

FADE IN:

INT. MADDER'S PRIVATE STUDY - DAY

COLONEL JEREMIAH MADDER is sitting behind his desk speaking with HORST.

(Note: Madder is the same character last seen in Where Am I?)

MADDER

So you feel confident you can make this go forward.

HORST

Before your internal hearing, sir, yes, we can. Bastard will get what he deserves.

MADDER

Please try to be calm here, Horst. This is not about personal enmity. High principles are at stake, and we must not allow our personal feelings to influence us.

HORST

I'm sorry, sir. But you must know how we all feel about the new regime.

MADDER

I am not chiding you for having such feelings, Horst. We all have them. Our duty is merely to be in charge of them. Dismissed, and good luck.

HORST

Thank you, sir.

Horst leaves.

Madder sits for a moment in thought.

MADDER

(to himself)

Disciplinary hearing. There is the work of the Lord to be done, and those bureaucrats with to pester me over missing office

supplies. Well, never
mind. There is work to be
done.

Madder turns to a small notebook computer on his desk
and turns one the screen.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: MADDER'S SCREEN AS HE TYPES

Many windows are open on the screen. In a small text
box on the screen he can be seen rapidly typing in
the words "Emphasize your father's position as a
doctor. Hint, but do not explicitly say, that the
medicine might the target with her singing. Do not
overplay, and good luck. You are benefiting your
country in ways we cannot explain now."

BACK TO SCENE

Madder sits back in his motorized chair and smiles.

INT. TANYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

TANYA YIP is wearing a long, frilly nightgown. She
takes a sip of tea from a china cup that she puts
down on her nightstand. She then puts on a pair of
headphones connected to a little music player.

(Note: Tanya is the same character as appeared in
Where Am I?)

Tanya switches off the light and lies down on the
bed. There is only faint light in the room. Tanya
closes her eyes.

Sound of MUSIC, Pablo Casals playing J.S. Bach's solo
cello Suite No. 1 in G, first movement.

The music fades in scene transition.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARK STAGE/TANYA DREAM SEQUENCE - NIGHT

All is dark except for a small spot of stage
illuminated by a bright white spotlight above. A
chair with a cello bow on it and a sort of stand are
all that sits in the patch of light.

Sound of BARE FEET WALKING.

Tanya steps into the light. We see her initially
from behind. She is naked. She looks down at the
bow for a moment.

Tanya extends her arms, then places her hands on the
sides of her head. She begins squeezing and lifting

her head and neck. As she does so, they distort and compress, until they are as long and thin as the neck of a cello.

Tanya then squats down and brings her arms in front of her, so that for a moment the curves of her body resemble the soundbox of a cello.

Our view shifts to the front. Tanya begins kneading her labia with both hands.

TANYA

Uh...uh...uhhh!

Tanya pulls up on her kneaded genitals, such that they are divided into four strings, which she stretches up and attaches to the side of her compressed head.

Tanya's body morphs. Her hair becomes scrollwork, her head a pegboard, her neck and cello's neck. Her body morphs into the soundbox of a cello, her nipples and aureolae darken and lengthen to become F-holes.

Tanya's legs retreat into her body. Her skin becomes shiny and lacquer-like.

Tanya is now a cello, resting on a stand.

Sound of SHOD FOOTFALLS approaching.

PABLO CASALS enters the light. He picks up the bow, sits on the chair, picks up Tanya, and begins playing the Bach suite on her.

CUT TO:

INT. TANYA'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Tanya is lying on her back, still listening to Bach on earphones.

Tanya's mouth has fallen open, and her face wears an expression of ecstasy.

INT. A WOMEN'S DORMITORY BATHROOM - NIGHT

CONNIE MORTON, wearing a bathrobe, approaches a sink.

She removes a small, brown glass pill bottle from her shower kit, opens it, takes a single pill, then fills a small glass with water and swallows both.

Connie then sets the bottle down, enters the shower, turns on the water, and removes her robe.

Connie begins lathering up, showering, and so forth. As she does so, she begins singing "Quando m'en vo" from La Boheme.

CONNIE

(singing)

Quando men vo soletta per
la via,/ la genta sosta e
mira/ e la bellezza mia
tutta ricerca in me/

(running her
hands from head
to foot)

da capo a pie'...

(her singing
picks up in force
and conviction)

...ed assaporo allor la
bramosia/ sottil, che da
gli occhi transpira/ e dai
palesi vezzi intender sa/
alle occulte belta./

(she begins
pleasuring
herself with her
hands)

Cosi l'effluvio del desio
tutta m'aggira/ felice mi
fa!

EXTREME CLOSE UP: THE PILL BOTTLE

A pair of woman's hands opens the bottle and shakes out a single pill, then closes the bottle. The tiny red pill, which is held between the right hand's thumb and forefinger, as if the hand's owner is examining the pill.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: A LOCKET AND A WOMAN'S CHEST

The pill is tucked into a tiny locket on a chain, which is in turn secreted into the generous cleavage of the locket's wearer.

BACK TO SCENE

Outside the shower, fully-clothed JIREEN is glancing over her shoulder just before exiting the bathroom. Connie's SINGING is clearly audible, and more expert with every passing bar.

INT. A GNOSIS CAFETERIA - DAY

Jireen, along with other students, is moving her tray along a counter, putting food on it. Jireen is wearing a shawl around her shoulders.

CLOSE-UP: JIREEN'S FACE

Jireen glances out of the corner of her eye. A slight smile appears on her lips.

BACK TO SCENE

Jireen stands up abruptly and moves away from the line, right into the path of ROB, with whom she collides, spilling a bowl of soup on him.

JIREEN
Oh my gosh! Oh, I am so
sorry! I didn't see you
coming! I am such a
klutz...

ROB
(slightly
stunned)
Uh...gee...it's nothing
really...

JIREEN
(taking napkin
and trying to
clean Rob off)
No really, it's my fault.
Oh look at you.

ROB
No, please, don't worry.
I live next door in Boone
Hall. I can just run over
and change.

JIREEN
But not like that, surely.

CLOSE-UP: FRONT OF ROB'S TROUSERS

They are wet with soup.

BACK TO SCENE

Jireen removes her shawl and holds it out to Rob, revealing that she is wearing a very low-cut blouse.

JIREEN
Here. Please take this to
cover up a bit. I insist.

ROB
(trying to keep
his eyes at
Jireen's
eye-level)
Well, but that seems like
a pretty nice shawl. How

will I get it back to you. I mean, I don't even know your name.

JIREEN

Gina.

ROB

I'm Rob.

JIREEN

I'm not really such a klutz all the time. Look, I'll walk you over if it's okay with you.

ROB

Yeah. Okay. Sure.

INT. ROB'S ROOM - DAY

Rob and Jireen enter. A movie poster for The Big Sleep is visible on the wall.

ROB

(handing the shawl back to Jireen)

So here we are. Thanks for lending me this.

JIREEN

Any time, Rob.

(looks at the poster)

Say, do you like old movies?

ROB

Sure. They're the greatest.

JIREEN

You know, they're showing Casablanca tonight and I'd love to go...would you be interested in coming with?

ROB

Well, I sort of have a girlfriend.

JIREEN

(miming disappointment)

Oh...well maybe if she's busy she might not mind.

ROB
She often seems
kinda...busy these days.
But I should at least ask.

JIREEN
Yeah, I guess you're
right. Tell you what, if
you want to and she's okay
with it, we can go. I'll
be at the Gadget at seven,
if you're up for it, just
swing by, okay? Otherwise
I'll have to go alone...

ROB
Yeah, okay.

Rob and Jireen stand in silence for a moment.

ROB
So I, like, kind of have
to change.

JIREEN
Oh, right. Sorry. I
forgot.
(turns to leave)
So I'll see you this
evening, maybe?

ROB
Maybe.

JIREEN
'Bye then!

Jireen leaves.

ROB
(to himself)
Maybe. If I'm lucky.

INT. A SMALL PERFORMANCE HALL - DAY

PROFESSOR FLAMAND, flanked by PROFESSOR MILLER and
PROFESSOR PAISELLO sit at a table on the stage with
notebooks open. ARTHUR KAUFMAN sits at a piano on
the stage. The back of the stage is curtained off.

FLAMAND
Mr. Kaufman, would you
show the next soprano in,
please.

ARTHUR
Yes, Professor Flamand.

Arthur gets up, walks behind the curtained-off area.
Sound of a DOOR BEING OPENED.

ARTHUR (O.S.)
It's your turn. Good
luck.

Sound of FOOTSTEPS, SHUFFLING behind the curtains.
Arthur then reappears and takes seat at the piano
bench.

FLAMAND
Is she ready, Mr. Kaufman?

ARTHUR
Yes, Professor.

FLAMAND
Give her the opening
pitch, and then proceed.

Arthur provides a single opening pitch. Then Tanya,
who is behind the screen, begins singing the opening
recitative of the "Liberate me" of the Verdi Requiem.
As the music progresses, Arthur provides piano-
reduction accompaniment.

TANYA (O.S.)
(sung)
Liberate me Domine de morte
aeterna in die illa
tremenda, quando coeli
movendi sunt et terra...

CLOSE-UP: TANYA BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Tanya's face shows intense concentration

BACK TO SCENE

Arthur plays on, and Tanya sings on.

TANYA (O.S.)
(sung)
Dum veneris, judicare,
saeculum per ignem...

CLOSE-UP: THE JUDGES

Paisello concentrates, then writes something.
Flamand glances at Miller and raises an eyebrow.
Miller nods.

CUT TO:

INT. A HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE PERFORMANCE SPACE - DAY

Tanya, looking exhausted and sweaty but happy, comes upon Connie, who is rising from a chair where she has been waiting.

Hi. CONNIE

Hi. TANYA

How did it go? CONNIE

Okay I think. Good luck to you, Connie. TANYA

Tanya proceeds on. Connie calls after her.

Tanya? CONNIE

Yes? TANYA
(turning around)

There's no one I'd rather compete against for this than you. CONNIE

I feel the same way. TANYA

CUT TO:

INT. THE AUDITION SPACE BEHIND THE SCREEN - DAY

Connie reaches into her purse and takes out the pill bottle, removing one pill. She pours some water into a glass from a pitcher and swallows the pill. Then she turns her head and nods.

Arthur provides the pitch.

CUT TO:

INT. THE AUDITION STAGE (FRONT) - DAY - LATER

Flamand, Miller, and Paisello are sitting at the desk. Connie is singing the soprano part from the middle acapella section of the "Liberia Me."

Requiem aeternam dona eis
domine, et lux perpetua CONNIE (O.S.)
(singing)

luceat eis.

All three judges are sitting gap-mouthed.

Arthur, who has nothing to play in this interval, silently smacks his forehead and mouths the word "Wow."

Connie ends beautifully on the final B-flat in alt. Arthur resumes the accompaniment.

INT. THE GADGET - NIGHT

Jireen is sitting drinking a cup of tea when Rob approaches. Jireen looks up and smiles broadly.

JIREEN

Hey!

ROB

Hi.

JIREEN

So are we off to the movies?

ROB

We are.

JIREEN

(smirking
slightly)

And is the girlfriend okay with it?

ROB

Well, I guess I did e-mail her...

JIREEN

You're such a loyal guy.

ROB

But she seemed cool with it, really. Told me she was sorry couldn't come herself because she was busy with her thesis, but that I should go and have a good time.

JIREEN

She sounds really nice, Rob.

ROB

She says she knows you and

that you're nice, too.

JIREEN
(laughing a
little)
Well, I'll try not to
disappoint her
expectations. Shall we,
kind sir?

ROB
(offering his
arm)
Surely, dear lady.

INT. THE AUDITION SPACE - NIGHT

Tanya and Connie face the judges.

FLAMAND
I must say that this was
not an easy decision. In
all of your years of
running this audition, we
have never, ever heard
such a remarkable and
passionate performances,
and you both young artists
with a great deal to be
proud of. Still, after
long and careful
consideration, we have
decided to award the
soprano part to Miss
Morton, with Miss Yip to
serve as understudy.

Connie tries not to look too happy for a moment,
while Tanya looks forward stoically. They then turn
to each other and embrace somewhat stiffly.

The three judges applaud them both.

PAISELLO
Both of your achievements
are glorious testimony to
the power of song.

INT. AN AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

It is a crowded auditorium, with student faces
illuminated by the light coming from the movie
screen. Rob and Jireen are at the center of the
shot.

We hear the soundtrack of Casablanca, the scene in in
which German officers are singing "Die Wacht am
Rhein" in Rick's Cafe.

VICTOR LASZLO/PAUL HENREID
Play the "Marseillaise."
Play it!

Grins spread across faces as everyone in the auditorium rises and heartily sings the "Marseillaise" along with the movie soundtrack.

CUT TO:

INT. AN AUDITORIUM - NIGHT - LATER

Closer up on both Jireen and Rob. Jireen nestles closer to Rob as Bogart speaks. Rob lets her

RICK BLAINE/HUMPHREY BOGART
(O.S.)
Because you're getting on
that plane.

ILSA LUND/INGRID BERGMAN
(O.S.)
I don't understand, what
about you?

RICK BLAINE/HUMPHREY BOGART
(O.S.)
I'm staying here with him
until the plane gets
safely away.

ILSA LUND/INGRID BERGMAN
(O.S.)
No, Richard. Not what
after what happened to you
last night...

REVERSE SHOT: THE MOVIE SCREEN

The scene plays out on the movie screen.

RICK BLAINE/HUMPHREY BOGART
Last night we said a great
many things. You said I
was to do the thinking for
both of us. Well I've
done a lot of it since
then and it all adds up to
one thing: you're getting
on that plane with Victor
where you belong.

ILSA LUND/INGRID BERGMAN
But Richard, no, I...

