VARIANT

By

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INT. CRASHED MILITARY TRANSPORT PLANE / NIGHT

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. Then a hissssss...

JOE CORRIGAN SLEEPS, not hearing, not aware, so serene...

He's in his early thirties. Handsome, if rugged. In complete repose, peaceful sleep, behind frosted glass...

UNTIL - his eyes FLICKER. As he returns to consciousness...

JOE (V.O.)
My name is Joe Corrigan...

He's under the FROSTED GLASS CANOPY of a HIGH TECH COFFIN, covered in mold, creeping VINES...

JOE (V.O.)
My world is dead...

As Joe blinks, weak, disorientated, the GLASS CANOPY of the high tech coffin rolls back, getting snagged on vines...

JOE (V.O.)
But I am alive.

JOE struggles out, falling onto the dusty floor of a long-crashed MILITARY PLANE, rusting away to nothingness...

JOE (V.O.)
I don't know why...

He's wearing a thin white medical smock, that does nothing to shut out the bitter cold. He shivers uncontrollably...

Now he's awake, there's suffering, a weight on his soul...

Painfully he crawls to the back of the coffin, his hands shaking, stiff with cold - and opens a small LOCKER...

Inside - a RING and a PHOTOGRAPH. Nothing else. Joe, shaking, puts the ring on his wedding finger, on the 2nd attempt...

Stares at the PHOTOGRAPH - a breathtakingly BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN, radiant, the kind of smile that warms up a room...

He puts the photograph to his lips, and gently kisses the frozen-in-time smile...

Now he speaks, nothing but a hoarse whisper, so quiet...

JOE
I'm sorry...

He looks up, and sees, slumped on the vine-covered floor of the wreckage, a DEAD BODY, in a Hazmat suit...

He gets closer, and sees through the dust covered visor, a SKULL. The body is nothing but skeletal remains...

A rusted M-16 lies on the ground, half buried in dust...

Joe looks over - sees MORE SKELETONS, also in the faded, tattered remnants of Hazmat suits...

Joe stumbles past them, the muscles in his legs refusing to work properly...

The PILOT is long, long dead, skeletal bone fingers still clutching the controls, a death grip...

The back of his chair is pockmarked by ragged bullet holes...

EXT. DESERT / NIGHT

The military PLANE is HALF BURIED in the rocky ground. Nothing but a rusted husk.

JOE emerges from the wreckage. Looks around, confused, shivering, at the barren desert scape, emptiness...

SUDDENLY - Joe sees FIGURES cresting the nearest ridge, wrapped from head to toe in rag-like coverings, cloth stretched over their faces to shut out the sand and wind...

One of them is holding a feral, fur-matted old DOG on the end of a crude leather leash. The dog HOWLS in the moonlight...

The FIGURES react with what sounds like a WAR CRY, and they wave crudely made WEAPONS, blades and staffs...

Joe raises his hands, tries to shout out a greeting, but his words are drowned out by sudden gusts of wind...

Joe has to cover his face with his arm as the sand is whipped up all around him -

And then - the first FIGURE reaches him - and ATTACKS -

His staff sweeps Joe’s legs out from under him, he crashes down onto his back, in pain...

Tries to fend off the next blow, but he’s still stiff from the cryo, and far too slow...

The staff SLAMS against his face, and now Joe is holding a bleeding nose...

Other FIGURES encircle him - the one with the staff STRIKES again - but this time Joe GRABS the end of it - YANKS -

A tug of war with the rag-shrouded FIGURE - who has a badly broken finger, misshapen, in a crude splint...

Joe succeeds in WRENCHING the staff away from him - and shakily stands, wielding the staff -

Another FIGURE lets out that same war cry - RUSHES forward, blade held high -

Joe SMASHES him so hard over the head the staff breaks...

The FIGURE crumples to the sand. The others circle JOE, wary now, but still poised to attack...

Joe lowers his hand from his bleeding face -

And the FIGURES stop moving. Stopping dead. Staring.

One of them unravels the cloth covering his face -

Revealing a totally bald head. A plain face, scarred in a few places, the skin weathered by life out here in the desert...

And a stunned expression. An almost religious fervor...

BALD MAN
...the Only One...

He practically falls to his knees, tears in his eyes.

BALD MAN
...we have found you, the Only One...

Another of the men, the one with the badly broken finger, steps forward, unsheathing a blade from inside his rag cloak.

BROKEN FINGER
It doesn't matter, we starve...

Stalking towards JOE, blade glinting in the moonlight. Until the BALD MAN leaps up from his knees, gets in his way.

BALD MAN
We can't! Don't you see, he--

BROKEN FINGER
--I see meat, I see us living--

BALD MAN
He is the Only One!!

And he GRABS his broken-fingered comrade, they struggle over the knife - and BROKEN FINGER's face is exposed...

He is also bald. Also plain featured. In fact he looks EXACTLY like the other man...

BALD MAN
We can't kill the Only One! I never believed he was real!!

Suddenly the WORLD TURNS WHITE - a powerful BEAM OF LIGHT hits Joe from above, blinding, so bright...

The air is filled with a powerful RUMBLING...

As SOMETHING gleaming and metallic and incredibly powerful descends from the smog choked star-less heavens above...

A GUNSHIP. A massive futuristic aircraft. Black and white. Fearsomely beautiful, deafeningly loud...

The rag-cloaked FIGURES look up, sudden terror - and FLEE...

Scattering into the desert, disappearing over the dunes...

The GUNSHIP's under-section mechanically OPENS and MEN are LOWERED to the ground, ON WIRES -

Their boots touch the ground, the wires disengage, and they march in perfect unison...

They are SENTINELS. Clad in high tech all-black armor. Helmets with mirrored VISORS cover their faces.

They march towards JOE, who backs away...

He STAGGERS, tries to regain his footing, fails. And he TUMBLES helplessly down the rocky slope, fresh agony-

Lands in a crumpled heap, moaning. Again he is bathed in the harsh white searchlight of the GUNSHIP hovering in the sky.

A few moments later Joe is surrounded by the SENTINELS.

Joe stares up at them, confused, afraid...

Sees himself reflected in their visors, sees his own fear and confusion...

SENTINEL
Variant located.

INT. GUNSHIP / NIGHT

JOE is thrown into the back compartment of the GUNSHIP, landing painfully hard on the grilled metal floor...

A SENTINEL shrugs off his high tech helmet, revealing blonde hair, blue eyes, a jawline that could cut glass...

Joe tries to get to his feet, but is SHOVED back down.

The PHOTOGRAPH flutters from his hand. Joe snatches for it - too slow - the SENTINEL's black-gloved hand scoops it up.

JOE
Gimme that!

SENTINEL
Relics must be destroyed.

JOE
Give it back. I need it.

SENTINEL
Relics must be destroyed.

Joe stares into the man's ice blue eyes. Pitiless eyes. He looks past him - at other SENTINELS. All without helmets now.

Strangely, they are <u>ALL IDENTICAL</u>. Exactly the same blonde hair, the same blue eyes, the same strong jaw.

Joe just stares, confused...

EXT. DESERT / NIGHT

The GUNSHIP soars majestically over the desert wastelands...

In the distance, a CITY, a grey smear on the desert horizon.

An utterly drab concrete sprawl, hundreds of miles across, an ugly, festering gash in the earth.

Towering identical skyscrapers pierce the discolored sky. Smoke belches massively and endlessly from hideous factories.

<u>This is the Colony</u>.

INT. THE COLONY - HEXAGON / NIGHT

The small hexagonal room is drab, featureless, grey. A bunk and a wall-sized VIDEO SCREEN, blank. No other furniture.

A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE WOMAN, wearing all-white overalls. Her face looks blank. Sad. Blue eyes that don't shine.

She's holding a metal tray of food, some kind of grey paste.

The SCREEN on the wall blinks to life. Showing the imperious face of an OLD WOMAN, THE QUEEN.

She seems slightly unnatural. Digital. Inhuman.

THE QUEEN (ON SCREEN)
Cleric. Report to the mainframe, there's a prisoner to process.

BLONDE WOMAN
Yes, my Queen.

THE QUEEN
The prisoner is a Variant.

An echoing CLANG! The Blonde Woman has dropped her tray...

INT. GUNSHIP / NIGHT

JOE looks up, painfully, as a SENTINEL comes back from the cockpit area.

SENTINEL
Prepare for landing.

JOE has to pull himself up to look out of a small WINDOW.

And he gets his first glimpse of THE COLONY.

A massive sprawl of identical SKYSCRAPERS, concrete, grey, external glass elevators running up and down the sides...

And oversized FACTORIES, filthy, rancid, belching SMOKE into the air...

On overcrowded STREETS, people are like insects, or cells in a bloodstream, constantly moving, a tide of humanity...

In the most massive, drab, concrete metropolis in history.

Joe turns to the SENTINEL behind him...

JOE
...where are we? What is this-

SENTINEL
Do not talk Variant.

JOE
Stop calling me that, my name's-

Never gets to finish. The Sentinel STRIKES him with a baton.

SENTINEL
There are no names...

EXT. THE COLONY / NIGHT

The Gunship descends from the discolored, smog choked sky...

Soaring gracefully above the foul city scape...

Headed towards one of the endless identical skyscrapers, banking it's wide wings, tilting in the air...

As it swoops around, lower and lower, towards the landing pad on the roof of the skyscraper...

A sea of people eagerly crowding around as it lands...

INT. GUNSHIP / NIGHT

JOE is dragged to his feet, roughly, suddenly, a SENTINEL holding each of his arms...

As a RAMP descends behind them, pneumatics hissing loudly...

EXT. THE COLONY - SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP / NIGHT

The gunship nestles on the ground...

As the RAMP finishes it's descent, clanking to the ground, just in time for JOE to be pushed/marched down it's length.

Weak. Disorientated. Scared. Confused.

He looks up and sees the CROWD converging towards the craft. Sees the first man -

Who looks EXACTLY like the BALD MAN he met before. Exactly. Wearing the same grey overalls, but pressed and clean.

More confused, Joe looks past him. Everything seems to stop. Time itself seems to freeze. Eerie silence.

Joe is faced with DOZENS OF STUNNED FACES. But - Joe is even more stunned than any of them...

<u>BECAUSE THE FACES ARE ABSOLUTELY IDENTICAL. CLONES.</u>

All BALD MEN with the same exact plain features, in drab grey overalls. They are WORKERS.

The same man, repeated and repeated and repeated...

There are FEMALE CLONES too, CLERICS. All IDENTICAL, exactly the same beautiful blonde woman. All wearing white overalls.

The same woman, repeated and repeated and repeated...

A TABLEAUX of identical, stunned faces. All staring at Joe. Some afraid. Some moved, tears in their eyes.

Slowly, hesitantly, some CLONES step forward, get a closer look at this incredible sight - the only unique man...

One CLONE approaches Joe. Identical face full of wonder...

The CLONE reaches out, his hand shaking, gently tries to touch Joe's face -

SENTINEL
Do not touch the Variant.

The Sentinel roughly SHOVES the bald Clone back, sends him sprawling against ten more men exactly like him...

Everything stops once more. Joe stares, confused, scared, at all those identical faces staring back at him...

A female CLONE, a CLERIC, starts to cry, tears slowly rolling down her beautiful face...

She takes a tentative step forward...

SENTINEL
Stay back Cleric.

The female Cleric keeps coming, transfixed, tear-filled blue eyes wide and staring, at Joe...

SENTINEL
Stay back!

He raises his baton, ready to strike her, she doesn't seem to notice, her attention fixed on Joe...

The Sentinel goes to strike her, but Joe GRABS his arm -

JOE
Don't! Leave her al-

Another SENTINEL suddenly STRIKES him from behind, and Joe SLUMPS, out cold...

INT. THE COLONY - INCINERATOR CHAMBER / NIGHT

A SENTINEL walks towards an INCINERATOR UNIT. A large steel structure, crackling flames inside...

He opens a steel drawer. And places the PHOTOGRAPH inside. The beautiful, smiling, radiant YOUNG WOMAN...

The Sentinel is about to close the drawer, but hesitates. The YOUNG WOMAN's warm smile is reflected in his helmet visor.

SENTINEL 2
What is wrong?

SENTINEL
She's so ugly. So beautiful.

SENTINEL 2
Relics are dangerous. Destroy it.

The Sentinel nods, closes the drawer. The PHOTO BURNS, the young woman's smile literally melts...

INT. SMALL APARTMENT / DAY - FLASHBACK - MEMORY - HAZY --

Same YOUNG WOMAN. Not smiling. Anxious, scared. She watches-

JOE. Wearing a COP'S UNIFORM, dirty, sweaty, blood-stained. He RUSHES around the apartment, stuffs things into a bag...

JOE
We're getting out of the city. Now.

In the BACKGROUND - A T.V. is on. A TERRIFIED NEWSCASTER -

TV NEWSCASTER
-Infection rates up 700 percent...

The TV shows INFECTED CROWDS, OVER-RUN HOSPITALS, DEAD BODIES PILED UP ON THE STREETS, RIOTS...the end of our world...

YOUNG WOMAN
Joe, call your father, he can-

JOE
I can't. We're on our own.

The YOUNG WOMAN puts her hand on her VERY PREGNANT BELLY.

YOUNG WOMAN
Now's not the time for your pride.

The YOUNG WOMAN stifles a sob, so scared. Joe goes to her.

JOE
I'm gonna keep us safe, Ron. Trust me. I'm gonna protect us...

Now it's his turn to gently put his hand on her belly.

JOE
All of us...

And EVERYTHING TURNS WHITE...

INT. THE COLONY - CELL / NIGHT

BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT burns JOE's retinas as he opens his eyes. Someone is touching his face, gently tracing his jawline with slender, feminine fingers...

He looks up, blinking painfully in the harsh light - sees the beautiful face of the CLERIC, just as a tear falls from her flawless blue eye - onto Joe's face.

CLERIC
I'm sorry, so sorry...

Joe tries to talk - but just croaks, coughs. She wipes her tear from his face, gently, slowly...

CLERIC
It's just that you're...

Her voice trails off, she goes back to simply staring at him.

He is STRAPPED to a table, a bright white light shining down on him. Joe blinks, looks around, sees blank steel walls...

CLERIC
There really were Other People.

JOE
What?

CLERIC
One time I saw a relic. I think you called them magazines. So many faces, all different, but I still wasn't sure if it was real...

JOE
What? What do you mean?

CLERIC
The Cleric in the hexagon opposite mine. She showed me, she had relics. I was too scared to look.

JOE
What?

CLERIC
One day she was gone. Disappeared, the relics were gone too.

She looks sad, those blue eyes darting away, looking down.

JOE
What's going on? Everybody looks the same. Why does everybody look the same?

Pleading to understand this bizarre new world.

CLERIC
Everybody is the same, except you.

JOE
How many different people are there?

CLERIC
Most are Workers, then Clerics, like me. And Sentinels. So, 3.

Looks at Joe. Beat.

CLERIC
4.

Joe just stares at her, much as she is staring at him. Finally she whispers -

CLERIC
You are unique. A snowflake.

JOE
What?

CLERIC
The same Cleric, she showed me, when it snowed, every snowflake was different, unique.

JOE
What happened to her?

CLERIC
Who?

JOE
You said one day she was gone. What happened to her, your friend?

CLERIC
My what?

JOE
Your friend.

CLERIC
What does that mean - ‘friend’?

Hisssss. A steel door slides open. SENTINELS striding in...

SENTINEL
The Queen wants to see the Variant.

CLERIC
I’ll prepare him.

SENTINEL
It. And it’s coming with us. Now.

INT. THE COLONY - CORRIDORS / NIGHT

JOE, marched along by the SENTINELS. Through a maze of grey concrete corridors, dizzying...

Florescent strip lights on the walls gutter and flicker...

They pass a bald WORKER CLONE wearing the usual grey overalls. He stares in open-mouthed wonder at Joe...

INT. THE MAINFRAME CHAMBER / NIGHT

JOE is dragged into a vast chamber, surrounded on all sides by massive COMPUTER BANKS. This is the MAINFRAME.

Data banks, screens, blinking lights, everywhere. The vast chamber literally hums with electrical power...

Joe’s arms and legs are FORCED into large high tech MANACLES, connected to a large X-shaped structure. He struggles...

SENTINEL
Do not resist, Variant.

JOE
My name is--

THE QUEEN'S VOICE
--Joseph J. Corrigan.

Joe looks around - confused - the voice seemed to come from EVERYWHERE, all at once...

Suddenly he hears a loud mechanical whine, gears grind and -

The metal X is LIFTED OFF the ground and he is hoisted UP, arms and legs bound, powerless-

To face a LARGE COMPUTER SCREEN, showing HIS OWN FACE. A PERSONNEL FILE. His picture, name, badge number...

THE QUEEN'S VOICE
A police officer. Before the virus.

JOE
What do you want? Where am I?

And now the screen shows the QUEEN's cold, digital face...

THE QUEEN
You are not one of us. The first Variant we have seen in 10 years.

JOE
I don't know what the fu-

He SCREAMS, as ELECTRICITY COURSES through the metal X, and through his body, agony, blue lightning, sparks...

THE QUEEN
I am Queen of the Colony. We rose from the ashes of the Other People.

Mercifully, the arcing electricity stops. Joe sags, still held in place, head lolling, blood dripping from his lip.

THE QUEEN
Only three people survived the virus. Of the entire human race, only three were immune. I used those three people to re-build.

Her huge looming digital face replicates pride.

THE QUEEN
I have created a perfect society. We live without hate, without envy, without conflict. As equals.

Joe just hangs limp on the metal apparatus, sucking air...

THE QUEEN
The one threat to our way of life is the Ark. I am programmed to find it, and destroy it.

Joe manages to raise his head, agony coursing through him.

THE QUEEN
Where is the Ark?

Joe doesn't respond, head still bowed, groggy...

THE QUEEN
Where is the Ark?

JOE
...don't know what you're talking about...

THE QUEEN
When your aircraft crashed it was transporting you to the Ark.

JOE
...never heard of it...

THE QUEEN
As the virus spread a decision was taken to try and preserve the human race, one thousand special people were to be stored, cryogenically frozen, safe from infection. You were one of those people.

JOE
...I wasn't special, I was just-

THE QUEEN
You were chosen. So was your wife.

Joe's head snaps upright, suddenly alert, surging adrenaline-

The Queen's digital face is now REPLACED by an image of the YOUNG WOMAN, so beautiful, so alive, even in digital form...

THE QUEEN
Veronica D. Corrigan, also chosen to be stored in the Ark.

JOE
They found her? They saved her?

He remembers horrors we can barely imagine...

JOE
I lost her. There was a riot, I let go of her hand, I lost her...

Pleading now, daring to hope...

JOE
Did they find her? Is she alive?

THE QUEEN
Where is she? Where is the Ark?

