ANDREW

Watches an arriving tube drop into an in-basket that looks like a six-pack carton. Andrew turns, as his overhead computer console displays the image of Dr. Parker.

DR. PARKER (ON SCREEN)
You're late for the symposium.

Andrew leaps from his chair, hurrying out of the lab.

INT. AUDITORIUM — DAY

A sloping, bowl-shaped auditorium filled with doctors, and interns. At the podium stands Dr. Parker. Behind him is a computer-generated image of a chart.

DR. PARKER
Our timeline shows little progress. Fifty years ago, the first signs of The Plague. Thirty years ago, we recognized the disease was passed on at birth, and the government began its compulsory artificial insemination program — making genetic mapping available to prospective parents.

Dr. Parker looks up and sees Andrew enter the auditorium.

DR. PARKER
No cure as yet, but we can prevent it, provided people adhere to the insemination program. The newborn won't contract the disease, but will always be a carrier.

Andrew arrives next to Dr. Parker, and then searches the crowd of raised hands. Andrew points to a bespectacled physician named DOCTOR REILLY, who remains seated.

DOCTOR REILLY
Have you ever found a patient that wasn't a carrier?

DR. PARKER

No fetus conceived naturally has ever had what we call Creator Code. A perfect genetic map that both preclude them from getting the disease and transmitting it. No exceptions.

DOCTOR REILLY

So you endorse the government's contention that natural births are unconstitutional and punishable by death?

DR. PARKER

I am a scientist. Not a politician. This isn't the forum for such a discussion.

Andrew points to a woman in the front row, but a VOICE is heard from the audience.

VOICE (O.S.)

There are exceptions.

A murmur goes through the crowd, as everyone turns to see

A BROAD-SHOULDERED MAN

Standing in the midst of the auditorium audience, wearing a white lab coat, but striking a slightly intimidating pose. MARCUS (30s) has chiseled features and a noticeable swagger.

ANDREW

(whispering to Parker)
Activist. I'll call security.

DR. PARKER

No, wait.

Dr. Parker steps forward, as Marcus clears his throat.

MARCUS

I am aware of natural births in The Domain that resulted in disease-free babies.

DR. PARKER

Is that so? Any of these healthy babies have Creator Code in their genetic makeup?

MARCUS

It hasn't been substantiated.

DR. PARKER
How do you know this is true?

MARCUS
I know.

DR. PARKER
We all hear stories and tall
tales about things that happen
across the river in The Domain.

Members of the audience snicker, as Marcus grows agitated.

MARCUS
It's true.

DR. PARKER
Any other questions?

Marcus stammers.

MARCUS
I've been there.

The buzz of the crowd ceases, as the room goes dead silent.
All eyes are fixed on Marcus. You can hear a pin drop.

DR. PARKER
You've been to The Domain? With
a charity organization?

MARCUS
The bigger question - why
haven't any of you gone?

ANDREW
It's illegal.

Marcus looks at Andrew and gives him a meaningful stare.

MARCUS
You want to cure this disease?
Then go to The Domain.

ANDREW
Orion Security forbids it. You
know that.

MARCUS
What would your father have
done?

Andrew glares at Marcus, as a commotion is heard in the back
of the auditorium.

DR. PARKER
Okay, that's quite enough.

Heads turn to the back of the room, looking at

A GROUP OF PROTESTORS

Marching down the aisles, carrying signs that read: PEOPLE
IN THE DOMAIN HAVE RIGHTS and THE DOMAIN IS NOT INSANE.

ARMED SECURITY GUARDS

Arrive and descend upon the protestors. In the confusion of
exiting doctors and clashing protestors, Marcus sneaks
through the crowd, finding Andrew and handing him a card.

MARCUS
If you ever want to reach me.
This guy is a friend. Does
abortions on the black market.
Makes illegal barcodes, too.

Marcus glances over his shoulder at the pandemonium in the
room. He smiles, disappearing into the crowd.

INT. CITY SKYSCRAPER – OFFICE – EVENING

A large room with high ceilings and skylights. The fading
light casts a dim glow on the assortment of space-age
drafting tables and computer consoles.

INT. OFFICE – DRAFTING TABLE

FIONA HOLLAND (32) sits at a drafting table, staring at a
partially completed map. Fiona stares out through the large
windows at the city skyline and the neon beacon: ORION.
Fiona is the woman in Andrew's photograph.

FIONA

Has short-cropped hair and somewhat androgynous appearance,
exuding a dynamite combination of toughness and sexuality.
She gives a weary sigh, listening to a phone ring, lifting
her wristwatch to her lips.

FIONA
Don't order without me.

She gives a troubled stare to the half-finished map,
sauntering across the room.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

A crowded restaurant. Andrew and Fiona sit across from each other, holding menus. Fiona steals a glance at a PREGNANT WOMAN, seated at another table with a MALE COMPANION. The barcode on the woman's forehead is a clear, green color.

FIONA

What do you think Orion will do with those protestors?

Andrew searches for a waiter.

ANDREW

Service in this place sucks.

FIONA

Some of my friends thought about joining that protest.

ANDREW

Doesn't surprise me. Stay out of that place. Orion is raiding coffeehouses all over the city.

FIONA

They have no right.

ANDREW

Cortez does whatever he wants.

FIONA

Cortez is a murderer.

Andrew looks panic-stricken, glancing around the room.

ANDREW

Keep your voice down.

FIONA

Don't you ever wonder what goes on in Orion Sanatorium?

ANDREW

Let's not start this again.

FIONA

I've heard stories about what happens to pregnant women who aren't artificially inseminated.

ANDREW

Just once, let's have a quiet dinner without talking politics or about your radical friends.

Fiona shrugs, leaning across the table.

FIONA
Cortez doesn't like me because
I was born before the
insemination program.

ANDREW
I'm a natural, too. But you try
to provoke him and piss him off.

FIONA
I speak my mind. Doesn't it
bother you? Working for a bunch
of Draconian paranoid thugs.

ANDREW
I work in medical research. I
have nothing to do with
security policy.

FIONA
Just doing your job.

ANDREW
Finding a cure to a global
epidemic is the only thing that
matters to me.

An awkward moment of silence, as Andrew winces.

FIONA
Real nice, Andrew.

ANDREW
You know what I mean.

FIONA
Never mind.

ANDREW
What do you want me to say?

FIONA
Nothing. Except once in a while
- while you're busy saving the
world, you could make some time
for us. I'd like to think I
matter, too.

Fiona notices Andrew grow silent, staring across the room.

ANDREW
Rufus. And a crew of Fetal
Detectors.

THE RESTAURANT

Conversation ceases, as the patrons give nervous glances to

RUFUS THE SECURITY GOON

Walking between tables, followed by several metallic robotic rodents. Rufus wears an assortment of military-looking gear and weaponry, including a utility belt containing a dozen small metallic canisters, hanging from small clips.

FIONA

Exchanges a long stare with Andrew, who reaches across the table and takes her hand. The room is silent.

RUFUS

Stops at the table in front of the pregnant woman, holding and pointing a Fetal Detector — a shiny object that looks like an electric shaver. He raises the Fetal Detector, as the robotic rodents gather around the table.

THE WOMAN

Gives a pleading stare to her dinner companion, as she stands to face the detector.

THE WOMAN'S FOREHEAD

The green translucent barcode color fades, changing to red, as gasps of horror can be heard. In an instant, the detector emits an ear-piercing SCREECH, as restaurant patrons wince and cover their ears.

THE PREGNANT WOMAN

Screams, as the robot patrol converges on her.

FIONA

Fidgets uncomfortably in her seat, averting her gaze. She releases her grip from Andrew, rising from the table, running out of the restaurant.

ANDREW

Fiona.

ANDREW

Stands and exchanges a long stare with Rufus, who gives Andrew a look of familiarity and disdain. As the robot patrol subdues the pregnant woman, Andrew chases after Fiona.

EXT. CITY STREETS – NIGHT

Andrew emerges from the restaurant, standing at a busy curbside, searching the crowd. Pedestrians walk in one direction, giving the effect of orderliness and regulation.

ANDREW

Runs in the opposite direction of the pedestrian flow. As he runs, he is greeted with catcalls, while passing a seemingly nonstop series of video screen commercials. The videos are omnipresent and a permanent part of the urban landscape.

PEDESTRIAN

Hey, moron. Wrong way.

Andrew pushes through the crowd, searching for Fiona.

INT. ANDREW AND FIONA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

A large, darkened loft with few furnishings, creating a somewhat spartan and stark appearance. Fiona stares out at the lights of the city and the large neon light: ORION. She hears the SLAM of the front door, turning to see

ANDREW

Standing below her in a sunken living room, breathing heavily.

ANDREW

That wasn't smart. Rufus looked right at me.

Fiona turns away.

ANDREW

Orion Security has really been on edge lately as it is.

Andrew grows more exasperated.

ANDREW

I know you're upset. But people can't get around getting pregnant during an epidemic -

FIONA
(interrupting)
I'm pregnant.

Stunned silence.

ANDREW
That's impossible.
(beat)
Your family planning injection?

FIONA
I might have missed one.

ANDREW
One? It's an annual injection.

FIONA
Conducted by Orion.

ANDREW
I don't believe this. You have
any idea what this means?

Andrew looks skyward, running his hands through his hair.

ANDREW
We violated the constitution.
Punishable by – hell, you sure?

A distraught Andrew paces frantically, talking to himself.

ANDREW
Let's think about this. If we
turn ourselves in immediately,
Orion might be lenient.

FIONA
I am not going to Orion
Sanatorium.

ANDREW
(to himself)
There'll be mountains of
paperwork for terminating the
pregnancy. Intense scrutiny. My
standing at the research lab.
(beat)
But they will be lenient.

FIONA
Listen to yourself.

Andrew turns, looking infuriated.

ANDREW

You don't understand. We can't have this baby. The child will be deformed with severe psychosis.

(beat)

And how are you going to conceal your pregnancy for nine months? You saw what happened tonight. Or maybe you want to live in exile in The Domain.

Fiona fights back tears, as she approaches Andrew.

FIONA

I don't want to terminate. Not at Orion Sanatorium.

ANDREW

It's the only legal way.

FIONA

You and Doctor Parker could do it. Nobody would know. He'd do it for you if you asked.

ANDREW

There must be another way.

Andrew looks tormented, as Fiona embraces him.

ANDREW

I'll talk to him tomorrow.

FIONA

Tonight.

ANDREW

Tonight?

FIONA

I can't go another day, walking around like this. You have any idea what it's like? Fetal Detectors everywhere. I'm afraid to set foot outside.

Fiona clutches Andrew, burying her face in his chest.

FIONA

I can't live like this anymore.

Andrew swallows hard, embracing Fiona, stroking her hair.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

Fiona reclines on an examination table, as Dr. Parker glides an ultrasound scanner across her abdomen. He pauses, typing and entering data into a computer. Andrew paces in the doorway. Dr. Parker sets the scanner aside, smiling fondly at Fiona.

DR. PARKER
Wait for me in the other room,
while I prepare the OR.

Fiona manages an anxious smile, as she rises from the table.

RESEARCH LAB - ANDREW'S WORKSTATION

Fiona sits in Andrew's swivel-chair, as Andrew leans back against the computer console. He stands between Fiona's legs, as she wraps her legs around Andrew in a scissor-lock. Dr. Parker pokes his head into the room, looking bewildered.

DR. PARKER
Andrew, could you come in here?

Andrew looks pleadingly to Fiona, who relaxes her legs, releasing her grip on Andrew's waist.

RESEARCH LAB - GENETIC IMAGING ROOM

A dimly lit room with oversized microscopes that look like submarine periscopes. Imaging and video screens hang from the ceiling at oblique angles, displaying snapshots that resemble an inkblot test in a photographer's darkroom.

DR. PARKER AND ANDREW

Stand and stare at the images. As Dr. Parker speaks, he points to specific points on the display screen.

DR. PARKER
What's the difference between
the first image and the second?

ANDREW
Both the same. Same genetic map.

DR. PARKER
What else?

Andrew pauses.

ANDREW
There's no genetic marker for
The Plague.

DR. PARKER
So there must be human error in
administering the examination.

ANDREW
Probably an intern.

DR. PARKER
I did the examination.

ANDREW
You did?

DR. PARKER
I thought the first image was
done in error, so I re-compiled
the data and developed the
second profile just to be sure.

ANDREW
Not these images. This fetus
has Creator Code. They must be
taken from the archives.

Dr. Parker walks to the imaging screen against the wall,
standing in front of it.

ANDREW
I don't understand. Where's
Fiona's results?

Dr. stares gravely at Andrew.

DR. PARKER
You're looking at them.

ANDREW
You can't be serious.

DR. PARKER
I did them twice. Reviewed the
data. Re-compiled the genetic
map. Searched for genetic
mutations and couldn't find the
genetic marker anywhere.

ANDREW
Impossible. There are no exceptions.

DR. PARKER
Your baby has Creator Code.

FIONA (O.S.)
Sweet, Jesus.

Andrew whirls, seeing Fiona standing in the doorway. Dr. Parker looks at Fiona and Andrew, measuring his words.

DR. PARKER

I want to do some more tests
before we get too carried away.

FIONA

But you don't think we should
terminate the pregnancy.

DR. PARKER

Heavens, no.

ANDREW

We should present the data to
the medical community for
evaluation. Inform Dr. Cortez.

DR. PARKER

Not so fast. Dr. Cortez is not
a medical man or a scientist.
It'll take some convincing.

FIONA

He's a cold-blooded killer.

ANDREW

This is like discovering fire.
Splitting the atom. Landing on
the moon.

Dr. Parker has a stern look, taking Andrew by both shoulders.

DR. PARKER

Listen. I'm just as excited as
you, but we don't know what
we've found yet.

FIONA

Andrew, I don't want our child
to become some sort of lab rat.

Andrew takes Fiona's hand, turning to Dr. Parker.

ANDREW

What about Orion Security?
She's not in the system.

DR. PARKER

I already prepared a barcode.

DR. PARKER

Grabs a digital injector syringe, taking Fiona's arm and administering a quick injection. He removes his lab coat, tossing it and the used syringe into a chute that reads: RECYCLE CHUTE—SOILED LINEN AND SUPPLIES.

FIONA'S FOREHEAD

The red barcode turns to a pale, green color.

DR. PARKER

We need an alias to enter into
the system.

Fiona nods with a mischievous smile.

ANDREW'S WORKSTATION

Andrew enters data at his touchpad computer console, placing a vial of fluid into a small tube. With a WHOOSH sound, the tube disappears into an outgoing pipe and the overhead computer console reads in red letters: DARWIN.

FIONA

Nice alias. And we're sure I'll
be safe from those little robot
killer assassins.