RICK BLAINE/HUMPHREY BOGART
You've got to listen to

me. Do you have any idea
what you'd have to look
forward to if you stayed?
Nine chances out of ten
we'd both end up in a
concentration camps, isn't
that true Louis?

CAPTAIN RENAULT/CLAUDE RAINES
I'm afraid Major Strasser
would insist.

ILSA LUND/INGRID BERGMA
You're saying this only to
make me go.

RICK BLAINE/HUMPHREY BOGART
I'm saying it because it's
true. Inside of us we
both know you belong with
Victor. You're part of
his work, the thing that
keeps him going. If that
plane leaves the ground
and you're not with him
you'll regret it. Maybe
not today, maybe not
tomorrow, but soon and for
the rest of your life.

ILSA LUND/INGRID BERGMAN
But what about us.

RICK BLAINE/HUMPHREY BOGART
We'll always have Paris.

BACK TO SCENE

RICK BLAINE/HUMPHREY BOGART
(O.S.)
We didn't have it. We'd
lost it until you came to
Casablanca. We got it
back last night.

ILSA LUNDH/INGRID BERGMAN
(O.S.)
I said I will never leave
you.

RICK BLAINE/HUMPHREY BOGART
(O.S.)
And you never will. But
I've got a job to do too.
Where I'm going you can't
follow, what I've got to
do you can't be any part
of. Ilsa I'm no good at

being noble, but it
doesn't take much to see
that the problems of three
little people don't amount
to a hill of beans in this
crazy world. Someday
you'll understand
that...now now, here's
looking at you, kid.

Jireen, already dewey-eyed, brushes away a tear.

EXT. OUTSIDE BOONE HALL - NIGHT

Jireen and Rob are standing there.

JIREEN

It seems silly that you
should have to walk me all
the way back to Lovecraft
when you're already home.

ROB

Well, I..

JIREEN

So perhaps we should say
goodnight.

ROB

Uh, if you want, I mean,
it was really nice to have
someone to go to the
movies with.

JIREEN

Is this Jill of yours
neglecting you, you poor
man?

ROB

Well, she's really been
sort of missing in action
for a while.

JIREEN

(pouting)

Kiss me goodnight, at
least?

ROB

(loking around,
as if to make
sure no one will
se)

Well, okay. Anything for
a lady.

Rob kisses Jireen gently on the lips.

Jireen smiles, then seizes Rob and kisses him passionately.

Rob pulls back, looking surprised.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: JIREEN'S LIPS WHISPERING IN ROB'S EAR

JIREEN
Life is short, Rob. Don't
say no to something good
when it walks up to you.

BACK TO SCENE

Rob looks at Jireen for a moment, then he takes her by the hand and they walk -- practically skipping together -- into Boone Hall.

INT. ROB'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jireen and Rob are naked on the bed, copulating. Jireen is astride Rob, who is on his back with his hands on her breasts.

INT. ROB'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Rob is lying on his back under a blanket, holding Jireen who is curled up against his chest.

ROB
That was...amazing. It
felt somehow so easy and
familiar and yet at the
same time...completely
new.

JIREEN
(smiling,
trailing her
fingers on Rob's
chest)
Mmm.

ROB
You're so beautiful.

Jireen snuggles closer.

INT. CONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Connie is hanging out with several friends, including RANDOM DUDE, in her room. Champagne bottles and plastic cups are strewn about, as they have obviously been celebrating.

There is a KNOCK on the door. Connie goes to answer it.

It is Marie at the door. She is holding a bottle of champagne.

CONNIE

Hi!

Connie and Marie embrace.

MARIE

Room for one more at this little celebration?

CONNIE

Sure! Come on in.

Marie comes in.

CONNIE

Guys, this is Marie.

RANDOM DUDE

Hey, Marie,

MARIE

Hey, everyone.

General MUTTERINGS of greeting. Marie hands the bottle to Random Dude.

MARIE

Enjoy! I'd like to chat with Connie for a while.

RANDOM DUDE

Aw, thanks Marie.

Connie and Marie sit in a corner.

CONNIE

I'm so glad you came. Did you...uh...I'm almost out.

MARIE

(grinning)

Sure.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: CONNIE AND MARIE'S HANDS

A little brown bottle is passed from Marie's hand to Connie's

BACK TO SCENE

CONNIE

Thanks so much. I could swear these things are helping not just with my cold, but with my singing as well.

MARIE

Well, you never know...

INT. A CLASSROOM AT THE STATE HOME FOR WAYWARD GIRLS - DAY

Several girls, including CHRISSEY and EVE are sitting quietly in desks facing a blackboard at the front of the room. Jireen enters.

JIREEN

Good morning, class.

Murmured and somewhat puzzled-sounding GOOD MORNINGS from the class. EVE puts her hand up.

JIREEN

Yes, Eve?

EVE

Excuse me, ma'am, but where is Maureen?

JIREEN

I'm afraid she can't make it today. She came down with a bad cold.

Disappointed GROANS from the class.

JIREEN

But don't worry, she arranged a sub. Me. My name is Gina.

EVE

You look sort of like Maureen.

JIREEN

She's my cousin.

EVE

Oh. And how did you know my name?

JIREEN

Maureen briefed me very thoroughly. I know all your names.

Excited WHISPERING in the class.

JIREEN

Anyway, ladies I am sure
you're all pleased that
Maureen was able to come
up with a substitute,
because you're certainly
not going to want to miss
what comes next,
because...

(goes to the
blackboard and
writes as she
speaks)

...this fine day we begin
our unit human sexuality.

Jireen writes the words HUMAN SEXUALITY on the board.

Appreciative WHISTLES and NOISES from the class.

CLOSE UP: CHRISSY

Chrissy blushes and looks down down, then up shyly.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME CLASSROOM - DAY - LATER

Anatomical drawings of the human male and female
reproductive tracts are displayed at the front of the
room. Jireen is showing something with a laser
pointer.

JIREEN

So as you can see...

There is a KNOCK at the door.

JIREEN

Come in.

Mrs. Sneed enters.

MRS. SNEED

(pointing at a
clock on the
wall)

I'm sorry, Miss Creel,
but...

JIREEN

Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs.
Sneed. Did I run over?
Okay, ladies, class
dismissed for today. Be
sure to study up.

The girls rise and start filing out. Chrissy approaches Jireen.

CHRISSEY

Miss Creel, uh, would it be okay if I talked with you for a moment?

JIREEN

Please. Call me Gina. I'll have to check with Mrs. Sneed.

(turning to Mrs. Sneed)

Is it okay if I talk to Chrissy for a few minutes?

MRS. SNEED

Yes, if you walk her to my office when you're done.

JIREEN

Thank you, Mrs. Sneed.

The last of the girls file out, followed by Mrs. Sneed, leaving Chrissy and Jireen alone in the classroom.

JIREEN

What's on your mind, Chrissy?

CHRISSEY

Miss Cr...Gina, is it okay if, like, a girl, you know (hesitates, then blurts out) does it with a girl?

JIREEN

It's a perfectly normal variant on human sexuality. Of course it's okay.

CHRISSEY

It's not sick or twisted or evil or anything?

JIREEN

No. Not at all. Many women have sexual feelings for other women, and about a percent or so of women have sexual feelings almost exclusively for other women.

CHRISSEY

Oh.

Chrissy stares off into space for a moment.

JIREEN

Is everything all right,
Chrissy?

CHRISSEY

I think I might be one of
thsoe women.

JIREEN

Polite people usually call
such women lesbians. It's
nothing to be ashamed of.

CHRISSEY

(lower lip
beginng to
tremble)

But it's so very hard.
Locked up in here with all
these other girls, some of
whom are so tough and
mean, and then there are
these guards, and they
won't let us touch each
other and...

(begins to cry
softly)

...sometimes I think I'll
go out of my mind here.

JIREEN

Hey, hey.

(reaches out,
embraces her)

You're only here until
eighteen, right? They
didn't send you in for
anything all that bad,
just a trivial narcotics
thing you got mixed up in.
Mrs. Sneed says you have
good conduct, and Maureen
told me that you're making
excellent progress in
class, when that's up, and
it will be soon, with good
reports, they'll just let
you go, not transfer you
to another institution.
And then...

Chrissy sobs. Jireen holds her.

CHRISSEY
Sometimes I just wish I
could kill myself.

 JIREEN
Oh, now don't say that.
Things will be alright. I
promise.

INT. MADDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Madder is sitting at his desk, working thourhg some papers.

The intercom on his desk buzzes. Madder puts it on.

 SECRETARY (O.S.)
 (on intercom)
Sir, there's a Mrs. Kupler
calling for you. Shall I
put her through?

 MADDER
Yes, please do.

The phone on Madder's desk rings. He picks it up.

 MADDER
Colonel Madder
speaking...Good afternoon,
Mrs. Kupler. I am well,
thank you, and
you?...Good...Yes...the
reason we contacted you
was that we have a take
and transport which your
organization might be
interested in...
 (reaches into a
 desk drawer and
 pulls out a
 dossier)
...indeed. Standard
terms, yes...we'll smooth
over passage with law
enforcement and customs
and allow you to convert
the goods in return for
your making sure she goes
into the dark...

Madder flips open the dossier.

CLOSE-UP ON THE DOSSIER

Marie's photo is clearly visible.

 MADDER

Yes, quite nubile and desirable, but nearing the end of her usefulness to us. Fifty percent on the proceeds of sale is much better for us than wet-work.

BACK TO SCENE

MADDER

By all means, attempt use of the new nanotech capture system...Yes, we'll transmit the vitals to you over an appropriate secure channel as always...not at all. You're welcome, Mrs. Kupler.

Madder hangs up. He buzzes his secretary.

MADDER

(into intercom)
Ask Horst to come in, please.

Horst enters promptly.

HORST

Sir?

MADDER

(handing him the dossier)
Transmit this to the Kupler op, and make arrangements to receive a transfer into the special operations account.

HORST

(leafing through the dossier)
She's very pretty. Are you sure nothing about these ops bother you, sir?

MADDER

(leans back, calmly)
Nothing in either Hebrew or Greek scriptures forbids slavery, Horst, and some of us are inclined to the view that its classification as an

evil is merely a heresy of secular liberals. Did not St. Paul himself enjoin slaves to obey their masters? In any event, we are having no one killed, and as long as the girl still lives, there will be an opportunity for repentance, as I once explained to your predecessor, prior to his unfortunate disappearance.

HORST

The girl will suffer terribly, I do not doubt.

MADDER

The evil of suffering is another liberal heresy, Horst. The presence of suffering reminds us of our fallen nature and brings us closer to God.

HORST

It is heartening to see that you have thought this through, sir.

INT. DORMITORY ROOM AT THE STATE HOME - NIGHT

Several girls, including Chrissy, are asleep in bunk beds. A CLICK is heard, followed by faint barefoot-sounding footfalls.

There is a tug on Chrissy's blanket, and her lips dimple slightly. Her eyes pop open.

CHRISSY

Huh?

JIREEN (O.S.)

(whispered)

Shh! Look, the door is slightly ajar, and there is a trail on the floor.

There is indeed a faint, bluish trail on the floor, leading out of the room. Chrissy sits up in bed and looks around nervously.

CHRISSY

(whispered)

Where are you?

JIREEN (O.S.)

(whispered)
You will not be able to
see me, it has to be this
way.

CHRISSEY
(whispered)
What are you?

JIREEN (O.S.)
(whispered)
An angel bringing hope.
There is no bed check for
another two hours. Follow
the trail!

Chrissy hesitates for a second, then gets up and follows the trail.

The camera follows Chrissy down the hall, through another set of doors, and then through a door into a room.

The lights in the room turn on. It is a shower.

CHRISSEY
A shower?

JIREEN (O.S.)
(whispered)
Used by the home staff,
but not at this late
hour. Nicer than the one
for the girls, no?

CHRISSEY
Yes, but...

JIREEN (O.S.)
(whispered)
Why not take one? I'm
sure you'd enjoy it.

Chrissy hesitates.

JIREEN (O.S.)
(whispered)
Have some faith. I'm not
going to hurt you. I'm an
angel, remember?

Chrissy undresses, removing first a heavy prisoner nightgown and then panties. She then steps into the shower and turns on the water.

CHRISSEY
It's...nice.

JIREEN (O.S.)
(stage whispered)
Here's something even
nicer. Turn to your left
and reach out your
hands...reach out to me.

Chrissy turns left, then reaches out. At a certain point, she GASPS and jerks her hands away.

JIREEN (O.S.)
(stage whispered)
Don't be shy. Reach out
to me. I won't bite you.

Chrissy reaches out and appears to be feeling something in space. Then both her hands seem to grasp onto something large.

CHRISSY
You...you're a woman.
(squeezing the
invisible
Jireen's breasts)
An amazing woman!

Jireen giggles.

JIREEN (O.S.)
(stage whispered)
A female angel, silly!

Chrissy's own breasts squash as the invisible Jireen embraces her. Chrissy's mouth open, her tongue protrudes into Jireen's invisible mouth as they kiss.

Jireen's outline is visible in falling shower-water drops.

Chrissy and Jireen proceed to have sex in the shower.

INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM IN GNOSIS GYM - NIGHT

The locker room is empty. Occasional sounds of a SHOWER, LOCKERS CLOSING, WOMEN'S VOICES in the background.

CLOSE-UP: A PARTICULAR LOCKER

A pair of gloved hands reach out and spin the locker's combination-lock dial, undoing the lock. They then open the locker.

A young woman's clothes, towel, purse, toiletries, etc. can be seen inside the locker when it opens.

The gloved hands reach for a bottle of shampoo,

unscrewing its top They then produce a small bottle, from which an "eyedropper" is removed. The hands drop a few drops of some sort of clear liquid into the shampoo, then screw the top back on.