JOE
I don't know. I don't know...

But now he wishes he did. With every part of his soul...

JOE
Even if I did, I wouldn't tell...

The Queen just stares at him. Digital, inhuman, impassive.

THE QUEEN
Why?

JOE
Guessing you wouldn't understand.

The ELECTRICITY ARCS once more, Joe SCREAMS and THRASHES...

Until the electricity suddenly stops. And the metal X is being LOWERED, gears grinding noisily...

Joe, sagging, spent, can barely lift his head to see - a SENTINEL walking towards him. Slowly removing his helmet -

Revealing the usual impassive face, the sharp features sculpted from marble. The blond hair. The Aryan perfection.

But this one has a <u>MISSING EYE</u>. A scarred empty socket. The eye he still has is like a razor, slashing into Joe's face...

ONE-EYE
I have studied your world, Variant, and it won't rise again...

INT. THE COLONY - CELL / NIGHT

JOE, lying on the metal grille floor, asleep, but twitching, his face contorting. Gripped by a nightmare, a memory...

EXT. STREET - FLASHBACK - MEMORY - HAZY--

JOE, holding his WIFE's hand, steps fearfully out onto a war torn nightmare STREET. Rioters RUSH past, panic and fury...

A POLICE CAR, BURNING, gutted by flame. A CROWD of surging PEOPLE, infected, bloodshot eyes, bleeding noses, mouths...

JOE is KNOCKED from behind, a SURGE of panicking people, he goes down, struggles to get back up - CAN'T...

His WIFE reaches down, tries to grab JOE's hand - he's on the ground, trampled...they join hands...but...lose their grip...

JOE
VERONICA!!!

THE QUEEN'S VOICE
Where is the Ark?

INT. THE COLONY - CELL / NIGHT

JOE AWAKES - sits bolt upright, suddenly, released, eyes wide, drenched in sweat...

He hugs his arms around himself, shivering, still in pain...

Doors hiss open. Revealing TWO SENTINELS.

JOE
...what now?...

SENTINEL
You are to be destroyed. No Variant DNA can remain.

INT. THE COLONY - SENTINEL CENTRAL - CORRIDOR / NIGHT

JOE is being marched along by the SENTINELS...

When SUDDENLY - one Sentinel STUMBLES, a hand going to the back of his neck.

The other Sentinel starts fumbling for his GUN. Too slow. He’s JABBED in the neck too - by a SYRINGE.

Both Sentinels FALL. Revealing a CLERIC, shocked at herself.

CLERIC
Come with me.

She grabs Joe by the hand, they RUN...

Up ahead, at the far end of the corridor, doors hiss open - more SENTINELS are coming...

The Cleric, frantic, so afraid, yanks on Joe's arm - pulling him through a pair of doors, which hiss shut behind them...

INT. THE COLONY - GENESIS CENTER - CATWALK / NIGHT

JOE and the CLERIC are on a metal catwalk high above a large chamber. A throbbing hum of machinery fills the air...

Joe looks down, sees constantly moving ROBOTIC ARMS poised over some kind of large pool...

The Cleric, fearful, still shocked at herself, beckons him on-

CLERIC
We have to keep moving.

JOE
Wait. Yesterday, when I woke up-

CLERIC
Yes Variant, that was me.

JOE
Why are you helping me?

CLERIC
I don't know. Perhaps because you could never be replaced...

He still lingers, gazing down again at the sheer expanse of the machinery and equipment far below them...

The Cleric grabs his hand and PULLS him along, frantic. Up ahead there's an ELEVATOR, and she pulls him into it...

Hits a button and the doors slide shut in front of them...

INT. THE COLONY - GENESIS CENTER - ELEVATOR / NIGHT

As the small elevator descends, JOE is almost pressed up against the scared CLERIC...

JOE
This can't be happening, none of this. This can't be real.

CLERIC
Until I saw you, I thought this was the only life that was ever real...

INT. THE COLONY - SENTINEL CENTRAL - CORRIDOR / NIGHT

ONE EYE strides purposefully along the corridor, towards -

OTHER SENTINELS, now surrounding their two fallen comrades.

The SENTINELS have their helmets removed, revealing identical granite features, blonde, blue eyed, Aryan perfection.

They are EXACTLY like ONE EYE, apart from his injury.

SENTINEL
A Cleric helped the Variant...

INT. THE COLONY - GENESIS CENTER - BIRTHING POOL

The elevator doors open and JOE and the CLERIC step out into a long corridor, lined with thick-glass windows -

Through the windows they see they are UNDER WATER, the water a strange, viscous pink color...

Joe stares, and makes out SHAPES in the liquid...

CLERIC
This is where New Risers grow.

Joe stares harder, as they keep moving along the corridor-

He is able to discern the shapes more clearly. They are PARTIALLY FORMED CLONES. HANGING SUSPENDED IN THE LIQUID.

Connected by breathing and feeding tubes to the vast machinery above the surface...

Just hanging there as their bodies slowly form...

One, close to the window, is basically just a HEAD at this point, spinal column and nervous system forming beneath it...

And still-forming veins eerily floating like hair...

Joe steps back from the glass with a gasp of horror...

The disembodied, still forming head seems to ‘see’ Joe.

And almost seems to smile...

The Cleric keeps pulling Joe along the corridor...

INT. THE COLONY - GENESIS CENTER - CATWALK / NIGHT

The doors hiss open and SENTINELS come marching through. They look around, then march to the end of the catwalk...

The ELEVATOR that Joe and the Cleric took is reflected in their visors...

INT. THE COLONY - GENESIS CENTER - EDUCATOR CHAMBER / NIGHT

JOE and the CLERIC make their way through a vast high tech chamber. Keeping crouched, low enough to be hidden behind-

-ROWS OF HEXAGONAL CHAMBERS, each one filled with a sleeping WORKER CLONE, slimy with some kind of thick pink liquid...

Each one being 'educated' in his sleep -

THE QUEEN'S VOICE
I will love you equally, protect you equally, treat you equally...

CLERIC
New Risers are learning, come on...

THE QUEEN'S VOICE
I give you life. And purpose.

The Cleric and Joe stoop/walk around the HEXAGONAL CHAMBERS.

Suddenly a GUNSHOT - a tracer-like BULLET comes streaking down towards them -

It HITS one of the Hexagonal pod-like machines - a WORKER CLONE inside is suddenly awake, screaming, confused -

Joe PULLS the Cleric down, ANOTHER BULLET streaks JUST over her head -

On the CATWALK overhead - SENTINELS are FIRING down at them!

Joe gets up and RUNS, PULLING the terrified Cleric along, as BULLETS EXPLODE into the pods all around them...

They JUST make it through a set of sliding doors...

ABOVE - ON THE CATWALK -

A SENTINEL keys a radio in the helmet of his armored suit.

SENTINEL
Variant has exited the building. It's in Sector 14...

EXT. THE COLONY - A STREET / NIGHT

It is RAINING. The WORKER CLONES on the street wear identical rain gear - a hooded cloak made of some kind of plastic...

JOE and the CLERIC emerge from a small side entrance of the massive concrete Sentinel building...

They duck into a narrow alley, staring fearfully out at the teeming street...

None of the WORKER CLONES, busily walking along, shoulder to shoulder, rats in a maze, notice them...

A MASSIVE VIDEO SCREEN mounted above the street shows the face of the QUEEN, digital and serene...

THE QUEEN
Work gives you purpose. I give you work, I give you life, and purpose.

The teeming masses just walk underneath the screen, it's serene drone something they've heard a thousand times before-

Until - the VIDEO IMAGE suddenly changes...

And now shows...JOE. His unique, unknown, strange face. Gazing down electronically upon a sea of clones.

EVERYTHING changes. Everyone STOPS MOVING. Sudden SILENCE.

THE QUEEN
A Variant has escaped.

HUNDREDS of identical faces stare upwards, identical looks of stunned wonderment on thousands of identical faces...

JOE takes the hand of the CLERIC, even more terrified now, and together they further back into the alleyway...

And disappear into the darkness...

EXT. THE COLONY - ANOTHER STREET / NIGHT

A WORKER CLONE, clad in his rain gear hood and cloak, is walking along...

He hears a strange sound, like 'psst' then -

CLERIC'S VOICE
Over here. Come here...

He turns, confused. The CLERIC is in the alley, beckoning to him. Her perfectly normal features seem contorted...

By fear, panic. Very unusual. Curious, the WORKER CLONE slips away from the rest of his identical brethren...

And ducks into the alleyway...

EXT. THE COLONY - ALLEYWAY / NIGHT

The CLERIC gratefully pulls the curious WORKER CLONE into the shadows, away from the busy street...

WORKER CLONE
This is Sector 14 C, for Worker Class only, you can't--

CLERIC
--I know.

WORKER CLONE
Did you hear? There's a Variant! Loose, in the--

JOE
--We need your help.

The WORKER CLONE turns to face - JOE. Unlike any face he's ever seen before, somebody unique, different...

The CLONE stares. Stands dead still.

JOE
I have to hide.

The CLONE's eyes roll slowly back. And he faints. A puppet with the strings cut, flopping to the ground...

CLERIC
Get his coat, we can use it to--

JOE
--Where are we going?

CLERIC
Exodus Center. The only way out is on the Exodus Trucks to Colony 2.

JOE
Colony 2?

EXT. THE COLONY - EXODUS CENTER / NIGHT

IMAGES OF A PARADISE. ANOTHER COLONY, but bathed in sunshine, with clear air...

THE QUEEN
You have served me well. Now you travel to Colony 2...

We are looking up at a GIANT VIDEO SCREEN. The digital image of the QUEEN is once again replaced by GLORIOUS IMAGES...

Of the gleaming citadel that is COLONY 2...

UNDER THE GIANT SCREEN, patiently waiting, are HUNDREDS of CLONES. All wearing their rain gear. Identical faces tilted up to watch the screen...

None of them turn around, when TWO MORE FIGURES join the throng, standing at the back, heads held low...

JOE and the CLERIC, both wearing the plastic cloak and hood, keeping their heads down, but glancing up when they hear the sound of a huge engine...

MASSIVE TRUCKS with rusted caterpillar trucks are pulling in to the EXODUS CENTER...

CLERIC
We serve the Queen for 10 years, then our reward is Colony 2. They say it’s better there...

JOE
Anywhere’s better than here.

CLERIC
Keep your head down, get on one of the trucks and ride it out of here.

JOE
What about you?

The CLERIC sadly shakes her head.

CLERIC
It is not yet my time to go. I’m sorry Variant.

JOE
Do me a favor, call me Joe.

CLERIC
No. I can’t...

The MASSIVE TRUCKS are lowering ramps at the back, and the excited CLONES are filing onboard...

Two at a time, walking up the ramps. JOE is getting nearer the front of the line, keeping his head low...

But then, the IMAGES OF THE IDYLLIC COLONY 2 on the VIDEO SCREEN suddenly glitch - and are replaced by -

THE QUEEN
A Variant has escaped.

And then - THE IMAGE OF JOE. His unique face.

The CLONES all stop. Stunned, staring. Look at each other with excited amazement...

And, unfortunately, one of them looks at JOE. Starts pointing, opens his mouth to shout -

CLERIC
Come on! RUN!!

She's GRABBING JOE's hand, PULLING him. They RUN...

THEN - the night is shattered by the sound of a SIREN.

JOE turns, and sees a SENTINEL TRANSPORT speeding towards him, a cross between a police car and an armored transport.

The CLERIC, on pure adrenaline, runs faster - pulling JOE through a hole in a fence...

Even as TWO SENTINELS disembark from the TRANSPORT. Shouldering huge rifles as they RUN in pursuit...

The TRANSPORT speeds away...

EXT. THE COLONY - CONSTRUCTION SITE / NIGHT

As the RAIN pelts down, JOE and the CLERIC run as fast as they can, through a partially constructed building...

The TWO SENTINELS in close pursuit. Even in their heavy armor they are fast, and gaining...

JOE, still running, reaches down, grabs a rebar as he passes-

Turns and HURLS it at the SENTINELS giving chase - one BLASTS it with his rifle while it's still in the air...

Joe turns back, keeps running, the CLERIC just ahead of him -

They keep RUNNING - but up ahead, they hear a burst of that SIREN again -

And the SENTINEL TRANSPORT comes roaring into their path, BLOCKING them -

The CLERIC screams and turns, running back towards JOE -

Until she trips, stumbling over some scrap metal -

JOE reaches down to help her-

CLERIC
What are you doing? Run!!

JOE
Not without you. Come on-

BUT he is suddenly TACKLED by one of the SENTINELS, and goes CRASHING to the ground -

The other SENTINEL aims at the CLERIC and keys his RADIO -

SENTINEL
We have the Variant and the Cleric.

THE QUEEN'S VOICE
Kill the Cleric. Bring the Variant to me.

JOE
No!

As the SENTINEL prepares to SHOOT the CLERIC, his finger tightening on the trigger -

When SUDDENLY he WHIRLS around - and SHOOTS THE OTHER SENTINEL instead -

The SENTINEL is hurled back by the blast, landing in a crumpled heap...

The SENTINEL driving the TRANSPORT fumbles for his rifle, but too slow -

The rogue SENTINEL easily SHOOTS him too, and he FALLS, slumping from the cockpit of the transport...

Landing in a puddle on the ground, blood mixing with the driving rain...

JOE turns to the one remaining SENTINEL. His rifle smoking in the cold night air...

JOE
Why?

The SENTINEL removes his helmet, letting the rain fall onto his perfectly normal blond hair, his Aryan features...

SENTINEL
My name is Winston.

The Cleric, painfully getting up, gasps, audibly, eyes wide with shock.

CLERIC
But there are no names!

WINSTON
They have to be earned.

INT. SENTINEL TRANSPORT / NIGHT

JOE is helped into the back of the TRANSPORT. The CLERIC, now more confused than scared, gets in after him...

Their savior, the Sentinel, WINSTON, is about to close the back door, when he stops, looking at the CLERIC...

WINSTON
You saved the Variant. Why?

CLERIC
I don't know. I don't know...

She stares at Joe, despite everything, still fascinated...

CLERIC
When I saw the Variant I knew if he died there would never be another. He could not be replaced...

The Cleric slumps onto a bench on one side of the transport.

CLERIC
I'll never see Colony 2 now. But I had to save him.

WINSTON
For this, you deserve a name.

He studies her face. EXACTLY the same as thousands of others, but...there's a SPIRIT in her eyes, a fierceness, openness.

WINSTON
Sarah. You are Sarah.

The Cleric, now SARAH, feels tears spring to her eyes.

SARAH
Sarah. Sarah. Sarah. Sarah...

Joe stares at her, confused, so lost in this bizarre world...

WINSTON looks at Joe, seeing his confusion. Fear.

WINSTON
You must have a lot of questions.

JOE
What is the Ark?

Blank looks on the perfect faces of Winston and Sarah.

JOE
All your bitch Queen asked me -
over and over - “Where is the Ark?”

WINSTON
I don’t know what that is.

JOE
I think, I hope, my wife is there.

SARAH
Wife? What’s a ‘wife’?

JOE
I have to find this ‘Ark’.

WINSTON
Don’t be stupid, we have to get you
out of the Colony.

JOE
Look, I gotta find my wife. If
that’s stupid then you’re looking
at the dumbest guy on the planet.

WINSTON
Yes. I probably am.

JOE
Wow. Are you all this funny?

Joe is PUSHING past him, getting out of the TRANSPORT...

WINSTON
Wait. I know someone who can help.

Winston gets in the Transport's driving seat and presses his hand against a sensor pad on the console. The engine starts.

WINSTON
I'm going to take you to Max.

EXT. THE COLONY - STREETS / NIGHT

The streets are still teeming with identical people. Life goes on as usual. The SENTINEL TRANSPORT, driving along...

INT. SENTINEL TRANSPORT / NIGHT

WINSTON drives. While SARAH and JOE huddle in the back. Joe is shrugging on a SENTINEL UNIFORM, too big for him...

WINSTON
I was sent to arrest a Worker suspected of having a name. Max. To save himself he showed me Relics. From your world.

Joe sees the look of wonder, the passion in Winston's eyes...

WINSTON
He showed me that before the First Rising and the Queen, there was another world full of Other People.

SARAH
Most of us believe Other People never existed. A myth...

EXT. THE COLONY - SKYSCRAPER

The transport comes to a halt at the base of a SKYSCRAPER. JOE gets out, now wearing a Sentinel uniform and helmet.

He follows WINSTON and SARAH into an external glass elevator on the side of this massive, ugly concrete skyscraper...

SARAH
The Queen provides each of us with a hexagon. They are all identical.

JOE
Yeah. I coulda guessed that.

INT. THE COLONY - GLASS ELEVATOR / NIGHT

Riding up. The glass ELEVATOR gives JOE a view of the sprawling, grey identical skyscrapers of the COLONY...

A world of clones...

No crime. No jealousy. No conflict. No hate.

No passion. No pride. No innovation. No love.

WINSTON
Let me do the talking. Max can be...jumpy...

INT. THE COLONY - THE HEXAGONS - CORRIDOR

A DOOR slides open, and a CLONE WORKER'S face appears, confused, then - TERRIFIED -

At the sight of 2 SENTINELS and a CLERIC in the corridor.

CLONE
None of it is mine!

WINSTON
Max. It's me, Winston.

The CLONE, MAX, calms down. Sarah steps out from behind Joe.

SARAH
I am Sarah.

MAX nods, relieved. Steps back to allow them into his home.

INT. THE COLONY - MAX'S HEXAGON / NIGHT

Joe walks in, wearing the stolen Sentinel uniform. The small living quarters are HEXAGONAL. Grey walls lined with pipes.

A VIDEO SCREEN mounted on the far wall, opposite a thin bunk for sleeping. No other furniture.

Once the door slides shut Joe shrugs off his Sentinel helmet.

MAX
AAAGHHH!!

As he STARES at Joe. His unique, different face.

MAX
...it...can't be...

SARAH
He is.

MAX
A Variant. I thought the Only One was the only one...

WINSTON
Max, we need your help.

MAX
You can't stay here, get out!

WINSTON
Max, I can report the Relics. Then you'll be seeing a lot more of me.

A cold threat, delivered perfectly, Max shrinks back. Nods.

JOE
I have to find the Ark. They told me you could help.

MAX
Nobody can find it. Our Queen has searched for decades. All I know about it is on an old vid-clip.

JOE
Fine. Then show me.

Max carefully lifts a section of wall away. Hidden in a hollowed out part of the wall - a cache of DISCS and TAPES...

His VIDEO SCREEN BLINKS TO LIFE...

Max slides in a disc. THE SCREEN IS FILLED by an ornate LOGO - the words "NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR ARCHIVING HUMANITY"...