Dr. Parker retrieves a Fetal Detector device, pointing it at Fiona's forehead. The soft green barcode glows a darker green color, as a soft chime is heard from the detector.

DR. PARKER

Darwin is in the system.

ANDREW

If Doctor Parker gave that
injection to me, I'd register as
the world's first pregnant male.

FIONA

Then maybe you'd know what it's
like. People sticking those
things in your face everywhere
you go. Old ladies, little
kids. Ever since Orion started
their Little Red Book program.
Free detectors for everyone.

Andrew and Fiona collect their belongings, walking past the security camera. On the overhead computer console, still illuminated is the lettered digital display: DARWIN.

INT. UNDERGROUND TRANSPORT – NIGHT

A spotless, marble-floor subway platform. The walls are a collage of video screens, playing silent commercial ads and jingles. The effect is one of unease and foreboding.

THE VIDEO SCREENS

Flicker momentarily, creating a strobe light effect.

ANDREW
That's strange.

Andrew looks bewildered, as the video screens turn on again, displaying the face of

MARCUS (THE MAN FROM DOCTOR PARKER'S LECTURE)

Grainy and barely distinguishable.

ANDREW
Hey. That's the guy.

THE FACE OF MARCUS

On every screen, lasting a few seconds before disappearing, as the video screens return to government-sponsored images.

FIONA

Ignores the disruption, appearing lost in thought.

FIONA
Must be more – Creator Codes.

Andrew looks apprehensive, staring around the empty platform.

ANDREW
It violates medical protocol.

FIONA
Stick a fork in your protocol.
This isn't a test tube. It's
your own flesh and blood. You
forget those samples under your
microscope are real people.

ANDREW
Shh. Keep your voice down.

Andrew stiffens, giving a nervous glance down the platform at

A SECURITY OFFICER

Walking slowly in their direction, whistling. The officer's whistling and tapping shoes echo throughout the cavernous subway station, creating a palpable tension.

ANDREW AND FIONA

Give a nonchalant glance into the tunnel, as the officer approaches. Andrew greets the officer, as Fiona turns away.

ANDREW

Evening.

OFFICER

Out kinda late.

ANDREW

I work at Orion Medical Research. Forgot something.

OFFICER

What about her?

Fiona turns, looking agitated.

FIONA

Couldn't sleep.

The Security Officer notices Fiona's forehead color, as he removes his Fetal Detector, and then looks at Fiona.

SECURITY OFFICER

You mind?

Fiona shakes her head, as a strong breeze blows along the platform. Everyone's hair blows about their face, as the transport vehicle comes into view on the platform.

THE OFFICER

Points his Fetal Detector at Fiona's forehead, illuminating the green barcode. The marker glows a dark green, as the Fetal Detector emits a soft chime.

OFFICER

Congratulations.

Andrew and Fiona step aboard, as the Security Officer eyes them suspiciously. They take a seat, as the transport vehicle departs the platform. Andrew looks back to the officer, standing alone on the platform, staring in their direction.

INT. ORION MEDICAL CENTER — RESEARCH LAB — NIGHT

Dr. Parker peers into a microscope, entering data into a computer. He hears the lab doors open, looking up and seeing

DIRECTOR CORTEZ AND RUFUS THE GOON

Cortez walks with an intimidating gait, sauntering in the direction of Dr. Parker. Rufus remains at the door.

CORTEZ

I admire your dedication, Dr. Parker. Whatever could you be working on at this late hour?

Dr. Parker eyes Cortez warily.

DR. PARKER

Reviewing old notes. Trials we did five years ago.

CORTEZ

I have a vague recollection. You and Andrew thought you were onto something really big.

DR. PARKER

Lab results were negative.

CORTEZ

I believe we archived all that data over in Orion Sanatorium.

Dr. Parker steps away from the table, shooting a quick glance at Rufus.

DR. PARKER

Speaking of late hours, what do I owe the pleasure?

Cortez measures his words.

CORTEZ

We conducted a random security audit and became interested in a patient named Darwin.

DR. PARKER

Random?

CORTEZ

Her data triggered a security alert.

Dr. Parker studies the cold stare of Cortez, as Rufus moves away from the door, walking toward them.

DR. PARKER
I'll check my office.

Dr. Parker leaves, as Cortez and Rufus exchange knowing stares.

INT. DR. PARKER'S OFFICE

Dr. Parker quickly inserts something into an outgoing pneumatic pipe. He presses a button and the tube disappears. Parker turns, as Cortez and Rufus enter the office, looking sinister, striking a menacing pose.

DR. PARKER
Probably should have told you.
I saw a patient named Darwin.

CORTEZ
Does Darwin really have a fetus
with Creator Code?

DR. PARKER
Not completely sure. That's why
I hesitated telling you.

CORTEZ
Any other reason?

DR. PARKER
I wanted a full assessment
before presenting the case to
the scientific community.

Cortez laughs, glancing at Rufus, noticing a chess board. Cortez picks up a chess piece, twirling it with his fingers.

CORTEZ
I'm afraid there won't be any
presentation. And there isn't
going to be any cure, either.

A look of resignation comes across Dr. Parker's face.

DR. PARKER
Orion Security sabotaged our
research five years ago.

CORTEZ
There's only one absolute I am
bound to. Nobody ever hears
about a natural Creator Code.
There are no exceptions.

Dr. Parker gives a look of revulsion to Cortez. Rufus moves closer.

DR. PARKER
I'll never tell you the
patient's name. You know that.

CORTEZ
It doesn't matter. I'll issue a
Code Red alert for the Darwin
Barcode, and she'll turn up
eventually. She can't hide in a
room for nine months, can she?

DR. PARKER
We'll find a cure. And you can
rot in hell.

CORTEZ
Well, it'll have to come from
your intern Andrew. And I don't
know if he's up to the task.
(beat)
Your loss will be a terrible
blow to the entire program.

Cortez turns to Rufus.

CORTEZ
Issue a Red Alert for the
Darwin Barcode. I want her
found - dead or alive.

Dr. Parker makes a break for the door, as Rufus grabs him. Rufus drags Dr. Parker toward the large window. Cortez displays no emotion, watching with his arms folded.

INT. ANDREW AND FIONA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Andrew stares at the mirror, listening to the sound of clanging metal from somewhere in the apartment.

APARTMENT - WORKOUT/HOBBY ROOM

A room with concrete walls and a large window. In one corner is a pottery machine and row of homemade bowls and urns. In the other corner is a collection of fencing equipment.

A SLIM FIGURE

Fiona is dressed in a white bodysuit and helmet, practicing fencing with a stationary robotic opponent.

ANDREW

Enters the room, studying Fiona, walking past his collection of pottery to a row of sabers, leaning against the wall. One saber stands out from all the others, resembling a large sword. Andrew grabs it, and then grimaces, as he drops it.

FIONA

Removes her helmet, giving Andrew a look of irritation.

FIONA
That one is the real deal.

ANDREW
It looked fake.

Fiona gives Andrew a knowing stare.

FIONA
You have every right to be mad.

ANDREW
Damn right I do.

FIONA
What would you have said if I told you I wanted to conceive a child naturally?

ANDREW
I might have given it some consideration.

FIONA
Right.

ANDREW
But probably said no.

FIONA
Because it would have violated some medical code of ethics.

Andrew scowls, as he walks toward Fiona.

ANDREW
Because science is my life. It's what I do. It defined my father. And it defines me. So knowing what I know, that's right, I would have said no.

FIONA

And I don't trust Orion or the artificial insemination program.

ANDREW

I don't understand the paranoia. I never have.

Fiona sighs, setting down her blade and mask.

FIONA

You'd be more excited about the pregnancy if it was artificial.

ANDREW

I'm so excited I can't think straight.

FIONA

You're excited for all the wrong reasons. I feel like one of your patients.

ANDREW

Then tell me how I'm supposed to feel. Cause I have no idea.

FIONA

That depends on what's more important. Me being pregnant. Or your research.

Andrew looks away.

ANDREW

This is ridiculous.

FIONA

Well, there's my answer.

ANDREW

Think what you want. But the fact is - you lied to me and because you got lucky, I'm supposed to forgive and forget.

FIONA

No, Andrew. We got lucky. We're giving birth to a healthy child.

Fiona frowns and then storms out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

INT. ORION MEDICAL COMPLEX — CORRIDOR — MORNING

Andrew walks down the corridor, staring at the floor. He looks up and sees the door of the research lab wide open and a collection of SECURITY PERSONNEL talking and moving about.

INT. RESEARCH LAB

Andrew gingerly steps through the door, as a stern-faced SECURITY OFFICER stops him in his tracks.

OFFICER
This is a crime scene.

ANDREW
I work here.

CORTEZ (O.S.)
It's okay.

Cortez approaches Andrew.

CORTEZ
Let him through.

Andrew shoots a look to the officer, as he walks toward Dr. Parker's office. Cortez reaches out and stops him.

CORTEZ
I'm afraid Dr. Parker was
murdered last night.

Andrew is thunderstruck.

CORTEZ
We think it's a woman with an
illegal pregnancy. And an
accomplice.

ANDREW
That's impossible. Last night?

Andrew approaches Dr. Parker's office, catching a glimpse of the shattered glass. He exchanges stares with Rufus.

CORTEZ
Probably trying to get a
barcode to conceal their
pregnancy.

ANDREW
Why here? Why not on the black
market? I don't understand.

CORTEZ
Killer's name is Darwin.

Andrew gives a disbelieving stare to Cortez.

CORTEZ
I don't suppose you came back
to the lab late last night?

ANDREW
Ahhh - no, sir.

CORTEZ
Know of a patient named Darwin?

Andrew shakes his head, turning away with a look of anguish.

CORTEZ
We're issuing a Red Alert for
the Darwin Barcode. Every
checkpoint in the city and
patrol officer will be
notified. It'll go into the
system any minute now.

Andrew rubs his hands through his hair, looking skyward.

CORTEZ
I know you were close to Doctor
Parker. This must be difficult.

Rufus approaches from Dr. Parker's office.

RUFUS
We're almost finished. We're
compiling the security camera
images from last night and will
activate the Red Alert.

CORTEZ
This delay is inexcusable.

RUFUS
Software bugs. Viruses. Been
working the problem all night.

CORTEZ
Excuse me, Andrew.

Andrew says nothing, as Rufus and Cortez leave the room. He glances about the room, walking to his workstation. He crouches down in his chair, punching a button on his wristphone. He waits and then hears an automated VOICE.

AUTOMATED VOICE
(on miniature phone)
Fiona's communication device is
currently turned off.

ANDREW
Damn it.

Andrew turns in his chair, lost in thought. He stares at his computer console, focusing on a blinking red light. He glances over his shoulder, leaning toward his computer console.

INSERT - ANDREW'S COMPUTER SCREEN

The image of Dr. Parker, looking anxious and very troubled.

DR. PARKER (on screen)
Andrew, listen to me. Don't tell
anyone about Fiona. Don't trust
Orion. Tell Cortez nothing.

Andrew lowers the volume, leaning closer.

DR. PARKER (on screen)
Find our research notes from
the trials we did five years
ago. The data is archived in
Orion Sanatorium. Use that data
to develop a vaccine. But you
must find a living person with
Creator Code for the serum. For
the sake of all we've worked
for - and the safety of Fiona
and your child.
(beat)
You must go to The Domain.

The screen goes black.

BACK TO SCENE

Andrew looks mystified, staring at the screen in astonishment.

INT. METRO COFFEEHOUSE - MORNING

A funky café cum nightclub with an industrial décor, couches
and chairs, and a performance stage against the far wall.

FIONA

Sits at a bar counter, staring across the room at

A WOMAN

Stepping through a Fetal Detector at the front entrance, manned by an officious-looking DOORMAN. The Fetal Detector resembles a 20th century metal detector.

FIONA

Turns to KATRINA, a barmaid with tattoos on her arms.

FIONA
What's with the Fetal Detector?

KATRINA
Only way to keep Orion from raiding the place. These things are all over town now.

Fiona studies the doorman and grimaces.

FIONA
Charming.

KATRINA
He's not on my payroll. He's part of Orion Security.

Fiona gives Katrina a troubled stare, as she finishes her beverage. Fiona turns, walking over to the Fetal Detector. She smiles at the doorman, who says nothing.

FIONA
I already went through.

DOORMAN
Just step through, m'aam.

FIONA
These contraptions ought to be unconstitutional.

Fiona readies herself to step forward.

INT. ORION MEDICAL COMPLEX — RESEARCH LAB — MORNING

Rufus stands with Cortez, punching numbers into a portable keypad.

RUFUS
The system is ready. Should take effect in a few seconds.

Cortez pinches his lips together, as he walks away.

INT. METRO COFFEEHOUSE

Fiona takes a step toward the Fetal Detector, and then drops a couple of coins from her purse.

FIONA

Damn it.

Fiona kneels down, groping the floor for the coins. She grabs the coins, and then steps into the Fetal Detector. The detector emits a soft chime, illuminating a green light on the doorman's console.

DOORMAN

Proceed.

Fiona gives the doorman a look of derision, as she walks away.

INT. ORION MEDICAL CENTER – WASHROOM

Andrew bursts through the doors, searching each of the empty stalls, punching a number into his wrist-held communications device. He excitedly barks into the phone.

ANDREW

Katrina? Is Fiona there? I tried her at work and nobody's seen her.

KATRINA

(on phone)

She left about an hour ago.

The washroom doors open, as Andrew stops talking. He looks up and sees

RUFUS

Walk into the room.

ANDREW

Turns to a sink, keeping his head bowed. Andrew looks up to see Rufus standing at the next sink. They exchange a brief stare, as Rufus glares at Andrew, who turns and walks away.

INT. ORION RESEARCH LAB

Andrew walks with an agitated gait, staring across the lab in disbelief at

FIONA

Sitting at Andrew's workstation. Andrew glances around the room, striding quickly in the direction of Fiona.

ANDREW'S WORKSTATION

Fiona sees Andrew approaching and quickly rises to embrace him.

FIONA
This is horrible. I came by to
apologize about this morning.
And they told me what happened.

Andrew pulls away from her, looking worried.

ANDREW
Did you tell them anything
about last night?

FIONA
Of course not.

ANDREW
How'd you get in here?

FIONA
It wasn't easy.

ANDREW
Go through any Fetal Detectors?

FIONA
An hour ago maybe. But I'm in
the system. What's going on?

ANDREW
You're in the system, alright.
C'mon, let's get out of here.

Andrew takes Fiona by the hand, as they exit through the open research lab door.

INT. ORION MEDICAL COMPLEX — CORRIDOR

Andrew and Fiona walk past the security officers. Andrew cringes, as he hears a familiar voice call out.

CORTEZ (O.S.)
Andrew, just a minute please.