The hand close the locker and replace the lock.

INT. A FITNESS CENTER AT GNOSIS - NIGHT

Marie is working out on a fitness machine, wearing some sort of tight-fitting spandex outfit. Her hair is done up. She is sweaty. PAMELA is working out beside her. GUY #1 and GUY #2 are also working out in the room.

MARIE

Whew. Enough reps for me. How about you?

PAMELA

I'll keep going a while.

MARIE

Well I'm hitting the showers. See you back in a while.

PAMELA

Sure. Fun coming here for late hours. Not too crowded.

MARIE

(glancing up at the guys, smirking)

Well, not quite.

The guys put their heads down and pretend not to be ogling Marie. Marie gets up and leaves. The eyes of the guys follow her out as she does.

INT. THE WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Marie goes to a locker -- the same one we saw before -- and opens it. She undresses completely, then takes a towel and wraps herself in it before picking up a shower kit that contains the shampoo.

Marie heads for the showers.

INT. THE WOMEN'S SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

The shower room is deserted except for Marie. Marie turns on a shower, waits for it to get warm, then unwraps herself and stands under it.

Marie gets herself wet, then takes her bottle of shampoo, squeezes some out, and begins washing her hair.

As Marie does so, a couple of unusually large bubbles fall from her hair to the floor of the shower. Most of the bubbles burst upon making contact with the tile, but one begins to expand. Marie takes not notice of this.

Marie rinses her hair clean, then begins conditioning.

The bubble grows to the size of a basketball.

Marie rinses the conditioner out of her hair, then begins soaping up with bodywash. She turns her back to the bubble, which rapidly inflates to the size of a beachball.

By the time Marie has finished rinsing herself off, the bubble is slightly larger than she is tall.

Marie turns off the shower.

The bubble suddenly lurches toward, bumping Marie.

Marie turns around and emits a SHRIEK when she sees the bubble.

The bubble bumps her again.

Marie begins backing away. The bubble rolls toward her.

Marie backs away as the bubble pursues her. It bumps up against her again.

SHOT FROM WITHIN THE BUBBLE

We see the surface of the bubble stretch and distort against Marie's body.

BACK TO SCENE

Marie leaps back, then turns and runs out of the shower room.

MARIE

Help!

Marie runs around the locker room, with the bubble pursuing her.

After some futile pursuit, Marie finds herself backed against a pair of double doors with a sign over them reading EXIT.

The bubble approaches, jiggling and making a WUBWUBWUB sound.

Marie pushes through the doors.

She finds herself on an indoor track. She runs along it. The bubble pursues her.

MARIE
Help! Help! Someone
please help me!

After running about 30 meters, Marie stumbles and falls to the surface of the track.

The bubble covers her and sucks her inside of itself with a SCHLURP. Marie SCREAMS as it does so. There is a POP sound when she's completely enveloped.

Marie beats her fists against the inside of the bubble. The surface of the bubble jiggles ferociously as she does so, but it does not break.

MARIE
(voice very
muffled by the
bubble)
Let me out! What is going
on? Let me out? This
isn't funny! Please!

A cat (Lilith, who we last saw in Gnosis Dreamscapes but this time looking sleeker and healthier than she did there) walks up to the wobbling bubble, regards it curiously, and then takes a swipe at it with her paw.

At this point the ABDUCTOR appears. Lilith HISSES and runs away. He looks like a maintenance man, dressed in coveralls. He pulls a little wireless remote out of the pocket of his coveralls and presses a button.

The surface of the bubble becomes dark-gray and opaque. Marie's vocal protestations fade to silence.

The Abductor walks over the the now ovoid-shaped bubble and pushes it along the floor. It rolls easy.

Pamela, Guy #1 and Guy #2 enter the gym.

PAMELA
What's going on? We
thought we heard screaming
in here.

ABDUCTOR

Didn't hear nothin'. Just movin' equipment.

Pamela and the guys look at each other, puzzled.

The Abductor ignores them and pushes the bubble away.

INT. TANYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

It is silent and dark. Tanya is sitting in a chair by her window. She takes a sip of tea from a china cup, then sets the cup down on a saucer. The CLINK of china striking china is the only audible sound.

Tanya stares out the window.

INT. INTERIOR OF A WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The warehouse is a large, open space with giant garage door at one end. In the middle of the warehouse floor, there is a large lift that goes up to a platform about seven feet off the floor. There is a ladder down from the platform to the floor.

Under the platform in the middle is a transparent tube about eighteen inches in diameter and about seven feet high. There is machinery at the base of the tube. The tube is filled with some sort of transparent luminous liquid.

There is a RUMBLE sound as the garage doors open. A van backs up through them, making BEEPING noises as it does. The van backs up to the base of the lift platform. The garage doors RUMBLE down after the van is in the space.

The van doors open. The Abductor and his ASSISTANT jump out and lower a ramp down to the lift platform. They push the opaque bubble containing Marie down the ramp to the platform.

The Abductor and his Assistant then hop onto the lift and work controls to make the lift rise to the platform above. After it does so, they push the bubble into place so that it is directly above the tube.

The Abductor then climbs the ladder down to the floor. He then works some controls on the machinery under the platform.

The bubble above distorts as if being sucked partway into the tube. Then there is a loud POP and Marie (still naked) squirts down into the tube, making a cascade of bubbles as she does.

We hear DISTORTED CRIES from Marie, large bubbles escaping from her mouth. She pounds her fists against the inner wall of the tube and futilely tries to claw her way up out of it.

Marie soon slows down closes her eyes and appears to lose consciousness. She then floats serenely in the tube.

A mechanical arm descends from the ceiling of the warehouse and places a cap on the top of the tube. There is a HISS as the cap is sealed into place

INT. A MEDICAL LAB AT EUPHORIC STATE - DAY

ALOYSIUS is sitting at a laboratory bench. Part of the bench contains chemical glassware/apparatus. The rest is covered with notes, sketches of female figures, calculations, half-filled coffee cups, etc.

Aloysius is face down, apparently sleeping. He is wearing a white laboratory coat.

Jireen enters. Aloysius does not respond. Jireen nudges him gently. Aloysius wakes with a start.

(Note: Aloysius does not look all that good. His hair is a mess, there are circles under his eyes, stubble, etc.)

ALOYSIUS

Oh. Sorry. Jireen.
Didn't hear you come in.
Must have dozed off.

JIREEN

(running her
hands through
Aloysius' hair,
looking
concerned)
Aloysius, you poor man.
Have you been getting any
sleep lately?

ALOYSIUS

Well, um, as I've been a
bit preoccupied. I guess
you know with what.

JIREEN

(surveying
Aloysius's
scattered notes)
Yes, I see. Have you had
a chance to analyze that
pill I swiped?

ALOYSIUS

No.

JIREEN

(angrily)

No? What do you mean,
no? Aloysius something
serious is up. I can feel
it. An innocent young
woman's life might be in
danger, and you are here
playing around with...

ALOYSIUS

(shouting back)

An innocent young woman's
life? What about two
other women who's lives
hang in balance? Do you
think that's some sort of
game for me? I...I...

Aloysius's features turn from anger to grief. Then
he buries his head in his hands.

Jireen's features soften. She leans forward and
embraces Aloysius's hands.

JIREEN

Aloysius, I know you feel
like you did some sort of
terrible thing. But you
didn't take anyone's
life. You saved two
lives.

She pulls Aloysius's hands forward and places them
against her chest.

JIREEN

Do you feel a beating
heart in there, Aloysius?
Because I do. Everything
that was Jill Keeney is
here, right here.
Everything that was
Maureen Creel is here,
right here.

On hearing Maureen's name Aloysius sobs silently.

JIREEN

Watch.

Jireen picks up a pencil and a piece of paper and
writes on it. She hands it to Aloysius.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: THE PAPER

It reads, in cursive handwriting "Hi! My name is Jill Keeney."

BACK TO SCENE

JIREEN
(grinning)
Good enough to fool Jill's
boyfriend Rob.

Jill writes something else on another slip of paper and hands it to Aloysius.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: THE SECOND SLIP OF PAPER

It reads, in different cursive handwriting "Hi! My name is Maureen Creel."

(Note: The dot over the "i" in "Hi!" is a little heart.)

BACK TO SCENE

JIREEN
Good enough to fool Mrs.
Sneed at the State Home
for Wayward Girls and
maybe even you.

Aloysius gazes at Jireen, miserable.

JIREEN
Oh, Aloysius...

Jireen hugs Aloysius.

JIREEN
You will do right be all
of us. I know you will.
But I really, really need
for you to figure out that
pill first.

Aloysius pulls back and reaches into a pocket of his lab coat. He pulls out the little red pill, now in a tiny ziplock bag. He holds it up to the light and looks at it.

INT. THE PERICLEA - DAY

A performance of the Verdi Requiem is set to begin. A full orchestra and chorus are arranged on the stage. Connie the three other vocal soloists sit on chairs at the front of the orchestra.

There is an anticipatory BUZZ of noise from a full audience.

Arthur walks out on stage in white tie and tails. The audience APPLAUDS. Arthur bows, then takes his place on the podium, raises his baton and begins to conduct the requiem.

MEDIUM CLOSE UP: THE CELLO SECTION

The celli are shown playing MM. 1-5 of No. 1, "Requiem."

BACK TO SCENE

CLOSE-UP: TANYA IN SOPRANO SECTION

Shown singing at M. 9 of No. 1, "requiem."

INT. A LAB AT EUPHORIC STATE - DAY

Aloysius holds up a test tube, swirls it around, and inspects its contents, then sets it back down.

He turns to a screen full of spectrographic data and studies it with great concentration.

INT. THE PERICLEA - DAY

Connie is singing the acapella section of the "Liberate me" (starting at M. 132).

PAN: THE AUDIENCE

They are entranced. Some of the younger female ones are in tears.

Among the people we see in the audience is PROFESSOR RICHARD GREGG.

INT. A LAB AT EUPHORIC STATE - DAY

(Note: the music is continuous across scenes, switching from diagetic to extra-diagetic as we switch between the Periclea and the lab.)

Aloysius is typing at the computer.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: A COMPUTER SCREEN

A bar pops up that shows "working." At the end of the shot a text article: "Pharmacological database: Cygnusine."

INT. THE PERICLEA - DAY

The "Liberate me" continues.

CLOSE UP: CONNIE'S FACE

She appears to be in something like ecstasy as she reaches the B-flat in alt (M. 170).

BACK TO SCENE

In the course of the recitative that proceeds the choral fugue (MM. 171-179) Connie makes an operatic arm gesture.

CLOSE UP: PROFESSOR GREGG

Gregg raises an eyebrow at this.

INT. A LAB AT EUPHORIC - DAY

Aloysius is reading his screen, a look of horror growing on his face.

ALOYSIUS

Shit!

Aloysius picks up a phone on his desk and dials it frantically.

INT. WVGC STUDIO - DAY

Willie and Jireen are sitting in the studio. The sound of the requiem can be heard coming over speakers. Maureen Creel's cellphone is sitting in front of the control panel.

Jireen is leaning toward Willie with body language that suggests that this is might be about to become more than a friendly meeting when the cellphone RINGS. Jireen immediately picks it up.

JIREEN

(into phone)

Jireen here. Yes. Good work, Aloysius. Yes? Well, she's singing right now, maybe you can even here her over the phone., and... What did you say that stuff was?

INT. A LAB AT EUPHORIC - DAY

Aloysius is speaking into a phone while staring at his screen.

ALOYSIUS

Cygnusine. The military developed it as a kind of performance enhancer about ten years ago. It worked, but it had a very nasty

side effect, which is that it got so much enhanced performance out of its subjects that it killed them. You need to stop that performance any way you can and get that girl under heavy sedation right away. I don't care what you have to do. I'll try to get some medical help there from here. Go now!

INT. WGNO STUDIO - DAY

Jireen SLAPS the cellphone shut.

JIREEN
We need to go and disrupt that performance and get Connie some help.

WILLIE
What?

JIREEN
Human life is at stake. I'll explain on the way.

Jireen and Willie leave hastily.

INT. THE PERICLEA - DAY

The "Libera me" reaches towards its noisy climax, and to its final recitative. Connie's performance is full of pathos and is somewhat husky-voiced.

CONNIE
Libera me domine de morte
aeterna in die illa
tremenda...

After the final orchestral chord dies away, the entire audience rises in a stormy standing ovation. After a few seconds, the orchestra also rises and begins to applaud Connie.

Connie smiles somewhat feebly, leans forward as if to bow, then collapses on stage.

The ovation quickly dies away into a HUBBUB of confusion.

Tanya, surging forward from her place in the chorus, SCREAMS and runs forward to Connie, where she kneels and cradles her head.

At the same time, there is a BANG from the back of the Periclea as Jireen and Willie charge through a door at the back. When they see that they are too late, Jireen sinks to her knees and buries her face in her hands. Willie looks on with dismay.

After a few more seconds, OFFICER JACK CLEARY enters the same door, with PARAMEDIC #1 and PARAMEDIC #2 behind.

CLEARY

Guess that wasn't a crank call after all.

(shouting over the din)

Okay, everyone back, everyone back! These are paramedics, everyone let them through!

INT. MADDER'S STUDY - DAY

Horst is handing a folder to Madder.

HORST

...and in addition, telephonic pen-registers at Gnosis turned up something pretty remarkable prior to the latest unfortunate incident. A trio of phone calls, all from a medical laboratory at nearby Euphoric State University to two numbers at Gnosis. One was actually logged by campus security, involving a claim that the girl who died on stage yesterday was in serious trouble. The strange thing is that it appears to have come in a few minutes before anyone else seems to have known what was happening.