Then the FACE OF A TERRIFIED YOUNG MAN, bad skin, eyes that won't sit, greasy hair. Wearing a white lab coat.

YOUNG MAN (ON SCREEN)
The virus has been released. Dr. Solomon really did it...

JOE
Doctor Solomon?

MAX
Whoever he was, he killed your world.

YOUNG MAN (ON SCREEN)
The President signed the order this morning - the Ark is our only hope.

THE SCREEN IS NOW FILLED BY AN OLD MAN. Severe features, white hair, neatly trimmed white beard.

OLD MAN (ON SCREEN)
I am the designer and Chief Engineer on the Ark Project...

Sarah notices the look on Joe's face as he watches. He looks stunned. Staring at the screen, eyes wide.

SARAH
What? What's wrong?

Joe is still staring at the OLD MAN on the screen.

JOE
Just figured out how I got chosen.

INT. THE COLONY - THE HEXAGONS - CORRIDOR

Silence, the long concrete corridor is empty, but then a BUZZER SOUNDS, loud and insistent...

INT. THE COLONY - MAX'S HEXAGON / NIGHT

Inside, they hear the BUZZER.

WINSTON
Max. Go. Failure to collect food is reported. Act normal...

INT. THE COLONY - THE HEXAGONS - CORRIDOR

The corridor is FULL. WORKER CLONES are taking FOOD from TUBE-LIKE MACHINES fitted all across the far wall in the corridor.

No hurry or excitement. Identical people collecting identical food. Only Max seems different, heart racing, sweating...

CLONE
What is wrong?

MAX
(harsh whisper)
There's a Variant in my hexagon. I'm going to report it. You have to go in my hexagon and buy me time.

CLONE
How?

MAX
Pretend to be me. Go in there and answer to the name ‘Max’.

CLONE
You have a *name*???

INT. THE COLONY - MAX’S HEXAGON / NIGHT

JOE, SARAH and WINSTON, still staring at the video screen...

OLD MAN (ON SCREEN)
The Ark will store 1000 human specimens in cryogenic suspension.

SARAH
People. Other People. Out there somewhere. Waiting to be saved...

OLD MAN (ON SCREEN)
The Princess will provide us with a place to hide, safe from the virus.

WINSTON
What Princess? What does he mean?

JOE
I don’t know.

The door opens, the CLONE coming in, carrying a tray of food. Until he stops dead. Stares, wide eyed. A statue, mouth open.

SARAH
Max, what’s wrong? Max?

CLONE
...hmm, what?

WINSTON
Max sold us out.

He PUSHES the Clone away, who is still just STARING at Joe.

WINSTON
Sentinels are coming. In a gunship.

INT. THE COLONY - THE HEXAGONS - CORRIDOR

Winston is dragging Joe and Sarah along the corridor, RUNNING to the GLASS ELEVATOR on the exterior of the building.

WINSTON
If we can get to the roof, we can get the gunship before they get us.

INT. THE COLONY - GLASS ELEVATOR / NIGHT

As the ELEVATOR ascends, Joe stares out at the grey, massive sprawl of the city...when -

They see ANOTHER ELEVATOR, descending, across from them. FULL OF SENTINELS. Aryan blue eyes widen in surprise...

WINSTON
Get down!!

THE GLASS BLOWS OUT, and TRACER-LIKE GUNFIRE shreds it's way into the elevator - forcing them to duck down-

Joe sees the OTHER GLASS ELEVATOR, now RISING at the same rate - the Sentinels inside it FIRING at them...

Winston RETURNS FIRE, tracer-like bullets streaking across-

<u>As the 2 glass elevators wage war against each other</u>...

When suddenly the elevator LURCHES to one side. ONE of the two CABLES above has been SEVERED by gunfire...

And the entire elevator suddenly TILTS-

JOE slides OUT, JUST managing to GRAB the edge, DANGLING, hundreds of feet in the air...

The tilted elevator keeps CLIMBING...the Sentinels in the OTHER ELEVATOR are still SHOOTING...

BULLETS hit all around Joe, dangling, eruptions of concrete-

Winston FIRES BACK at the other elevator...then looks UP - the remaining CABLE above is DAMAGED, FRAYING, SPLITTING...

Winston keeps FIRING - HITS a SENTINEL in the other elevator, who FALLS, screaming...and screaming...

As Joe strains to PULL HIMSELF UP...

Joe scrabbles back into the elevator as it shakily CLIMBS. The cable above keeps FRAYING, slowly SNAPPING, bit by bit...

WINSTON
Come on, come on, come on...

The ELEVATOR REACHES THE ROOF. Just.

Joe, Winston and Sarah scramble out onto the roof JUST as the ELEVATOR FINALLY FALLS, death scream of tearing metal...

Joe looks around, sees a GUNSHIP, guarded by a lone Sentinel - who raises his rifle, but then FALLS BACK, SHOT-

By WINSTON, who leads the way, RUNNING across the roof. They reach the gunship, SCRAMBLE up the steep ramp...

BUT - SENTINELS from the other elevator are RUNNING across the roof to intercept -

The gunship's THRUSTERS lift the massive craft into the sky.

The SENTINELS FIRE their RIFLES - tracer-like BULLETS slam into the sides of the GUNSHIP, tearing, rending metal...

EXT. THE COLONY - THE SKY / NIGHT

The GUNSHIP, trailing leaking FUEL, soars over the COLONY...

INT. THE GUNSHIP - COCKPIT / NIGHT

WINSTON
We're heading towards the city I think you called 'la'.

JOE
L.A.?

Then - a BLARING ALARM, flashing red light. Winston slides his chair across to the co-pilot's panel.

WINSTON
Proximity alarm. We--

He checks his instruments, the color draining from his face, then he looks up - out of the cockpit window...

WINSTON
--have company...

Sliding back to the main pilot console, activating a weapons console by placing his hand on an electronic pad, just as -

Their GUNSHIP is violently SHAKEN, rocking from side to side, as instruments in the cockpit EXPLODE with showers of sparks-

EXT. THE COLONY - THE SKY / NIGHT

The GUNSHIP rocks, veers, being TORN APART, FLAMES on both wings, bullet holes PUNCHED into it's wounded side...

The OTHER GUNSHIP, weapons blazing cruelly in the night air, a light-show of destruction...

Round after round EXPLODING into the flanks of it's prey, which DIPS, then RISES...

RETURNING FIRE as best it can, it's own TRACER FIRE illuminating the dark smog filled sky...

INT. THE GUNSHIP - COCKPIT / NIGHT

WINSTON
Hold on!!

JOE grips the back of the pilot's seat as the entire GUNSHIP is ROCKED by another barrage of FIRE...

SARAH is wrenched from her seat, an EXPLOSION of sparks and flame just by her head - she careens across the cockpit -

JOE manages to CATCH her inches from the floor...

Then they are both ROLLING on the steel floor as - the GUNSHIP's nose rises and rises...

EXT. THE COLONY - THE SKY / NIGHT

Winston's GUNSHIP is RISING AND RISING, trailing a wake of flame and smoke, as it SOARS ever higher...

Swallowed up by the thick smog-laden CLOUDS overhead...

INT. THE GUNSHIP - COCKPIT / NIGHT

WINSTON
This might work.

JOE
Might?

Winston presses on the throttle, hard as he can, fighting the wounded machine, turning the nose...slowly...downward...

JOE and SARAH are now ROLLING back the other way as --

EXT. THE COLONY - THE SKY / NIGHT

--Their GUNSHIP DIVES. Steep, engines roaring, billowing fire-

SWOOPING DOWNWARDS - towards the OTHER GUNSHIP hovering below-

The GUNSHIP slows it's descent. Flattening out of the dive, coming to hover JUST ABOVE the other GUNSHIP -

The SENTINELS inside the other gunship can be seen staring UP through their cockpit canopy, stunned...

And then - WINSTON FIRES HIS TAKE-OFF THRUSTERS, all that force and fire and engine exhaust aimed DOWNWARDS -

CONSUMING the other gunship, belching fire all over it, setting it's own fuel alight...

It veers, dips, rolls, ENGULFED IN FLAMES...

IT EXPLODES INTO THOUSANDS OF SPINNING AND FALLING FRAGMENTS even as it PLUMMETS down towards the Colony...

INT. GUNSHIP - COCKPIT / NIGHT

WINSTON, satisfied. As JOE struggles to his feet behind him.

WINSTON
Maybe we all rose the same, but I've had more practice...

As they watch the RAINSTORM OF FIRE recede below them, all that remains of the other gunship...

Winston glances at his instruments, scanning, fast.

WINSTON
Strange that they didn't concentrate fire on our cockpit. They could have killed us, instead--

Checks the fuel gauge, his Aryan features grim, resigned.

WINSTON
--they just crippled us. We are going to crash...

EXT. WASTELANDS / NIGHT

The GUNSHIP flies over the cold desert. But the fuel-trails are dwindling, once-powerful engines thirsting to death...

INT. GUNSHIP / NIGHT

JOE and SARAH hurry back into the rear compartment, lined on each side with chairs for Sentinels - with seat belts...

JOE
That's it, I'm never flying again.

Sarah reaches out, GRABS Joe's hand, squeezes tightly as -

THE GUNSHIP PLOWS, NOSE FIRST, INTO THE ROCKY TERRAIN...

INT. GUNSHIP / NIGHT

JOE groggily opens his eyes, with a gasp, strapped in his seat, hears SCREAMS coming from -

SARAH. Next to him, trapped in her seat, her screams echoing off the twisted metal of the crashed gunship...

Joe struggles to unstrap himself from his seat, realizing too late that the GUNSHIP IS HALF ON IT'S SIDE...

He tumbles out on the side of the craft, now it's floor...

He lands with a clanging sound and a gasp of pain...

INT. GUNSHIP - COCKPIT / NIGHT

Half-buried, dirt slowly pours in through the cracked canopy.

WINSTON is trapped by the wreckage of the console...

Badly injured, and he knows it. His blue eyes are full of pain, legs crushed by what's left of his console...

JOE struggles towards him, avoiding showers of sparks.

WINSTON
Get away from here. Find the Only One. If he's still out here, if he's real...he can help you...

Now he grips Joe's hand in both of his bloodied hands.

WINSTON
Our way of life is a lie. We're *not* all meant to be the same...

INT. THE COLONY - MAINFRAME CHAMBER

The QUEEN is on the MAIN SCREEN on a bank of computers. As 2 SENTINELS enter, DRAGGING a badly beaten WORKER CLONE...

ONE-EYE
We believe he goes by the name Max.

MAX
There are no names! I know that!

Stumbling towards the DIGITAL IMAGE of his ruler and creator.

THE QUEEN
Tell us: What did the Variant want?

MAX
The Ark. They're looking for it.
Please, I've told you all I know...

ONE-EYE
But your injuries will never heal.

MAX
No, please, wait, I-

The SENTINEL behind Max SHOOTS him in the back of the head.

THE QUEEN
Track the Variant. This one will
lead us to the Ark...

EXT. THE WASTELANDS / DAY

The SUN blazes mercilessly. JOE and SARAH, mere dots on the landscape, slog their way across the arid wastelands...

SARAH
I don't understand, if your father
designed the Ark...

JOE
He never told me.

SARAH
But you were his son.

JOE
After Mom died I got sent to
boarding school. Got real expensive
straight C's. I was meant to be a
scientist. After I told him I was
gonna be a cop we didn't talk much.

He helps Sarah crest a ridge, overlooking miles of wasteland.

JOE
Turns out he was busy...

EXT. WASTELANDS

The CRASHED GUNSHIP, smashed against the rocky ground, looking like a giant bug that's been stepped on.

And then the wreck is CAST INTO SHADOW...

By the massive COMMAND GUNSHIP that's now powering down, thrusters burning, coming to land next to the wreck.

INT. THE GUNSHIP

Winston looks up painfully as SENTINELS walk into the wreckage. The last Sentinel removes his helmet...

Winston stares up at a face that's almost EXACTLY his own. Incredulous, stunned. As ONE EYE slowly kneels next to him.

WINSTON
How-? Why does she...

ONE-EYE
Allow me to live? Logic. I've led the search for the Ark ever since I rose. Digging in ruins, studying Relics. I've seen so many strange, deformed faces. She knows I won't allow the Variants to rise again.

One-Eye's single eye narrows, seems to shine with hate.

ONE-EYE
They lived like animals. Competing, surviving, hating. Different races, religions, war. Now we have peace.

Tenderly, he strokes Winston's bloodied hair out of his eyes.

ONE-EYE
One day our Queen will kill me for Conformity Violation. But I will die knowing I destroyed the last threat to our world.

WINSTON
The Queen is just a machine.

ONE-EYE
She loves us equally. She gives us life. And purpose.

WINSTON
She pounds the message into our heads before we ever open our eyes. So we never open our eyes.

ONE EYE
You're wrong. My eyes are open.

ONE-EYE gently places his GUN to Winston's head. One tear slowly rolls down Winston's cheek...

WINSTON
My name...is Winston.

ONE-EYE
No. It isn't.

He pulls the trigger...

EXT. WASTELANDS - AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE DEAD CITY / DAY

JOE and SARAH, suffering in the cruel heat, are now a mile outside the ruins of the city...

They reach what was once a GAS STATION. The plastic 'S' has fallen, now the sign says 'HELL'. Which, to Joe, seems right.

Nearby is the remains of a newspaper vending machine, through cracked glass we see the final headline: **"DO NOT PANIC"**

SARAH
If the Only One doesn't find us soon we'll die out here.

JOE
Who is this 'Only One'?

SARAH
Come on, let's keep moving.

Her steel will forces her onwards. Joe falls in beside her...

SARAH
I always thought the Only One was a legend, another myth. But if you are real, maybe he is real too.

JOE
So who is he?

SARAH
10 years ago they say there was a Variant. Conformity Violators found him in the wastelands. They called him The Only One. He was a leader, a hero. Like you.

JOE
I'm no hero. I'm not saving the world. Just trying to find my wife.

SARAH
That's all? One woman?

JOE
I love her. She's my wife.

Sarah is now completely confused.

SARAH
Love? What's love?

Joe pauses, considers. How can he explain? Finally-

JOE
Even when everybody was unique, different, she was special.

Sarah still doesn't understand, doesn't get it.

JOE
I know it's hard to figure out. Way things are now, nobody is special.

Sarah stops walking, crushed. Joe doesn't notice...

EXT. THE RUINS OF THE CITY / DAY

SILENCE. Total, eerie quiet in a place once so full of life.

Joe and Sarah walk through the RUINS. A THICK LAYER OF ASH AND GRIME ON EVERY SURFACE. Choking dust...

Skeletal steel structures jut out of the rocky ground, offering mere hints at the buildings they once were...

A SKYSCRAPER on it's side, the corpse of a once-powerful corporation...reduced to a toppled concrete mass grave...

Sarah looks around. Remnants of a world she can't imagine.

JOE
The virus was fast. So fast. Whoever that Solomon guy was, he picked the perfect weapon.

SARAH
Why would anybody-

JOE
-don't know. Not like we'll ever get to ask the son of a bitch...

He steps over a skull, jawbone wide open in a silent scream that's lasted a hundred years...

SARAH sees a faded BILLBOARD, A YOUNG WOMAN HOLDING A BABY...

SARAH
What is she holding?

JOE
That's a baby. We didn't make New Risers, we had babies. Children.

SARAH
Did you ever have a baby?

JOE
No.

Joe turns away, quickly. Sarah studies the faded billboard.

JOE
C'mon. We're heading West.

SARAH
How do you know?

JOE
Because the sun sets in the West. Unless that's changed too...

SARAH
Why are we going West? What for?

JOE
My father must have known where the Ark was. Seein' as how he built it.

SARAH
So?

JOE
So we're going home...

EXT. THE RUINS OF THE CITY - STREET / NIGHT

The sickly moon peers down from the smog laden sky...

JOE and SARAH limp/walk along the street, skirt round a street light, bent over at 45 degrees as it rusts away...

They pass a mound of dirt and pieces of broken concrete - with a crude CROSS nailed together, sticking out of it...

SARAH
Maybe the Only One was here. They say he buries his dead...

Joe stares at the crude cross, engraved on it is the number **5**

Joe finally stops in front of a large HOUSE. The second storey has COLLAPSED, dumping debris onto the first floor...

The front door hangs in the door frame, on one rusted hinge, but it doesn't matter as most of the front wall is missing...

JOE
Always hated coming back here.

He enters through the front door. Old habits die hard...

INT. THE RUINS OF THE CORRIGAN HOUSE / NIGHT

Inside the house they can still see the sky, they tread over roof tiles, pieces of what was once ceiling, furniture...

JOE
Look around for clues.

Sarah gives a quick nod, and pushes through a blanket-like cobweb to enter what was once a grand, opulent living room...

SARAH
Your father was an important man.

JOE
Obviously.

SARAH
But not important to you.

JOE
I just wanted a normal life. But as a Corrigan, I get to wake up when everyone I knew is dead.

SARAH
You're alive. And you're special.

JOE
Yeah. The lucky snowflake.

Sarah moves away, past what was once a fish tank - dried out long ago, the brittle skeletons of fish lining the bottom...

Joe sees a glint of moonlight reflecting off a PICTURE. A small snapshot. MURKY. GREEN. Indistinct, a ghostly green outline of a BABY...

Joe, his eyes like wounds, picks up the SONOGRAM picture...

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK - MEMORY - HAZY --

His beautiful wife, VERONICA. Pregnant. On an exam table. On the VIDEO SCREEN next to her, a live SONOGRAM IMAGE, a BOY...

JOE, younger, fresher, so excited, peers at the SCREEN...

DOCTOR
Have you picked a name yet?

VERONICA
Yes. We finally decided on-

As the BABY BOY seems to suddenly twitch his arms and legs-

JOE
Whoa, what was that?

DOCTOR
He's sleeping. Probably dreaming...

INT. THE RUINS OF THE CORRIGAN HOUSE / NIGHT

SARAH finds JOE sitting, staring at the SONOGRAM PICTURE, trying to make out his unborn son's face...

JOE
Maybe he's been dreaming for a hundred years.

SARAH
He'll be very special.

JOE
If he's still alive...

Even in the gloom Sarah sees Joe's eyes are glistening, wet.

EXT. THE RUINS OF THE CORRIGAN HOUSE / NIGHT

A feral, fur-matted DOG pads along the long-ruined street, sniffing skeletal remains...

Briefly pausing over the grave marked ‘5’, then continuing on-

Until it reaches the exterior of the CORRIGAN HOUSE. Where it stands and howls in the moonlight...

INT. THE RUINS OF THE CORRIGAN HOUSE / NIGHT

JOE and SARAH keep searching the house. The FLOOR CREAKS, rotten floorboards groaning...

Joe pushes aside cobwebs, like a haunted house. Which, for Joe, this is...