Andrew and Fiona stop and turn. Cortez approaches with Rufus at his side. Cortez smiles at Fiona.

CORTEZ
Nice to see you again, Fiona.
Pity the circumstances are so
unpleasant.

FIONA
Pity.

Cortez notices Fiona's green barcode.

CORTEZ
I was going to ask how the
mapmaking business is going,
but I see congratulations are
in order. I'm pleased you're
pursuing a life of domestic
bliss instead of more unsavory
ventures.

FIONA
You mean like artistic
expression and free speech?

Andrew looks uncomfortable, as Rufus removes the Fetal
Detector from his belt.

CORTEZ
Contrary to what you may think,
I am a proponent of free speech.

FIONA
As long as nobody disagrees
with the status quo. Or has a
natural pregnancy.

CORTEZ
As long as nobody behaves
irresponsibly or threatens
national security. Some day
you'll see the pregnancy policy
has merit.

Rufus raises his Fetal Detector, as Andrew stammers.

ANDREW
We should get going.

Cortez shoots Rufus a look, grabbing his arm.

CORTEZ
Don't be silly. Fiona's the
wife of our most senior
research doctor.

Cortez turns to Fiona.

CORTEZ

To show I have no hard feelings
for past disagreements, I'll
arrange a midwife for you.

ANDREW

That won't be necessary.

CORTEZ

Nonsense.

Rufus continues to eye Fiona's forehead with suspicion.

ANDREW

Midwife it is.

CORTEZ

Andrew. Tomorrow, Rufus will
stop by the lab to ask you some
questions about Dr. Parker.

ANDREW

I doubt I'll be much help.

CORTEZ

All the same. I'll appreciate
any assistance you can offer.

ANDREW

Of course.

Andrew and Fiona turn, walking down the long corridor.
Cortez and Rufus stand quietly, watching them disappear
through a door that leads to a back stairwell.

EXT. CITY STREETS — SUBWAY ENTRANCE — DAY

Andrew and Fiona walk through an orderly crowd of pedestrians,
approaching a public transport entrance. Andrew sees

A FETAL DETECTOR

Monitored by Orion security.

ANDREW

Grabs Fiona, stopping her abruptly.

ANDREW

C'mon, we're walking.

Andrew drags Fiona through the crowd of pedestrians.

INT. ANDREW AND FIONA'S APARTMENT — DAY

Andrew marches through the front door, as Fiona enters behind him. She studies Andrew, who nervously fumbles through some papers on a table next to the kitchen.

FIONA
Maybe there's a way to avoid
all those Fetal Detectors.

ANDREW
Lock yourself in the apartment
for the next nine months.

FIONA
I think you're exaggerating.

Andrew looks up from the table.

ANDREW
It's a Red Alert — on your
barcode. Every officer in the
field and every detector in the
city is programmed to look for
your barcode. Nothing else.
Every office building, every
café, every restaurant, every
public transport turnstile —
every nook and cranny.

Fiona ponders the last remark, looking concerned.

FIONA
What am I gonna do?

Andrew stops, holding the business card of the black market barcode dealer that was given to him by Marcus.

ANDREW
I'm going to see a guy about a
black market barcode. If I
think he can be trusted, maybe
we can change your barcode.

Andrew shows Fiona the card.

ANDREW
In case anything happens to me,
go to this guy and tell him
you're a friend of Marcus.

FIONA
What do you mean? Who's Marcus?

ANDREW

Listen to me. Don't set foot out that door. Don't go anywhere. And if you can help it, don't even talk to anyone.

FIONA

Andrew, you're scaring me.

ANDREW

If I'm not back by tomorrow, go see this guy. There's a very real possibility we may need to go to The Domain.

FIONA

You can't be serious.

Andrew grabs Fiona by both shoulders.

ANDREW

You don't understand. If we can't change your barcode, it won't be safe for us to live here anymore. And there isn't going to be any baby.

FIONA

So just go see this guy about the barcode. Why go to The Domain? You could get killed.

ANDREW

I may not have any choice.

Fiona studies Andrew's face, as she looks crestfallen.

FIONA

It's all about the cure, isn't it? The only thing that matters, right?

ANDREW

Just don't go anywhere. Don't even open the door unless you know who it is.

Fiona sighs, as Andrew turns, and then leaves the apartment.

EXT. BLIGHTED NEIGHBORHOOD — DAY

Dilapidated buildings stand between gleaming towers and new construction. Urban decay — looking a lot like the early 21st century version with a more visible police presence.

EXT. MARKET DISTRICT - BACK ALLEY ARCADE

A narrow alley with outdoor markets, makeshift storefronts, and ad hoc businesses. The alley is crowded with people, as Andrew picks his way through the throng, stopping in front of a sign that reads: VICTOR'S CUSTOM PAINTINGS.

INT. VICTOR'S CUSTOM PAINTINGS - RETAIL SHOP

A dimly lit shop with low ceilings and a collection of paintings and materials strewn about in complete disorder. Andrew enters through a screen door, picking his way across the floor, stumbling over paint cans, lumber, and easels.

ANDREW

Reaches a counter, as a broad-shouldered, bearded man emerges from the back room. Victor (45) has a large face and pale skin, including a blotch of mustard on his beard. He holds a half-eaten sandwich in one hand and a paintbrush in the other.

VICTOR
Never mind the mess.

ANDREW
You do paintings?

VICTOR
Name it and I'll do it. Van
Gogh. Matisse. But no Picasso.

ANDREW
Any other services?

VICTOR
I don't follow you.

Andrew slides the business card across the counter.

ANDREW
Marcus gave me that.

Victor's smile disappears, wiping the mustard off his face.

VICTOR
Afraid you've been misinformed.

ANDREW
You make black market barcodes
and know how to get across the
river into The Domain.

Victor leans forward, sneering.

VICTOR
Like I said, you've been
misinformed.

Victor lets his smock fall open, revealing a holstered handgun. Andrew sees the gun, glaring at Victor.

MARCUS (O.S.)
It's alright, Victor.

Andrew looks up and sees

MARCUS

Standing in the doorway to the backroom. Marcus smirks, as Andrew and Victor exchange a testy stare.

INT. VICTOR'S CUSTOM PAINTINGS – BACK ROOM

A cluttered workshop of half-finished paintings and crates. Marcus and Victor sit at a small table opposite Andrew. In the corner stands TREVOR (20s), wearing paint-covered overalls, working on a Norman Rockwell painting.

VICTOR
Black market barcodes don't
work anymore. Orion is onto
them. Those little bastard
robots are like bloodhounds.

MARCUS
Just do it yourself at Orion.

ANDREW
Security's too tight now.

VICTOR
Around here, too.

Trevor calls out from across the room.

TREVOR
They wanna clean up the Market
District. Claim it's an
eyesore.

VICTOR
Shut up and keep working.

Trevor frowns, turning back to his painting.

ANDREW
So what about The Domain?

Marcus and Victor exchange a brief glance.

MARCUS
Why the change of heart?

ANDREW
(sarcastically)
Thought I'd invest in property
over there. Settle down.

MARCUS
Yesterday, I had friends who
protested at Orion Medical and
I haven't seen them since. And
now here you are — the guy who
told me how illegal it was to
visit The Domain.

ANDREW
I have my reasons.

MARCUS
I assume you're looking for
Creator Code.

ANDREW
You going to help me or not?

Marcus glances at Victor, and then laughs derisively. Andrew rises, and then turns away.

MARCUS
Wait a minute.

Andrew freezes.

MARCUS
Here's the deal. I can get you
to The Domain. And then you get
something for me.

ANDREW
Not interested.

MARCUS
I haven't told you what it is.

ANDREW
I don't like hidden agendas.

MARCUS
Look, I'm not the enemy.

ANDREW
You're not a friend, either.

MARCUS

So we both have our own agenda.
Nothing wrong with that.

ANDREW

I just want to save lives.

MARCUS

Really? You think if you find a
cure, or find a living Creator
Code, everything goes back to
the way it was. Including Orion.

ANDREW

So what's your agenda?
Overthrow Orion? Then what?

Marcus shrugs.

ANDREW

I'll take my chances with
science.

MARCUS

Look where it got Doctor Parker.

Andrew gives a noticeable reaction.

MARCUS

That's right. We know.

VICTOR

You're wasting your time. This
guy will end up killing
himself, just like his father.

Andrew bolts upright, upending the small table, grabbing
Victor's gun from beneath his smock. He drives Victor against
the wall, pointing the gun against the side of Victor's head.

MARCUS

Steps toward Andrew, moving slowly, as a gasping Victor
perspires heavily.

MARCUS

Easy, now.

ANDREW

Pushes the gun against Victor's temple, exchanging a tense
stare with Marcus. Andrew sighs, throwing the gun to the
floor, turning and walking across the room and out the door.

VICTOR

Breathes a sigh of relief, as Marcus gives an angry look.

MARCUS
What'd you do that for?

VICTOR
You were losing him.

MARCUS
If you had kept your big mouth
shut.

A sheepish Victor picks the table back up off the floor.

EXT. VICTOR'S CUSTOM PAINTINGS - BACK ALLEY ARCADE

Andrew pushes through the crowded marketplace, as Trevor runs up behind him.

TREVOR
Hey, wait up.

Andrew keeps walking.

TREVOR
I can help you.
(beat)
You wanna go to The Domain or
not?

Andrew stops and turns. A solemn Trevor measures his words.

TREVOR
A charity group goes over once
a week to deliver supplies.

ANDREW
When?

TREVOR
Tonight. But there's one catch.
I can get you into The Domain.
But I can't get you back. For
that, you'll be on your own.

Andrew swallows hard.

INT. ANDREW AND FIONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Fiona sits at a drafting table, poring over a pile of maps, speaking into her wrist-phone.

FIONA
Carmen, I'm working from home
today.

Fiona turns, as she hears the musical sound of the apartment doorbell. She gives a contemplative stare toward the door.

FRONT DOOR

Fiona opens the door, staring at

BRUNO

A large rock of a man with a probing stare and permanent scowl pasted on his face.

BRUNO
I'm Bruno.

Fiona looks dumbfounded.

BRUNO
I'm your midwife.

Without waiting, Bruno steps past Fiona into the apartment. Fiona looks completely exasperated.

FIONA
Look, I know Orion sent you,
but I don't need a midwife.

BRUNO
Sorry, but I already devised
your pregnancy program. By
order of Dr. Cortez.

Bruno holds out a piece of paper, which Fiona ignores.

BRUNO
Oh, by the way, I'm renting an
apartment down the hall.

FIONA
The hell you are.

BRUNO
Orders of Dr. Cortez.

Fiona looks bewildered, stabbing at the paper, grabbing it.

FIONA
I don't fucking believe this.

Bruno walks to the open door, as Fiona follows him, and then catches sight of a Fetal Detector attached to his belt. She closes the door, as Bruno stops the door with his foot.

BRUNO
Almost forgot. Our walking
exercises start tonight.

FIONA
Outside?

BRUNO
Twice a day. I'll pick you up
at six o'clock sharp.

FIONA
Can't wait.

Bruno steps into the hallway, as Fiona quickly closes the door. She turns, letting out an exasperated sigh.

INT. ORION TOWER — SECURITY MONITORING ROOM — NIGHT

Cortez and Rufus stand in a dark control room, staring at a wall of video screens and freeze-frame images. Seated in front of them is a computer security geek named PRESTON.

PRESTON
I compiled a list of people who
were detected by security
cameras the night of Doctor
Parker's untimely demise.

CORTEZ
Anything out of the ordinary?

PRESTON
Here's an image taken from the
nearby subway platform.

They stare at a grainy video of

ANDREW AND FIONA

Standing on the train platform, talking to a security guard.

CORTEZ
We checked all the employee
time logs. He wasn't here.

PRESTON
There's an after hours entrance
employees. No computer monitor.

RUFUS

I don't trust him.

CORTEZ

Rufus, let's deal with facts, shall we? We'll talk to the young man and see what he knows. In the meantime, keep looking for Darwin.

Rufus frowns, as Cortez gives him a look of scorn.

INT./EXT. RIVERSIDE CHECKPOINT – EVENING

Two large covered pickup trucks and a nondescript shuttle bus sit next to the riverside checkpoint.

INT./EXT. SHUTTLE BUS (PARKED)

An old-fashioned early 21st Century shuttle bus, holding a dozen people in two rows of seats. Andrew sits alone, as a GUARD stands in the doorway, talking to the DRIVER.

GUARD

Waste of time if you ask me.

DRIVER

Just an act of compassion.

The guard glances out the front window at the pickup trucks.

GUARD

When you get to the other side, just unload the trucks as fast as you can. It'll be dark soon.

The guard turns his gaze back to the inside of the bus, studying the occupants. He gives Andrew a long look, almost one of familiarity, as Andrew avoids eye contact.

GUARD

Nobody here will provide any protection for you, so you're on your own. Check in with me when you get back.

The guard slaps the palm of his hand on the dashboard, stepping off the bus, as the door closes. He stands next to another guard, shaking his head, watching the vehicles drive across the bridge toward the squalor of The Domain.

EXT. THE DOMAIN - RIVERSIDE - EVENING

The two trucks and shuttle bus are parked on the other side of the bridge within a stone's throw of several campfires and makeshift shanties, tents, and cardboard boxes.

THE RELIEF WORKERS

Stand in a row, handing boxes and supplies to one another. Andrew is the last person in the human chain, stacking the supplies on a grassy knoll. As everyone scurries back onto the bus, Andrew conceals himself behind the stack of boxes.

ANDREW

Watches the trucks and shuttle bus turn around and drive back over the bridge. He turns toward The Domain, catching sight of several people, making their way toward the supplies. As he passes, Andrew draws curious stares.

THE DOMAIN - EVENING

Andrew makes his way through the squalor and crowded living conditions of The Domain, ducking and walking sideways between structures of lumber that are all crammed together.

THE DOMAIN - SERIES OF SHOTS

A staggering beehive of rusted and crumbling corrugated iron roofs, held down by stones.

Barefoot and deformed children line the narrow, wet, and muddy footpath.

Flies hover over refuse, garbage, and excreta by a stream, whose color suggests pollution and contamination.

Groups of deranged people huddle together around campfires, talking to themselves, giving vacant stares into the fire.

ANDREW

Stops and surveys the hopelessness, listening to moans and groans coming from unknown corners. He glances in the distance to the shimmering skyline of the city, and then across the river to the riverside checkpoint.

INT./EXT. RIVERSIDE CHECKPOINT

The guard stands in front of the open doors to the shuttle bus, fuming at the bus driver.

GUARD

Every time this happens, the person never comes back alive. If at all. And you don't even know the guy's name.

A WOMAN pulls open a window.

WOMAN

I think I know him.