MADDER

(inspecting the contents of the folder)

Yes. Obviously someone who knows something. And the other call?

HORST

A mobile phone. We haven't been able to find

the student listed as the subscriber yet, but we're looking.

MADDER

Get someone to check that medical lab as well. On this issue luck might finally be ready to break our way. Meanwhile, how's the main event?

HORST

Ready to roll, Colonel.

MADDER

(sitting back and relaxing slightly)

Excellent.

EXT. A SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Kids in soccer uniforms are fanning out to their parents. Little KATHY runs to DIRECTOR RICHARD YGLESIAS.

KATHY

Daddy!

The Director picks up Kathy and swings her around. They both LAUGH.

KATHY

Did you see I scored the winning goal, Daddy?

DIRECTOR

I sure did, sweetheart.

The Director and Kathy walk over to a dark sedan, which is attended by a huge, besuited DRIVER. The driver opens the door for Kathy, who hops into the back seat, followed by the Director.

INT. INSIDE THE SEDAN - DAY

DIRECTOR

How about some ice cream?

KATHY

(hugging the Director)

Oh Daddy, you're the best.

DIRECTOR

Can we stop off, Jim?

DRIVER
Sure thing, sir.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: THE SEDAN'S IGNITION LOCK

The Driver is turning the key in the ignition. Sound of the sedan's ENGINE TURNING OVER.

KATHY
This is the best day ever.

EXT. THE SEDAN SEEN FROM OUTSIDE - DAY

The sedan is demolished in a massive EXPLOSION.

EXT. THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION - DAY - LATER

SPECIAL AGENT-IN-CHARGE MACNEIL and SPECIAL AGENT SMITH are standing in a field of debris around the charred chassis of the sedan.

In the foreground there is a small sheet covering something.

SMITH
Is this really who we think it might be, Chief?

MACNEIL
We're running one last check on the VIN for confirmation.

SMITH
(pointing at the sheet)
But under there?

MacNeil lifts the sheet up so that Smith can see. Smith has to suppress an urge to retch.

MACNEIL
A little girl. Eight years old, maybe.

AGENT JONES approaches.

JONES
Sir, it's what we were afraid of. It's confirmed.

MACNEIL
Jesus. Okay, thank you Agent Jones. I'll make the call.

MacNeil pulls out a cellphone and dials it.

MACNEIL

Yes, sir. We're at the site now. It looks like we've lost a principal, as we feared. I have a preliminary...what sir? Yes, of course I'll hold on for the conference.

(expression turning ashen)

Yes, Mr. President. I can hear you quite clearly.

INT. THE GADGET - NIGHT

The Gadget is full of students. Some are sipping beverages. Most look apprehensive. A large-screen television is displaying an address by the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE ON TELEVISION - NIGHT

THE PRESIDENT

My fellow Americans, it is with great sadness that I must report to you a terrorist act against the United States. At approximately three o'clock this afternoon, Richard Yglesias, the Director of National Counterintelligence, was assassinated when his car was bombed by forces unknown. As if this were not enough of an act of depravity, the terrorists who planted the bomb also killed Director Yglesias's eight year-old daughter Katherine, as well as long-serving counterintelligence agent James Shimin.

MUTTERINGS of disgust and dismay from the students in the Gadget.

THE PRESIDENT

I have known Dick for many years not just as a staunch patriot and dedicated civil servant, but as a personal friend. No words are adequate to

express the sorrow I feel
at this loss. To the
doubly-bereaved Mrs.
Yglesias, I can only
extend my and the nation's
condolences on this
terrible day.

The President pauses, as if he has to gather himself
before proceeding.

THE PRESIDENT

I want you, the American
people, to know that we
will not rest until the
cowards who perpetrated
this deed are found and
brought to justice. To
this end I have promoted
Colonel Jeremiah Madder to
the role of Acting
Director of National
Counterintelligence and
given him as his top
priority the pursuit of
the terrorists. I have
the highest confidence
that Colonel Madder, a war
hero whose patriotism has
never wavered, even at the
highest cost to himself.
I have the highest
confidence in him, and
this evening have signed
an executive order
directing Federal agencies
to provide Colonel Madder
with all possible
assistance in the task he
is about to undertake. I
wish to assure you, the
American people, that your
government is taking every
action humanly possible to
keep you safe. Goodnight,
and God bless America.

EXT. GNOSIS CAMPUS - NIGHT

CLEO MOUNT is hurrying along a lighted path at night,
alone.

BEEFY AGENT #1 and BEEFY AGENT #2 suddenly step out
from behind a corner. They are in the way.

BEEFY AGENT #1
Cleo Mount?

CLEO
(surprised)
Yes.

BEEFY AGENT #2
(displaying a
badge)
We need you to come with
us, please?

CLEO
But...I haven't done
anything. Am I in some
kind of trouble?

BEEFY AGENT #1
We just need to ask you a
few questions, Miss
Mount. Come with us
quietly and there won't be
any trouble.

BEEFY AGENT #3 and BEEFY AGENT #4 appear behind Cleo.

Cleo looks around fearfully.

INT. A CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE LAB AT EUPHORIC - NIGHT

Aloysius is walking down a corridor, a pair of large
double doors behind him.

As he is about to round a corridor he hears the BLARE
of something coming over a police radio in front of
him. He freezes. Then he sneaks a peek around a
corner.

ALOYSIUS'S P.O.V. - AROUND THE CORNER

There are a lot of cops, Federal agent types, etc.
milling around.

BACK TO SCENE

Aloysius backs away and puts his back against the
wall. To his left is a door marked JANITORIAL.

MALE VOICE #1 (O.S.)
Hey, did you see something
down there?

MALE VOICE #2 (O.S.)
Better check it out. We
might have surprised a
target.

Aloysius swiftly tries the knob on the "Janitorial"
door, but finds it locked. He slips his hand into

the pocket of his lab coat and draws something out.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: ALOYSIUS'S HAND

It is holding a small lock-pick.

BACK TO SCENE

Aloysius picks the lock very quickly and slips inside the door.

AGENT #1 and AGENT #2 in suits come around the corner.

AGENT #1
Don't see anyone.

They desultorily try a couple of doors but find them all locked, then shrug and go away.

INT. AUXILIARY GYM SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

It is something like an old shower room. Light comes from naked bulbs above. There are what look like water and steam pipes everywhere.

Cleo has been handcuffed so that her hands are bound to one of the pipes above, and her legs spread apart and cuffed to two pipes running from floor to ceiling.

FOREGROUND: THE FOUR BEEFY AGENTS CONFERRING

BEEFY AGENT #1
So why this weird fucking holdup?

BEEFY AGENT #2
Ah, for some reason they wanted special transport for the prisoner. Some sort of Army deal, don't ask me why. Anyway, due to the typical interagency fuck-up it won't be here for another two hours and so we have to cool it. And as you're junior, you get to watch while we go up for a smoke.

BEEFY AGENT #1
Shit. So they sent us out to deal with something fucking X-Division freak job and only now I know about it? To say nothing

of our having to sit on a package at a fucking little college for some hours.

BEEFY AGENT #2
Aw, don't sweat it. It's just interagency bullshit. Make the best of the opportunity, you'll have relief down in sixty. Maybe you'll even get a chance to get out hunt down some late-night coed poontang.

BEEFY AGENT #1
Thanks a lot.

BACK TO SCENE

Beefy Agents #2 -#4 leave.

CLEO
Please! What are you doing with me? You can't hold me like this! I'm a citizen.

BEEFY AGENT #1
Shut the fuck up.

Beefy Agent #1 slaps Cleo.

CLEO
You asshole! How dare you! Who the fuck do you think you are? I'll...

Beefy Agent #1 seizes Cleo under the jaw, cutting her off.

BEEFY AGENT #1
Now you listen, Missy. I don't like being down here in this pit. Not with you, not with anyone. So I just want some quiet time. Transport comes, you go away, and I go home and get on with my life. But we're down here alone, for the next hour, pretty much. So you want to make some noise?

Beefy Agent #1 unbuttons the top of Cleo's jeans with his other hand and pulls down the fly zipper, then

slips his hand down their front, groping her. Cleo makes a STRANGLED GASP.

BEEFY AGENT #1
You want to make some
noise, little girl? Well
then just maybe I'll
really give you something
to make some noise about.

Beefy Agent #1 steps back and unzips his fly, taking out his cock, which is now erect.

BEEFY AGENT #1
I'll really give you
something to make some
noise about.

There is a RING of a cellphone at this moment. Beefy Agent #1 smirks, then tucks his cock back in.

BEEFY AGENT #1
Unlucky you.

Beefy Agent #1 answers his phone.

BEEFY AGENT #1
Yeah? Oh, hey Lenny. No,
can't watch the game
tonight. Got called in
for some bullshit
assignment. Yeah the
current crisis. Frankly I
don't know why they're
having us root around down
here when we're supposed
to be looking for
terrorists. Yeah. Yeah.
Well, maybe
(smirks at Cleo
again)
I'll find some other way
of being entertained.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: CLEO'S FACE

Cleo's expression begins to harden in form of furious hatred.

BEEFY AGENT #1 (O.S.)
Yeah. Okay Lenny, no
sweat. Catch you later.

BACK TO SCENE

Beefy Agent #1 closes his phone and is about to put it away.

BEEFY AGENT #1
So then, where were we,
girly. Shall I show...

Cleo spits something right into Beefy Agent #1's mouth.

Beefy Agent #1 looks disgusted, then horrified as he collapses in a heap on the floor, paralyzed.

Cleo shoots a strand of web-silk from her wrist that sticks to Beefy Agent #1's phone. She very carefully reels it in. Then, holding it carefully, she dials a number, holding the phone awkwardly in her hands over her head.

The phone RINGS a few times, then is answered by IRIS BROCKMAN.

IRIS (O.S.)
(on phone)
Hello?

CLEO
Iris?

IRIS (O.S.)
(on phone)
Cleo? Is that you?

CLEO
Iris, thank God. I'm in
such terrible trouble...

IRIS (O.S.)
(on phone)
What's going on? You
sound far away...

CLEO
I'm handcuffed in the
women's shower room in the
auxilliary gym...the one
the almost don't use
anymore. But I'm still on
campus...

IRIS (O.S.)
(on phone)
Okay. I'll call the
police for you...

CLEO
No! I mean, I think these
guys are something like
the police One of them
had a government
badge...but I think

they're much worse than that. I think one of them was even going to...Oh god. One of them was going to rape me. There were four of them. And now I've killed one. But I'm still trapped...

Cleo begins to WHIMPER. After a moment of this, Iris speaks again.

IRIS (O.S.)
(on phone)
Okay. Try to keep it together. I'll try getting you a different kind of help.

CLEO
Okay. Please, please hurry.

INT. IRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Iris hangs up a phone.

IRIS (V.O.)
Always thought they might be coming. And if they come for me, it will be the worst kind of trouble.

Iris pauses in thought for a moment, then brings up something on her computer screen.

There is a TWEETING sound. Then MR. TAKAYAMA appears on screen.

TAKAYAMA
(through computer speakers)
Miss Brockman. Good evening. Unexpected to hear from you so suddenly.

IRIS
Mr. Takayama. Good morning. I have something of an emergency situation here, so I'll be brief. I need to ask three quick questions. First, if I take you up on your offer of an executive position within your organization, how soon can I start?

TAKAYAMA

(through computer
speakers)

At any time. Now, if you
want. We had thought you
wanted to finish at
Gnosis.

IRIS

That might not be as
desirable as it once was.
Second question: are you
still keeping a
high-resolution Iris scan
from the time I worked at
Club Cuisine.

TAKAYAMA

(through computer
speakers)

Yes.

IRIS

Final question. Are you
still reading my input
feed?

Iris pulls her hair back from the base of her skull.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: THE BACK OF IRIS'S HEAD

Near the base of Iris's skull we can see two tiny
LED's flashing.

TAKAYAMA (O.S.)

(through computer
speakers)

Yes.

BACK TO SCENE

IRIS

Mr. Takayama, I may need
to leave to leave the
United States very soon,
and I don't think I will
be able to travel on my
passport, if you know what
I mean. I think Japan
would be nice, but if I go
there, I will certainly
need a job.

TAKAYAMA

(through computer
speakers)

I see.

IRIS

Also, it is possible that my input feed might cease very soon. If that's so, take it as a sign that I would like to begin working for your organization within the hour.

TAKAYAMA

(through computer speakers)

But Japan is twenty hours...oh, I see. I understand. We can make it as you request. As long as you leave no tail on the other side, you understand.

IRIS

I shall make it as you request. And now I really must go. Brockman out.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE AUXILLIARY GYM - NIGHT

Beefy Agent #2 is standing outside a door, looking bored.

Iris approaches, wearing an overcoat, with her hair done up.

BEEFY AGENT #2

Can I help you, young lady?

IRIS

Hi! Are you Buck Yale?

BEEFY AGENT #2

No.

Iris pouts and undoes a button on her overcoat, which reveals a somewhat low-cut blouse underneath.

IRIS

I was told Buck would be here.

BEEFY AGENT #2

I'm afraid not.

IRIS

(undoing another button)

Well who are you then?

BEEFY AGENT #2

Just a guy.

IRIS

Just hanging out on
campus, in the middle of
the night? Did you get
stood up, poor boy?

BEEFY AGENT #2

Well, I...

Iris undoes yet another button, revealing a lot of cleavage. She pulls a little notebook and a pen out of an inside pocket and writes a phone number down on a page therein. Then she tears the page out.

Iris holds the page out to the Beefy Agent, her pen still in her hand.

IRIS

If you ever get bored
standing around waiting
for a date, you can always
give me a call.