SARAH
Can’t see too-

CREAK!!!---The sound of SPLITTING WOOD - then SARAH IS GONE.

Joe lurches towards where she was - THE FLOOR HAS COLLAPSED.

JOE
SARAH!!

Joe looks down into the hole, peering over into the darkness. Sarah is lying on a broken table in the middle of A BASEMENT.

JOE
I don’t remember any basement...

SARAH
I’m fine. Thanks for asking.

EXT. THE RUINS OF THE CORRIGAN HOUSE / NIGHT

The dog stops howling, whimpers and sits down, panting, as it hears the distant rumbling of two engines...

Dust rises, TWO SENTINEL TRANSPORTS rumble on broken streets.

The TRANSPORTS are like the ones we saw back in the Colony, except out here they are equipped with caterpillar tracks...

These tracks rumble over and crush skeletons and debris...

The transports are old, battered, scarred by gunfire and dried blood...

IN THE LEAD TRANSPORT -

The driver is not a Sentinel. He is a scarred and older WORKER CLONE dressed in ragged clothing...

As he steers we see his broken finger in a crude splint...

INT. THE RUINS OF THE CORRIGAN HOUSE - BASEMENT / NIGHT

SARAH stands back. JOE lowers himself down through the HOLE. Looks around in the gloom. The air so full of dust...

On one wall, faded: the INSIGNIA from the vid-clip- “NATIONAL ORGANIZATION for the ARCHIVING of HUMANITY”

JOE
N.O.A.H. Very funny Dad.

SARAH
What? What’s funny?

JOE
Noah’s Ark. From the Bible.

SARAH
The Bible?

JOE
It’s a book.

SARAH
What’s a book?

Joe busts open a rusted old filing cabinet, dragging out fistfuls of papers, files...dumps them on the broken table.

JOE
Lucky my Dad hated computers.

Joe glances through the papers, tossing most aside...

JOE
Tax returns. Huh, turns out saving the world didn’t pay so great...

Joe looks across the room, sees a sagging desk in the gloom. a dust-covered TELEPHONE - and a NOTE PAD alongside it.

Joe goes to the note pad. Blank. Joe scowls, disappointed. Then he sees a PENCIL on the floor at his feet...

Picks up the pencil, starts scribbling on the pad.

SARAH
What are you doing?

JOE
Learned this trick when I was 9.

SARAH
I am 9.

JOE
Okay, then watch and learn...

Keeps scribbling - revealing - SLIGHT INDENTED LETTERS on the blank page - **M A T ...**

Sarah just stares, amazed. Joe keeps going, more scribbling - **I O K A**...then...no more....

JOE
Matioka.

SARAH
What's that? What does that mean?

JOE
I don't know.

Disappointed, Sarah turns away, keeps going through the papers strewn across the broken table...

SARAH
Here. I've found something.

Joe goes over to her, as she proffers a piece of paper - the INSIGNIA for N.O.A.H. at the top of the page.

SARAH
Look. The same sign.

Joe scans it, heart beating faster in his chest, as he sees-

34 25' 33 " N / 119 50' 25" W

JOE
Longitude and latitude. Coordinates for a place. Maybe *the* place.

Excitement shines on his face, in his eyes.

JOE
Now look around for a map...

Then - there's a CREAK above them. Loud. Distinct.

A FACE APPEARS IN THE HOLE ABOVE. A CLONE. Worker Class. Weathered. Older. Skin thickened on his once-identical face.

He has a crude SPLINT on a twisted, misshapen finger.

BROKEN FINGER
The dog, it never forgets a smell.

BROKEN FINGER points a GUN. An antique German Luger pistol.

BROKEN FINGER
Get up here. Now.

INT. THE RUINS OF THE CORRIGAN HOUSE / NIGHT

Joe helps Sarah as they climb back up. Then they both turn to face BROKEN FINGER - who is aiming the Luger at Joe...

BROKEN FINGER
Them crazy Outsiders always said there'd be another Variant, said the Only One wasn't the last...

JOE
Outsiders?

BROKEN FINGER
They hate the Queen. They mark themselves, put pictures on their skin. Can't never go back...

JOE
Where are they? We need their help.

BROKEN FINGER
They live in the House of Books.

JOE
The library?

He turns to SARAH, excited.

JOE
They'll have maps there, we can--

He's cut off by BROKEN FINGER shoving the Luger against his back, roughly.

BROKEN FINGER
No. You come with us...

He forces JOE and SARAH out through the front door...

EXT. THE RUINS OF THE CORRIGAN HOUSE / NIGHT

Once outside in the cold night air, JOE and SARAH see the two battered old bullet-scarred TRANSPORTS...

And FOUR other OUTCAST CLONES in their rag-like coverings and cloaks, with rag-like masks over their identical faces...

The feral dog barks at them, snarls, revealing a broken fang.

BROKEN FINGER
Don't worry, we're not gonna eat you anymore, gotta better idea...

He holds up his hand, showing the crude splint around his badly misshapen broken finger...

BROKEN FINGER
Busted it at the factory. This is the Conformity Violation that got me kicked out. But it's healing. I can go back. And you're our ticket Variant. If we give you to her, she'll let us come back...

SARAH
You want to go back?

BROKEN FINGER
Course I do. She loves us equally, she gives us life and purpose.

Broken Finger smiles, revealing rotten, non-conforming teeth.

BROKEN FINGER
Now, let's go for a ride.

Prodding them with the Luger, he forces Joe and Sarah towards one of the TRANSPORTS.

An OUTCAST CLONE is carrying a SEVERED HAND, the stump wrapped in cloth.

BROKEN FINGER
Sentinel hand. We didn't kill him. My guess it was the Only One and his soldiers. We found the Transports, and six dead Sentinels.

OUTCAST CLONE
And they were delicious.

Sarah shudders. The OUTCAST CLONE places the severed hand against the sensor pad on the Transport console...

The engine rumbles to life.

The OUTCAST CLONE then takes the severed hand to the other Transport, using it to start that engine too...

As BROKEN FINGER almost throws Sarah onto the back of the Transport. And Joe warily starts climbing in after her...

BROKEN FINGER
Long drive back to the Colony-

SUDDENLY - Joe LASHES OUT - GRABS the Luger, and twists. Broken Finger cries out, struggles -

Other OUTCAST CLONES come RUNNING -

Joe bends Broken Finger's finger back - the already-broken one...there's a SHARP CRACK - not just the splint breaking -

Another OUTCAST CLONE tries to GRAB JOE - but Joe shrugs him off and he falls back -

As Joe clambers into the driver's seat, turning back to Sarah-

JOE
Hang on!!

SARAH
You can't drive one of these--

Joe throws the Transport into gear - and it POWERS AWAY, kicking up a huge cloud of dust...

Broken Finger, enraged, waves at the OTHER TRANSPORT -

BROKEN FINGER
GET THE VARIANT!!!

And the OTHER TRANSPORT takes off in pursuit...

EXT. THE RUINS OF THE CITY - STREETS / NIGHT

CLOUDS OF DUST are kicked up amidst the debris and ruins, as the TWO TRANSPORTS race along long-deserted streets...

JOE pushes the old, battered TRANSPORT as hard as he dares, but the machinery is grinding, failing...

The OTHER TRANSPORT is gaining...

UP AHEAD - the rusted remains of a fish-tailed TRUCK, rusting to nothing, but BLOCKING the street...

JOE
HOLD ON TO SOMETHING!!

SARAH grabs a hold of the blood stained wreck of a chair - grips tight -

The TRANSPORT SMASHES into the TRUCK - which is so rusted and old that it practically dissolves into a CLOUD OF RUST -

The OTHER TRANSPORT drives straight through the cloud of rust and debris, keeps going -

GAINING so much ground it DRAWS LEVEL with Joe's Transport - an OUTCAST CLONE leans out, brandishing a crude spear -

SARAH
Joe! WATCH OUT!!

The OUTCAST CLONE THROWS the spear - Joe DUCKS - the SPEAR just MISSES his head, CRACKS the old windshield instead -

It's hard for Joe to see out the spider-webbed windshield -

His TRANSPORT HITS a leaning streetlight, tearing it out of the ground...

The two TRANSPORTS keep speeding along. Side by side, as the buildings get sparse around them...

ZOOMING OUT into the -

EXT. WASTELANDS / NIGHT

The rocky dunes of the wastelands, the CHASE leaving the ruins of the city behind...

JOE's TRANSPORT crests a dune, so fast it JUMPS into the air, lending with a SPRAY of rocks and sand...

The OTHER TRANSPORT in close pursuit...

Joe glances behind him, hits the brakes, SLOWING DOWN -

SARAH
What are you doing?

Joe sees the OTHER TRANSPORT, alongside them now, the stunned, identical faces of the OUTCAST CLONES inside-

Joe WRENCHES the steering column to one side -

And RAMS the side of the OTHER TRANSPORT...it VEERS away -

One of the OUTCAST CLONES THROWS another crude spear -

SARAH SCREAMS - as the SPEAR pierces the back of their TRANSPORT, right next to her head...just inches away...

Joe SWERVES again - SMASHING his TRANSPORT into the side of the OTHER TRANSPORT once more...

Sparks fly as the old Transports SCRAPE against each other-

Joe grits his teeth - HITS the brake. HARD.

His TRANSPORT slows, kicking up dust - the OTHER TRANSPORT keeps POWERING forwards -

And SMASHES INTO the next dune, a dune so steep the transport's caterpillar tracks can't climb it...

The OUTCAST CLONES cry out - as they see JOE'S TRANSPORT accelerating towards them -

RAMMING SPEED. Crunching metal, as Joe ruthlessly SMASHES the other Transport into the rocky surface of the steep dune...

The OUTCAST CLONES try to re-start their TRANSPORT but can't - it's HIT the dune so hard it's EMBEDDED...stuck...

The four OUTCAST CLONES climb out and RUN towards JOE's Transport, brandishing their crude weapons...

They let out a war cry, tribal, crazed...

Joe presses harder on the gas, his TRANSPORT's gears grind and complain but it powers it's way up the steep slope...

Leaving the enraged OUTCAST CLONES behind...

Joe's TRANSPORT, the engine straining, crests the slope-

Over the top - now careening down the other side, out of control - Joe struggling at the controls...

The slip-sliding TRANSPORT descends towards a HIGH WIRE FENCE-

It HITS THE FENCE - with a crackle of ELECTRICITY...

Because the fence arrested it's slide, the TRANSPORT finally slews to a stop, leaves a mangled section of fence behind...

Joe wearily helps Sarah get out of the transport. They look around, surrounded by high dunes...

They are both bruised and battered and shaken...

JOE
Are you okay?

Sarah just nods, shivering in the cold moonlit night...

They hear the distant rumblings of ENGINES from the other side of the dunes. Lots of engines...

SARAH
Where are we?

They start to climb the nearest dune. Forcing tired and aching bodies onwards and upwards, every step an effort...

EXT. THE WASTELANDS BEYOND THE FENCE / NIGHT

JOE and SARAH, forcing themselves to keep walking...

They find themselves on a ROAD. Flattened dirt, wide...

They hear engine noise, massive, powerful, deafening...and their world turns white - HUGE HEADLIGHTS -

Joe and Sarah SCRABBLE to get off the road. Just avoid getting SQUASHED like road-kill...

By the MASSIVE TRUCK lumbering on wide caterpillar tracks...

SARAH
That's an Exodus Truck. What's it doing here? Where are we Joe?

Joe starts climbing the NEXT SLOPE...Sarah following...

Sarah looks up at JOE. Watching as he crests the ridge...

And then...he just stands there...dead still...

SARAH
What? What do you see? Joe, what's wrong? What do you see?

Joe doesn't turn back to face her, he just says-

JOE
Sarah, go back down. Now.

Sarah reaches the TOP OF THE RIDGE. Her face goes pale...

As she stares out at the PIT. A hundred feet deep, half a mile long. An ugly gash in the earth....filled with-

<u>THE DEAD BODIES OF HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF CLONES.</u>

JOE
I’m guessing this is Colony 2.

SARAH
She lied to us...

JOE
It’s a machine. Programmed to lie.

In the distance they see the huge EXODUS TRUCK, on it’s caterpillar tracks, rumbling up to the edge of the pit -

The BACK SECTION of the mechanical behemoth is LIFTING. And MORE DEAD CLONES start to FALL OUT of the tilted rear section-

A CASCADE of fresh corpses, landing on top of a million of their brethren...

Another wave on the sea of death...

Sarah turns around and buries her face in Joe’s chest...

SARAH
It’s a lie, it’s all a lie...

JOE
I’m sorry.

And Joe just holds her tight as she cries...

EXT. WASTELANDS / NIGHT

JOE’s crashed TRANSPORT is being EXAMINED. By 2 SENTINELS, their armor covered in dust and dirt out here...

One of the SENTINELS is leaning into the old Transport, examining the spear sticking in it’s side...

He turns away, back to his comrade - then stops, stunned -

The other SENTINEL has JOE’s SHOTGUN pressed to his head.

JOE
Back off or I show you what you’d look like with a hole in your head.

SENTINEL
Variant, we can be replaced.

He draws his own GUN from a sheath on his dust covered armor-

And he SHOOTS Joe’s hostage Sentinel. The body crumples. Joe lets it drop, AIMS his shotgun- pulling the trigger-

CLICK. Empty now. Joe FLIPS the shotgun in his hand-

SWINGS it like a bat, SMASHES the Sentinel's helmet, SHATTERS the visor, the Sentinel goes down. Hard.

INT. SENTINEL TRANSPORT / NIGHT

JOE and SARAH climb into the back of the Transport - SUDDENLY ANOTHER SENTINEL is rushing at them from the driver's seat -

Joe manages to PUNCH the Sentinel, he falls to his knees - Joe KICKS him in the head and he slumps, out cold.

SARAH
There's always three.

JOE
Yeah. Thanks for the heads-up.

Sarah stares at the unconscious Sentinel at Joe's feet.

SARAH
Kill him.

JOE
We need him to start this thing.

SARAH
Only his hand, cut it off.

JOE
Like those animals that tried to take us? You want to be like them?

SARAH
You saw what the Sentinels do. To my kind. We should kill him...

She looks around for a weapon, finds a GUN - but Joe reaches out and GRIPS her wrist -

JOE
Don't. You're not like them...

Again, she hesitates. Joe reaches down and GRABS the Sentinel's arm, DRAGGING his unconscious form to the console-

Places his hand on the sensor pad, the engine rumbles to life-

JOE
Let's get outta here, before more of him turn up.

SARAH
Where are we going?

JOE
We’re gonna find those Outsiders.
We still need a map...

EXT. WASTELANDS - EDGE OF THE COMPOUND / NIGHT

The FENCE on the edge of the massive COMPOUND. All is quiet.

Until the SENTINEL TRANSPORT comes SMASHING THROUGH the fence, disappearing over the next ridge in a swirl of dust...

EXT. THE RUINS OF THE CITY / DAY

The SENTINEL TRANSPORT lumbers along broken city streets...

INT. SENTINEL TRANSPORT / DAY

The SENTINEL, bruised, rocking as the transport rumbles along. HANDCUFFED to the BENCH on one side of the transport.

JOE is driving the vehicle, grimly keeping his eyes fixed ahead, fighting the ever present urge...to...sleep...

SARAH
I think somehow I knew, always...

She’s sitting opposite the captive SENTINEL. Glaring at him.

SARAH
How do they die?

SENTINEL
In the Exodus Truck, there’s gas.
Supposed to be quick, painless.

But his face clouds, he glances away for the first time.

SENTINEL
But I see scratch marks inside the truck, broken fingernails.

SARAH
How can you do it?

SENTINEL
I was *made* to do it. We have no choice. If they aged, they would change. Be different.

Sarah levels a gun at the SENTINEL. He stares at her, no fear in his diamond-blue eyes.

SARAH
I still think we should kill him.

JOE
No. But if we're gonna keep him, he needs a name.

SENTINEL
There are no names.

JOE
How about Stan? Had a good buddy at the Police Academy called Stan.

SENTINEL
I don't want a name.

JOE
Well, that's too bad Stan...

EXT. RUINS OF THE CITY - PUBLIC LIBRARY / EVENING

The Transport's HEADLIGHTS cut through the evening gloom, sweeping over the crumbling ruins of the LIBRARY...

SUDDENLY - **BOOOOOMMM!!** The broken road directly in front of the transport ERUPTS UPWARDS, torn apart by an EXPLOSION -

The Transport's front wheels CRASH down into the huge POTHOLE that's left, rained on by debris...

JOE peers through the cracked windshield, and sees THREE FIGURES converging, brandishing GUNS...

All three are WORKER CLASS CLONE, weather beaten, toughened.

<u>And all three have different FACIAL TATTOOS...</u>

INT. SENTINEL TRANSPORT / EVENING

JOE
Think we found 'em.

Joe is slowly, tentatively opening the dented back doors -

JOE
Here's hoping they recognize a friendly face...

EXT. RUINS OF THE CITY - PUBLIC LIBRARY / EVENING

JOE STEPS OUT into the open. And EVERYTHING stops.

A WORKER CLONE, with a CRUDE CIRCLE tattooed around his eye, is holding a STICK OF DYNAMITE...

CLONE
It’s not possible...

ALL three tattooed CLONES rush towards JOE. Filled with joy.

Suddenly, SHOUTING at the back doors of the transport -

CLONE 2
Sentinel!!

They’ve seen the Sentinel, STAN, handcuffed, helpless...

JOE
He’s with me. His name’s Stan.

STAN
No, it isn’t.

CLONE 3
He has a name?

STAN
No.

JOE
He’s getting used to it.

INT. WHAT’S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY / NIGHT

Amidst the adoring CROWD, JOE and SARAH are ushered into what was once the LIBRARY, home to the OUTSIDERS...

ALL wear scavenged CLOTHING, colorful, worn, but patched, cared for. ALL have TATTOOS, on their faces, arms, backs...

Some have WIGS. Some have PIERCINGS, STUDS, EAR RINGS. By common consent, they try to look as DIFFERENT AS POSSIBLE.

They stare at the only truly unique man they’ve ever seen.

A CLERIC CLONE approaches Joe. She has a STAR crudely tattooed on one side of her aging, weathered face...

CLERIC
Come. Our leader needs to see you.

Joe turns to Sarah before he follows the tattooed Cleric.

JOE
Go find maps.

SARAH watches him go, nervously, until a CLONE comes up to her, the one with the CIRCLE tattooed around his eye.

BRAINPAN
I'm Brainpan. Have you got a name?

SARAH
Sarah.

BRAINPAN
...yeah, you look like a Sarah.

He's just being nice, of course.

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY / NIGHT

JOE follows the CLERIC along a dimly lit corridor. She gets to a door, knocks once and pushes it open...