The guard glares at the woman, walking toward her.

INT. ANDREW AND FIONA'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

Fiona stands at her front door, wearing her black leather jacket. She gently opens the door, coming face to face with

BRUNO

Standing at attention in the hallway, looking as if he was waiting for the door to open.

BRUNO

You're early.

Fiona suppresses a scowl, clenching her teeth, pretending to be nonchalant about Bruno's sudden surprise.

FIONA

Just about to leave without you.

Fiona closes the door, as she follows Bruno down the corridor.

EXT. THE DOMAIN — GATHERING PLACE — NIGHT

An area of rusted-out bath tubs and decrepit troughs, filled with stagnant and standing water. Nearby stone slabs and boulders serve as makeshift benches and chairs. A steady stream of people come to collect water, bathe, or just sit.

ANDREW

Stands to one side, studying and searching everyone's face, looking at the deformed and crazed denizens of The Domain. Andrew appears crestfallen, as he glances at his watch.

MAN (O.S.)

Nice watch.

Andrew looks up and sees

TWO DEMENTED AND DISTRAUGHT-LOOKING MEN

Eyeing up Andrew's watch and clothes.

MAN

Name is Freud. This here is B.F.
Skinner.

SKINNER

What's your name?

ANDREW

Pavlov.

SKINNER

You new here?

ANDREW

Just visiting.

The men move threateningly closer to Andrew, who backs away.

FREUD

I want your watch. And the
fancy phone.

SKINNER

I want your clothes.

ANDREW

They're not for sale.

Andrew notices Freud brandishing a crudely made dagger.

FREUD

Guess we'll just have to cut
off your hand then.

ANDREW

Listen. I'm here to help you.

Both men laugh maniacally, as Freud lunges forward. Andrew sidesteps the assault, throwing Freud to the ground. Skinner jumps Andrew from behind, as Freud scrambles to his feet.

SKINNER

Stick him!

ANDREW

Throws Skinner off his back, charging into Freud. Both men tumble down an incline, falling into the bug-ridden stream.

ANDREW AND FREUD

Struggle in the water, as Freud gets the upper hand, holding Andrew beneath the water for what seems like an eternity. The water goes eerily calm, as Freud smiles. In an instant, Andrew re-appears, bursting through the surface of the water.

ANDREW

Emerges, gasping for air, throwing punches at Freud, whose body goes limp. Andrew drags and drops Freud onto the bank of the stream, and then trudges up the embankment with a look of exhaustion. He glances over his shoulder, just in time to see

FREUD

Holding a rock overhead, charging at Andrew. A SHOT rings out, as Freud freezes momentarily, and then drops to the ground. Andrew whirls, looking back up the hill to

TREVOR (FROM VICTOR'S CUSTOM PAINTINGS SHOP)

Standing defiantly and aiming an old-style assault rifle directly at Andrew. He lowers the weapon, offering a hand to Andrew, pulling him back up the embankment.

TREVOR

Let's go.

ANDREW

You just killed Freud. That can't be a good sign.

Trevor glances at Skinner, who remains on the ground and crawls toward the dropped dagger. Trevor gives a violent kick to Skinner's face, motioning for Andrew to follow him.

EXT. THE DOMAIN — FOOTPATH — NIGHT

Trevor and Andrew sidestep a variety of makeshift shacks, approaching a pile of scrap metal and rubbish. Trevor takes hold of a steel ring and lifts open a metal door.

TREVOR

This is as far as I go.

ANDREW

Peers into the makeshift grotto, hearing music from inside the dimly lit crawlspace. Andrew climbs over the scrap metal, ducking his head, stepping through the narrow opening.

INT. THE DOMAIN — WATERING HOLE

Andrew adjusts his eyes to the darkness. The interior is much larger than it appears from outside, resembling a tavern that is a collection of odds and ends — bar counter, booths, and tables — all thrown together in a large, sunken pit.

MARCUS (O.S.)

Over here.

Andrew looks down past the curious stares of the other seemingly normal patrons and sees

MARCUS

Sitting in a booth with two shot glasses and a bottle of whiskey. Lying on the table is an assault rifle.

ANDREW

Scrambles down into the pit, searching the faces for any sign of psychosis or insanity.

MARCUS

It's okay. Everyone is normal
in here.

Andrew takes a seat in the booth, across from Marcus.

WATERING HOLE — BOOTH

Marcus notices Andrew staring at the assault rifle.

MARCUS

Orion conducts nighttime raids.

Andrew looks startled.

MARCUS

Don't look so surprised. Plus,
it keeps the local crazies off
our back. They pretty much
leave us alone - usually.

(beat)

Orion's another story.

Andrew looks around, as Marcus pours the shots.

ANDREW
I've already met the lower end
of the pecking order.

MARCUS
Even The Domain has a class
system and a social ladder.

Marcus slides a shot across the table to Andrew, raising his glass. Andrew gives Marcus a questioning stare.

ANDREW
You sent Trevor after me when I
left the shop.

MARCUS
Had to be sure you were sincere.
Better safe than sorry.

ANDREW
From what I've seen, nobody
around here has Creator Code.

MARCUS
Relax.
(beat)
I have Creator Code.

Andrew stares in amazement, grabbing his shot glass, throwing it back. Marcus smiles, as Andrew leans back in the booth, enjoying the taste of the whiskey.

ANDREW
How can you be sure?

Marcus nods.

ANDREW
You could have saved me the
trouble.

MARCUS
I told you. I had to be sure
you didn't have ulterior
motives. I mean it does take a
desperate man to venture across
the river. Question is - why?

ANDREW
Let's start with what you want
from me. And cut the bullshit
this time.

MARCUS

I need maps.

(beat)

Old underground maps. Maps of the outlying areas. Outside the city. But they're classified.

ANDREW

Can't help you with that one.

MARCUS

Your wife Fiona can. Where she works. She could get them.

ANDREW

A sample of your blood in exchange for some maps.

(beat)

There's something else you're not telling me.

Marcus gives Andrew a probing stare.

MARCUS

Andrew, we have an intelligence community. We find out things we're not supposed to.

Andrew gives Marcus a suspicious look.

ANDREW

You're almost as bad as Orion.

MARCUS

So who is Darwin? And why is Orion doing everything in its power to find her?

Andrew looks stunned, pouring another shot glass of whiskey.

EXT. CITY STREETS — NIGHT

Fiona and Bruno walk silently along the sidewalk amidst a throng of pedestrians against the backdrop of video advertisements. Fiona steps with deliberation, eyeing Bruno nervously. She peers ahead through the crowd, and sees

A CHECKPOINT

Manned by Orion security officers, ushering all approaching women through a pair of Fetal Detectors.

FIONA

Freezes in her tracks, turning to Bruno.

FIONA
That's enough fresh air for me.

BRUNO
We just got started.

FIONA
I'm not feeling so good.

Fiona spots the Metro Coffeehouse across the street.

FIONA
Hot cup of tea might help.

BRUNO
Tea?

FIONA
Over there.

Fiona dashes across the street, as Bruno follows close behind.

EXT. METRO COFFEEHOUSE

A queue of PEOPLE stand before a stone-faced BOUNCER, as two people descend a stairwell into the café/nightclub. Fiona approaches the line, waving to the bouncer, who gives her a look of familiarity. She turns to Bruno.

FIONA
I'll just be a minute.

Fiona sidesteps the queue of people, heading toward the back alley. Bruno turns toward the street, pacing anxiously.

INT. METRO COFFEEHOUSE

Fiona emerges from the kitchen into the loud and raucous venue. The clientele and mood of the café is in stark contrast to yesterday morning.

FIONA

Catches sight of the Fetal Detectors up at the front door, as she shouts into the ear of Katrina, the barmaid. Katrina nods, and then ushers Fiona toward a back room.

INT. THE DOMAIN – WATERING HOLE – NIGHT

Andrew and Marcus sit in their booth, talking.

MARCUS

You're not safe across the river anymore. You know that. They'll find her.

ANDREW

From what I've seen over here, I'll take my chances.

MARCUS

You're no use to anybody if you're dead.

ANDREW

No offense, but I don't see any medical facilities over here.

Marcus motions for Andrew to follow him, slipping through a narrow door behind the bar.

EXT./INT. STAIRWELL – NIGHT

Marcus and Andrew quickly descend a dark and damp stairwell. As they walk, Marcus talks over his shoulder to Andrew.

MARCUS

How long would a vaccine take?

ANDREW

With your blood and a genetic map, I'd need access to some old research data.

(beat)

Inside Orion Sanatorium.

Marcus reacts with a look of unease and anxiety, as Andrew measures his words.

ANDREW

Several weeks. Maybe a few months.

MARCUS

Too long. Orion is planning something big against The Domain.

ANDREW

With a vaccine, Orion is out of business.

Marcus stops on the stairwell, looking at Andrew.

MARCUS

Orion is out of business when
the people stand up and fight.

ANDREW

It'll take more than drinking
buddies and antique weapons.

MARCUS

What do you suggest, doctor?
Oh, I forgot. You're all about
saving lives. Well, we don't
see much of that around here.

(beat)

I suppose I should do something
noble and grand – something
that leaves a lasting legacy.

ANDREW

Face it. Finding a cure and
informing the public is the
only option you got.

Marcus and Andrew push through a cast iron door into a
subterranean passageway.

ABANDONED SUBWAY PLATFORM – NIGHT

A brightly lit subway platform – long since abandoned. Scrap
metal and debris litter the platform. Sitting on the rails
is a long series of mismatched rail cars, carrying a
collection of 20th century vehicles, buses, and trucks.

INT./EXT. PASSENGER RAIL CARS

Staring through the windows of the cars are women and
children, while other men inspect and guard the platform.
The effect is one of preparation and anticipation.

ANDREW

Sees a gleaming white vehicle, sitting on a flatbed car.

ANDREW

The Orion Mobile Research Lab.

The Mobile Lab resembles a large futuristic recreational
vehicle, containing a variety of pristine medical equipment
inside. Andrew gives a sideways glance to Marcus, who has a
look of self-satisfaction.

MARCUS
State of the art facility.

ANDREW
I remember when this was
stolen. Cortez was furious.

Andrew turns to the passenger cars and faces in the windows.

MARCUS
It's the safest place in The
Domain. They won a special
lottery.

ANDREW
It's a bloody caravan. The maps
are for them.

MARCUS
Eventually Orion will find us.
And them.

ANDREW
Where are they going?

MARCUS
We've heard stories - about
great bodies of water.

ANDREW
That's all they are - stories.
It's all wasteland.

MARCUS
You and Fiona could go with
them. You'll be safe and have
time to develop the vaccine.
And then come back.

ANDREW
So my choices are - die in the
city, die in The Domain, or die
in the middle of nowhere.

MARCUS
And that my friend, is the only
option YOU got.

Long silence.

MARCUS
It's the only way - to find a
cure and keep your family safe.
Orion won't stop until they
find Fiona, and kill them both.

Andrew stares at the caravan train.

ANDREW
What do you get out of this?

MARCUS
If the people across the river
had the slightest shred of
doubt about Orion, it would all
be worth it to me.

Marcus manages a smile and shrugs, as Andrew winces at the piercing sound of an air raid signal. The platform scrambles into action, scattering in a variety of directions.

ANDREW
What's going on?

MARCUS
It's a raid.

Victor runs up along the platform.

VICTOR
Orion rangers. Doing a sweep.

MARCUS
Stick to the plan. I'll take
the good doctor back across.

MARCUS

Motions Andrew to the end of the platform. Marcus jumps into the darkness of the subway tracks, looking back to Andrew. Andrew hops into the tunnel, peering into the darkness, seeing

TWO OLD-FASHIONED MOTORCYCLES

Marcus straddles one of the motorcycles, as Andrew jumps atop the other one.

ANDREW
First-class transportation.

They start the motorcycles, revving the engines. Andrew peers ahead into the black tunnel, as Marcus shouts over to him.

MARCUS
Know how to ride these things?

Andrew revs the engine, pulling away, lifting the front wheels off the ground in an acrobatic maneuver. Marcus laughs, and then accelerates after him.

MOTORCYCLES (MOVING)

The headlights of the motorcycles cast a pale glow onto the tracks. The ride has a surreal and dreamlike quality, as the bouncing lights illuminate the wreckage and debris piled to the side of the tracks — from a bygone era.

EXT. THE DOMAIN — NIGHT

An Orion team of rangers and security officers make their way through the shantytown, burning a section of The Domain. In the distance, the skyline of the city can be seen.

INT./EXT. ANDREW AND FIONA'S APARTMENT — HALLWAY — MORNING

A weary Fiona stands in the corridor, staring at her apartment door. She glances around, and then enters the room.

INT. ANDREW AND FIONA'S APARTMENT

Fiona enters the sunken living room, as her eyes dart about the room. She turns to face

BRUNO

Staring impassively at Fiona, seemingly without emotion.

FIONA

There you are. How'd you get in here?

Bruno raises a Fetal Detector, pointing it at Fiona's forehead. Fiona recoils, as the barcode on her forehead glows RED, and an alarm screeches from the detector.

FIONA

Turns to run, as Bruno trips her, knocking her to the floor. Fiona rolls onto her back, delivering a crushing kick to Bruno's groin. Fiona scrambles to her feet, running into the workout room, slamming the door behind her.

EXT./INT. WORKOUT ROOM

Bruno stalks toward the workout room, pounding his shoulder against the door. He steps back, lowering his shoulder, flinging it open, as he stumbles into the workout room.

FIONA

Stands and wields a practice blade at Bruno, cutting into his flesh, but not slowing his advance. Fiona backpedals, swiping at Bruno with glancing blows. Fiona backs into the rack of practice blades, taking more swipes at Bruno.

BRUNO

Blocks the blade, snapping it in half. He smiles wickedly, as Fiona grabs another blade. She swings the blade, as Bruno snaps it in half. Bruno raises his Fetal Detector, reaching for a button that reads: TRANSMIT.

FIONA

Panic-stricken. Grabs another blade — the real thing this time — the one Andrew thought was a practice blade. She swings the heavy, steel blade toward an unsuspecting Bruno.

THE BLADE

Slices Bruno's forearm, severing his arm in half, dropping the Fetal Detector and the hand still clutching it to the floor. Bruno is stunned, opening his mouth, saying nothing.

FIONA

Thrusts the blade deep into Bruno's abdomen. She stands very close to Bruno, staring eye to eye, as he staggers backward and falls lifelessly to the floor. Fiona looks up and sees

ANDREW AND MARCUS

Standing in the doorway. Andrew runs to Fiona, as Marcus notices the flashing light on the detector, still being held by Bruno's severed arm. Marcus turns to a traumatized Fiona.

MARCUS

Did he push the TRANSMIT
button?

Fiona struggles to speak.