Beefy Agent #2 reaches out to take the paper.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: BEEFY AGENT #2'S FACE

As he is reaching out to take the paper, his eyes travel down into Iris's cleavage.

BACK TO SCENE

As Beefy Agent #2's eyes leave Iris's hand, she stabs him in the eye with pen, driving it into his brain and killing him instantly.

IRIS

You boys will never learn.

Iris looks around. She reaches into Beefy Agent #2's coat and removes his sidearm and handcuff keys, which she slips into a pocket of her own coat.

Iris then drags Beefy Agent #2's body into the dark space of the Auxiliary Gym.

INT. AUXILIARY GYM SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Iris runs in. Cleo is still shackled to the pipes. Iris steps over the body of Beefy Agent #1, only briefly glimpsing down. Iris begins unshackling Cleo.

CLEO

Iris! How...

IRIS
I might ask you the same.

CLEO
Iris...I'm
undergoing...changes.

IRIS
Yes. I am too, or already
have.

CLEO
What do you mean, Iris?

IRIS
Somehow I've become
someone who can kill
without remorse.

CLEO
Ohmigod Iris...what's
happening to us?

IRIS
Higher education,
evidently.

Iris finishes unshackling Cleo.

IRIS
There's no time, Cleo.
You need to get the hell
out of here. Find someone
who can help you. You
said that there were four
of them?

CLEO
Yes.

IRIS
I count only two. That
means...

Sound of MALE VOICES in the distance, CRACKLE of a
radio.

IRIS
...that the cavalry is
gonna get called in soon.
Go now,
(taking out Beefy
Agent #2's gun)
They're probably going to
come in looking for the

rest of their team. I'll stand my ground and that might be enough for you to slip away.

CLEO

But, Iris...

IRIS

Cleo, do you remember that pleasant afternoon that seems so long ago when we all bragged about our adventures abroad? About the scanner tech they have? Well, my contacts there are still good, and so is my scan. These bozos can't harm me no matter what.

BEEFY AGENT #3 (O.S.)

Blood trail!

BEEFY AGENT #4 (O.S.)

Call for backup!

BEEFY AGENT #3 (O.S.)

What about Bobby?

BEEFY AGENT #4 (O.S.)

Call and then we go in.

IRIS

(indicating the paralyzed agent on the floor)

That's they guy who wanted to rape you?

Cleo nods.

IRIS

Help me lift him.

Iris and Cleo lift Beefy Agent #1 up. He GROANS slightly as they do. Iris uses a pair of handcuffs to hang his body by the wrists from an overhead pipe.

IRIS

Now go! There just is no time.

Cleo leaves.

Iris takes Beefy Agent #1's sidearm and tucks it into the front of her pants. Then she takes up a position

with a gun behind Beefy Agent #1's body.

Beefy Agent #3 and Beefy Agent #4 burst into the shower room, guns drawn.

BEEFY AGENT #3
Bobby, fuck!

Iris bobs from behind Beefy Agent #1's body and takes a shot at Beefy Agent #3's, hitting him in the head. He goes down.

Iris and Beefy Agent #4 proceed to have to trade shots back and forth, with Iris ducking back and forth behind Beefy Agent #1, which Beefy Agent #4 tries to avoid hitting.

A bullet RICOCHETS off the wall and hits Iris in the chest. She goes down.

Iris points her gun at herself as Beefy Agent #4 advances on her.

BEEFY AGENT #4
Is that how it is? We
don't take you alive?

Iris gives a weak but mordant LAUGH.

IRIS
You don't even get to take
me dead.

Iris puts the gun in her mouth and pulls the trigger. Her blood and brains spatter against the back tile wall of the shower. Her body slumps down. Beefy Agent #4 looks on, horrified.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: THE BACK OF IRIS'S HEAD

Iris's exit wound. The two diodes we saw before have been blown out and presumably destroyed.

INT. INTELLIGENCE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A huge windowless room, filled with male and female agents and clerks staring screens, answering telephones, looking at reports. Giant screens on the walls above display information. Tremendous BUZZ of activity.

Horst picks his way across the floor to a small, glassed in space at the corner of the room that contains Colonel Madder. He places his hand on a biometric scanner and is admitted to the space.

INT. THE GLASSED-IN OFFICE

In contrast to the command room that surrounds it, it is dead quiet in the office. Madder is reading a report.

MADDER
(putting the
report down)
Unfortunate.

HORST
Yes, sir.

MADDER
How do you suppose one
coed overpowered and
killed a Federal agent?

HORST
Forensics found a phone
number at the scene.
Power of seduction,
apparently.

MADDER
She gave her number?

HORST
No, sir. It was the
number for the Dean of the
College. He gets to
spend his night having his
ass kicked in
interrogation before the
lawyer gets him sprung,
but basically I'm pretty
sure he had nothing to do
with this. Unfortunate.

MADDER
Especially since the
Brockman girl was our best
link to Strangeways
duplication technology.

HORST
And the Mount girl did get
away sir. But don't
worry. We'll find her.
And we've generated leads
on a series of other
targets. I did have a
question, though.

MADDER
Yes?

HORST
Do you really think people

will buy the connection
between a terrorist
incident in Northern
Virginia and midwestern
college for long?

MADDER

We have the perfect
cover. You see, last year
a senior F-B-I agent named
MacNeil put in for a
national security
investigation with a
possible Al-Qaeda
connection. It was a
pretext, of course. It was
actually in connection
with their looking in to
my niece's disappearance.
But it provides an
excellent rationale for
our current activities,
especially with all the
other officially-
unexplained forms of
destruction that have been
going on there recently.

HORST

Good point, sir.

MADDER

And of course there's also
a drug investigation,
since an unfortunate young
woman died from an
overdose of a banned
enhancement substance.
Truly tragic. But useful
for us. you know full
well how people's brains
shut off when they hear
the word drugs.

HORST

Most certainly, sir.

MADDER

You'll run down those
targets, yes?

HORST

Absolutely, sir. I mean,
they're just a bunch of
college kids. How far can
the really get?

INT. RECONSTITUTION CHAMBER IN TOKYO - DAY

Step by step a young woman is reconstituted in a reconstitution tube, following the same procedure seen in Study Abroad. It is Iris. FEMALE ATTENDANT #1 and FEMALE ATTENDANT #2 wait for her

Iris's eyes flutter open as she regains consciousness. She steps out of the tube onto a tiled floor. Female Attendant #1 washes her off with a hand-held shower while Female Attendant #2 washes her with a soft brush.

After bathing her, Female Attendant #2 wraps a robe around her, while Female Attendant #1 hands her a clean towel.

(Note: all dialog in this scene is in Japanese and indicated with a SUBTITLE cue. Iris's is accented, though nowhere near as heavily as in Study Abroad.)

IRIS (SUBTITLE)
I have arrived.

FEMALE ATTENDANT #1
(SUBTITLE)
Yes, Madam. Welcome to
Tokyo.

IRIS (SUBTITLE)
I always feel amazed when
that thing works.

The two attendants smile and bow.

FEMALE ATTENDANT #2
(SUBTITLE)
Is there anything Madam
would like after her long
journey?

IRIS (SUBTITLE)
Did Mr. Takayama tell you
just how I always feel
after I come out of that
thing?

FEMALE ATTENDANT #2
(SUBTITLE)
(blushing)
Yes, madam. If you would
wait here for just a
moment.

The two attendants leave. Iris dries her hair.

The SAMURAI enters, wearing only a bathrobe of his own. He approaches Iris and bows.

IRIS (SUBTITLE)
A job with fringe
benefits. Not exactly the
sort they can talk about
at Career Services,
though.

Iris and the Samurai embrace. The Samurai reaches
into Iris robe and fondles her breast.

CLOSE UP: IRIS AND THE SAMURAI'S FACES

They kiss deeply

BACK TO SCENE

The Samurai leads Iris out by the hand. They are
both smiling.

INT. A MINIVAN - NIGHT

Aloysius and Jireen are sitting in the two front
seats. Aloysius is driving. There's a lot of
technology junk further back in the van. Outside it
looks very dark.

A cellphone RINGS. Jireen glances at the Caller ID,
then flips the phone open and answers it.

JIREEN
(into phone)
Hello?
(trying to make
her voice sound a
bit more like
Jill Keeney's)
Cleo? Is that you
what's...okay...please try
to be calm.
(to Aloysius)
It's Cleo Mount. She's in
terrible trouble.

ALOYSIUS
No way we are taking on
any more trouble.

JIREEN
Aloysius, Cleo knows
things. And our enemies
are after her as well.

ALOYSIUS
We can't risk it.

JIREEN
You owe me, Aloysius.

Aloysius pauses for a moment to think.

ALOYSIUS
Give me the phone.

Jireen gives Aloysius the phone.

ALOYSIUS
Cleo Mount? My name is
Aloysius Kim. I'm a
friend of Jir...a friend
of Jill's. I can get you
somewhere that will be
safe for a while, but you
need to do exactly waht
I'm about to tell you.
Are you listening?
Good...

EXT. OUTSIDE A LOCOMOTIVE ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

In dim light, the minivan is pulling up outside the roundhouse.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: THE MINIVAN'S LICENSE PLATE

It reads MWR 409.

BACK TO SCENE

Aloysius hops out of the minivan, leaving the motor running. He raises a garage door on the side, then drives the minivan inside.

INT. THE ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

Aloysius and Jireen are getting out of the minivan which they have just driven in. They are in a huge enclosed turntable space.

Aloysius goes and closes the garage door behind them.

JIREEN
What is this place?

ALOYSIUS
Old Q-line railroad
roundhouse. The railroad
used to service
locomotives in here. That
thing ahead of us is a
giant turntable,
underneath which is a
servicing pit. It was
mostly used in steam
locomotive days, although
the Q-line seems to have

mothballed an entire E-M-D
E6 unit over there.

(pointing at one
of the locomotive
stalls)

There's an attached
car-barn with some old
rolling stock in it as
well. This place is a
dream if you like old
technology. Willie and I
broke in and crawled
around here a lot in our
days before going steam-
tunnel spelunking.
Speaking of which...

Aloysius WHISTLES the first line of Yoko Kanno's
"Inner Universe." Someone else WHISTLES the second
line back at him.

ALOYSIUS

Come on out, Willie. I'm
here with Jireen.

Willie comes out from one of the stalls. He is
accompanied by MICHIKO MAEDA.

ALOYSIUS

(pointing at
Michiko)

What is she doing here?

WILLIE

Try to understand here,
Aloysius. She's in
trouble, too.

ALOYSIUS

Seems like there's plenty
of trouble to go around
these days.

MICHIKO

There have been all sorts
of Federal agents running
around campus for a day.
Some huge thing at the
auxiliary gym earlier
tonight. And earlier in
the day they raided
Professor Waite's lab and
even took Professor Waite
in for questioning for a
few hours. They let her
go, though.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AN OVERCROWDED OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is full of cops and Federal agents.
MacNeil is sitting at a small desk, giving an order
to Smith.

MACNEIL

Who the hell let Professor
Waite go?

SMITH

Chief?

MACNEIL

It says here that she was
released. Who gave that
order?

SMITH

You did, Chief.

MACNEIL

I did?

SMITH

You interrogated her
one-on-one for about two
hours, then you came out
here, entered your report
into the system about how
she didn't know anything,
then you ordered her
released. So we did.

MACNEIL

(looking up
something on his
computer screen)
So I...damn, I wrote
this? Doesn't even read
like me.

SMITH

We all saw you come out
and put it in, Chief.

MACNEIL

I just don't remember...

SMITH

How many hours have you
slept in the last forty-
eight, Chief?

MACNEIL

Zero, Smith.
Zero-point-zero.
(leaning back

exhaustedly)
Jesus on a popsicle stick
I am losing it.

INT. THE ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

 WILLIE
So how did you make it up
from Euphoric, what with
the world crawling with
cops?

 ALOYSIUS
There was another tan
Toyota Sierra of about the
same year, so I pulled the
old license-plate switch.
I can't help but think
that that probably burned
the last of the good karma
I have.

EXT. A ROAD OUTSIDE EUPHORIC - DAY - DAWN'S LIGHT

MARTHA, a large, heavy, middle-aged African-American woman, is driving along the highway (we see her at first through the windscreen of the van). GOSPEL MUSIC from the van's radio can be heard.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: THE MINIVAN'S LICENSE PLATE

It reads HFN 408

BACK TO SCENE

The headlights of a sedan appear behind Martha's minivan, these fade and are replaced by a police cruiser.

The police cruiser begins flashing its lights and sounds its siren. Martha pulls over.

Half a dozen government sedans race past Martha, then come to a screeching halt in front of her, blocking the road. Another half-dozen pull out and block the road behind her.

Government agents in full tactical gear/biohazard gear and carrying assault rifles pour out of all the cars. Sound of RIFLES BEING COCKED. The rifles are then aimed at the minivan.

HELICOPTER SHOT ABOVE THE VAN

Two helicopter gunships are circling around the minivan above the scene.

RETURN TO SCENE

The LEAD AGENT takes out a bullhorn and and speaks to Martha.

LEAD AGENT
Aloysius Kim! Do not move
until you are ordered to
do so. We are Federal
officers and we will open
fire on you if you do not
comply.

Martha looks terrified, and does not move.

INT. THE ROUNDHOUSE - DAY

A little light is starting to filter through a skylight above the turntable.

JIREEN
So now what?

ALOYSIUS
We assess what we have,
and figure out what to
do. This old pile still
has some power on. Did
you manage to salvage your
invisibility tech?

JIREEN
No. It was too bulky to
move out of Maureen's
closet, so I sabotaged it
instead. Certainly that's
not something we want in
the wrong hands.

ALOYSIUS
True that. I managed to
keep some of my Apsinthion
apparatus and my
computer. There's plenty
of old industrial
equipment around and...