INT. THE LEADER'S QUARTERS / NIGHT

The CLERIC gently shakes the shoulder of a sleeping man...

The sleeping man, the LEADER, opens once-blue eyes, now rheumy with age. He is a SENTINEL, blond hair turning white.

He has a STAR tattoo on his face, just like the one on the Cleric's face. His milky eyes widen as he sees Joe...

THE LEADER
Never thought I'd live to see you.

Drops the blanket, he has NO LEGS. Stumps wrapped in cloth.

THE LEADER
As it is, I'm only half dead.

CLERIC
There's also a Cleric-

JOE
Sarah. Her name's Sarah.

CLERIC
And a Sentinel prisoner.

THE LEADER
Protect the Sentinel. Go.

The Cleric hesitates, unsure, torn.

THE LEADER
Claire, he is one of me.

The Cleric, CLAIRE, nods and leaves. The Leader uses HANGING CHAINS to lift himself into an old SHOPPING CART he uses as an improvised wheelchair...

THE LEADER
My gunship crashed. Shot down by the Only One in his pointless war.

JOE
Pointless?

THE LEADER
10 years he’s fought. For nothing.

INT. WHAT’S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY / NIGHT

SARAH is being escorted around the book aisles by BRAINPAN.

BRAINPAN
Want to know how I broke the Conformity Law? Too smart. I re-designed my workstation. But she sent Sentinels. I had to run.

A CLERIC CLONE sees Sarah. Hurries over towards them.

CLERIC
You were travelling with the Variant? What is he like?

SARAH
Uh, he’s different.

Sarah and Brainpan keep walking. Past two COUPLES. Workers and Clerics. Huddled together, arms around each other...

BRAINPAN
C’mon, maps are this way...

INT. WHAT’S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY - LEADER'S QUARTERS

THE LEADER
Some say the Ark never existed.

JOE
Look at me. If I exist, it exists.

The LEADER just stares at him, unmoved.

JOE
My wife might be there. And son.

THE LEADER
Son? You had a child?

JOE
He wasn't even born when a man called Solomon killed the world.

THE LEADER
Why do you think Solomon was a *man*?

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY / NIGHT

SARAH and BRAINPAN walk through the ROMANCE SECTION of the library. They see TWO CLONES GETTING TATTOOS.

A WORKER and a CLERIC. Holding hands. As they get MATCHING TATTOOS - a simple design on their left cheeks.

BRAINPAN
They get the same marks, it means they are joined. Forever...

The Cleric and the Worker look so happy, despite the pain of the crude tattooing process...

Brainpan has to pull an entranced Sarah gently away...

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY - LEADER'S QUARTERS

THE LEADER is rooting through a wooden chest full of BOOKS. Then he finds the one he is looking for, pulls it out -

A faded old BOOK. "THE FUTURE OF A.I." by...DR. SOLOMON. Joe sees the PHOTO of the author on the cover...

THE LEADER
Before she killed the world she found a way to live forever...

<u>The book's author, Dr. Solomon...has the face of the QUEEN...</u>

THE LEADER
Catherine Solomon was rich. A billionaire. But she was dying...

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM / DAY (THE PAST) BLACK AND WHITE-

SOLOMON, the face of the Queen, but haggard, sick, older. Shrunken in a hospital bed. Her skin is parchment-thin, dull.

Her MRI SCANS - SHOWING A DARK SHAPE INSIDE HER BRAIN...

The ailing SOLOMON sits in a mechanized wheelchair, by a window, staring at the busy STREET outside...

THE LEADER (V.O.)
She watched all the people, jealous that they would go on living, and she would not...

Down on the street - busy people, barking incessantly into cellphones, barely looking at each other...

HISPANIC YOUTHS yelling obscenities at some BLACK GUYS...

THE LEADER (V.O.)
She saw so many different people. Divisions, hate, violence...

At the end of the street a HOMELESS MAN wanders aimlessly, yelling scriptures at heedless PASSERS-BY...

He wears a cardboard billboard, crudely scrawled on it are the words- ***THE END IS NEAR...***

THE LEADER (V.O.)
Nobody knows if it was the brain tumor that made her so insane...

Solomon stares down at the bustling, intense, oblivious street with pure, cold hatred on her wasted features...

THE LEADER (V.O.)
But she had an idea. A terrible idea. A final solution for the world. She spent her money. On 3 different branches of science...

SOLOMON, in an ornate wheelchair, breathing oxygen through a tube, waits impatiently as a door opens -

Revealing a WOMAN. WHO LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE EVERY CLERIC. THE BASIS (of Sarah and ALL the millions of others...)

THE LEADER (V.O.)
Alice Forbin, pioneer of Artificial Intelligence, built the mainframe.

SOLOMON is being wheeled by an ORDERLY into the spacious and ultra modern offices of a BALD MAN in an expensive suit...

THE LEADER (V.O.)
By 2019 human cloning was possible, but outlawed. She found an expert named Traxler Vukovich...

The BALD MAN fake-smiles. HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE EVERY WORKER CLONE. THE BASIS (of Brainpan and millions of others...)

THE LEADER (V.O.)
Now she was creating a new world, she had to destroy the old one.

SOLOMON, in her hospital bed, so weak, wasting away, apart from the unholy fire in her eyes, looks up at a visitor...

THE LEADER (V.O.)
Her only son was working on a Military bio-weapon. A new virus called the Devil's Flower.

SOLOMON's VISITOR LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE EVERY SENTINEL. THE BASIS (of The Leader, Winston, Stan, One Eye, many others...)

THE LEADER (V.O.)
And he was insane enough to use it.

SOLOMON, face like grey wax smeared across a skull...is being wheeled by an ORDERLY...across a wide, empty BEACH...

THE LEADER (V.O.)
On her last day she asked to be taken to the beach to see the sea.

Clutched in Solomon's veiny, bony hands is a METAL FLASK...

THE LEADER (V.O.)
Took the Devil's Flower with her.

Solomon turns her cloudy eyes towards the SUN, rising over a calm sea...grimaces...

Or is that a smile?...

Uses the last of her strength to OPEN THE FLASK...

THE LEADER (V.O.)
She loved the sea, because she could look for miles, and see no people...

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LIBRARY - LEADER'S QUARTERS / NIGHT

THE LEADER
She was dying. So she and her son killed the world. And created a new one with herself as it's Queen.

Joe leans back against the wall, feeling the world spinning.

THE LEADER
Now you know who she was, what she *is.* That's who you are fighting if you try and find the Ark...

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LIBRARY - MAP SECTION / NIGHT

BRAINPAN
Map section.

Sarah unfurls several different maps, points to the coordinates.

SARAH
Do you know what the numbers mean?

BRAINPAN
Did I tell you my name's Brainpan?

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY - LEADER'S QUARTERS

THE LEADER
The only thing the Queen fears is the Ark. Variants. Children.

JOE
That's why we have to find it.

THE LEADER
It's too late. The Ark is dead.

JOE
What if you're wrong?

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LIBRARY - MAP SECTION / NIGHT

A faded old map is rolled open, laid across a table.

As BRAINPAN, watched closely by SARAH, uses the longitude and latitude coordinates, tracing his finger across the map...

BRAINPAN
There. That's it.

Sarah bends down, straining to read the faded ink...

SARAH
Santa...Barbara...

Then they hear SHOUTING, from the other end of the hall...

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY / NIGHT

STAN is now at the center of a STORM. He's been TIED to a rusted radiator, wrists and ankles. Helplessly staring at -

An angry CROWD, jostling each other, shouting and screaming.

CLONE 4
Either we kill him or mark him!
Mark him so he can't go back!

STAN
No. Don't.

CLONE 1
See? We have to kill him!

SARAH and BRAINPAN come around the corner, take in the chaos.

A CLERIC CLONE pushes her way to stand in front of STAN. The CLERIC CLONE from before, CLAIRE, with the star tattoo...

CLAIRE
You want to kill him? Then what?!

CLONE
Claire, get out of the way.

CLAIRE
How will you get rid of the body?
Dig a pit, bury him? Like Colony 2?

A wave of shame goes through the crowd. She's winning.

CLAIRE
We're better than them. They lie,
kill their own people. Not us.
Remember: we're *different*.

Magic word. Sarah stares at Claire - impressed. Moved...

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LIBRARY - LEADER'S QUARTERS / NIGHT

THE LEADER
Even if you're right, and we could find the Ark, what then?

JOE
I don't know. My father was the brains of the outfit. He built the damn thing. His idea.

THE LEADER
You are the son of the creator?

There's a knock at the door. JOE goes over, opens the door-

SARAH
We found it. Checked the numbers.

SARAH lays the MAP out on an old work table.

BRAINPAN
Here. Santa Barbara.

SARAH
Your father said the Ark would be safe from the virus. How could a whole town have been safe?

JOE
I don't know. But it's all we've got to go on, so we check it out.

THE LEADER
This Santa Barbara is far away, and there are many gunship patrols.

BRAINPAN
There never used to be so many gunships. But since you escaped...

JOE
It's the seeds of a new human race.

THE LEADER
And your family, I know. But I have my own family to protect.

Joe is aware this old, injured Sentinel won't meet his eye.

JOE
You have to help us. The Ark is everything we were, and could be again...

EXT. THE RUINS OF THE CORRIGAN HOUSE / NIGHT

BROKEN FINGER is trying to re-splint his freshly broken finger. It looks BAD. Crooked and swollen...

Then he hears MASSIVE ENGINE NOISE, above. A GUNSHIP.

Broken Finger runs to the middle of the street. Frantically waving his arms, jumping up and down...

BROKEN FINGER
HEY!! HEY!! DOWN HERE!!

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY - STOCKROOM / NIGHT

JOE and SARAH enter a stockroom. Joe is exhausted, hollow eyed. There's a thin mattress on the floor.

Joe sees Sarah starting to strip off her clothes. She notices the surprised expression on his face...

SARAH
What? My body isn't special. There are thousands exactly like it.

Joe wearily shrugs off some of his clothes.

SARAH
All my life I wanted to be special.

JOE
You are special.

Sarah smiles, her skin shimmering in the pale moonlight.

SARAH
I want you to make a mark on me.

Joe sinks down onto the mattress, tiredness hits like a wave.

SARAH
Maybe you could get the same mark. We'd be joined. Like marriage.

JOE
I'm already married.

SARAH
A long time ago.

JOE
Not to me.

Sarah turns away, her eyes glistening, embarrassed.

JOE
Sarah, my wife is still out there.

SARAH
What was she like?

JOE
I don't remember too much, the cryo-

SARAH
Tell me what you remember.

JOE
Her name was Veronica. She was beautiful. Kind. She had a quiet laugh, but she laughed a lot. And she loved to see the sun rise.

The wistful look on his face turns to anguish, sadness.

JOE
I wish I could remember her more. She deserved to be remembered...

EXT. THE RUINS OF THE CORRIGAN HOUSE / NIGHT

BROKEN FINGER looks up at the huge COMMAND GUNSHIP, filling the night sky. SENTINELS are LOWERED to the ground on WIRES.

BROKEN FINGER
You're looking for the Variant.

The leading SENTINEL starts to take off his helmet-

BROKEN FINGER
I know where the he's going, I'll but you gotta take me back-

His voice chokes when he sees the empty socket of ONE EYE.

BROKEN FINGER
S'not fair, not fair...I broke a finger. Just one finger! But you! How could she let you stay?!

ONE-EYE
Where is the Variant?

BROKEN FINGER
I told him about the Outsiders! He wanted me to take him to them. To the House of Books...

ONE EYE nods. Turns away. The SENTINELS walk back towards the still-dangling WIRES hanging from their hovering GUNSHIP...

BROKEN FINGER
Wait! TAKE ME WITH YOU! Please!

Broken Finger starts RUNNING - PAST the Sentinels...GRABS one of the dangling WIRES. Starts trying CLIMB up...

A Sentinel SHOOTS him down. Broken Finger FALLS. Dead.

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY / NIGHT

STAN, the SENTINEL, is slumped against a wall, watching...

OUTSIDERS, sleeping, in couples, united by common tattoos. A Clone snores, his Cleric partner nudges him, works perfectly.

Stan just watches, surprised...charmed...

SARAH approaches, quietly stepping over a sleeping couple.

SARAH
I brought you some food, Stan.

STAN
Please. There are no names.

Sarah proffers a tin of tuna, opened.

STAN
Why are you doing this?

SARAH
The woman last night saved your life. And she was right...

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LIBRARY - STOCKROOM / NIGHT

JOE lies on the thin mattress, lost in a peaceful sleep...

INT. SMALL APARTMENT / DAY - FLASHBACK - MEMORY - HAZY --

JOE is lying next to his wife, VERONICA, on their bed, he has his head pressed against her pregnant belly...

JOE
Josh....Nope. Not a twitch.

VERONICA
(smiling)
Next.

JOE
Jake.

VERONICA
Had an ex called Jake.

JOE
Next.

VERONICA
Oliver.

JOE
Wow. Big kick.

VERONICA
Oliver then. Like Oliver Twist.

JOE
Who?

VERONICA
It's a book. You know, those paper things they make movies from.

Joe sticks his tongue out at her. Speaks to her belly.

JOE
Don't listen to her Olly...

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LIBRARY / NIGHT

SARAH sits next to STAN, still bound to the wall, a prisoner.

SARAH
Wish I could stay here. But I have find the Ark. The Other People.

STAN
You don't even know it's real.

SARAH
If there's a Variant, that proves there's an Ark.

Beat. Stan, stricken. Fighting his duty, his sense of self.

STAN
Listen, it's not safe for you to be near the Variant.

SARAH
What? What do you mean?

STAN
He's not who you think he is. He's not even who he thinks he is, he-

MASSIVE ENGINE NOISE REVERBERATES AROUND THE WHOLE BUILDING-

Books shake and FALL from their shelves, furniture rattles on a shaking floor, it's like an earthquake...

A CLERIC gets up, RUSHES to a window, and sees the GUNSHIP...

As the GUNSHIP'S underside doors OPEN - and SENTINELS start sliding down smoothly on WIRES...

CLERIC
Oh no...

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY - STOCKROOM / NIGHT

JOE is still sleeping down in the stockroom, SOUNDS OF GUNFIRE and panic can be heard dimly from above...

The door BUSTS open and BRAINPAN and SARAH are rushing in...

BRAINPAN
Sentinels!! Come with me!

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY / NIGHT

SENTINELS STORM through the hall, trampling fallen books, shoving over shelves, hunting, rifles aimed...

SENTINELS are GRABBING the poor OUTSIDERS, SHOVING them...

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY - BACK CORRIDOR

BRAINPAN is pulling JOE and SARAH along, as the sounds of GUNFIRE and SCREAMING echo behind them...

BRAINPAN
You can get out the back. Go!

SARAH
What about you?

Brainpan produces a PISTOL from inside his ragged clothing -

BRAINPAN
I'll give you some time.

SARAH
No, come with--

BRAINPAN
--I can be replaced. But you, you have to find it, the rest of us.

JOE
Everything we were.

BRAINPAN
And could be again...

Joe sadly pulls Sarah away, gives Brainpan a nod of respect. And then they leave him behind, standing there...

The old pistol in his badly shaking hand...

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY - MAIN HALL / NIGHT

SENTINELS are MARCHING through, in perfect synch, rounding up the few remaining OUTSIDERS, one by one...

SENTINELS round up the OUTSIDERS in the middle of the hall. Sentinels stare at their scavenged clothes and tattoos...

STAN is released by fellow Sentinels. He rubs his reddened, bruised wrists. Notices a SENTINEL staring at him...

STAN
It'll heal.

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY - BACK CORRIDOR

JOE pulls SARAH along, she's crying. The back doors are up ahead, moonlight filtering through grimy windows...

Behind them BRAINPAN still stands ready. Hearing the thudding footsteps of THREE SENTINELS...

Brainpan raises the large pistol, shakily - and FIRES as the SENTINELS emerge round the corner -

The bullet HITS the lead SENTINEL, sending him stumbling back-

A brief victory. Paid for a few seconds later, in blood. The two remaining SENTINELS step over Brainpan's dead body...

EXT. THE BACK OF WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LIBRARY / NIGHT

JOE and SARAH come bursting through the grimy door - OUT onto a ruined street, deserted, rusted cars and skeletons...

They look around, to find a place to hide - too late...

TWO SENTINELS come CRASHING through the door behind them, rifles aimed right at them...

They are trapped out in the open - when SUDDENLY -

RIFLE SHOTS. Old fashioned bullets whizz through the night air-

And the TWO SENTINELS both CRUMPLE, dead in the street. JOE whirls around, confused, scared...

A DARK SHADOW is climbing nimbly down an old fire escape. He is a WORKER CLONE. No tattoo. But hardened, grizzled...

Other CLONES are emerging from the shadows now. They are all dressed in OLD MILITARY UNIFORMS. World War 2 era...

CLONE
Come with us. Now.

HORSES come trotting around the corner. Tethered to RUSTED VEHICLES. The engines stripped. Empty shells - WAGONS.

CLONE
We can take you to the Only One.

He helps Joe and Sarah climb onto his makeshift wagon, the rusted body of what was once a Prius.

CLONE
Welcome to the war.

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LIBRARY - MAIN HALL / NIGHT

The surviving OUTSIDERS, huddled together, look at their Sentinel captors...

A SENTINEL takes off his helmet, stepping in front of his prisoners. Who gasp audibly when they see his missing eye.

SENTINELS grab the crippled LEADER, lift him out of his cart.

ONE-EYE
Where is the Variant going?

EXT. THE WASTELANDS / NIGHT

The WAGON TRAIN makes it's way out of the city...

IN THE BACK HALF OF THE RUSTED PRIUS - pulled by HORSES like a chariot, JOE sits with the CLONE, holding the reins.

CLONE
Years ago we found something called a War Museum. The Only One had to tell us what 'war' meant.

JOE
Not everything was better before.

CLONE
We know what war means now...

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY / NIGHT

The LEADER has ONE-EYE's rifle pressed against his head.

ONE-EYE
Where is the Variant going?

The Leader, terrified, but shakes his head, closes his eyes.

A SENTINEL strides over to One-Eye. The SENTINEL has red MARKS on his wrists...

ONE-EYE
You were the one taken prisoner.

STAN
I've learned their secret. The marks on their faces. If the marks are the same then-

ONE-EYE
Then that one is "*special*".

Spits the word like it's battery acid. He looks down, sees the STAR tattoo on the LEADER's face...

OUTSIDERS surround CLAIRE, but she is YANKED from the crowd. One-Eye stares at the helpless Leader. Aims at Claire's head.

ONE-EYE
Now, let me put this another way...

EXT. THE WASTELANDS - CAR GRAVEYARD / NIGHT

The WAGON TRAIN enters a valley in the wasteland desert. FULL OF CARS. A GRAVEYARD OF CARS, HALF-BURIED IN SAND.