MARCUS

If he transmitted the Red
Alert, Orion security will
descend on this building in a
matter of minutes.

FIONA
I don't think so.

ANDREW
Are you sure?

Fiona nods, as Andrew looks up, turning white.

ANDREW
Cortez and Rufus.

MARCUS
Where?

Andrew points to

A WALL-MOUNTED VIDEO SCREEN

Cortez and Rufus stand outside the apartment door, waving to the video camera. Andrew glances over to Bruno's dead body, letting out a deep breath, swallowing hard.

INT./EXT. ANDREW AND FIONA'S APARTMENT — DOORWAY — MORNING

Andrew opens the door, staring into the corridor at a smiling Cortez and the ever impassive Rufus.

CORTEZ
May we come in?

ANDREW
Of course.

Andrew motions the two men into the apartment, feigning delighted surprised at their unannounced arrival.

ANDREW AND FIONA'S APARTMENT — LIVING ROOM

Fiona sits uneasily next to Andrew, opposite Cortez. Rufus paces the apartment, wearing his usual assortment of weaponry around his waist. Marcus is nowhere to be seen, as Fiona glances back to the closed door of the workout room.

CORTEZ
You forgot about your
appointment with Rufus.

ANDREW
Just running a bit late.

CORTEZ

I'm making allowances due to your relationship with Doctor Parker, but any delays in getting information will only hinder the investigation.

ANDREW

I understand.

CORTEZ

Did Doctor Parker have any special patients that only he consulted with?

ANDREW

None. We consulted with couples together.

Rufus has a puzzled look on his face, frowning noticeably.

RUFUS

Where's Bruno?

Fiona squirms in her seat.

FIONA

Sent him out. I had a craving.

CORTEZ

Did either of you consult with patients already pregnant?

ANDREW

Not part of our charter. We consulted with prospective couples and helped administer and perform the artificial insemination procedure.

CORTEZ

I know damn well what your charter is. So in all your time together these past five years, nobody ever came to see you that was already pregnant?

Andrew shakes his head.

ANDREW

As you know, pregnancies are handled at Orion Sanatorium.

FIONA

I assume you mean – aborted.

Andrew shoots Fiona a disapproving look, as Cortez leans forward in a menacing manner.

CORTEZ

I believe the correct term is –
illegal pregnancies.

ANDREW

Fiona's hormones are running
amok. You know how it is.

Fiona nervously re-positions herself on the couch, as Rufus walks toward the workout room.

CORTEZ

Andrew, the employee time logs
show you left the lab at five
o'clock, but you were seen
nearby at the Orion Central
subway station at three in the
morning. Can you explain that?

Andrew emits forced laughter, as he spots Rufus staring at the closed workout room door.

FIONA

(interrupting)

We were out celebrating.

RUFUS

What's in here?

ANDREW

Our workout room. I work on
pottery. Fiona has her fencing.

A startled Fiona sees Rufus try the door handle, as she gasps aloud, and then tries to conceal her outburst.

FIONA

It's a terrible mess in there.

Cortez notice of Fiona's reaction, rising from his seat.

CORTEZ

My dear, you have blood all
over your hand.

Fiona shoots a look to her hand, nervously rubbing it, trying to maintain her composure.

FIONA

Got a little carried away with
my fencing this morning.

Cortez has a questioning look, as he nods, and then motions for Rufus, who turns the knob on the door.

ANDREW

Rufus, if you don't mind. I'd rather you not walk in there while you're wearing all those explosives and detonators around your waist. The mix of chemicals from the pottery might be combustible.

RUFUS

Gives Andrew a look of contempt, removing one of the canisters from his belt, striking the igniter. The explosive lights up like a fireworks sparkler, as Fiona gasps, recoiling away from the sofa.

CORTEZ

Rufus, is this necessary?

Rufus carries the lit explosive to Andrew, standing nose to nose, holding the explosive right next to Andrew's face.

ANDREW

Remains undaunted, not flinching or moving, returning Rufus's glare with a poker face of his own.

RUFUS

Grunts and turns off the igniter just before it reaches its charge.

CORTEZ

Nice toy, Rufus. May we go now?

(beat)

My apologies to both of you for such a blatant show of disrespect. He has no manners.

Rufus replaces the explosive onto his belt.

CORTEZ

Just one more thing, Andrew. I don't suppose you do any volunteer work for any of these local charity groups?

ANDREW

Charity groups?

CORTEZ

The ones that take packages and humanitarian aid over to those freaks in The Domain.

ANDREW

Of course not. That's against the rules of working at Orion.

Rufus walks into the hallway, as Cortez pauses in the doorway.

CORTEZ

Andrew, I expect you at the lab by midday. Tragedy or not, there is work to be done.

ANDREW

Yes, sir.

CORTEZ

I wonder what's keeping Bruno.

ANDREW

Probably doesn't have enough hands to carry everything Fiona wants to eat.

Cortez freezes a moment, turning with a smile, exiting the apartment. Fiona and Andrew close the door, looking relieved.

INT. ANDREW AND FIONA'S APARTMENT — DAY (LATER)

Fiona leans over an oversized, transparent drafting table. Marcus and Andrew stand to either side, peering at the graphical image of a map displayed on the glass table.

FIONA

I have remote access to these files, but to make a copy, I'll have to go to the office.

INSERT — MAP IMAGE

A color-coded map, showing a large barren expanse. In the upper corner is a sizeable body of water. Marcus points to the vast area of brown.

MARCUS

What's this?

FIONA

The brown is desert. For miles.

ANDREW

Wasteland.

Marcus points to the body of water.

MARCUS

And this. A lake?

FIONA

It's much larger. Probably a sea. Maybe an ocean.

MARCUS

I knew it.

ANDREW

Can't be.

MARCUS

You still believe what Orion tells you.

ANDREW

More than a bunch of drunken stories around a campfire in The Domain.

Marcus looks slightly bemused, as he turns to Fiona.

MARCUS

I have to ask. Where'd you meet this guy?

Fiona glances at Andrew, blushing.

FIONA

Pottery class. I thought he was a left-wing starving artist.

ANDREW

I just wanted to sleep with her.

FIONA

When my friends found out he worked at Orion, they disowned me – until I told them he was finding a cure for The Plague.

ANDREW

It was meant to be.

FIONA

If you believe that sorta thing.

Marcus smiles, as he points again to the body of water.

MARCUS

Fiona, what do you say it is?

FIONA

I don't say anything. The map says it's a large body of water.

Andrew runs his finger along a railroad track until it terminates at the foot of the desert.

ANDREW

So the train unloads here, and the caravan crosses the desert.

MARCUS

There's enough petrol and supplies to travel almost two thousand miles. And not everyone will make it.

(beat)

But I must say. If the fuel gets used up, it's a one-way trip.

Andrew gives a solemn look to Fiona.

ANDREW

Tell me now if you don't want to do this.

Fiona sighs, giving a wistful stare to the map.

FIONA

I've spent half my life making maps of places I'll never go to or see. Besides, we don't have much choice anymore.

Andrew looks at the map, staring at the body of water.

ANDREW

You really think it's an ocean?

Marcus sits back, staring out the window to the menacing-looking building of Orion Sanatorium.

MARCUS

Have you ever been inside Orion Sanatorium?

Andrew shakes his head, as Marcus stares at the gray, cylindrical building.

MARCUS

In The Domain, we call it the House of Horrors.

(beat)

Seven years ago, my wife was murdered in that building.

Fiona and Andrew are taken aback, as Andrew gives Marcus a look of empathy.

MARCUS

We had complied with the artificial insemination program. When the Fetal Detectors tripped the alarm, nobody would listen to us. Mind you, we weren't exactly in the best standing with Orion. Hung out with the wrong crowd.

ANDREW

What'd you do before The Domain?

MARCUS

Engineer. Antennas and telecommunications. My specialty.

ANDREW

That was you on the video screen.

MARCUS

We've been trying some things – to piss them off.

Marcus stands, pointing at the map, looking at Fiona.

MARCUS

You okay getting copies?

Fiona nods, as she and Andrew exchange stares.

ANDREW

The way I figure, we've got less than twenty-four hours before they find Fiona. It's just a matter of time.

MARCUS

Okay, the caravan leaves tonight. With or without you.

Fiona touches the screen, as the map image extinguishes. The screen goes black.

INT. ORION TOWER – CORTEZ'S PENTHOUSE/HEADQUARTERS – DAY

Cortez stands before a console of video screens, showing images of The Domain encampment from across the river. Rufus enters the room, looking at Cortez, shaking his head.

CORTEZ

I'm afraid Darwin has fled to
The Domain. Just as well.

Cortez walks to a credenza, reaching for a bottle, pouring himself a drink. He takes several pills into his hand, throwing them back, taking a long gulp from the glass.

CORTEZ

I've informed the president
he'll need to make a televised
address this evening.

Cortez gives a sinister look to Rufus.

CORTEZ

Forces are ready. By morning,
The Domain will be wiped off
the face of the earth.

RUFUS

The president will never agree.
And there'll be protests.

CORTEZ

The president does what we tell
him. He knows the military only
listens to Orion Security. And
you underestimate the general
public. They are very trusting.

RUFUS

And Darwin?

Cortez frowns, as he drains his drink.

CORTEZ

Keep looking.

Rufus nods, and then leaves the room.

INT. ORION MEDICAL RESEARCH LAB – DAY

Andrew and Marcus enter the lab, drawing a curious stare from EVELYN (50s), a nurse with a stern face and body language. Andrew motions Marcus into a reclining chair, preparing to draw blood. Evelyn approaches, studying Marcus suspiciously.

ANDREW
 Evelyn, say hello to Mister
 Wilson. He'll be giving us an
 unusual amount of blood today.

Marcus flashes a smile to the unbending Evelyn, as Andrew
 injects the needle, and then watches Marcus's dark red blood
 travel along a plastic tube into a waiting plastic bag.

ANDREW
 One pint now. Another pint an
 hour from now. I need to do a
 full DNA and genetic workup.

ANDREW

Grabs a tote bag, spreading it open, revealing an insulated
 bag with compartments for storing blood and syringes. Evelyn
 gives an inquiring stare, as Andrew turns to leave.

EVELYN
 I forgot to tell you. Rufus
 stopped by. Said he's checking
 all the video cameras from the
 night of Doctor Parker's death.

ANDREW
 I thought he already did that.

EVELYN
 Not the cameras from each
 individual workstation. He
 specifically asked for yours.

Andrew shoots a look to Marcus, and then feigns a casual
 look to Evelyn, whose expression remains unyielding.

INT. FIONA'S OFFICE — DAY

Fiona stands at her drafting table, gathering a roll of
 papers. She places them into a plastic tube, walking away.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Oh, Fiona.

She turns to see a young, male co-worker named IAN (20s),
 leering at her with a dubious expression on his face.

IAN
 Forget something?

Ian points at the tube underneath Fiona's arm, as a perplexed
 Fiona has a deer-in-the-headlights look on her face.

IAN
You left the cap on your desk.

Fiona glances down and notices the rolled up maps are sticking out of the tube. She matter-of-factly shoves them back inside, giving a sheepish grin to a self-satisfied Ian.

FIONA

Retraces her steps, collecting the cap from her desk, screwing it onto the tubing. She manages a smile, and then walks out the door, as Ian watches her.

EXT. FIONA'S OFFICE BUILDING - SIDEWALK - DAY

Fiona stands for a moment, surveying the street scene. She turns, joining the pedestrian procession along the sidewalk. She notices a number of people, stopping to watch the video screens along the footpath. Fiona stops to look.

INSERT - VIDEO SCREEN

A somber gray-haired man sits behind a desk, looking grave.

PRESIDENT
(on video screen)
We have no quarrel with the people of The Domain, who have suffered for far too long. And liberty for people of The Domain is a great moral cause. But there is an element of danger from within The Domain and our intelligence tells us there are hidden weapons and secret plans that threaten the very fabric of our society. In short, they pose an immediate and very real danger.

BACK TO SCENE

Fiona swallows hard, and then quickens her pace.

INT. ORION MEDICAL COMPLEX - UNDERGROUND WALKWAYS - DAY

Andrew walks quickly along a long corridor, arriving at an intersection, following a sign that reads: ORION SANITORIUM

INT. ORION SANITORIUM – UNDERGROUND CHECKPOINT

A solitary checkpoint with TWO ARMED SECURITY GUARDS. Andrew casually turns to an adjacent hallway. The guards give a once-over to Andrew's white lab coat and nametag credentials.

INT. ORION SANATORIUM – BASEMENT ARCHIVES ENTRANCE

CHARLIE (64), a graying man, sits at a desk with his feet propped up, reading a book. On the wall in front of him are

VIDEO SCREENS

Showing mostly empty hallways. One of the video screens shows the image of the president with the sound turned off.

ANDREW

Arrives, looking a bit harried. Charlie looks up and smiles.

CHARLIE
Thought you changed your mind.

Charlie removes his bookmark, motioning Andrew to the door. Charlie uses the bookmark as a security card, sliding it into a slot, unlocking the latch of the door.

CHARLIE
Old-fashioned security door.

Charlie pushes the door ajar, and then steps away.

ANDREW
Aren't you going in with me?

CHARLIE
I only go in there when I
absolutely have to.

ANDREW
Just a bunch of computer disks.

CHARLIE
Not the room that bothers me.

Charlie leans forward, giving Andrew a grave look.

CHARLIE
Whatever you do, no matter what
you hear, don't open the red door.

Andrew nods, looking slightly bemused by Charlie.

INT. ORION SANATORIUM — BASEMENT ARCHIVES

Andrew closes the door behind him, as a pale light illuminates the narrow room, consisting of wall-mounted shelves with an assortment of computer storage media.

ANDREW

Scans the shelves, stopping at a label.

INSERT — LABEL

RESEARCH LAB — EARLY TRIALS — PARKER

BACK TO SCENE

Andrew notices another shelf, looking puzzled.

INSERT — LABEL

ORION MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION ON HUMAN SUBJECTS.

BACK TO SCENE

Andrew rifles through both shelves, grabbing a bunch of storage diskettes. He catches a glimpse of an adjacent shelf.

INSERT — LABEL

ORION PERSONNEL & MEDICAL HISTORY

BACK TO SCENE

Andrew grabs more diskettes, sitting at a transparent table, watching the diskette display on the table in front of him.

ANDREW

Scans the data, and then freezes at the sound of a blood curdling SCREAM, from somewhere inside Orion Sanatorium — as Andrew shoots a look to the top of the landing at

THE RED DOOR

Behind the door, another SCREAM is heard.

ANDREW

Swallows hard, as he turns and reads.

INSERT — COMPUTER SCREEN TEXT — ANDREW TRUMAN

METHOD OF BIRTH: ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

ANDREW

Stares slack-jawed. He scrolls further down the screen.