CLEO (O.S.)
(in the distance)
Hello? Is anyone there.

WILLIE
Shit!

JIREEN
No, Willie, calm down.
It's Cleo.
(calling out)

Cleo? It's okay. Come on
out over here.

Cleo walks out from another locomotive stall. She is
bedraggled and shivering.

JIREEN
Ohmigod Cleo.

Jireen runs to the van, gets a blanket out of it,
then runs to cover up Cleo.

CLEO
Who are you? Is Jill
here?

JIREEN
Jill is...very nearby,
Cleo.
(covering her
with the blanket)
It's just that you can't
see her just this minute.

Aloysius and Michiko exchange glances. Aloysius
looks tormented, Michiko baffled. Willie, looking
uncomfortable, wanders off.

CLOSE-UP ON JUST JIREEN AND CLEO

JIREEN
(whispering to
Cleo)
But I know everything that
you told Jill, Cleo.
Everything about what you
told her about your
experiences in
Sarawak...the spiders,
everything. I know all
about that luncheon the
four of...you had. I know
how much trouble you feel
like you're in now.
Please. You must try to
trust me.

BACK TO SCENE

Jireen is leading Cleo back toward the group.

WILLIE (O.S.)
(voice raised so
as to be heard)
Hey guys, come look at
this!

EXT. A ROAD OUTSIDE GNOSIS - DAY

It is the scene where Martha had been pulled over before.

HELICOPTER SHOT: THE GUNSHIPS CIRCLING THE SCENE

VOICE #1
V-I-N doesn't match,
obviously not the target.
Over.

VOICE #2
Well, fuck me in the
neck. Over.

BACK TO SCENE

Martha is out of her vehicle. A number of tactical officers are standing around. Although their faces are obscured by biohazard gear, their mode of standing indicates clear awkwardness.

MARTHA
Kim? Kim? Aloysius Kim?
Do I look like some
Ko-rean man to you?

SHOT A COUPLE OF AGENTS STANDING AROUND

One agent reaches up as if to scratch his head but, because he's wearing a helmet, ends up scratching that instead.

MARTHA (O.S.)
When I get back to
Pleasant Prairie, I am
calling every civil
liberties organization I
can find, and when they
get through with you...

INT. ONE OF THE ROUNDHOUSE STALLS - DAY

Aloysius, Cleo, Jireen, Michiko, and Willie are standing around outside an old passenger car that's stored the car barn.

WILLIE
Look at this old thing.

ALOYSIUS
Probably an old office
car. Would make good
cover. Let's in and take
a look.

INT. INSIDE THE OFFICE CAR - DAY

Willie is carrying in a box, grunting and sweating.

WILLIE

See you managed to get
some power up.

ALOYSIUS

Yeah. We have light, we
can run some stuff, and we
should even have some heat
soon.

CLEO

(shivering,
comforted by
Jireen)
Oh thank God.

MICHIKO

Okay, so now what?

ALOYSIUS

We don't have that many
resources. We have a few
computers, we have some
food. And I have some
Apsinthion apparatus.

MICHIKO

Apsintion apparatus?
What's that.

JIREEN

Better tell her,
Aloysius. Cleo too. We
won't get anywhere if we
don't share information.

ALOYSIUS

(sighing wearily)
Alright. One more time.
You remember Professor
Joseph Corwin, right?

Cleo and Michiko nod.

ALOYSIUS

Before he disappeared last
year, Professor Corwin
worked out the details of
a truly exotic technology,
which allowed a human
being to be taken apart, I
mean, literally dissolved,
then stored in an
information-preserving
form for a period of time,
before being reconstructed

in some form, usually
their original form.

CLEO

But surely no one has ever
had that done to them!

MICHIKO

It sounds possible in
theory, but it would just
be crazy to try. I mean,
who would go first?

ALOYSIUS

Well, Professor Corwin
must have had truly
Satanic powers of
persuasion, because he did
put several people through
it. You remember Nanetta
Rector?

CLEO

Also disappeared.

ALOYSIUS

Well, I'm pretty sure she
went through it and
lived.

MICHIKO

Holy shit.

ALOYSIUS

Moira Weir was also
somehow involved with
Corwin and his
experiments, and I have
access to some of her
notes and papers. I've
been working with Corwin's
technology.

JIREEN

Not just working with it,
Aloysius. Tell them the
whole story.

ALOYSIUS

We've had...some
interesting results,
though not entirely
intended.

JIREEN

Oh Lord, Aloysius. Stand
up and be a man about it.

ALOYSIUS

Well...

JIREEN

I'm one of those
interesting results, for
crying out loud!

Silence for a few seconds.

ALOYSIUS

My research into the
protocol has long
indicated that certain
parameters relating to the
way individuals are
reconstituted can be
tweaked. In a recent
emergency situation, I had
to tweak the parameters on
two other individuals in
the process. They were
Jill Keeney and Maureen
Creel.

CLEO

What...were?

ALOYSIUS

They had been attacked.
Each was near death. I
had no choice. I swear I
had no choice. No other
medical attention was
available, and neither was
the reconstitutive
substrate in sufficient
quantities so...

MICHIKO

You don't mean...surely...

JIREEN

Jireen has two Mommys. I
am both women. A
composite. A conjoinment.

CLEO

Jill...oh no...

Cleo begins to cry. Jireen comforts her.

JIREEN

Cleo, please don't cry.
Jill is not dead.
Everythign that Jill is I
am. Every memory. Every
dream. Aloysius didn't

kill her. He saved her.

ALOYSIUS

And when we get out of this mess I swear I will reverse engineer the protocol and bring back Jill Keeney and Maureen Creel both.

MICHIKO

I thought I was queen of the weird, but at this point I don't even rate lady-in-waiting.

WILLIE

So what now?

ALOYSIUS

Not sure. We're up against something unbelievable. We need allies.

MICHIKO

Rebecca would probably help. I mean, they fucked up her lab. Knowing her, she'd spit poison at them, if she could.

A WAIL from Cleo.

JIREEN

Aloysius, I think Cleo's really sick.

ALOYSIUS

I'll do what I can, when I can. We don't have much.

JIREEN

Does anyone know what happened to Professor Corwin? Someone with Satanic powers of persuasion might come in handy right now.

ALOYSIUS

Gone as far as I know, but there might be some way to contact him. But researching it? How do we even get out an about?

WILLIE

Well, Jireen was born, so to speak, only a few weeks ago, so probably she's in the clear. But I doubt any of the rest of us are.

MICHIKO

Maybe that apsinthion protocol thing might help.

ALOYSIUS

What do you mean?

MICHIKO

Well, can't you reconstitute someone with tweaked parameters so that they'll be disguised.

ALOYSIUS

Well, in theory I suppose. But if you think I have any more appetite for playing around with the protocol, you have another thing coming. Besides, I only have less than enough of the substrate matrix for one full-sized person. So unless you want people who are itty-bitty, then...no sorry, that's a stupid thing to say. Forget about it.

JIREEN

Forget about what?

ALOYSIUS

Forget about nothing. There's nothing there.

Jireen stands up, walks over to Aloysius, and looks him straight in the eye.

JIREEN

You cannot fool me, Aloysius. There's that look in your eyes again. The one you had when you had an idea that you thought was too crazy to work. Maureen knew that look, Aloysius. She knew every look that you got in your eyes. And therefore I know every look you get

in your eyes. You have an idea Aloysius. I know you do. And the world is imploding around us. You need to come out with it. No joke.

WILLIE

I don't care how scary it is, Al. Can't be worse than what we're going through now.

MICHIKO

You know me. Always up for adventure.

They stare down for a moment, then Aloysius breaks.

ALOYSIUS

Well, it's like this...

EXT. REBECCA WAITE'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

Two children approach the front door and RING the bell.

(Note: These two characters are Michiko and Willie, regressed to about the age of seven by Aloysius. They will be referred to in the script as LITTLE WILLIE and LITTLE MICHIKO.)

INTERIOR SHOT - WAITE GOING TO ANSWER THE DOOR

The doorbell RINGS again.

WAITE

Coming, coming.

BACK TO SCENE

The door is answered by PROFESSOR REBECCA WAITE. She looks down at Little Willie and Little Michiko, somewhat surprised.

WAITE

Can I help you kids?

LITTLE WILLIE

Professor Waite?

WAITE

Yes?

LITTLE MICHIKO

Don't you recognize us?

WAITE

I'm sorry, no. You both
look a little bit
familiar, but no.

LITTLE WILLIE

Can we talk to you? It's
very, very important.

INT. THE RAILCAR - DAY

Cleo is lying down on a cot, under several blankets.
Aloysius brings her a cup of tea, a glass of water,
and some pills.

ALOYSIUS

Take these, Cleo. They're
not much, but they'll
probably help at least
some.

CLEO

What are they?

ALOYSIUS

Acetaminophen with
codeine. They'll help you
relax.

Cleo sits up and takes the pills, then lies back
down. Aloysius tucks the blanket around her.

CLEO

Aloysius?

ALOYSIUS

Yes?

CLEO

That thing you did with
Willie and Michiko, the
aps.., er abs-something.

ALOYSIUS

Apsinthion Protocol,
tweaked for an age
regression.

CLEO

I've seen some very
strange things in the last
year or so, but that's the
strangest of all.

ALOYSIUS

No one is really prepared
for how strange it is. I

still can't imagine how it was that Corwin managed to develop it.

CLEO

I could swear they enjoyed going through it, though. Michiko especially.

ALOYSIUS

It seemed that way to me, too.

CLEO

What are they supposed to do out there?

ALOYSIUS

Research. We can't get anywhere without further information. And neither you nor I can exactly show up at the library, now can they.

CLEO

The library? Are you sure this is a good idea?

ALOYSIUS

It's all we could think of at the moment. We're students, remember?

INT. IN FRONT OF THE GNOSIS LIBRARY CIRCULATION DESK DAY

Jireen is facing the desk, with Little Michiko and Little Willie in front of her. a SPINSTER LIBRARIAN is looking at a written letter, then glancing up at the three of them.

ALOYSIUS (V.O.)

Now normally, of course, little kids would not be allowed to run around loose in an academic library. Unless, of course, a Gnosis faculty member wrote a letter explaining that they're visiting as part of a "Big Brother/Big Sister" program, under the supervision of a responsible student.

The Spinster Librarian picks up the phone and makes a call.

INT. REBECCA WAITE'S OFFICE - DAY

Waite is seen talking on the phone and nodding.

ALOYSIUS (O.S.)
Fortunately we know such a
faculty member.

INT. CIRCULATION DESK - DAY

The Spinster Librarian is giving a stern talk to Little Willie and Little Michiko. They nod as if taking it all in.

CLEO (V.O.)
But why the library?

ALOYSIUS (V.O.)
Moira Weir's notes indicate that Corwin's was an intense user of certain books in locked stacks. And I also happen to know from my own snooping around that some of the books that were in Corwin's office prior to his disappearance were taken and stored there as well. The librarians got there before the Feds did.

INT. THE GNOSIS LIBRARY STACKS - DAY

Jireen, Little Willie and Little Michiko approach a locked door.

CLEO (V.O.)
Surely they're not going to let little kids get at that.

ALOYSIUS (V.O.)
This is something we're not asking for permission for. The stacks may be locked. But as it happens, Maureen Creel was very good at dealing with locks, ever since I taught her how. And Jireen knows everything Maureen knows.

Little Willie and Little Michiko post up as lookouts. Jireen goes to work on the lock with a pick.

After a little while, the lock gives. Jireen waves

Little Willie aned Little Michiko inside, then closes the door and leans on it.

After a few seconds a RANDOM DUDE walks up to Jireen. He speaks and shows her a book. Jireen gives him a friendly smile. Random Dude's body language indicates that he is asking questions as a pretext for hitting on Jireen.

INT. INSIDE THE LOCKED STACKS

Little Willie is steadying Little Michiko who is standing on a shelf and trying to reach a book on a still higher shelf. It is just beyond her grasp. She stretches and stretches.

ALOYSIUS (V.O.)
I don't doubt that this
will be quite a research
challenge for Willie and
Michiko.

The heavy book Little Michiko is reaching for tumbles off the shelf and falls on her. She falls off the shelf onto Little Willie.

LITTLE MICHIKO
Aieeee!

Book and children collapse on the floor in a cloud of dust. Little Michiko SNEEZES.

ALOYSIUS (V.O.)
But I certainly hope they
can scare up something,
because right now I'm
pretty much out of other
ideas.

LITTLE WILLIE
Ow!

INT. SLAVE GIRL DECANTING ROOM - DAY

The Decanting room is a large octagonal room with a high, domed ceiling and a large bath or pool in the middle. There is a ramp leading out of the pool. On one wall is a row of fluid-cylinders in which naked girls are floating.

CLOSE-UP TWO OF THE TUBES

Marie is floating in one of the tubes. BRIDGET O'BRIAN is floating in another. Both have their eyes closed.

BACK TO SCENE

With a WHIR a crane with a claw-like appendage at one end reaches out and picks up the tube containing Marie. It picks the tube up by the top and carries it until it is suspended over the middle of the pool.

There is a CLICK, then the bottom of the tube opens up, decanting Marie and her fluid into a pool below with a SPLASH.

BATHING SLAVES #1, #2, and #3 enter the scene. All are naked girls.

Marie surfaces in the pool with a SPLUTTER and a GASP. She shakes her head.

MARIE
What...where...why?
Ohmigod.

Bathing Slaves #1 and #2 each take Marie, one by each arm. Bathing Slave #3 begins gently washing Marie with a large sponge.

MARIE
Who are you? What are you
doing to me?

BATHING SLAVE #3
(putting her
finger to her
lips)
Shh!