The bitter, cruel winds whip up sand, forcing JOE to squint, shielding his eyes...

Of course he's not surprised to see the old-military-garbed CLONES all around, staring at him...

That stunned look he's getting used to...

JOE steps down from his 'wagon', looking around. He helps SARAH get down too...

CLONE
This way, the Only One is waiting.

He turns and starts walking away, head bowed in the sandstorm. Joe and Sarah follow him...

Walking through the ranks of stunned-looking CLONES, all heavily armed and scarred...

Joe and Sarah are being led towards the remains of an OLD SCHOOL BUS, half-buried in the sand...

A MAN steps out of the rusted old bus, wearing a long coat that flaps and billows in the winds like a cloak.

A GAS MASK covers his face...

JOE
You're the Only One?

GAS MASK
That's what they call me.

As he starts to shrug off the gas mask.

GAS MASK
But that's gonna haveta change.

Joe, for the first time, is the one staring, disbelieving...

The Only One is scarred, with long flowing gray hair, his skin weathered and tanned, eyes fierce, jittery, insane...

<u>BUT...THIS MAN IS A CLONE OF JOE CORRIGAN...</u>

EXT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY / NIGHT

The massive COMMAND GUNSHIP rises back into the air, shimmering jet-wash creating a storm of ash and dust...

INT. COMMAND GUNSHIP COCKPIT / NIGHT

ONE-EYE stands behind the two PILOTS, with STAN at his side.

ONE-EYE
Set course for Santa Barbara.

ONE-EYE turns to STAN, smug, satisfied.

ONE-EYE
See? If you pretend certain people are 'special' you become weak.

Stan merely nods. And starts to walk back into the huge gunship's rear section.

ONE-EYE
Destroy the building.

Stan turns back, amazed, shocked, disturbed.

STAN
But they told us what they knew.

ONE-EYE
Be careful, Sentinel. Before I decide your injuries are permanent.

Stan, suddenly afraid, nods and steps back, head bowed. The PILOT, without any emotion, places his hand on a sensor-

Activating the weapons console.

ONE-EYE
Fire.

EXT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY / NIGHT

MISSILES streak out from the underside of the COMMAND GUNSHIP-

Streaking towards the ruined Library. Which EXPLODES, a massive, shattering blast, raining debris...

A FIREBALL rises high into the night sky, BURNING bright...

EXT. THE WASTELANDS - CAR GRAVEYARD / NIGHT

A CAMP FIRE crackles. By the fire, THE ONLY ONE (OLDER JOE), JOE and SARAH...

JOE
If I'm not Joe Corrigan, who am I?

OLDER JOE
The real Joe Corrigan was found in his cryopod in the plane, 70 years ago, but he was sick. The virus. My guess is they found out he was infected when the plane was in the air and the pilots got orders to ditch. The Ark had to be protected.

JOE
What happened to the real Joe?

OLDER JOE
Queenie kept him alive long as she could. Learned who he was. He could be cloned. But she needed memories.

INT. THE COLONY - INTERROGATION CHAMBER - FLASHBACK

THE ORIGINAL JOE CORRIGAN lies strapped to the table. He looks sick, pale, emaciated, his eyes blood shot...

ORIGINAL JOE
My name is Joe Corrigan...

INT. THE GENESIS CENTER - SECRET CHAMBER - FLASHBACK

THE VAGUE OUTLINE OF A BODY CAN BE SEEN...FORMING...

In a LARGE GLASS TUBE, full of that strange viscous liquid...

OLDER JOE (V.O.)
An average Clone's Sleep Education takes 7 days. This was different...

And, HOLO-PROJECTED INSIDE THE LIQUID, seeming to hang all around the FORMING HUMAN SHAPE -

CCTV FOOTAGE: ORIGINAL JOE, MULTIPLE 'SCREENS'. Simultaneous.

ORIGINAL JOE
It happened so fast...

ORIGINAL JOE
I let her go...

TIME LAPSE - THE HUMAN BODY...FORMING...

ORIGINAL JOE
Never wanted to be special...

ORIGINAL JOE
I'm not a hero...

TIME LAPSE CONTINUES - THE BODY NEARING COMPLETION...

ORIGINAL JOE
Had a buddy called Stan...

ORIGINAL JOE
I was gonna be a father...

EXT. THE WASTELANDS - CAR GRAVEYARD / NIGHT

OLDER JOE
We think we have memories, but they're just dreams about stories we got told before we were born.

JOE
I still don't understand - why did the Queen do this to me? Uh, us?

OLDER JOE
It's a machine. Programmed to find and wipe out any Variant DNA. The Ark is lost, gone, she could just leave it to rot out there but she has to follow her programming. So she has to find it. And destroy it.

JOE
So what's that got to do with us?

OLDER JOE
She believed there were rebel Clones who knew where the Ark was. She knew they'd trust a Variant.

JOE
But nobody knows where it is.

OLDER JOE
So she keeps trying, she makes a new Joe Corrigan every 10 years. You are the 7th. I'm the 6th.

JOE
How do you know all this?

OLDER JOE
I heard it from Number 5.

JOE
How? Where?

OLDER JOE
I went home. The Corrigan house, place where I thought I'd grown up. Number 5 was there, waiting for me. He was dying. I buried him there.

Joe, sickened, remembering the crude grave they saw...

OLDER JOE
I decided if I couldn't find the Ark, I was gonna fight...

He shrugs off his coat. Revealing muscular arms - COVERED IN X-SHAPED SCARS. Dozens of them.

OLDER JOE
One for every Blondie I've killed.

JOE
We searched the Corrigan house too.

OLDER JOE
There's nothing there. Another guy's memories, that's all.

JOE
We found a basement.

SARAH
I fell in it.

OLDER JOE
There's a *basement*?

JOE
You know how well Dad kept secrets.

A moment of sadness passes between both JOE's. Then...

OLDER JOE
Funny ain't it? Bein' sad about a guy we never even met.

Joe has a sick, sinking feeling.

OLDER JOE
Well, *I* think it's funny.

JOE
I think I know where the Ark is.

Digging in his pocket he finds the now-crumpled MOVEMENT ORDER. Unfurls it, hands it to OLDER JOE.

JOE
We checked out the coordinates back at the Library. Santa Barbara.

OLDER JOE
Most important scrap of paper in history. Good you're keeping it so neat and all.

JOE
I'm trying to take all this save-the-world crap one step at a time.

OLDER JOE
Wait. Did you tell the idiots back at the House of Books about this?

Joe's shamed look is an answer in itself.

OLDER JOE
Congratulations asshole. You did what the Queen made us to do.

Glaring at Joe. Hate shining in his crazy, intense eyes.

OLDER JOE
You led her right to it...

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY / NIGHT

The OUTSIDERS lie dead and dying. The LEADER, fatally wounded, stares, tears streaming down his face...

FIRE RAGES all around them...

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LIBRARY - LEADER'S QUARTERS / NIGHT

FLAMES billow, chewing the mattress, rattling hanging chains.

And, on the table, BURNING...the MAP. Still laid out.

The FLAMES creeping across it...

Closing in on...SANTA BARBARA...

EXT. THE WASTELANDS - CAR GRAVEYARD / NIGHT

OLDER JOE reaches out a hand, and in the next instant one of his men has placed a pair of BINOCULARS in his palm.

Through the cracked lenses he looks out - and sees in the distance, the PLUME OF SMOKE rising from the Library.

OLDER JOE
It's over. They know.

Passing the binoculars to JOE. Who stares in horror.

OLDER JOE
She'll send enough Blondies to tear the town apart, hundreds of him...

EXT. THE RUINED CITY / NIGHT

The COMMAND GUNSHIP, flying low over ruins, shattering every window that's still intact, massive jet-wash shimmering...

INT. THE COMMAND GUNSHIP / NIGHT

ONE-EYE stands behind the two PILOTS, addressing a small SCREEN showing the cold digital face of his QUEEN...

ONE-EYE
The Variant said the Ark is there.

THE QUEEN
Find it. Destroy it. No trace of Variant DNA can remain...

EXT. THE WASTELANDS - CAR GRAVEYARD / NIGHT

JOE is sitting on what was once the hood of a black TRANSAM. He looks lost, devastated. SARAH approaches, carefully.

JOE
I knew. I knew I wasn't special.

SARAH
You are special.

JOE
No. I'm just a trick, Sarah. I was made to trick you guys into showing me where the Ark is. That's all...

SARAH
But we don't know. And you've helped us. You're the one who will find the Ark. I believe in you.

JOE
They all believed in me. Winston. The guy back at the Library--

SARAH
--Brainpan, his name was Brainpan.

JOE
Dead because of me. They all are.

SARAH
It's not your fault Joe.

JOE
That's not even my name.

SARAH
Yes. It is.

JOE
I'm out here searching for a woman I never even met.

SARAH
You love her.

JOE
I was tricked into loving her.

SARAH
That's not true.

JOE
It's over. If the Ark's there they'll destroy it. If it's not nobody will ever find it.

SARAH
You will Joe.

JOE
I'm not Joe! I'm a copy, like him-

He points over at OLDER JOE, sat by the fire, obsessively cleaning an antique M-16, a mad glint in his eye, always.

SARAH
You're not like him. He's given up. All he wants to do is kill.

JOE
I've given up too. It's over.

SARAH
No. Don't say that.

JOE
I'm just a clone. A copy. Like you.

SARAH
You said I was special.

JOE
I was wrong. About everything.

He walks away from her. Leaving her crying softly.

EXT. THE COASTAL TOWN OF SANTA BARBARA / NIGHT

It was once a town, full of people and full of life. Now, only death. Empty, ruined buildings, rotting to nothing...

A GUNSHIP descends from the sky. It's underside slides open, SENTINELS in body armor SLIDE DOWN on wires, perfect unison.

ANOTHER GUNSHIP descends. And ANOTHER and ANOTHER. An awesome display of manpower. But the same man, endlessly repeated...

EXT. THE WASTELANDS - CAR GRAVEYARD / NIGHT

JOE is sleeping fitfully, in the black Transam, alone...

INT. SMALL APARTMENT / DAY - FLASHBACK - MEMORY - HAZY --

JOE wakes in a double bed. His face fresh, handsome. He sees the other side of the bed is empty. He gets out of bed...

Finds VERONICA sitting by the window, watching the SUN RISE.

VERONICA
Olly wouldn't let me sleep. He's dreaming again. About his Daddy.

JOE
He doesn't know me yet.

VERONICA
Sure he does.

JOE
I don't know how to be a Dad. Not like I had the best role model.

VERONICA
You're not your father. I wouldn't have married you if you were.

JOE
No?

VERONICA
I wouldn't marry anyone smarter than me.

JOE
Wow. Lucky for me that left so few guys to choose from.

She laughs quietly, gives him a gentle shoulder bump.

VERONICA
You'll be a great Dad. Just follow your heart, you'll know what to do.

EXT. THE WASTELANDS - CAR GRAVEYARD / NIGHT

And Joe opens his eyes. Slowly coming back to his senses...

He sees CLONES, sleeping, huddled around the embers of the fire. SARAH is amongst them, sleeping, her face so peaceful.

OLDER JOE, sleeping in the school bus, his long coat as a blanket, angrily opens his eyes, as JOE shakes him awake-

JOE
I need a horse. And enough water to get to Santa Barbara...

EXT. THE WASTELANDS - CAR GRAVEYARD / MORNING

A HORSE, tethered to the grille of a long-dead truck, is untied by OLDER JOE. Who reluctantly hands the reins to Joe.

OLDER JOE
What about your Cleric?

JOE
She stays here. I don’t wanna be responsible for anyone else dying.

OLDER JOE
But it doesn't matter if she dies.

So cold. He notices the surprise, even disgust on Joe's face.

OLDER JOE
Yeah. I was like you when I started. Gave 'em names - first guy I had I called Stan, after -

OLDER JOE
A friend of mine from the Academy.

JOE
A buddy from the Academy.

Older Joe smiles. But then his smile fades.

OLDER JOE
Stan lasted a coupla years, then got shot to pieces. I buried what was left. Then I stopped giving 'em names. They're just *clones*.

JOE
So are we, remember?

OLDER JOE
Yeah, but we're Limited Edition.

Older Joe is not getting through to Joe. He points at Sarah -

OLDER JOE
There's one of us every 10 years, there are tens of thousands of her.

JOE
You're wrong. She helped me in the Colony. None of the others did.

OLDER JOE
So?

JOE
She's special. She's my friend.

With one last fond look at the sleeping Sarah, Joe swings himself up onto the horse's back.

OLDER JOE
Stay. Could use a fighter like me.

JOE
For your pointless war? You wanna beat her we have to find the Ark.

OLDER JOE
It’s gone. That one-eyed bastard probably already found it by now.

JOE
You know that one?

Older Joe nods, grins, savage and intense.

OLDER JOE
How’d you think he lost that eye?

JOE
I have to go. I gotta find the Ark. My wife could be there. My son.

OLDER JOE
She’s not your wife. Or mine.

JOE
Then why are you wearing that ring?

Older Joe, surprised, glances down. The RING on his wedding finger is dulled, scratched, otherwise exactly like Joe’s.

OLDER JOE
Just a copy. Number 5 had one too.

JOE
But you still wear it. Why?

OLDER JOE
...I don’t know...

JOE
Maybe we weren’t brainwashed into loving her. Maybe the real Joe loved her so much it got passed on.

OLDER JOE
You’re crazy.

JOE
Yeah, and look at you. Standing in the desert, talking to yourself...

He kicks his heels against his steed’s sides. Gallops away...

EXT. THE COASTAL TOWN OF SANTA BARBARA / DAY

The streets are teeming with SENTINELS...searching every structure still standing...

EXT. COASTAL TOWN OF SANTA BARBARA - DESERTED HARBOR / DAY

Most of the BOATS in the HARBOR have long since sunk under the murky sea, masts poking up forlornly...

SENTINELS search the docks. Swarming. Relentlessly searching.

EXT. THE WASTELANDS / DAY

The HORSE's hooves plod across the uneven, rocky ground. JOE rides listlessly, eyes deadened, shoulders slumped...

The sound of the hoof-steps changes. The horse is now walking on what was once a highway...

The horse keeps plodding. Joe's expression remains fixed...

EXT. THE WASTELANDS - CAR GRAVEYARD / MORNING

SARAH slowly opens her eyes. She looks around. The only JOE she can see is on the far side of the fire, loading a rifle.

SARAH
Where's Joe?

OLDER JOE
Right here, Cleric.

SARAH
My name's Sarah.

OLDER JOE
Whatever.

EXT. HIGHWAY TOWARDS THE COASTAL TOWN / DAY

The HORSE, exhausted, crests a hill on the ancient, cracked highway. and now JOE hears a new sound. The ocean.

A GUNSHIP roars overhead, and Joe follows it's progress, towards SANTA BARBARA, once a crumbling ghost town-

Now filled by an occupying high tech ARMY. The air above packed with GUNSHIPS, swarming, massive locusts...

EXT. THE COASTAL TOWN OF SANTA BARBARA / NIGHT

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS cut through the dusty night...

SENTINELS patrol the ruins, flashlights attached to their rifles, heavy armor covered in grime...

They keep moving, never seeing - JOE, hiding in the shadows of a doorway. He slips out into the darkness, moving fast-

A SENTINEL turns around, aiming his rifle.

Nothing. Nobody there. The Sentinel turns back, walking away.

Hidden under a car, Joe dares to breathe again...

EXT. THE COASTAL TOWN OF SANTA BARBARA / NIGHT

A TORRENTIAL RAIN begins to fall, hard, cold, relentless...

JOE sees the skeleton of a woman with two SMALL SKELETONS clutched to her rib cage, even in death. RAINWATER drips down the cheekbones, like tears...

Joe hears footsteps behind him - he spins - sees SENTINELS turning the corner -

Panicking, he desperately looks around - a place to hide -

There - the ruins of a DEPARTMENT STORE, the front window mostly gone, just shards remaining...

Joe ducks in through the missing window, and HIDES-

The SENTINELS walk past. And, as they pass by Joe, he hears a SENTINEL VOICE, filtered, coming from the Sentinel's HELMETS-

SENTINEL VOICE
Sector 2 clear. Sector 3 clear...

INT. THE RUINS OF A DEPARTMENT STORE / NIGHT

JOE creeps through the store. A FADED BANNER hanging overhead says "CLOSING DOWN SALE - EVERYTHING MUST GO"

The roof has holes, letting in the RAIN, pooling at the feet of many MANNEQUINS, stripped naked, rotting away. Identical rotting, smiling plastic faces...

At Joe's feet - a FUR COAT. Joe lays it like a blanket. He lies down, finds himself staring at the nearest mannequin.

JOE
What are you smilin' at?

EXT. THE COASTAL TOWN OF SANTA BARBARA / NIGHT

The RAIN LASHES down on a SENTINEL tramping through the growing puddles, panning his flashlight back and forth-

Until - his foot gets SNAGGED, a ROPE around his ankle. He is YANKED OFF HIS FEET. Struggling, dangling - UPSIDE DOWN-

A SHADOW flits towards him, a BLADE SLASHES and BLOOD pitter-pats down into a puddle, slowly turns it red...

The SENTINEL's HELMET is yanked off, revealing his dead face.

INT. THE RUINS OF A DEPARTMENT STORE / MORNING

JOE, sleeping on the cold tiled floor, feels the warmth of the sun's rays bathe his cheek. Blinks. Comes to, still tired-

The SUN RISE is breathtaking, multi-colored, so vibrant. Joe stares at the sun, sees it's glow reflected on the sea...

A BEAM OF SUNLIGHT shines through a hole in the roof, casting a glow directly onto one of the puddles on the floor...

It leads Joe's eye - and he sees, in the puddle, a COCKROACH, climbing onto a piece of plastic, floating in the water...

Joe becomes aware of a sound. The sea. Waves gently lapping the shore...

And, as Joe stares, transfixed now, he remembers:

Seeing his father's face on the vid-screen:

OLD MAN (ON SCREEN)
The Princess will provide us with a place to hide, safe from the virus.

Then, he remembers being in his father's secret basement, seeing the insignia of the Ark Project on the wall...

JOE
Noah's Ark. From the Bible.

Joe's eyes shine, new excitement. He stands up, goes back to the window, to stare out at the sea...

JOE
Oh...that's it. Of course...

EXT. THE COASTAL TOWN OF SANTA BARBARA / DAY

The dead Sentinel, still hanging on the rope, surrounded now by OTHER SENTINELS, staring impassively at their dead twin.

The Sentinels part to allow ONE EYE through.

SENTINEL
The helmet is missing.

ONE EYE
So we are not the only one here seeking the Ark...