INSERT — COMPUTER SCREEN TEXT — ANDREW TRUMAN

PARENTAL PREFERENCE: MOTHER REQUESTS INTEREST IN POTTERY.
PARENTAL PREFERENCE: FATHER REQUESTS MEDICAL VOCATION.

ANDREW

Looks stunned, grabbing the computer disks with the label: MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION ON HUMAN SUBJECTS. Another SCREAM, as Andrew shoots an anxious look to the red door.

EXT. PARK/PLAYGROUND — DAY

Fiona sits huddled on a park bench, watching small children play on old-fashioned 20th century playground equipment. Fiona holds the plastic tubing across her lap.

TREVOR (O.S.)
Those the maps?

Fiona looks up, nodding and handing the maps to Trevor.

FIONA
We haven't got much time, do we?

TREVOR
As soon as Marcus and Andrew show up, we're outta here.

Trevor shoots a glance to the strangers at the playground, giving everyone a distrustful stare. He walks across a green lawn, stopping at the open window of a large white van.

INT./EXT. WHITE VAN (PARKED)

Victor sits inside the van, as Trevor hands the maps through the window. Victor takes the maps and starts the engine.

PARK/PLAYGROUND

Fiona sits on the park bench, watching a small BOY playing. The boy's MOTHER sits on another bench on the opposite side.

THE BOY

Holds something in his hand, pretending it's an airplane. He looks up and smiles at Fiona. He walks toward Fiona, who holds out her hand, and then recoils in fear at the sight of

A FETAL DETECTOR

Pointed at Fiona's forehead. The detector illuminates Fiona's barcode, as it displays a bright red color.

BOY

Bang. Bang.

The detector emits an ear-piercing SIREN, as the mother screams for the boy, who drops the detector and runs to his mother.

FIONA

Panic-stricken and terrified. She covers her ears, drawing the stares of curious onlookers. She turns and runs.

TREVOR

Leaves the van, chasing after Fiona, but stops when he sees Security Officers already in hot pursuit.

INT. ORION SANATORIUM – BASEMENT ARCHIVES – DAY

Andrew stands in front of the red door, staring at a flickering and flashing white light coming from beneath the bottom of the door. More SCREAMS are heard.

ANDREW

Unlocks the latch, opening the door, as a scrawny and bloody arm appears, flailing wildly at Andrew. Demented SCREAMS and SHRIEKS. Andrew grapples with the unknown assailant before slamming the door shut. Andrew gasps for air.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Hey, what's going on in there?

Andrew regains his composure, collecting his computer disks.

INT. BASEMENT ARCHIVES ENTRANCE — HALLWAY

An agitated Charlie stands outside the door, watching Andrew step through the door. Charlie swipes his security card and replaces it inside his book. Charlie studies Andrew, who steadies his breathing.

CHARLIE
I told you. The stuff I hear
gives me nightmares.

Andrew looks distracted, turning his gaze to the video screen.

PRESIDENT
(on video screen)
We must choose between a world
of fear and a world of
progress. We cannot stand by
and do nothing while dangers
gather. We must stand up for
our security, and for the
rights and hopes of mankind.

ANDREW
What's going on?

CHARLIE
Something big.

PRESIDENT
(on video monitor)
I've ordered a cleansing mission
to be undertaken against The
Domain. It will be carried out
with extreme prejudice.

Andrew turns and walks quickly, nearly running, reaching for his wrist-phone.

INTERCUT — ANDREW WALKING/MARCUS GIVING BLOOD

ANDREW
Orion is marching on The
Domain. Tonight.

MARCUS
I knew it.

ANDREW
That's just the tip of the
iceberg. I've seen classified
records about the artificial
insemination program.

Andrew notices two approaching ORION EMPLOYEES, as he stops talking, and then lowers his voice to a whisper.

ANDREW
It's not just Orion we can't trust. It's everybody.

MARCUS
What do you mean — everybody?

ANDREW
Don't wait for me. And don't talk to anybody.

MARCUS
Welcome to my world.

Marcus exchanges stares with a suspicious Evelyn.

INT. ORION TOWER — SECURITY MONITORING ROOM — DAY

Cortez and Rufus stand in the dark control room, staring at a wall of video screens and freeze-frame images. Preston sits in front of a computer console.

PRESTON
Here's a list of Doctor Parker's outgoing messages.

CORTEZ
Don't waste my time with mundane work-related chatter.

PRESTON
His last entry is a video message sent within five minutes of his death.

CORTEZ
That old weasel.

RUFUS
Sent to whom?

PRESTON
Andrew Truman.

Rufus and Cortez have a disbelieving look on their faces.

PRESTON
That's not all. Here's a video freeze-frame from Truman's workstation. Taken at two AM the night of Parker's death.

VIDEO SCREEN FREEZE-FRAME

Andrew and Fiona hug one another at Andrew's workstation.

CORTEZ
What is she doing there?

Preston stabs at the buttons on his console, leaning back with a look of self-satisfaction.

PRESTON
I ran a barcode comparison between Darwin and the latest barcode for Fiona Holland. The data showed a 99% match as being the same person.

CORTEZ
The best place to hide something is in plain sight.

PRESTON
She's Darwin.

CORTEZ

Seethes, staring at the life-size images of Marcus and Fiona.

CORTEZ
Find them.

Rufus freezes, touching his earlobes with his forefinger, listening to an incoming transmission. He turns to Cortez.

RUFUS
Darwin is on the run. Spotted by a civilian Fetal Detector.

Cortez points defiantly at Rufus.

CORTEZ
Tell your people in the field we now have a face for Darwin.

An angry Cortez turns to the large video screen, staring with disdain at the life-size image of Fiona's face.

CORTEZ
I want her awake when we abort the fetus. As for Andrew, just get rid of him.

Rufus leaves the control room, as Cortez stares at the grainy freeze-frame image of Fiona.

INT. ORION RESEARCH LABORATORY — DAY

Andrew takes one last look into a microscope, as the adjacent computer produces a shiny diskette. Andrew pockets the diskette, grabbing the blood transport tote bag.

BLOOD TRANSPORT BAG

Andrew packs two pints of Marcus's blood and a handful of syringes — one with the label: DARWIN.

INT. ORION MEDICAL COMPLEX — CORRIDOR

A contingent of Orion security personnel march down the hallway.

ORION RESEARCH LABORATORY

Andrew zips the bag shut, slinging it over his shoulder, turning to leave. He goes to the main door, and then spots the security officers through the glass window of the door.

ANDREW

Turns and exchanges stares with a stone-faced Evelyn.

EVELYN

You were here the night Doctor
Parker was killed.

ANDREW

I don't have time to explain.

Evelyn says nothing, as Andrew becomes frantic.

ANDREW

For chrissakes, who are you
going to trust? Me or Orion?

Andrew dashes into the examination room, closing the door.

EXAMINATION ROOM

Andrew searches the room, focusing on the linen depository hatch: RECYCLE CHUTE—SOILED LINEN AND SUPPLIES. He opens the hatch, staring into a dark tube, dropping out of sight.

MAIN LABORATORY

Evelyn greets the arriving security officers.

EVELYN

He's in there.

The officers break into a run, as Evelyn has a smug expression on her face, looking pleased with herself.

EXAMINATION ROOM — LINEN DEPOSITORY

Andrew clutches the tote bag against his chest, as he climbs into the hatch and throws himself into the chute. He drops quickly and with great speed through a dark void, landing with a heap into a

DUMPSTER

Filled with soiled linen, used syringes, and assorted gels and liquids. Andrew looks overwhelmed by the stench, as he scrambles out of the bin. He hears an engine START, turning and spotting a delivery truck, pulling out of a loading zone.

ANDREW

Chases after the truck, running alongside, waving to the DRIVER, who slows the truck. Andrew climbs inside.

ANDREW

Thanks, I missed my ride.

The driver gives a questioning look to Andrew, who is covered with all sorts of dried blood and muck.

ANDREW

Trauma victim. Not a pretty sight.

Andrew glances anxiously over his shoulder, as the driver navigates the delivery truck out of the underground garage.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN ORION CITY — DAY

Fiona jogs down a deserted alley, glancing over her shoulder. She has a haggard look, as she spots the backdoor to the Metro Coffeehouse. She quickens her pace, and then abruptly freezes, as she stares into the lifeless eyes of

RUFUS

Stepping out from behind a rubbish bin. He brandishes a Fetal Detector, sounding the ear-piercing alarm.

FIONA

Turns to run, but is quickly surrounded by a posse of robotic rodents. She doesn't move, as Rufus walks toward her.

INT. ANDREW AND FIONA'S APARTMENT — STAIRWELL/HALLWAY — DAY

Andrew races up the stairwell of his apartment building, emerging into the hallway, carrying the tote bag. He sees

TREVOR

Pacing anxiously in front of Andrew's apartment door.

ANDREW

Where's Fiona?

Trevor gives Andrew a grim and guilty stare.

INT. ANDREW AND FIONA'S APARTMENT — WORKOUT ROOM

Andrew strides into the workout room, walking toward his collection of pottery. He stops at the table, staring at the dozen brightly colored bowls and vases.

ANDREW

Grabs a bowl, smashing it against the brick wall. He grabs another bowl and a vase, hurling them against the wall. In a fit of rage, Andrew throws and smashes everything until the shelf is bare. He stands, breathing heavily.

MARCUS (O.S.)

Feel better?

Andrew glances over his shoulder and sees Marcus standing in the doorway while Trevor paces nervously behind him.

TREVOR

We can't stay here.

ANDREW

It doesn't matter anymore.

TREVOR

This is the first place they'll look.

Andrew turns, looking demoralized and defeated.

ANDREW

Ever since my father died, all I ever wanted to do was continue his work. Make his life worthwhile.

MARCUS

You already have.

ANDREW

What do I have to show? Aside from years of wasted research.

(beat)

I mean, the artificial insemination program is a farce. It creates the same genetic map for everyone.

Andrew has a look of resignation.

ANDREW

Certain behavioral tendencies. Submissiveness, obedience, conformity. Orion is producing an army of sheep. And I helped them do it.

MARCUS

We always knew something was rotten with the program.

ANDREW

Fiona could never understand why I was so trusting of Orion.

TREVOR

Can we talk about this somewhere else?

ANDREW

Here I thought I was a natural birth. And all along, I was part of the insemination program. Didn't even know it.

MARCUS

You know it now.

ANDREW

I don't know who the hell I am anymore. Everything I've based my life on is a complete sham.

Andrew gives a defiant look to Marcus.

ANDREW

And that's not the best part.
Because when you get right down
to it — the people in The
Domain are the normal ones.

Trevor sighs, pacing behind an attentive Marcus.

ANDREW

At least they're real. We're the
ones who are fucked up. We're
infected and we don't know it.
Infected with a genetic profile
we never asked for.

MARCUS

You can still find a cure. We
still need a vaccine.

Andrew lets out a deep sigh.

ANDREW

I'm not leaving without Fiona.

MARCUS

Andrew, she's already gone.

ANDREW

You don't know that.

MARCUS

Okay, let's assume she's still
alive. What then?

ANDREW

That's my problem. I don't
expect you to be part of this.

MARCUS

There's a trainload of people
waiting for you. You can still
find a cure. Save millions of
lives. That's your reality.
What's more important?

ANDREW

The only thing that's real for
me right now — is Fiona and my
child. They're the only thing
that matters.

MARCUS

It's suicide.

ANDREW

If you had the chance to do it
all over again and it was your
wife, what would you do?

Andrew gives one last look to the shattered pottery pieces,
and then slings the tote bag over his shoulder.

TREVOR

Super. Okay then. Can we at
least get the hell out of here?

MARCUS

Wait a minute.

Andrew stops, as Trevor shoots an incredulous look to Marcus.

INT. ORION SANATORIUM – 8TH FLOOR OR – OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

Cortez stands in the dark room, staring into the operating
room, as Rufus enters.

RUFUS

They're entering the medical
complex.

CORTEZ

Instruct everyone to let them
through. He wants to get inside
Orion Sanatorium. So let him.

(beat)

And have the experimental
patients released for exercise.

Rufus nods, as Cortez turns.

INT. ORION MEDICAL COMPLEX – UNDERGROUND WALKWAYS

Andrew and Marcus stride down a long corridor, retracing
Andrew's earlier steps.

ORION SANITATORIUM – UNDERGROUND CHECKPOINT

A solitary checkpoint with the same TWO ARMED SECURITY
GUARDS as earlier. Andrew and Marcus approach in their lab
coats, wearing white surgical masks.

ANDREW

Gives a dismissive wave, as he and Marcus turn down the
corridor toward the basement archives.

THE GUARD

Watches them, muttering to the other guard.

GUARD
Walking into their own graveyard.

The guards watch them disappear down the end of the hallway.

INT. ORION SANATORIUM – BASEMENT ARCHIVES ENTRANCE

CHARLIE sits at his desk with his nose stuck in his book. He glances up with a look of astonishment.

CHARLIE
Jesus, Andrew. What are you
doing back here?

Andrew snatches the bookmark from the desk, turning to the door of the basement archives.

CHARLIE
Are you crazy?

Andrew slides the bookmark into the wall slot, as the door unlatches. Andrew and Marcus hurriedly dash inside the basement archives, as the door slams shut.

ORION SANATORIUM – BASEMENT ARCHIVES

Andrew and Marcus clamber up onto the landing, standing before the red basement door that leads into Orion Sanatorium. From beneath his lab coat, Andrew removes several digital syringes, handing one to Marcus.

ANDREW
Okay, it's a nine-story
building. The only safe floors
are floors seven, eight, and
nine. The OR is on Floor Eight.

MARCUS
What's on the other floors?

ANDREW
Every bad dream you ever had.

Andrew turns the knob, opening the door slowly.

INT. ORION SANATORIUM – GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY

A dark corridor. The only light is a broken beam that runs the length of the ceiling, flickering and flashing like a strobe light, creating an otherworldly effect.

ANDREW

Find an elevator. Some stairs.

They move slowly through the surreal interior, stepping over broken glass on the debris-covered floor, hearing SCREAMS. Further down the hallway are catatonic-like PATIENTS, sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall, staring aimlessly.

ANDREW

Takes a peek into a room devoid of furniture where water covers the floor. He observes a thrashed bed frame, a battered glass cupboard, and a rusted urinal. He sees

SMALL UNMARKED AMBER BOTTLES

Dozens of them all over the counters, filled with various liquids. Handwritten patient records are scattered on the floor. On a filthy and cluttered table are test tube specimens.