INT. THE RAILCAR - DAY

Aloysius is looking on his laptop screen at what look like photostats from his old books. Little Michiko and Little Willie stand to either side of him, watching what he's doing.

ALOYSIUS
Good work, you guys.

LITTLE WILLIE
Itty-bitty I took the
pictures myself with my
itty-bitty camera. I
thought you'd like that
marginal gloss.

LITTLE MICHIKO
Can't see.

Aloysius grimaces slightly, then pickes Little Michiko up and puts her on his lap so that she can see better.

CLOSE-UP: ALOYSIUS'S COMPUTER SCREEN

We see a graphical image of a page full of printed Latin text and alchemical symbols. Aloysius's finger can be seen pointing to a marginal note in what looks like modern handwriting.

ALOYSIUS (O.S.)
Especially good work here.

LITTLE MICHIKO (O.S.)
I thought it looked just
like the handwriting
included in in Moira
Weir's digital facsimile
notes.

BACK TO SCENE

LITTLE WILLIE
So what are we looking at,
Al?

ALOYSIUS
Well, the text we are
looking at is from
Borellus, a seventeenth
century physician and
reputed alchemist. I
think the marginal
handwriting is indeed
Corwin's.

LITTLE WILLIE
Strange that a
twenty-first century
psychologist should be
spending time on such a
thing.

ALOYSIUS
Unless he's looking for
pointers on melting down
girls. The fact that he's
read the text gives me an
idea.

Aloysius pops open a window, surfs around for a moment or two, then cuts and pastes something.

CLOSE-UP: ALOYSIUS'S COMPUTER SCREEN

A window has popped up, in which text reads: "I alone am at a Loss. I have not ye Chymicall art to followe Borellues, and own my Self confounded by ye VII. Booke of ye Necronomicon that you recomende...I say to you againe, doe not call up Any that you can not put downe; by the Which I meane, Any that can in

Turne call up Somewhat against you, whereby your Powerfullest Devices may not be of use."

BACK TO SCENE

LITTLE MICHIKO

What on earth is that?

ALOYSIUS

Fiction. Fiction of the sort that I spent all too much time with as a lonely adolescent. In particular, this bit is from a story called "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward," written by H.P. Lovecraft. The significance here is that it is from a letter to a fictional character whose name is Joseph Curwen, a necromancer who specialized in calling up the dead for his own foul purposes.

LITTLE WILLIE

Neat! But why?

ALOYSIUS

I suspect that if Corwin is still out there somewhere, he might be looking for someone who needs to get in contact with him, or for information that's relevant to him. He seems like a pretty crafty guy. I mean, he disappeared from Federal custody, right? I think that he might be using a bot or some other means of getting information from the web. We know he's read Borellus.

LITTLE MICHIKO

So put this up, and he finds us?

ALOYSIUS

I hope so.

LITTLE MICHIKO

If you want a bot, how

about some additional
keywords, like Apsinthion?

LITTLE WILLIE
Or Moira?

ALOYSIUS
(narrating as he
types)
"We drink the nectar of
Apsinthion and say 'I'm
ready for my close-up, Mr.
DeMille,' while awaiting
our fate, in the Greek
sense of fate.'"

LITTLE WILLIE
Don't get it.

ALOYSIUS
You don't have to. It's
Corwin who needs to get
it, and I think he just
might. Then...

Aloysius types some more?

LITTLE MICHIKO
(pointing at the
screen)
What's that big block of
letters and numbers?

ALOYSIUS
A public encryption key.
If Corwin does find us and
try to get in touch, I
don't want the world
listening in. Things
might get a little
sensitive.

LITTLE WILLIE
We have a strange way of
fighting the bad guys.

ALOYSIUS
We're up against some
strange bad guys.

INT. THE DECANTING ROOM - DAY

Marie is being led up the ramp out of the pool by
Bathing Slave #1 and Bathing Slave #2. Bathing Slave
#3 is standing at the top of the ramp with a large
towel. Marie is trembling.

MARIE

What are you doing to me?
Where am I? Don't you
know who I am? You can't
take me like this!

BATHING SLAVE #1
You must be weak after
your long journey. Please
do not struggle. It will
only make you tired.

They reach the top of the ramp. Bathing Slave #3
begins drying Marie with the towel.

There is a slight GRATING sound as a giant hollow
wheel is rolled up to the side of the pool on a pair
of steel rails by MALE SLAVE #1 and MALE SLAVE #2.

(Note: Both Male Slaves are muscular and naked and
well-hung. They could have walked out of a gay porn
movie.)

Marie glances from side to side, obviously looking at
the slaves' genitals for a moment in astonishment,
perhaps lust. Her mouth falls open.

MARIE
Ooh!

Marie's expression then changes to fear. She tries to
break away and run. The male slaves swiftly step
forward. Each seizes an arm and together they lift
her up. Marie kicks and struggles helplessly.

MARIE
Put me down! Let me go!
You can't do this to me!

The Male Slaves carry Marie to the middle of the
wheel. They pull out her arms and proceed to fasten
them by the wrists to the edges of the wheel. Then
they force her legs apart, and bind her ankles
likewise.

Marie is spread-eagled inside the wheel. She
struggles and WHIMPERS. The Male Slaves proceed to
roll the wheel out of the room along its rails.

BATHING SLAVE #2
She will break quickly.

BATHING SLAVE #1
Yes. But fresh sweet ones
like that one often fetch
a pretty price all the
same.

BATHING SLAVE #3
They say the next one is
special.

CLOSE-UP: THE TUBE CONTAINING BRIDGET

We see her face and shoulders. Her expression is serene.

The WHIR of the crane is heard again.

INT. A COMPARTMENT IN THE RAILCAR - NIGHT

Aloysius is sitting at a desk, his head down, asleep. His computer is open next to him.

There is a tweet from the computer. The screen suddenly lights up. A window pops open on the screen. PROFESSOR JOSEPH CORWIN appears in the window.

CORWIN
(on screen)
Corwin here. Who is out there?

Aloysius wakes with a violent start.

ALOYSIUS
Professor Corwin? Is that you.

CORWIN
See for yourself. And who might you be.

ALOYSIUS
I am contacting you from Gnosis. I see you picked up our message.

CORWIN
Yes. Most ingenious.
(squinting into his camera)
It's Mr. Kim, isn't it?

ALOYSIUS
Yes.

CORWIN
I seem to remember you from Hedonic Psychology. You were the one who sat near the front row but always seemed distracted about something. In spite

of that, other faculty
said that you had great
potential that you seemed
not to be developing.

ALOYSIUS
Well, I developed it. I
was incetivized.

CORWIN
Apparently so. And do
what do I owe the honor of
this contact?

ALOYSIUS
(scowling)
I would like to say this
is about Moira Weir and
her fate, about which I
think you know. I think
it's fair to let you know,
Professor Corwin, that
someday I intend to get
some answers from you
about what happened to
her. But that day is not
today. We have more
pressing concerns.

CORWIN
Oh? I understand from
reading the Internet in my
carefully concealed
location that there have
been some rather
unpleasant goings on back
at dear old Gnosis.

ALOYSIUS
There most certainly have
been.

CORWIN
But I have left all that
behind, and I have more
important concerns where I
am.

ALOYSIUS
I know about the
Apsinthion Protocol,
Professor.

CORWIN
Interesting claim, but
those might be just words.

ALOYSIUS

I not only know about it,
but I have recreated it.
On multiple human
subjects, no less.

CORWIN

You don't seriously expect
me to believe...

ALOYSIUS

Believe? I would never
insult a scientist of your
calibre by asking you to
believe, Professor
Corwin. Instead, I'm
going to transmit some
data, and ask you instead
to analyze.

Aloysius makes a number of sharp keystrokes on his
computer, then stabs the RETURN button.

Corwin looks intently at his own computer screen. He
types in several keystrokes of his own, frowning, He
concentrating.

CORWIN

No...it can't be.
Astonishing...even
without...Great Cthulhu.
(looking up)
Do you have any idea what
it is you are playing
around with, young man?

ALOYSIUS

I have a strong sense that
it was when I...or perhaps
more accurately when
you...began playing around
with it that various
troubles around here
started.

CORWIN

(looking grim)
Perhaps.

ALOYSIUS

And now it seems like
things are really out of
hand. And not only am I
and my friends in trouble
with the Protocol, but we
seem to have attracted the
baleful attention of a
certain Colonel Jeremiah
Madder, who I believe is

the brother of a late United States Senator who met his timely end in the course an earlier round of unpleasantness.

CORWIN

Madder.

ALOYSIUS

Why this asshole should be so obsessed with us isn't very clear to me, but he ran some sort of biowarfare thing against Gnosis a few months ago, and now he has mysteriously ascended to the top of United States intelligence as the result of an assassination, and now Federal thugs are all over Pleasant Prairie. Coincidence. I just don't think so.

CORWIN

And still, why should I help you?

ALOYSIUS

I'm trapped in my hidey hole, Professor Corwin. People are looking for me. I'm running out of both time and resources, and frankly I don't think I'd get very far if I tried to make a run for it. I'm in deep trouble and my friends are in deep trouble and so as much as it wounds me, I have to ask for your help. Please.

CORWIN

And do you think that's enough?

ALOYSIUS

I also understand at least something about the workings of the Apsinthion Protocol, Professor Corwin. Given how -- creative, shall we say? -- government-issue goons are

willing to in their
interrogations these days,
how good would it be for
anyone if Madder's storm-
troopers find me?

CORWIN

Well played, young man.
Well played indeed. You
want my help? Very well.
I'll help. Let me begin
with a bit of advice:
Madder probably is the
lynchpin of the whole
problem. It makes no
sense to be hunting you
otherwise. I know this
Madder. He's a religious
fanatic, and he and I have
clashed before. And I
have my suspicion about
the assassination.

ALOYSIUS

You think Madder did it,
don't you.

CORWIN

It would be in his
character.

ALOYSIUS

How do we stop him?

CORWIN

Nietzsche once wrote that
it is not true that every
man has a price, but that
it was true that every man
has a bait he cannot
resist swallowing. Find
the bait first. I suggest
you do the following.
Spend an hour or so
combing through every
public utterance
associated with this
Colonel Madder. Do a
Bayesian search for
unusual concepts. Contact
me with the results, and
we shall go from there.

ALOYSIUS

I'll try.

CORWIN

Good luck, young man.

Corwin out.

INT. A BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM - DAY

The Two Male Slaves roll the wheel in which Marie has been bound into the center of the room. They place it with Marie in an upright position. They then chock the wheel so that cannot roll, then leave the room, leaving Marie alone.

MARIE

Hey! Wait! Don't leave me alone!

The lights in the room dim.

A robot arm, at the end of which is fitted some sort of wicked-looking toolhead, swivels from a fixture on the ceiling, stops just short of Marie's crotch.

Marie WHIMPERS.

Laser beams shoot out of the toolhead. The strike Marie in the mons veneris. As they do, Marie's pubic hair begins to come out and fall away. A second, smaller head, snakes out of the first and starts depilating between Marie's legs.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: MARIE'S PUDENDA AS THIS IS HAPPENING

BACK TO SCENE

Marie YELPS.

After the tool has thoroughly depilated Marie's pubic area, it begins scanning over her body, especially her armpits, zapping hair follicles.

Then the robot arm retreats. The lights come back up. Marie is now completely dipilated from the neck down. She slumps in her bonds.

The two Male Slaves re-enter. They roll the wheel so that Marie is now upside-down and her hair is hanging down, exposing the back of her neck.

Another tool-arm swings down from the ceiling. It tattoos a bar code on the back of Marie's neck.

The two Male Slaves then roll Marie out of the room.

INT. THE RAILCAR - DAY

Aloysius is looking at his computer screen, Corwin speaking through on the other side. Jireen looks over Aloysius's shoulder.

Little Michiko and Little Willie sit across the room, mostly comforting Cleo, who is stretchd out on a cot, and who occasionally stirs and groans.

CORWIN

(on computer)

So, what do we know about our enemy the Colonel. What is he obsessed with in public.

ALOYSIUS

Our Bayesian search turned up a number of concept, the ones one might expect: God, country, patriotism, sacrifice, faith, mother...

CORWIN

Tell me more about his mother.

ALOYSIUS

He refers to her a lot, much more frequently than a control group sample of similar public figures.

CORWIN

I see. And do we know anything about his mother.

JIREEN

The Madder family is actually local. Helga Madder, who was Colonel Madder's mother, died when he was about seven. We found an obituary in the Pleasant Prairie Republican that indicated that she died in some sort of accident, although it was vague as to details.

CORWIN

A car accident?

ALOYSIUS

A best I could tell it was some sort of freakish household incident, like falling down the stairs.

CORWIN

Hmm. And is she buried in the area?

ALOYSIUS

Excuse me, Professor
Corwin, but I don't think
I understand where this
conversation is going.

CORWIN

Well, Mr. Kim, I see from
the data on your own
adventures in dangerous
science that you've
figured out a lot of
tweaking can be done with
the Protocol.

ALOYSIUS

Yes.

CORWIN

You were also the one who
decided to contact me
using material from
a...rather interesting
story about my fictional
namesake who engaged in
his own...interesting
activities.

A moment of silence passes before Aloysius speaks.

ALOYSIUS

You are absolutely fucking
kidding me.

CORWIN

Enough D-N-A might
survive, along with
programmable or borrowable
cognitive data from a
donor to create a working
simulacrum.

JIREEN

What on earth is he
talking about, Aloysius?

ALOYSIUS

(ignoring her)

No way. No fucking way.
Of all the bizarre,
disgusting, immoral...