EXT. THE COASTAL TOWN OF SANTA BARBARA / DAY

A GUNSHIP powers it's way across the sky, soaring, majestic.

INT. THE RUINS OF A DEPARTMENT STORE / DAY

JOE hears the familiar RUMBLING, vibrating the air. The MANNEQUINS shake and quiver, some fall, expressionless...

JOE ducks away from the window as the GUNSHIP ROARS overhead.

INT. GUNSHIP / MORNING

The SENTINEL PILOT looks at his console.

SENTINEL
Command, heat signature detected...

EXT. THE COASTAL TOWN OF SANTA BARBARA / MORNING

THREE SENTINELS march in perfect unison towards the ruins of the department store...

Stepping through the long-shattered remnants of the front window, switching on the flashlights mounted on their rifles-

As they advance into the gloom inside the store...

INT. THE RUINS OF A DEPARTMENT STORE / MORNING

JOE hears a noise. Listens. Footsteps. He ducks behind a shelf unit JUST AS - the THREE SENTINELS walk past him...

But one SENTINEL stops. Right in front of the shelf unit, Grabbing it - WRENCHING IT so it FALLS -

Exposing JOE. Who REARS up, fast -

Joe GRABS the SENTINEL's rifle, BLASTS the Sentinel-

Now Joe RUNS, fast, desperate, hearing the heavy clanking footsteps of the other TWO SENTINELS behind him...

Joe TRIPS over a fallen mannequin, drops the rifle. Lands face to plastic smiling face...

Joe gropes on the floor around him, finds the fallen RIFLE - he grabs it, aims and pulls the trigger -

A SENTINEL is HIT by the desperate shot, FALLING -

Joe looks around, looking for the last remaining Sentinel -

But then, SUDDENLY - the Sentinel ATTACKS him from behind, PRESSING on Joe's throat, crushing it...

A SHOT RINGS OUT. The Sentinel rolls off of Joe. Dead.

TWELVE FIGURES emerge from the shadows. Familiar faces, all the same. Soldier CLONES, in their antique military garb...

Finally Joe sees another familiar face - his own, grizzled and scarred, scowling as he limps from the shadows...

JOE
Didn't think I'd see you again. Except in a mirror.

OLDER JOE
When you said your Cleric was 'special' you didn't mention specially irritating...

SARAH steps out from behind him, RUSHES to Joe. Hugs him...

OLDER JOE
It was the only way to shut her up.

JOE
How did you find me?

OLDER JOE casually holds up his stolen SENTINEL HELMET -

OLDER JOE
First thing we do in an occupied zone: listen in. And one thing we found out is the Ark ain't here.

JOE
<u>The Ark is a ship.</u>

EXT. THE COASTAL TOWN OF SANTA BARBARA / DAY

A GUNSHIP, glistening in the sun, descends from the sky, raising a huge billowing cloud of ash and dust...

A RAMP lowers at the rear and SENTINELS march down, in their usual perfect unison...

SENTINEL
Patrol 373, proceeding to Sector 7.

And the SENTINELS march away, along a dust covered street, their heavy boots crushing bones and debris underfoot...

Only THREE SENTINELS remain with the GUNSHIP...

RIFLE SHOTS RING OUT - a SENTINEL spins around -

Sees one of his comrades STAGGER, a hand to his neck -

The third SENTINEL raises his rifle - aims -

But COLLAPSES - slumping forward...

The STAGGERING SENTINEL falls to his knees, then slouches face-first to the ground, smashing his visor...

The one SENTINEL left SPINS and FIRES his rifle into the ruins, his tracer-like gunfire splintering rotting bricks-

And then he FALLS too, shot in the back. And lies still.

Nothing moves. No sound, except the wind...

And then - the TWELVE CLONE SOLDIERS, with antique gas masks to shut out the dust being blown by the wind, emerge...

...from hiding spots all around the street. OLDER JOE strides towards the GUNSHIP, JOE following on behind...

OLDER JOE
Hide the bodies. Buy us time.

JOE
Can you fly this thing?

OLDER JOE
Hey, if a Blondie can do it...

As he strides up the RAMP at the rear of the GUNSHIP...

EXT. THE SEA / DAY

The GUNSHIP flies erratically, wings dipping alarmingly...

As it SOARS unsteadily over the SEA, the huge shimmering jet-wash almost boiling the water just below...

INT. GUNSHIP COCKPIT / DAY

OLDER JOE sits at the controls, clearly struggling to control the mighty air craft - but trying not to show it...

In the REAR SECTION - the SOLDIER CLONES have nervously strapped themselves in to the Sentinels' empty seats...

OLDER JOE
Even if you're right, what if the Ark sailed too far? We'll never find it...

JOE
Just gotta have faith.

OLDER JOE glances up at his younger counterpart, surprised -

JOE
Got us this far...

EXT. THE COASTAL TOWN OF SANTA BARBARA / DAY

SENTINELS continue their fruitless search of the ruins...

One SENTINEL sees movement - turns - sees a FERAL DOG sniffing at something amidst a pile of rubble...

The SENTINEL turns away, resumes his search - but the DOG stays where it is, pawing at the rubble...

Scratching to get at something, frantic, sniffing...

The SENTINEL turns back, walks towards the FERAL DOG, which continues to paw and scratch at the rubble...

Rubble slips, a mini-landslide, as the SENTINEL gets there-

To see HIS OWN FACE revealed, bloodied, dead, buried...

The SENTINEL immediately activates his helmet radio-

SENTINEL
Command, this is Patrol 373...

EXT. THE SEA / DAY

The GUNSHIP, still flying somewhat erratically, flies into a thick BANK OF FOG...

INT. GUNSHIP COCKPIT / DAY

The FOG obscures visibility, like flying through grey soup-

JOE keeps looking out, hope fading into the greyness.

JOE
Don't turn back. It's out here.

OLDER JOE looks at him sadly. He can't see anything but the dense fog...but then...

LOOMING OUT OF THE FOG, UP AHEAD - A SHADOW. A MASSIVE SHADOW-

OLDER JOE
What's that?

As he's banking the GUNSHIP around to get a better look...

As the shadow becomes a massive, rust-encrusted, listing but still floating...CARGO SHIP...

OLDER JOE
Is that it? Is that the Ark?

JOE strains to see - they are now flying past the stern of the old rusted ship...

JOE
Oh...my God...yes, that's it...

OLDER JOE
How can you know?

Then OLDER JOE sees what JOE has seen - the flaking, fading letters on the stern of the cargo ship...

S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA

JOE
Just like Dad said : the Princess will protect the Ark...

There are tears in his eyes...

JOE
We found it...

EXT. THE COASTAL TOWN OF SANTA BARBARA / DAY

The buildings shake, already broken windows shatter, dust and ash are swept up into dense choking clouds...

As the huge COMMAND GUNSHIP blocks out the sun in the sky...

INT. THE COMMAND GUNSHIP / DAY

ONE-EYE stands in the over-size cockpit, behind his PILOTS, identical to him in every way except for his injury...

On a SCREEN built into ONE-EYE's console is another identical face, another SENTINEL...

SENTINEL
Three dead. The bodies were hidden.

ONE-EYE
That's four we have lost. Of us.

On the screen the SENTINEL nods, gravely.

SENTINEL
And Gunship 73 is missing.

ONE-EYE gets a gleam in his one surviving eye.

ONE-EYE
Track it.

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK AT THE STERN/ DAY

The stolen GUNSHIP hovers unsteadily over the rusted deck of the once-mighty CARGO SHIP...

The GUNSHIP lowers, thrusters BURNING...

It LANDS with a clanking thud, the rusted deck groans under it's weight...but finally holds...

A RAMP lowers at the rear of the GUNSHIP - and the TWELVE SOLDIER CLONES walk down it...

Emerging onto the deck, looking around, eyes wide with amazement behind their gas masks...

JOE, OLDER JOE and SARAH are the last to come down, setting foot on the deck...

JOE
Split up, search the ship.

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK AT THE BOW / DAY

The TWELVE CLONE SOLDIERS are searching the ship, stepping gingerly around several rust-holes in the deck...

JOE is searching too...

He finds a rusted hatch he is able to wrench open...

Revealing a narrow staircase, discolored by rust...

JOE carefully walks down the steps, descending into darkness.

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - BELOW DECK / DAY

JOE uses the wall, guides himself through the dark corridor.

He sees a SKELETON. Dressed in rags, once an ARMY UNIFORM...

Joe gets to a rusted BULKHEAD which takes all of his strength to open...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - THE HOLD / DAY

Joe enters the vast HOLD.

There's some LIGHT down here, many small blue lights...each one casting a small blue GLOW...

OVER A CRYOPOD, JUST LIKE THE ONE JOE WOKE UP INSIDE.

But down in here there are HUNDREDS OF THEM, stretching away into the distance...

Rows and rows of CRYOPODS, the people inside obscured by the ice built up on the glass canopies...

Joe stands there, dwarfed by the vast chamber...

His heart surging. Pride and relief...

JOE
You did it Dad, you did it...

This is the Ark.

<u>Here lies the human race.</u>

INT. THE COMMAND GUNSHIP / DAY

ONE-EYE is consulting a holographic map of the city, when the small screen on his console blinks to life...

A SENTINEL's granite-jawed face filling the screen.

SENTINEL
We have located the missing Gunship.

ONE-EYE
Where?

SENTINEL
Nine miles off the coast, at sea.

The single eye opens wider, in confusion...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK AT THE BOW / DAY

SARAH is searching the deck when she glances over, and sees JOE emerge from the rusted hatchway...

She walks towards him, realizing from the look on his face that something is very wrong...

She is the first to see the tears staining his face, the absolute soul-crushing despair...

SARAH
What? What's wrong?

JOE
We were too late...

EXT. THE COASTAL TOWN OF SANTA BARBARA / DAY

TWENTY SENTINELS march up the RAMP into a waiting GUNSHIP. The RAMP ascends as the engines start, whipping up a storm...

INT. GUNSHIP COCKPIT / DAY

The two SENTINEL PILOTS are busy with the take-off, but also watching a small screen showing the scarred face of ONE-EYE.

ONE-EYE
The coordinates of the missing gunship are uploading now. Find it and report back to me...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

The TWELVE CLONES walk around the Ark. Identical despair.

EACH CRYOPOD CONTAINS A NEW VARIANT, glowing slightly under an eerie blueish light under the frosted glass...

BUT...EVERY ONE IS LONG DEAD, DRIED REMAINS, SKIN ON BONES...

SARAH wipes condensation from the glass canopy of a pod, staring at the dead, unique face of the man inside...

SARAH
Joe. Isn't this?-

Her voice trails off, Joe stares at the dead man inside, the white hair and beard, eyes once so fierce, so intelligent...

JOE
I let him down. One last time.

He slumps against the cryopod containing the frozen remains of his father, and despair overwhelms him...

EXT. THE SEA / DAY

The GUNSHIPS, forging through the fog, churning and boiling the sea water below with it's powerful engines...

INT. GUNSHIP / DAY

The PILOT looks down at his console...

PILOT
Commencing scan...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

JOE can't take his eyes off OLDER JOE...it's strange to see your own despair reflected so perfectly...

SARAH
We tried. Did everything we could.

Then...SHOUTING...coming from the far end of the vast hold.

CLONE
You have to see this!

EXT. THE SEA / DAY

The GUNSHIPS, still flying through fog, boiling water below.

INT. GUNSHIP / DAY

A BEEP from the console. The PILOT glances down.

PILOT
Command, heat signature detected...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

Both versions of JOE step through a rusted bulkhead...

The blueish light in here is brighter, the CRYOPODS, fewer. Just 14 of them, lined up in two rows of 7...

CLONE
These Variants are still alive!

Behind the glass of each pod is a WOMAN. Alive, asleep. An Asian woman. A black woman. A white woman...an attempt to represent EVERY RACE...

CLONE
They are all...swollen...

JOE
Pregnant. They’re all pregnant.

Each POD contains a PREGNANT WOMAN, an unborn BABY suspended for over a century in her frozen womb...

The seeds of a new era, a new human race...but each woman, however different, is a disappointment...

Until JOE gets to the LAST POD in his row. The glass is more frosted than the others, he has to wipe condensation off it -

Joe lets out a sob of pure joy, bursting out of him...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK AT THE STERN / DAY

A CLONE stands at the stern of the massive ship. Dimly, he hears a distant sound...

He grabs binoculars, scans the horizon...he sees a SHAPE, indistinct...but...then he sees it - the GUNSHIP...

The CLONE drops the binoculars, shattering the lens...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

JOE stares down at the sleeping, frozen VERONICA. As if somehow, despite the ice he can still feel her warmth...

OLDER JOE
Wish we'd known her.

JOE
We love her. That was enough.

They hear SHOUTING, echoing around the rusted steel hold.

CLONE
There's a Gunship approaching!

OLDER JOE looks at the 12 CLONES. With their antique weapons.

OLDER JOE
We gotta get ready. To fight...

EXT. THE SEA / DAY

The GUNSHIP powers towards the rusting cargo ship...

INT. GUNSHIP / DAY

The QUEEN appears on the CONSOLE SCREEN. Calm. Victorious.

THE QUEEN
Locate the Ark. Destroy it. No trace of Variant DNA can remain.

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

JOE stands by the side of VERONICA'S cryopod, staring at her peaceful face behind the frosted glass. His sleeping beauty.

He leans in close to the cold glass, and her sleeping face...

JOE
I'm gonna do what I should've done back then - protect you...

He actually kisses the glass, just above her lips...

JOE
And if I don't get to meet him, tell our son I loved him very much. Tell him to never stop dreaming...

Joe turns, sees his older, weary self limping towards him.

OLDER JOE
It's time.

Joe looks into his own eyes, staring back at him. He nods.

OLDER JOE
Good luck kid.

And they hug. Intense. Forceful. Brothers in arms...

EXT. THE SEA / DAY

THE GUNSHIP hovers directly over the S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK / DAY

The TWELVE SOLDIER CLONES are hunched behind deck structures, RIFLES and PISTOLS gripped in shaking hands...

As TWENTY armored SENTINELS are LOWERED from the GUNSHIP...

JOE, hunched beside several shaking CLONES, aims a carbine RIFLE, squints down the barrel - and FIRES.

A SENTINEL CRUMPLES, as he was about to detach himself from the wire - he now SPIRALS, DEAD, dangling, a dead puppet...

Other SENTINELS whirl around, and OPEN FIRE...

CLONES start SHOOTING BACK - the air is filled with low tech lead and high tech bullets...

SENTINELS swarm forward, taking HITS, but on their ARMOR...

THEN - above them, the huge GUNSHIP slowly turns - AND -

The MAG CANNONS mounted under each wing start SPEWING death.

CLONES take cover. One is too slow, MAG CANNONS cut him down.

JOE peeks out, up at the GUNSHIP, massive, blazing FIREPOWER -

Under one of the GUNSHIPS, the nearest one, is the DANGLING BODY OF THE SENTINEL, twisting on his wire...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

OLDER JOE crouches behind a cryopod, loading a rifle, hearing the GUNFIRE and SCREAMS above...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK / DAY

As the BATTLE RAGES and the bullets fly...

JOE sees SENTINELS reach the hatchway, watches helplessly as seven of them disappear below deck...

The GUNSHIP above swings around again, lays down a TORRENT OF FIRE from it's wing mounted MAG CANNONS -

CLONES either duck down or die. JOE grits his teeth, tucks his gun in the back of his pants...

JOE is OFF AND RUNNING - across the open deck. Suicide.

But somehow he's not hit. The GUNSHIP aims it's MAG CANNONS - they chew up the deck all around him, he keeps RUNNING...

LEAPS UP - and GRABS - the DANGLING SENTINEL BODY -

Using the body to CLIMB, painfully and slowly, spinning crazily on the end of the dangling WIRE...but clinging on...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

The bulkhead door swings open, creaking with rust. SENTINEL FLASHLIGHTS come streaming through...

Illuminating the ROWS OF CRYOPODS. The Ark. The dead Ark...

SENTINELS step through the bulkhead, wary...but then...some remove their helmets, staring with diamond blue eyes...

At the VARIANTS. Long dead. But so many, and so different...

And then - GUNSHOTS. ECHOING, Sentinels whirl round -

One SENTINEL is HIT, staggering, falling. Other SENTINELS OPEN FIRE, spraying deadly fire randomly...

OLDER JOE, rifle held close, ducks behind the CRYOPODS...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK / DAY

The mighty GUNSHIP's MAG CANNONS blast relentlessly at the CLONES on the torn-up deck below...

JOE crazily SWINGS on the dangling WIRE, but struggles to CLIMB, hand over hand, teeth bared with the effort...

CLIMBING towards the GUNSHIP's still-open underside doors...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

OLDER JOE rears up, SHOOTS another SENTINEL - then ducks back behind the CRYOPOD, crouching, crawling -

SENTINELS quickly FIRE in all directions, CRYOPODS exploding, releasing jets of FREEZING GAS...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK / DAY

JOE reaches the underside of the GUNSHIP, deafened by the roar of the engines, he grabs the open underside door...

INT. GUNSHIP - REAR COMPARTMENT / DAY

JOE manages to clamber into the belly of the beast, exhausted-

Looks up, sees a SENTINEL - stunned expression on his face...

The Sentinel PUNCHES Joe, sends him crashing down to the floor - Joe rolls, nearly rolls OUT of the underside doors...

The Sentinel strides towards him. Loading his rifle.

JOE GRABS the rifle barrel- PULLS - the Sentinel suddenly PITCHES FORWARD, FALLS out of the Gunship, SCREAMING...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

OLDER JOE peeks out, counts FIVE SENTINELS, hunting him...

Older Joe AIMS his rifle - FIRES - HITS a SENTINEL -

Older Joe starts to move again - but this time the other Sentinels RETURN FIRE, quicker and more accurate -

Older Joe's face contorts in pain - SHOT in the chest, he falls, clutching the wound, bleeding through his fingers...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK / DAY

SARAH and the CLONES are still FIGHTING the SENTINELS on deck, bullets streaking through the fog-shrouded air...

The CLONES are battle-hardened. But fighting with World War 2 era antiques, up against ultra-modern war machines...

The GUNSHIP above STRAFES the deck with it's MAG CANNONS...

The CLONES are losing, and they know it, desperate...

INT. GUNSHIP / DAY

The two GUNSHIP PILOTS turn as JOE storms into the COCKPIT -

A PILOT RUSHES at JOE, struggling to bring the RIFLE to bear-

It's GRABBED before he can aim - bullets go STRAY - hit the COCKPIT WINDSHIELD, an explosion of glass...

Joe and the PILOT continue to FIGHT, careening across the cramped cockpit, smashing consoles and screens...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

OLDER JOE, clutching his bloody chest, helplessly watches as SENTINELS efficiently place EXPLOSIVES amidst the CRYOPODS...