ANDREW

Goes back into the hallway, and then freezes when he hears a SCREAM. He turns to see

A PSYCHOTIC PATIENT (ONE OF THE ARRESTED PROTESTORS)

Charging toward him with a shard of broken glass. Andrew grapples with the attacker, sticking a syringe into his neck. Andrew holds the attacker until his agitated movements cease, and then closes his eyes, as his body goes limp.

ANDREW

Moves away from the sleeping body, as Marcus appears from an adjacent corridor. Marcus looks stunned.

MARCUS

I know him. He was in the
protest the other day.

Andrew exchanges a tense look with Marcus, motioning to move forward through the eerie light.

INT. ORION SANATORIUM – 8TH FLOOR OPERATING ROOM

A semi-conscious Fiona is wheeled into the operating room. In the observation room, Cortez flips several switches, hissing into a microphone. The sound of Cortez's voice reverberates through the operating room and rest of the building.

CORTEZ

(over the intercom)

I don't think you ever really understood or appreciated my work here at Orion Sanatorium. Perhaps now you will.

Fiona rolls her head to one side, noticing Cortez's silhouette in the observation room.

INT. ORION SANATORIUM – 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY

Andrew hears Cortez's voice, echoing throughout the corridor, as he comes to another doorway, peering inside at

A MAKESHIFT OPERATING ROOM

A trashed room with more debris. On the table lies a naked corpse that has been recently cut into.

ANDREW

Creeps down the corridor, peering through the darkness. Cortez's voice provides an eerie backdrop.

CORTEZ

(over the intercom)

We were left with a legacy of overpopulation and disease. The insemination program enabled us to overcome it and create a true master race. The rest of the world has rendered itself irrelevant due to The Plague. And we have prospered.

Andrew and Marcus arrive at an elevator.

CORTEZ

(over the intercom)

If we find a cure, we go back to the way it was. Uncertainty. Imperfection with childbirth. Terminal illnesses through heredity.

Cortez emits a slightly demented-sounding laugh, as Marcus tries the buttons on the elevator. No response.

CORTEZ
(over the intercom)
A populace of free thinkers.
Without consensus, you may as
well be living in The Domain
You might even say the inmates
would be running the asylum.

Andrew jams his fingers between the elevator doors, prying them open, stepping inside.

INT. ELEVATOR

Andrew stabs at the buttons, but the elevator doesn't move.

CORTEZ
(over the intercom)
Andrew, you are just as
misguided as your father was.
Eventually, I assigned Rufus to
dispose of him. I'm afraid we'll
have to do the same with you.

Andrew reacts to the revelation about his father, suddenly looking very single-minded. Marcus steps inside, removing a utility box panel, studying a maze of switches and wires. He glances over to Andrew.

MARCUS
You okay?

ANDREW
My father never killed himself.

MARCUS
Of course not.

Andrew glances into the corridor, hearing the sound of footsteps. Several footsteps. Many of them running.

ANDREW
You may wanna hurry.

Marcus fumbles with the circuitry, as the sound of running footsteps and maniacal screams grow louder and closer. Andrew stares into the corridor, seeing silhouettes and shadows bouncing along the walls.

ANDREW
Let's go.

IN THE CORRIDOR

A half-dozen insane and psychotic patients turn the corner, running headlong toward the elevator. The elevator lurches, and then whirs to life.

INT. ELEVATOR

Jerks and climbs upward, as the doors remain open. The crazed patients reach the elevator shaft, jumping and flailing in frustration, as the elevator rises out of reach.

ELEVATOR (MOVING)

Andrew and Marcus exchange nervous glances, as the elevator passes a sign: FLOOR #3. The elevator climbs, passing FLOOR #4, FLOOR #5, and then sputters at FLOOR #6 in front of an open door. Through the open doors can be seen

A GROUP OF INFECTED PATIENTS

Pacing the hallway. They see the open elevator, charging toward Andrew and Marcus. A PATIENT leaps through the opening, grabbing hold of the moving elevator platform.

ANDREW

Reaches for the man's hand, attempting to pull him to safety.

MARCUS

What are you doing?

Andrew struggles with the crazed man, losing his grip, watching him fall down the shaft to his death.

MARCUS

He would have killed you.

Andrew glares at Marcus, as the elevator climbs upward.

THE ELEVATOR (MOVING)

Arrives at FLOOR #7 and stops. Everything goes silent.

MARCUS

That's it. You did say seven, eight, and nine are safe floors?

Andrew nods, and then pries open the doors, as they step onto the seventh floor.

INT. ORION SANATORIUM – 7TH FLOOR – NIGHT

White walls and marble floors amidst a sterile-looking interior. The pristine appearance is in marked contrast to the gruesome floors below. The hallways are quiet and empty.

ANDREW
Maybe some stairs.

Andrew hears laughter and voices from down the corridor. He follows the voices, stopping and then stepping inside a door that reads: CAUTION: GERM RESEARCH LABORATORY.

ORION SANATORIUM – 7TH FLOOR – GERM RESEARCH LABORATORY

A SURGEON and INTERN stand over an unconscious patient, performing a procedure. Andrew gives a look of familiarity.

DOCTOR REILLY
Poor bastard will wake up and wonder why he hears voices. Blame it all on his upbringing.

Reilly hears a noise, turning and removing his mask — he is the bespectacled doctor who asked a lot of questions at Doctor Parker's symposium. The intern is Dave, the dart player.

DOCTOR REILLY
How'd you get in here?

ANDREW
Doctor Reilly. You're coming with us.

DOCTOR REILLY
I have a patient here.

Andrew looks at the patient, glancing around the room, giving Doctor Reilly a look of disdain.

ANDREW
A patient?

DOCTOR REILLY
Spare me the condescending looks.

ANDREW
It's the best I can do when I find out there's another research department conducting human experiments. Creating new strains of The Plague.

(beat)
You're infecting healthy people.

DOCTOR REILLY
They're quarantined on the
lower floors. They never get
into the general public.

ANDREW
All in the name of science.

DOCTOR REILLY
Don't patronize me. If Cortez
gives you a new assignment, you
do whatever you're told. You
could just as easily be doing
the same thing, and you know it.

MARCUS
How do we get to the eighth floor?

DOCTOR REILLY
There's a stairwell. It
connects all the safe floors.
The elevator goes from here
straight to the basement. It's
programmed not to stop on any
of the patient floors.

ANDREW
C'mon, you're our escort.

DOCTOR REILLY
Forget it. They have rodent
robots all over the place.

Andrew removes a syringe, wrapping his arm around Reilly's neck. In one motion, Andrew sticks the tip of the needle firmly against Doctor Reilly's neck, drawing blood.

ANDREW
If I stick you with this, those
robots are going to think
you're a pregnant fugitive
named Darwin, so move it.

A frightened Doctor Reilly cowers in fear, watching Andrew out of the corner of his eye, as Andrew tightens his grip. Andrew grabs Doctor Reilly forcefully by the shoulder, shoving him through the doorway into the corridor.

ORION SANATORIUM — 8TH FLOOR OPERATING ROOM

Fiona lies on the operating table. DOCTOR EVANS, a woman surgeon, organizes a tray of surgical instruments. TWO MASKED SURGEONS — a concealed Andrew and Doctor Reilly — enter the room.

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

Cortez paces with Rufus, and then grabs the microphone.

CORTEZ
What's going on?

DOCTOR REILLY
Emergency downstairs. We need
Doctor Evans.

CORTEZ
Whatever it is, it can wait.

ANDREW
I'll take over, sir.

A suspicious Rufus speaks into the microphone.

RUFUS
Any problems with the intruders?

Andrew shakes his head. Rufus nods, smiling at Cortez.

CORTEZ
Rufus, perhaps you should send
down a security detail. And
return the patients to their
dorms and initiate a lock-down.

Rufus quietly leaves the observation room.

OPERATING ROOM

An anxious Doctor Reilly ushers a confused Doctor Evans out of the operating room. Andrew looks down at a semi-conscious Fiona, giving her a purposeful stare. She has an immediate reaction, recognizing Andrew, who takes her hand.

ANDREW
I need to change something.
It'll just take a minute.

CORTEZ
Hurry the hell up.

Andrew nods, pushing Fiona's gurney through the door.

PREPARATION ROOM

A drowsy Fiona slowly regains some semblance of composure, taking her clothes from Andrew. Doctor Reilly and Doctor Evans give a guilty stare to Fiona, as she steps off the table.

8TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Andrew, Fiona, and Marcus emerge into the hallway, and then look up and see

RUFUS AND DOZENS OF RODENT ROBOTS

Standing in their path. The small robots scurry all over the place, projecting an aura of creepy intimidation.

RUFUS

Do you have any idea what these robots do to human flesh when a red alert is sounded? It's really quite something to see.

Rufus glares at Andrew.

ANDREW

Slides his hand into his jacket pocket, grabbing a syringe.

ANDREW

Let's find out.

With lightning-fast speed and precision, he FLINGS the syringe, like an expert dart player. The syringe impales Rufus's thigh, as he grimaces with pain. In an instant, Andrew hurls another syringe into Rufus's abdomen. Bulls-eye.

ANDREW

In about ten seconds, you'll make medical science as the world's first pregnant man.

Andrew removes a small, red metallic Fetal Detector, as a look of dread comes across Rufus's face. Andrew points the Fetal Detector at Rufus's forehead.

RUFUS'S FOREHEAD

A soft red hue appears. Within seconds, an ear-piercing SIREN is heard, as the robotic Fetal Detectors freeze and within seconds, they descend on Rufus, who turns to flee, but is quickly overcome.

ANDREW, MARCUS, AND FIONA

Run for the stairwell, as the siren and Rufus's screams are heard, echoing through the corridor.

ORION SANATORIUM – 7TH FLOOR

Andrew, Marcus, and Fiona emerge from the stairwell and race down the hallway toward the open elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR

They scramble into the elevator, as Marcus reaches into the utility box, and then starts the elevator.

MARCUS

No stops this time.

Fiona and Andrew stand against the far wall, as Marcus manipulates the switches and circuits in the utility box.

INT. 8TH FLOOR – CORRIDOR

Cortez stalks the hallway, as a group of OFFICERS arrive.

INT. ELEVATOR (MOVING)

The elevator arrives in the basement, as Andrew and Fiona quickly hop off into an underground parking garage. Andrew spots a parked ambulance, as Marcus emerges from the elevator.

MARCUS

Made a small programming change.

Andrew, Fiona, and Marcus climb inside the ambulance.

INT./EXT. AMBULANCE

Andrew settles into the driver's seat, turning the ignition, revving the engine. Andrew accelerates the car through the garage, as he approaches a checkpoint, where a GUARD steps out into the path of the ambulance.

ANDREW

Puts his foot to the floor with tires squealing. The guard dives to one side, as the ambulance crashes through the checkpoint and into the night air.

INT. ORION SANATORIUM – ELEVATOR (MOVING)

The elevator stops momentarily on one of the patient floors, as a group of psychotic patients scramble into the elevator, before it moves upward to the next floor.

INT. ORION SANATORIUM – 8TH FLOOR

Cortez walks quickly down the hallway with Doctor Reilly, Doctor Evans, and Dave the intern.

CORTEZ
Security will stop them. If any
of you were complicit in any
way, you can join the rest of
those freaks you call patients.

Cortez waves for everyone to follow.

CORTEZ
Take the elevator. It's quicker.

The doctors catch up to Cortez, who has his finger pressed firmly against the elevator call button. He glances at the digital indicator, showing the progress of the approaching elevator, until it arrives with a soft chime.

CORTEZ
About time.

Cortez and the doctors face the elevator, as the doors open. Cortez has a look of horror come over his face, as he sees

AN ELEVATOR JAM-PACKED WITH INFECTED AND INSANE PATIENTS
Dozens of homicidal patients charge off the elevator.

CORTEZ AND THE OTHER DOCTORS

Look terrified, as they are overrun by the rampaging mob.

EXT. ORION CITY – STREET – NIGHT

The ambulance pulls up to the curbside behind a large van. Pacing next to the back of the van and smoking a cigarette is Trevor. He sees Marcus emerge from the ambulance, and then tosses his cigarette to the ground, as he greets Marcus.

TREVOR
The Domain is in flames.
They're overrunning the place.

MARCUS
I'm ready.

Andrew and Fiona walk up behind Marcus, as Trevor motions in their direction.

TREVOR
What about them?

MARCUS
They still have time.

TREVOR
They'll never make it.

Marcus turns to Andrew and Fiona, as Trevor removes a steel grating from the curbside of the road, revealing a narrow opening, leading down into a sewer.

ANDREW
What about you?

Marcus shakes his head, managing a smile.

MARCUS
I decided to take your advice
and do something noble and
grand. What the hell.

TREVOR
C'mon. We haven't got all day.

Andrew and Marcus exchange a long, meaningful stare.

MARCUS
Good luck.

ANDREW
You, too.

TREVOR (O.S.)
Let's go, already.

Marcus turns and hops into the back of the van, as Trevor runs and jumps behind the wheel. The van pulls away, as Andrew and Fiona turn to the narrow opening, and then slither their way into a large underground sewage tunnel.

INT. UNDERGROUND SEWAGE TUNNEL – NIGHT

Andrew gets his bearings, pointing to a metal ladder.

ANDREW
Over here.

Andrew takes hold of the ladder, climbing down into the dark subterranean passageway of the old, abandoned subway.

EXT. THE DOMAIN – NIGHT

The Domain is awash in fire and Orion security soldiers.

THE DOMAIN – UNDERGROUND TRAIN PLATFORM – CARAVAN

Victor paces next to the makeshift train, as anxious faces peer through the train windows. From the door leading to The Domain, a group of infected residents emerge onto the platform.

VICTOR

Bloody hell.

One of the crazed people is B.F. Skinner, the lunatic who assaulted Andrew. Victor yells to a young man named AXEL.

VICTOR

Axel, how the hell did these crazies get down here?

AXEL

Orion is getting closer.

VICTOR

Five more minutes and we leave without them.

Victor waves his assault rifle at the psychotic interlopers, as they cower in fear. Victor turns, searching down the tunnel into the darkness.

VICTOR

(to himself)

C'mon.

INT. ORION CITY – UNDERGROUND – ABANDONED SUBWAY

Andrew and Fiona reach an abandoned train platform, as Andrew shines a flashlight into the corner at a motorcycle.

ANDREW

Straddles the motorcycle, motioning to a lethargic Fiona. Fiona climbs aboard, as Andrew revs the bike into the black tunnel. The headlight casts a pale glow onto the tracks.

EXT. ORION CITY STREET – SIDEWALK – NIGHT

The large van is parked next to a crowded sidewalk. Throngs of people walk in one direction past the omnipresent video screens, showing replays of the presidential address.

INT. LARGE VAN (PARKED)

The back of the van contains a myriad of television and electronic devices and equipment. Trevor steadies a small video camera, pointing it at Marcus, who is seated.