OLDER JOE
You don't know what you're doing...

INT. GUNSHIP / DAY

JOE SLAMS the Sentinel PILOT back against the OTHER PILOT's chair - as he's still trying to fly the huge craft -

Which now DIPS, out of control - blazing MAG CANNONS accidentally strafing two SENTINELS on the deck below...

JOE and the PILOT TUMBLE across the cockpit...

Until the gunship LURCHES to one side, and the SENTINEL PILOT suddenly TUMBLES OUT of the windshield-less cockpit -

The GUNSHIP is VEERING dangerously, the remaining PILOT struggles to regain control...

So close to the DECK of the tanker below JOE can see the stunned, identical faces of CLONES below, watching, in awe.

As the mighty GUNSHIP barely manages to avoid CRASHING...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

SENTINELS place the EXPLOSIVE CHARGES throughout the ARK...

OLDER JOE
There are children here! Babies!

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK AT THE BOW / DAY

SARAH ducks behind rusted machinery on the deck as SENTINELS fire tracer-like bullets and JUST miss her...

Alongside her a SOLDIER CLONE isn't so lucky, and gets HIT...

SARAH peeks over the machinery, sees SENTINELS approaching...

INT. GUNSHIP / DAY

The PILOT struggles at the Gunship controls. The GUNSHIP's nose actually SCRAPES the deck, scream of metal, sparks-

But then the GUNSHIP starts to CLIMB -

The PILOT, relieved, turns - JOE KNOCKS him out cold with the butt of a gun, sending him SPRAWLING out of the chair -

The GUNSHIP VEERS, Joe scrabbles to get into the pilot seat.

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

OLDER JOE, pulls himself along, dying, keeps crawling. One SENTINEL watches OLDER JOE as he reaches his destination...

The CRYOPOD OF VERONICA. OLDER JOE takes one last look...

OLDER JOE
This woman...was my wife...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK AT THE BOW / DAY

SARAH and the six remaining SOLDIER CLONES are trapped at the bow, they've retreated until there's nowhere else to go...

They SHOOT at the advancing SENTINELS, but their bullets mostly just spark off their heavy armor...

SARAH leaps up and bravely FIRES until her antique rifle jams-

SENTINELS are shooting back as they advance - two SOLDIER CLONES are CUT DOWN in the crossfire...

SARAH scrabbles to reload her rifle - then looks up - A SENTINEL is right in front of her, rifle aimed...

The few remaining SOLDIER CLONES are surrounded by SENTINELS now, seconds from death...

The CLONES just look at each other, there are no words...

INT. GUNSHIP / DAY

JOE sees, through the missing windshield, the SENTINELS surrounding the surviving CLONES below...

Joe slides himself to the WEAPONS CONTROLS, sees a SENSOR PAD - so he GRABS the unconscious SENTINEL...

Puts his hand over the pad. Success. The console ACTIVATES...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

SENTINELS are JUST about to detonate the charges and finally destroy the Ark...

OLDER JOE
These are the seeds of a new human race! You can't do this!

SUDDENLY - GUNSHOTS RING OUT - SENTINELS FALL - OLDER JOE looks around, confused in the chaos...

Sees that ONE SENTINEL is SHOOTING his own comrades...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK AT THE BOW / DAY

SENTINELS, preparing to SHOOT their prisoners -

SUDDENLY they whirl around, surprised - reflected in their visors - the huge GUNSHIP - JOE at the windowless cockpit -

The GUNSHIP FIRES, the MAG CANNONS under it's wings shred the SENTINELS, BLASTING them off their feet...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

The GUNFIRE STOPS. Smoke clears. Only one SENTINEL is still standing - he just shot all the others...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK AT THE BOW / DAY

JOE, at the controls of the hijacked GUNSHIP, keeps STRAFING the deck with the mighty mag cannons...

SENTINELS crumple and fall, even as they try and FIRE back...

The surviving CLONES are also FIRING their antique guns, killing the few remaining Sentinels...

The Battle of the Ark is over...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / DAY

OLDER JOE, weak, dying, losing blood, rasping breaths, sees the traitorous SENTINEL approaching...

SENTINEL
The other you called me Stan.

OLDER JOE
Knew a coupla guys called Stan...

And his eyes go glassy, as he dies...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK / DAY

Victorious SOLDIER CLONES hug one another, overjoyed...

STAN, the last remaining SENTINEL, steps out onto the deck. The CLONES aim guns. But SARAH comes over towards him...

STAN
Sarah, it’s me, Stan...

He hears the roar of GUNSHIP overhead, looks up - sees the shattered windshield - and through it, he sees JOE.

SARAH
What happened to the other Joe?

Stan points up at JOE, in the huge GUNSHIP hovering above-

STAN
He is now the Only One...

INT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - HOLD / EVENING

OLDER JOE, lying dead on the floor, finally at peace. SARAH gently lays a coat over the body, covering his face...

CLONES start SMASHING the glass canopies on the cryopods, releasing clouds of freezing gas...

Inside the PREGNANT VARIANT WOMEN lie still, pale, unmoving.

Until, their eyelids begin to flicker. Slowly. Slightly.

CLONE
Look! They’re rising.

SARAH
Waking. They’re waking...

She goes over to the CRYOPOD that contains VERONICA. And watches as VERONICA slowly opens her eyes...

Blinking in confusion, disorientated...

SARAH
Veronica?

VERONICA stares up at the beautiful young blonde woman looking down at her...

VERONICA
...How do you know...my name?

SARAH
Joe is my friend. He's been searching for you, we all have.

VERONICA sits up, slowly and painfully. Sees the SOLDIER CLONES helping the other PREGNANT VARIANTS out of their pods.

VERONICA
Where is he? Where's Joe?

SARAH
I'll show you. Come with me...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK / NIGHT

Hovering above the ship JOE is in the shattered GUNSHIP cockpit, wind rushing through his hair, exhausted...

But then JOE sees something that makes him feel young again-

Down on the deck a rusted hatchway is pushed open - and the remaining SOLDIER CLONES are helping the PREGNANT VARIANTS -

To emerge out into the cold night air, all of them shivering and weak, confused and still disorientated after cryo...

But JOE sees her.

<u>VERONICA. The most beautiful sight he's EVER seen...</u>

SARAH is with her, helping her walk, and pointing up at him-

VERONICA looks up. And locks eyes with JOE. His heart surges.

Threatening to burst with such joy and relief...

But then -

WHOOOOOOOOSH. TWO MISSILES STREAKING out of the FOG BANK, headed right for the old oil tanker's side...

IMPACTING. A deafening EXPLOSION, just above the waterline. THEN...the terrible sound of rending metal, RUSHING WATER...

THE TANKER STARTS LISTING TO ONE SIDE. On the deck the CLONES and VARIANT WOMEN tumble...

VERONICA nearly falls over the side, until SARAH grabs her...

JOE's eyes widen in horror. The TANKER IS SINKING...

And the FOG BANK seems to part like grey curtains as the COMMAND GUNSHIP suddenly LOOMS into view...

INT. THE COMMAND GUNSHIP / NIGHT

ONE EYE sees the captured GUNSHIP, JOE at the controls...

ONE-EYE
Target the gunship.

MISSILES streak out from under the COMMAND GUNSHIP'S wings-

INT. GUNSHIP / NIGHT

JOE sees them coming, DUCKS - AS - the MISSILES SLAM into his GUNSHIP, slamming it sideways in the air, slewing to one side-

One half of it ERUPTING in billowing FLAMES...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK / NIGHT

VERONICA screams, as the sky turns orange, and WRECKAGE from Joe's gunship litters the sea, a series of splashes...

VERONICA
JOE!!!

JOE's crippled, burning GUNSHIP twists, writhes in the air...

INT. GUNSHIP COCKPIT / NIGHT

JOE clings to the pilot's chair, teeth bared with the effort.

As the sky spins he sees the COMMAND GUNSHIP come into view - and catches a glimpse of ONE-EYE in it's cockpit.

Staring back at him, malevolence in his shining blue eye...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK / NIGHT

STAN takes control. Pulling CLONE SOLDIERS and VARIANTS to their feet - pointing -

STAN
Get them to the Gunship!!

The GUNSHIP the Clones came in, perched on the deck at the stern - their only hope of escape...

As the old cargo ship is SINKING underneath them...

They all start RUNNING along the deck, CLONES supporting the VARIANT WOMEN as best they can...

INT. THE COMMAND GUNSHIP / NIGHT

ONE EYE coldly watches the desperate RACE below on the deck.

ONE-EYE
Kill them. Kill them all...

The COMMAND GUNSHIP's MAG CANONS swivel - targeting the running PEOPLE on the deck below...

INT. GUNSHIP COCKPIT / NIGHT

JOE struggles in his smashed COCKPIT, which is now on FIRE...

Fights his way to the Weapons Console...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA / NIGHT

JOE'S GUNSHIP FIRES it's MAG CANNONS, as it lazily spins -

The COMMAND GUNSHIP is HIT, it's cockpit punctured, glass shattering...as it veers away...

Below the VARIANT WOMEN and CLONES are saved, for now...

INT. GUNSHIP COCKPIT / NIGHT

The COMMAND GUNSHIP, damaged, turns it's MAG CANNONS on JOE'S still-burning GUNSHIP...RAKING it with CANNON FIRE...

JOE DUCKS - as the COCKPIT is SHREDDED. The chair Joe was sitting on is reduced to a metal frame...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK AT THE STERN / NIGHT

STAN
Move it!! Come on!!

He's standing at the open RAMP at the back of the Gunship, urging the CLONES and VARIANT WOMEN past him...

SARAH, helping VERONICA, are the last ones to climb the ramp-

VERONICA glances up - at the firestorm lighting up the sky...

INT. COMMAND GUNSHIP / NIGHT

ONE-EYE, behind his splintered cockpit canopy, stares hatefully at the BURNING GUNSHIP, somehow still airborne...

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK AT THE STERN / NIGHT

Down on the stern of the deck - the stolen Gunship ENGINES rumble to life, begin to raise the aircraft into the air...

INT. COMMAND GUNSHIP / NIGHT

PILOT
The Gunship is taking off.

ONE-EYE
So destroy it.

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA - DECK AT THE STERN / NIGHT

As the GUNSHIP slowly rises - it is CAST INTO SHADOW -

By the massive looming shape of the COMMAND GUNSHIP descending - preparing to fire MISSILES...

INT. GUNSHIP / NIGHT

JOE is on the floor of the cockpit, FIRE burning all around him, he drags himself up, peering out -

He sees the COMMAND GUNSHIP hovering in front of the slowly rising Gunship at the stern, about to destroy it...

Tears of fury well in Joe's eyes as he presses the throttle on his console, burning engines forced to respond...

His Gunship, trailing FIRE, a doomed comet, SURGES forward...

INT. THE COMMAND GUNSHIP / NIGHT

ONE EYE turns, single eye open wide, his view from the canopy is suddenly filled by JOE's BURNING GUNSHIP...

INT. GUNSHIP / NIGHT

JOE huddles, burned, bloodied, controls held in a death grip, so close to the COMMAND GUNSHIP he can see ONE EYE clearly...

Joe SCREAMS, pain and rage, one final war cry-

EXT. THE S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA / NIGHT

JOE'S BURNING GUNSHIP SMASHES INTO THE COMMAND GUNSHIP.

BOTH BURNING GUNSHIPS, locked together, a death embrace, PLUNGING onto the deck of the SINKING CARGO SHIP...

EXT. THE SEA / NIGHT

The S.S. PRINCESS MATIOKA is now a massive funeral pyre. BURNING brightly in the night, even as it slowly sinks...

The GUNSHIP flies away from it...

INT. GUNSHIP - REAR SECTION / NIGHT

The VARIANT WOMEN stare at the CLONES. The CLONES stare back at them, in wonder. Two worlds meeting for the first time...

2 VARIANT WOMAN turn to each other and say-

WOMAN 1
Cuanto tiempo estado durmiendo?

WOMAN 2
Mi cuello estan rigida.

The CLONES stare like they're speaking in tongues. SARAH comes in. Goes to VERONICA...

VERONICA
I thought I heard his voice. In a dream. He promised to protect me. And he had a message for our son.

SARAH
I thought you'd like to see, the sun's coming up...

INT. GUNSHIP COCKPIT / MORNING

VERONICA enters the cockpit as, in the distance, the burning cargo ship finally slips beneath the waves...

STAN is at the controls, SARAH settles into the other seat...

STAN
The Queen will keep searching for us. She'll never stop.

SARAH
Neither will we...

EXT. THE WASTELANDS

A lone SENTINEL, black armor scuffed and dented and worn...as he patrols the RUINS, his rifle held ready...

SCAMPERING FEET. A Child. Running between ruined buildings...

The SENTINEL whirls around, rifle aimed, the CHILD has gone.

THREE MORE CHILDREN poke their faces over a shattered wall. A BLACK BOY. AN ASIAN GIRL. A WHITE BOY. 10 years old. Faces covered in grime, matted, dirty hair, dressed in rags...

The SENTINEL steps into a building, hunting. Sees MOVEMENT - whirls, catches a fleeting glimpse of a CHILD...

A BOY. Already handsome, covered in dirt, long, matted hair, wearing two bandoliers of bullets over his rags...

SENTINEL
Variant! HALT!!

The SENTINEL starts to RUN, but one of his feet gets SNAGGED.

A ROPE around the Sentinel's ankle pulls TIGHT - he's YANKED off his feet - CRASHING onto his back...

Then...LAUGHTER. Children, laughing, triumphant...

The Sentinel sees the white boy, Asian girl and the black boy laughing as they let go of the other end of the rope...

And then - the long haired BOY re-appears, standing over the downed Sentinel - aiming an old PISTOL. Grinning.

BOY
Gotcha Stan.

The Sentinel, STAN (now 10 years older) shrugs off his battered helmet. He has a CIRCLE tattooed around his eye.

STAN
But my kind travel in three's.

The BOY's handsome, grimy face falls. Disappointed.

STAN
Let's try again. You must learn.

EXT. THE WASTELANDS / DAY

The heavy caterpillar tracks of an EXODUS TRUCK crunch across uneven ground. The massive truck is rusted, covered in dust.

INT. THE EXODUS TRUCK / DAY

WORKER CLONES sit on benches in the rear compartment...

CLONE
It never rains in Colony 2.

CLONE 2
Hexagons are twice as big, I heard.

And then - GAS. HISSING, streaming into the compartment. Pumped through nozzles on the ceiling. The Clones CHOKE...

EXT. THE WASTELANDS / DAY

The EXODUS TRUCK keeps lumbering onwards. Until an EXPLOSION RIPS away the front section. DEBRIS rains down...

And then, all around the disabled TRUCK, FIGURES emerge from under the sand, GAS MASKS, military gear, heavily armed...

INT. THE EXODUS TRUCK / DAY

CLONES, choking, REELING. Then the back door is RIPPED OPEN-

A SILHOUETTE is at the doors. Wearing a GAS MASK. The figure rips off the gas mask, revealing -

SARAH. 10 years older. Tougher, but with the same spirit. A circle crudely tattooed around her right eye...

SARAH
I am Sarah. Welcome to the war.

EXT. THE RUINS - A CAMP / EVENING

A WAGON TRAIN, rusted cars pulled by HORSES. Bringing up the rear, the husk of a CITY BUS, pulled by a team of horses...

In the bus, the newly-rescued CLONES. Blinking in confusion.

As they approach the RUINS. Crude walls. And a gate. Manned by heavily tattooed CLONES, pulling ropes to open the gate...

EXT. THE CAMP - ARK 2 / EVENING

This crude camp is known as ARK 2...

The WAGON TRAIN pulls into a central square. SARAH climbs down from a vehicle, the back half of a Prius, her chariot.

The CLONES in the bus react in fear when they see a SENTINEL. Until they see SARAH go to him, kissing him, hugging him.

STAN
The Council of Mothers is meeting.

INT. RUINED BUILDING / EVENING

The room is dominated by a ROUND TABLE. Around the table are the VARIANT WOMEN, mothers now, of every race and creed...

VARIANT WOMAN
It’s too dangerous. And we don’t know she’s going to do it again.

VERONICA
It’s been 10 years, she knows she hasn’t found us. Why would the Queen deviate from her programming?

SARAH enters the chamber, hand in hand with STAN.

VARIANT WOMAN
Even if there is another, he can’t do any good.

SARAH lets go of STAN’s hand, steps forward, determined to speak...

SARAH
The last one was with us for 7 days. And we owe him everything.

INT. MILITARY TRANSPORT PLANE / NIGHT

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. Then a hissssss...

JOE CORRIGAN’s eyes FLICKER, he returns to consciousness...

He’s under the FROSTED GLASS canopy of a WHITE HIGH TECH COFFIN, covered in mold, creeping VINES...

EXT. DESERT / NIGHT

JOE emerges from the half-buried corpse of the plane. He looks around, at the barren desert scape. But then...

He sees a group of PEOPLE, silhouettes, headed towards him, dressed in the ragged remains of uniforms...

Joe sees their faces. Their IDENTICAL FACES. Bald men, some with tattoos, but otherwise all the same, exactly the same.

Then he sees the WOMAN. Just a silhouette, but becoming clearer as she gets closer...

JOE
They found you. They found you!

The woman, VERONICA, rushes towards him, and hugs him tight, tears in both their eyes...

VERONICA
No. You found me.

Joe doesn’t know what to say, doesn’t understand...

A smaller figure tramps across the sand towards them, his face shielded from the cold wind by a scarf...

VERONICA
There’s someone you should meet.

The figure tugs at the scarf, revealing the handsome face of the long haired ten year old BOY. Staring in wonder at Joe.

VERONICA
He’s dreamed about you all his life.

Joe stares at the BOY’s strangely familiar face.

VERONICA
This is Oliver.

And JOE hugs his son, and his beloved wife...

EXT. WASTELANDS / DAWN

Early morning sunlight fights past the smog, casting beautiful rays down onto the rocky ground...

Two figures are climbing a steep slope, the bigger one reaching back to help the little one...

Until the little one shrugs off the help, determined...

The bigger one, JOE, now a little older, more grizzled, unshaven, scarred, tougher, looks down at his young companion-

OLIVER, his son, defiantly climbing the slope behind him...

JOE (V.O.)
My name is Joe Corrigan.

Oliver reaches the top of the slope. Proud now, his young handsome face tilted up towards his father...

JOE (V.O.)
And my world is alive.

Together father and son look out, across the arid wastelands.

JOE (V.O.)
But we still have to fight for our future, for our lives...

In the distance, across the barren plains of rock, we see -

The COLONY. As GUNSHIPS buzz over and around it like huge metal insects, constantly moving, constantly searching...

JOE (V.O.)
Welcome to the war.

FADE OUT

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