TREVOR

Here we go.

Marcus nods, as Trevor flips a large switch.

EXT. ORION CITY STREET — SIDEWALK — NIGHT

The video screens along the crowded sidewalk and all over the city go black for a moment. Within seconds, the video screens come back to life.

VIDEO IMAGES

The face of Marcus fills the screen, replacing the president.

MARCUS

(on screen)

This is a public announcement
you may never hear again in
your lifetime. Please listen to
what I have to say.

A commotion arises, as pedestrians and people stop to watch and listen to the televised images of Marcus on-screen.

INT. VAN (PARKED)

Marcus takes a deep breath, as Trevor wears a headset.

TREVOR

We're still clear. Orion can't
find us. You're a genius.

MARCUS

There ARE exceptions to The
Plague. People are conceived
naturally and born disease-
free. It happens in The Domain
all the time, but Orion doesn't
want you to know.

Trevor nods, motioning for Marcus to hurry.

EXT. CITY STREET – NIGHT

An Orion security truck pulls up to the curbside within sight of Marcus and Trevor's television van. Security personnel emerge from the truck, as Preston joins them. Stepping down to the sidewalk to join Preston is

CORTEZ

Visibly bruised and battered, but very much alive. He looks with contempt at the video image of Marcus.

MARCUS

(on screen)

I live in The Domain. I have Creator Code. I am disease-free. And I was born without artificial insemination.

(beat)

And I'm not the only one.

Cortez stares at the restless faces along the sidewalk, all riveted and glued to the video screen.

CORTEZ

Preston, find the signal.

Preston stands next to the security truck, pointing an electronic device with a silver antenna into the sky.

PRESTON

Just about got it, sir.

Cortez turns, studying the transfixed faces of the onlookers.

CORTEZ

You might be too late.

MARCUS

(on screen)

The artificial insemination program is a fraud. The government controls your DNA and your final genetic profile. They created you to be a cog in their machine. Someone who never questions anything.

Preston points the antenna up the street at the white van.

PRESTON

Right there, sir.

Cortez glares at the van, stalking toward it.

INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY – MOTORCYCLE (MOVING)

Fiona wraps her arms around Andrew, as the motorcycle bounces along the abandoned tracks. Suddenly, the motorcycle sputters and jerks, as it slowly comes to a stop.

ANDREW

Damn it.

Andrew climbs off the bike, still carrying the blood transport tote bag. He removes a flashlight, turning it on, handing it to a bleary-eyed and woozy Fiona.

FIONA

Andrew, I can barely stand.

ANDREW

Just point the flashlight, so I can see where we're going.

ANDREW

Crouches and Fiona climbs atop his back, wrapping her legs and arms around him. Andrew looks a bit wobbly, as Fiona points the flashlight. Andrew jogs along the tracks, following the bouncing light of the flashlight.

INT. THE DOMAIN – UNDERGROUND TRAIN PLATFORM – CARAVAN

Victor stands next to the caravan, staring into the tunnel, looking troubled. He looks at his watch and turns to Axel.

VICTOR

Let's go. We're moving out.

Victor climbs aboard the train.

EXT. CITY STREET – NIGHT

Marcus's image is on every screen all across the city.

MARCUS

(on screen)

It's okay to question authority. Ask questions. There ARE exceptions.

The video screens go black, as Marcus's image disappears.

INT. MARCUS AND TREVOR'S TELEVISION VAN

Trevor gives a startled look to Marcus.

TREVOR

We're off. They found us.

Trevor throws down his headset, climbing into the front seat. The windshield shatters, as his head is thrust back from the sound of laser fire. Trevor's lifeless body slumps forward.

MARCUS

Punches his fist into a small skylight, hoisting himself onto the roof of the van. Marcus stands, turning to the crowded sidewalk, shouting.

MARCUS

There are exceptions.

Pedestrians stop and turn, giving Marcus a look of both familiarity and curiosity.

MARCUS

There ARE exceptions!

Laser fire rings out into the night air, as Marcus grimaces. His body stiffens, as he slumps to his knees, and then flat onto his chest. He lies prone on top of the van, staring to one side at the gawking faces of the crowd.

INT. THE DOMAIN – UNDERGROUND TRAIN PLATFORM – CARAVAN

The train's engines rumble to life, as the long caravan and its cargo inch forward. Victor glances back into the tunnel, catching sight of a distant flicker of light.

VICTOR

(to himself)

Can't be.

He squints his eyes, peering at the unmistakable sight of a bouncing flashlight. He shouts to the front of the train.

VICTOR

Hold it! Stop!

Victor jumps onto the platform and runs to greet the arriving Andrew and Fiona. Andrew lowers Fiona from his back, still carrying the black tote bag. Andrew smiles at Victor.

ANDREW

Going somewhere?

ANDREW AND FIONA

Follow Victor to the train, as Andrew sees

B.F. SKINNER

Curled up on the floor of the platform.

ANDREW

Stops and calls out to Victor and Fiona.

ANDREW
This guy comes with us.

Victor glances at Skinner, giving a puzzled look to Andrew.

VICTOR
He's a lost cause.

ANDREW
I need him.

VICTOR
You're joking.

ANDREW
I couldn't be more serious. If
he doesn't go, I don't go.

The rest of the caravan anxiously wait to get started.

VICTOR
He's your responsibility. And
he gets handcuffed so he
doesn't hurt anybody.

Victor marches over to a confused B.F. Skinner, pulling the demented man to his feet.

VICTOR
Lucky day for you.

Skinner spits in both Victor and Andrew's faces, as Victor unceremoniously drags Skinner to the waiting train. Andrew and Fiona follow, as Victor shouts orders to the train.

EXT. CITY STREET — TELEVISION VAN (PARKED) — NIGHT

A barely conscious Marcus lies on the top of the van, searching the crowd, locking his gaze on a YOUNG WOMAN, who returns Marcus's stare with a meaningful one of her own.

CORTEZ

Stands at the back of the van, as Preston runs up to him, gasping for air.

PRESTON
Sir, the president just
suspended all hostilities in
The Domain. All forces are
withdrawing.

CORTEZ
That's not possible. The
military answers only to me.

Cortez watches TWO PARAMEDICS lift Marcus onto a stretcher,
as a SECURITY OFFICER motions to the crowd on the sidewalk.

OFFICER
Everybody move along.

MARCUS

Lies on the stretcher, exchanging stares with the woman.
Other pedestrians reluctantly start walking — all in the
same direction.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Turns in the opposite direction of the other pedestrians.
She purposely walks against the flow of pedestrian traffic.

CORTEZ

Spots the young woman, giving a look of derision and irritation.

CORTEZ
Preston, who is that young
woman? Have someone detain her.

PRESTON
Which young woman?

Cortez looks back at the crowd, noticing that several people
are now walking against the flow of pedestrian traffic.

CORTEZ

Shouts into the crowd.

CORTEZ
All of you are violating the
Orion mandate regarding
pedestrian flow.

Everyone ignore Cortez, as he continues his harangue.

CORTEZ

You will comply with the Orion
mandate. All of you are being
filmed on surveillance cameras.

A frustrated Cortez turns to see

MARCUS

Lying on the stretcher, staring at Cortez, managing a smile.
As the paramedics place him into a waiting ambulance, Marcus
closes his eyes.

INT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN TUNNEL – CARAVAN TRAIN (MOVING) – DUSK

The silhouette of the makeshift train snakes its way through
the dormant black tunnel. The mobile medical unit sits on the
last flatbed rail car where outside, B.F. Skinner curls up in
the fetal position, handcuffed to a railing.

INT. CARAVAN TRAIN – MOBILE MEDICAL UNIT

Inside the mobile medical unit, Andrew stumbles in the dark.

ANDREW (O.S.)

I found something.

He strikes a match, lighting a candle, standing opposite Fiona
next to a window. As the candle illuminates the interior, in
the window, we see a fleeting and flickering glimpse of

THE MUTILATED FACE OF RUFUS

Glaring through the window from outside. It's only for a
split-second and it's a terrifying image.

ANDREW AND FIONA

Turn toward the window, but Rufus is gone. They are oblivious
to the fact that he is somewhere outside on the train, as
they give each other a warm embrace, listening to the sound
of Skinner outside, wailing and howling.

ANDREW

What the hell's up with him?

FIONA

Poor thing. Probably scared.

ANDREW
Poor thing tried to kill me.

Fiona gives Andrew a pleading stare.

ANDREW
Okay. Okay.

Andrew opens a drawer, grabbing a flashlight, as he steps through the door of the mobile unit out onto the train.

EXT. CARAVAN TRAIN (MOVING THROUGH THE TUNNEL)

Andrew stands on a platform at the end of the train, listening to the clanging of the train, feeling the wind in his face, staring at B.F. Skinner in the darkness.

FROM BEHIND ANDREW

A badly mangled Rufus grabs him in a chokehold. Andrew struggles, dropping his flashlight to the floor of the flatbed car along with several metallic shiny objects that look like aluminum cans. Explosive devices.

RUFUS AND ANDREW

Struggle with each other, falling to the floor. Rufus pushes Andrew onto his back, hanging over the edge of the moving train. From behind Rufus, someone hits him across the back of the head. Rufus roars and turns to face his attacker.

RUFUS

Glares at the chained B.F. Skinner, cowering in the far corner. Rufus turns, looking back to the edge of the flatbed car. Andrew is gone. Rufus grunts at Skinner, collecting one of the explosives, climbing onto the top of the train.

ANDREW

Lies beneath the train car, concealing himself. He clambers back up onto the flatbed car. He glances at B.F. Skinner, who returns Andrew's gaze with a wild-eyed stare. Andrew picks up one of the metallic objects, looking at Skinner.

ANDREW
(shouting)
Explosive.

Andrew jumps to his feet, grabbing his flashlight, clambering up onto the top of the train in pursuit of Rufus.

TOP OF THE CARAVAN TRAIN (MOVING THROUGH THE TUNNEL)

Andrew points his flashlight into the darkness, spotting the silhouette of Rufus hopping across train cars.

ANDREW

Swallows hard, running through the darkness, hopping train cars before abruptly throwing himself flat on his stomach to avoid a low outcropping. The train clears the outcropping, as Andrew gets back on his feet. He looks ahead and sees

RUFUS

Kneeling in the darkness, holding the explosive, striking the igniter. The explosive turns into a bright sparkler just as Rufus had done in Andrew's apartment.

ANDREW

Sprints forward, diving into Rufus, knocking him over. Andrew grabs the explosive, turning off the igniter. He sees Rufus gathering himself on top of the train, and then glances ahead, catching sight of

A TINY SPECK OF LIGHT

The end of the tunnel.

ANDREW

Quickly sprints in the opposite direction toward the mobile medical unit — the last car of the train.

TOP OF THE TRAIN CARAVAN (MOVING)

Rufus chases Andrew, who runs while holding the explosive. Andrew is seemingly more agile, jumping between cars like a cat. He reaches the last flatbed car, hopping atop the mobile medical unit, and then disappearing out of sight.

RUFUS

Stares onto the flatbed car where he just saw Andrew disappear. He frowns, seeing only B.F. Skinner. No sign of Andrew.

ANDREW (O.S.)
Hey, big fella.

RUFUS

Turns around and sees

ANDREW

Holding the explosive, lit up like a bright sparkler.

ANDREW

Catch.

Andrew lobs the explosive toward Rufus, who cradles his hands to catch the explosive. Andrew glances back at the approaching light, hitting the deck, lying on his stomach.

RUFUS

Instinctively catches the explosive. He looks up in terror at the low outcropping at the end of the tunnel. He screams. In an instant, the scream becomes a deafening explosion.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL - CARAVAN TRAIN (MOVING) - MORNING

The train emerges from the tunnel into bright sunlight, as an explosion rips through the interior of the subway tunnel behind it. Behind the train, the opening to the tunnel collapses, sealing it in a cloud of rocks, debris, and dust.

TOP OF THE TRAIN

Andrew lies flat. Rufus is gone. The train is safe.

ANDREW (ON TOP OF TRAIN)

Slowly lifts his head, squinting his eyes at the bright sunlight. He rises to his knees, turning to face forward, feeling the sunlight on his face and the wind in his hair. He looks like a liberated man, as he looks back and sees

FIONA

Pulling herself up onto the top of the train, staring at Andrew with great tenderness and affection.

ANDREW

Moves toward Fiona atop the train. He rests his forehead against Fiona's. They embrace, as Fiona fights back tears.

CARAVAN TRAIN (MOVING)

Andrew and Fiona are interlocked atop the train, as it moves across a bleak landscape of desert, passing the ruined remnants of a destroyed city and civilization.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE - DAY (A FEW MONTHS LATER)

A desolate and barren landscape of desert soil, dry earth, and sagebrush. In the distance, a cloud of dust can be seen.

EXT./INT. THE CARAVAN (MOVING) - DAY

A hodgepodge of trucks, buses, and recreational vehicles move through the forlorn and inhospitable terrain.

INT./EXT. MOBILE MEDICAL UNIT (MOVING) - DAY

Andrew peers through a microscope, jotting down notes, steadying himself from the bumpy ride. Andrew looks a bit leaner, and slightly more at ease.

ANDREW

Turns to B.F. Skinner, who lies on a cot, giving blood into an I.V. Skinner is calm and nothing like his former demented self.

ANDREW

Skinner, how you feeling?

SKINNER

The usual. Like someone who just woke up from a nightmare.

Andrew manages a smile.

SKINNER

I do have a real name, ya know.

Andrew nods, as they both feel the vehicle slowing down. Andrew and Skinner look at each other, listening to the sound of the engine idling and excited voices.

EXT. CONVOY OF VEHICLES (PARKED) - DAY

Andrew and Skinner emerge from the mobile unit, adjusting their gaze. Andrew looks up and gives a fond look to

FIONA

Stepping down from the front of the truck and noticeably pregnant, waiting for them next to Victor.

ANDREW AND SKINNER

Join Fiona and Victor, along with many of the others.

PLATEAU LOOKOUT - PANORAMA

Andrew stands next to Fiona, staring at a distant green valley. Silence except for the wind and skirts flapping in the breeze.

FIONA

You feel that?

Andrew nods.

ANDREW

Ocean breeze.

Everyone stares with a weary and excited silence, as a sense of anticipation hangs in the air.

ANDREW

Gives a long, wistful stare to the distant valley, exchanging nervous and anxious smiles with the others, as they turn and walk back to their vehicles.

INT./EXT. CARAVAN OF VEHICLES (MOVING) - DAY

The convoy continues across the desolate high desert, leaving behind a large plume of dust, as it disappears on the horizon, heading inexorably toward the green basin in the valley below — home of the new and future Domain.

FADE-OUT

THE
END