CORWIN

Immoral? Listen to me
very carefully, Mr. Kim.
I've seen quite a lot of
strange things going on in
and around our little

world and know that the stakes are really far too high for this sort of discussion. We are outside the realm of human morality here, beyond good and evil. The concept of immoral simply no longer applies. Moira Weir and Nanetta Rector, in a moment of supreme crisis, understood this and made a choice. A choice that I could not reconcile myself to at first, until I began to understand the consequences for us all for what she had done. And now Mr. Kim it is your turn to make a choice. I can only help you to do what needs to be done. I cannot force you.

Aloysius stares at the screen for a few moments. He looks like he is trying not to be sick.

ALOYSIUS

I can't.

CORWIN

You must.

JIREEN

(very sharply)

Aloysius!

Aloysius looks right at Jireen.

JIREEN

What I'm about to say is really going to hurt, but you need to hear it, and it's this: if you had earlier focused less on feeling guilty about what had happened and more about what needed to happen, maybe Connie Morton would be alive today. Now I really don't pretend to what it is that you two geniuses are going back and forth about, but you need that in your mind as you try to make it up. Which I hope will be fast.

INT. GLASSED-IN OFFICE IN THE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Hosrt is speaking to Madder.

HORST

I wish we had better progress to report on the Gnosis front, sir.

MADDER

In my long career, Horst, I have learned to expect setbacks and face them with equanimity. It's unfortunate about the Brockman and Mount girls, but at least the mess was cleaned up pretty quickly. Don't worry. We'll close the noose quickly enough.

HORST

I appreciate your confidence, sir. In the meantime, the black sites are reporting that the ace in the hole is getting ready.

MADDER

Happy news, Horst. Thank God almighty for the existence of enhanced interrogation techniques. Always there to get the right confession from the right people at the right time. Is that all for today.

HORST

(a little nervously)

There is one more issue, sir. Something that you might find slightly disturbing, personally.

Horst hands a folder across the desk to Madder.

MADDER

(opening the folder)

Local P-D? This hardly seems like our issue.

(leafing through)

What?

(purpling with
rage)
My sainted mother's grave!

SHOT - OUTSIDE THE OFFICE

Madder is seen through the glass as he picks up a laptop computer from his desk and hurls it hard against the glass wall of the office, making a loud CRACK as it cracks the glass and shatters into lots of tiny pieces.

People working in the room look up, startled.

BACK TO SCENE

MADDER
Get that F-B-I man on the phone, McBeal. I am personally tearing him a new one.

HORST
MacNeil. Sir, this is a local police matter. Questions are already being raised about the deployment of security resources in the Gnosis area.

MADDER
I don't give a flying fuck. This is my mother's grave we're talking about. Get him on the phone!

INT. A CROWDED OFFICE - DAY

Special Agent-in-Charge MacNeil speaks on the phone. Special Agent Smith stands by.

MACNEIL
Yes sir. Of course, sir.
No I...yes, sir. Right away sir.

MacNeil hangs up, then rubs his temples.

SMITH
Who was that?

MACNEIL
That, Special Agent Smith, was the asshole-in-chief. Apparently now we are in

the business of
investigating acts of
vandalism that threaten
national security.

SMITH

Chief?

MACNEIL

Some punks went and
trashed Madder's sainted
mother's grave last night,
and so now it's our
problem.

SMITH

Sounds like bullshit to
me.

MACNEIL

There must be some fouler
animal. Pig shit?
Warthog shit?

SMITH

So what are we going to do
now?

MACNEIL

Same thing we do every
day, Pinky. Try to obey
orders. Which we will.
But as I have now
officially gone past my
limit for warthog shit,
I'm going to make one more
quick phone call first.

MacNeil picks up the phone and dials swiftly.

INT. A NEWSROOM - DAY

It is a busy urban newsroom, full of people writing
on computers. STEVE JACKSON is one of them. His
phone rings. He picks it up.

JACKSON

National desk, Jackson
speaking. Yes?

(interest perks
up, he
immediately picks
up a pencil and
pad and starts
writing)

Yeah, sure. You bet I'm
getting this down. Keep
going...please.

INT. THE RAILCAR - DAY

Little Michiko leads HELGA, a pretty, blonde woman, to the scene and makes a gesture for her to sit on a chair facing Aloysius.

HELGA
I feel so confused.

JIREEN
Try to be comfortable.
This won't take long.

Aloysius is looking at a folder of his own. There is something clipped inside of it.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: INSIDE THE FOLDER

There is an old newspaper obituary, apparently printed off microform. The headline reads, HELGA MADDER, 28, MOTHER OF TWO, DIES IN FREAK ACCIDENT.

There is a picture in the obituary. The features of the woman depicted are the same as Helga's.

BACK TO SCENE

ALOYSIUS
(leaning over to
Jireen,
whispering)
The version of the
protocol I got from Corwin
for this doesn't give her
any memories of her life,
just linguistic and world-
knowledge and some basic
skills.

JIREEN
(whispering back
to Aloysius)
Where'd she get even
those?

ALOYSIUS
(whispering)
I have some left over
product from when we
regressed Willie and
Michiko which I was able
to recycle.

JIREEN
(whispering)
She's not going to be very
convincing to Madder if
she starts speaking

Japanese all of a sudden.

ALOYSIUS
(whispering)
Corwin will keep her on a
short leash, I'm sure.

HELGA
Please, who am I? What am
I doing here?

JIREEN
Your name is Helga. Don't
be afraid. We don't want
to hurt you.

HELGA
But why am I here?

JIREEN
Events have impaired your
memory. I'm sorry. But
you have a very important
mission to perform.

HELGA
I do?

ALOYSIUS
We need you to lure a very
bad man out of hiding.

HELGA
How?

ALOYSIUS
By playing the victim.

INT. A BUNKER/OFFICE - DAY

Madder is watching a vide clip on a computer screen.
He is covered in sweat.

CLOSE-UP: ON SCREEN

Helga has her back up to the wall. She is clad in
some sort of negligee, and her hands are tied over
her head. A figure is advancing on her, holding some
sort of knife.

Helga's eyes are wide with fear.

HELGA
(in video)
No, no. Please, stop! No.

ALOYSIUS

(in video)
Now you will suffer.

Aloysius takes the knife and cuts away part of Helga's negligee, partially exposing one breast.

Then the video cuts off.

BACK TO SCENE

MADDER
(to himself)
It can't be...exactly
like...

Horst enters.

HORST
Sir? Sir?

MADDER
(tearing his
attention away
from the screen)
What do we know about this
clip, Horst!

HORST
Elint forensics boys have
been over it extensively,
sir. It was sent with
weak encryption from an
anonymized proxy, so
there's no way to trace
the source directly.
However, they're pretty
sure that this isn't CGI
-- someone shot this from
life. We can't see male
subject's face, but the
voice sample closely
matches that belonging to
Aloysius Kim, one of our
targets.

MADDER
A known technology abuser,
yes. But any way to know
where they are.

HORST
She's up against a brick
wall. The stone has known
construction
characteristics typical of
industrial buildings in
the Pleasant Prairie
area. Most structures are

accounted for, but there's
one...

Horst takes a remote from his pocket and clicks it.
An ariel photograph of the Pleasant Prairie area
appears. Horst points to a large building on the
photo.

HORST
...where they very well
could be.

MADDER
What on earth is that
place.

HORST
An old locomotive
roundhouse and an
associated trainshed,
sir. Disused since the
50s but still standing.
Quite a hiding place, but
not very secure.

MADDER
We have to stop this.

HORST
I'll scramble a tac team
immediately.

MADDER
No.

HORST
No?

MADDER
Did you see this morning's
newspaper, Horst?

HORST
No, sir.

Madder takes out a newspaper and tosses it down on
his desk so that it opens. The headline reads
"Questions Arise on National Security Investigation."

HORST
Fuckola, sir.

MADDER
(taking the
newspaper and
reading)
"Sources inside law

enforcement have indicated that there is internal dissent on the concentration of Federal resources around Gnosis College, and small, private liberal arts institution...blah, blah, blah...speculation that Colonel Madder may be seeking retribution for the death of his brother there the year before." So you see, Horst, we have a traitor in our midst. Someone willing to cooperate with the lying liberal scum of the media to undermine our operation. We'll deal with them in due time, Horst. We'll deal with them. But in the meantime, far more important matters need taking care of. If harm should come to my mother...

HORST

Surely you don't believe...sir, that has to be a someone else, maybe is even an actress...

MADDER

Do you believe in God, Horst?

HORST

Of course, sir.

MADDER

And do you believe that his only begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, died and rose from the dead?

HORST

Yes, sir.

MADDER

I believe in miracles, Horst. I will not reject one as impossible until I know it to be false. I will not, do you hear me! You and I are going to see

to this matter personally,
and together. And no one
else is to know.

HORST

But sir...

MADDER

What's the matter with
you, Horst? Afraid to
confront a few college
kids? Deal with them
harshly, as their parents
so signally failed to do?
You and I are going. No
one else is to know.
Arrange for the jet.

HORST

Sir.

MADDER

I believe I shall be
trying on my prosthesis.

INT. THE RAILCAR - DAY

Helga is ravenously eating a sandwich. Aloysius and
Jireen watch her.

JIREEN

Excellent acting, Helga.

HELGA

(between bites)

Thank you. You said there
is something else that I
needed to do?

ALOYSIUS

Just a little more
acting. A man is coming
for you. His name is
Madder.

HELGA

What kind of a man is he?

ALOYSIUS

A very bad man. You are
going to try to get him to
talk to you.

HELGA

How?

JIREEN

You are going to pretend to be his mother. Someone who we trust has told us that he might already be thinking this and that it will make him lose control of himself and make a serious mistake that will lead to his downfall.

HELGA

I won't know what to say.

ALOYSIUS

That's why we have this. Improvised it myself.

Aloysius holds up a tiny bug.

ALOYSIUS

It will fit just inside your ear. A friend of ours -- his name is Joseph -- will listen in and give you instructions on how to act and what to say.

HELGA

And can I eat again afterwards?

ALOYSIUS

Sure.

Helga returns to eating. Aloysius motions for Jireen to join him a ways off so that Helga can't hear.

ALOYSIUS

I can't believe that we're making use of a person this way.

JIREEN

Try to remember the evil that Madder does.

INT. A DISPLAY ROOM - DAY

The room is large, with theater-like seating at one end. The seats are filled with rowdy, rough-looking men.

Marie, still naked and pinioned inside her wheel, is rolled into view by Slave #1 and Slave #2. The men in the audience whistle and jeer.

FRAU KUPLER, clad in black leather, steps out onto

the stage, holding a riding crop. She holds up her hand. The whistling and jeering stops, replaced by a low buzz of lustful murmuring.

Marie begins to cry.

MARIE

I want to go home!

KUPLER

You have no home, except where we say. You have no name, except what we call you. You have no salvation, except in submission. You are no more a person. You are a possession, a toy. Henceforth you exist only for pleasure. Do you understand me, slave?

MARIE

You...bitch!

Kupler strikes Marie hard across the buttocks with her riding crop. Marie SHRIEKS. The audience CHEERS.

EXT. A CEMETARY - DAY

Several evidence technicians are working around the site of a grave that has been dug up. Among them is AGENT HARRAWAY and MacNeil. AGENT JONES is talking to Harraway.

(Note: Harraway here, as opposed to Apsinthion Protocol, here looks young and beautiful.)

JONES

So, Agent Harraway, are you busy this evening.

HARRAWAY

Well, I'm booked pretty solid, Special Agent Jones.

MacNeil approaches.

MACNEIL

Not on company time, Jones.

JONES

(abashed)

Sorry, sir.

MacNeil hands a ziploc evidence bag to Harraway. It contains a gold coin.

MACNEIL
What do you make of this,
Agent Harraway?

Harraway holds it up.

HARRAWAY
Looks like a gold guinea.
George III, so eighteenth
century.

MACNEIL
We found it on site.

HARRAWAY
So perhaps our grave
robbers were after buried
treasure? Is this really
a national security issue,
Special Agent MacNeil?

INT. THE ROUNDHOUSE - DAY

A side door is kicked in. Horst enters, carrying an M4 carbine at the ready. He sweeps back and forth, then gestures behind him.

Colonel Madder enters. He is moving on prothetic legs, aided by canes.

Madder and Horst venture some way into the roundhouse.

Horst bends down carefully. He picks up an empty can of Red Bull, which he sees at his feet.

HORST
Someone's been in here
more recently than the
1950s, sir.

MADDER
Look around.

They venture further in.

A RAPPING sound comes from the direction of the railcar. Madder gestures toward it. Horst goes there, looking forth and back with his carbine. Eventually he reaches the car. Madder follows after Horst as best he is able.

Horst moves about the railcar, his carbine at the ready. Then he leaps inside the car.

INT. THE RAILCAR - DAY

Helga is sitting bound to a chair with duct tape. She has managed to inch the chair along the floor of the railcar so that she is up against one of its walls. Her mouth is also covered.

Horst does a quick search of the car and finds no one. Helga looks at him pleadingly.

Horst returns to the door of the car and shouts down to Madder.

HORST
In here, sir!

Horst reaches down and helps Mader into the car.

MADDER
Good lord! Its...

HORST
I fear a trap, sir.

MADDER
Nonetheless we must investigate. Horst, patrol outside for trouble. I will handle my...the girl.

HORST
But sir...

MADDER
That's an order, Horst.

Horst salutes and leaves.

Madder hobbles over to Helga. Withdraws a small knife from his jacket pocket.

INT. MACHINE ROOM - DAY

Aloysius, Jireen, Little Willie, and Little Michiko are sitting, watching a computer screen. The light from it illuminates their faces.

LITTLE MICHIKO
I can't believe that the guy actually came here with just that one flunky.

JIREEN
I wish I knew where he was going. Also that we didn't have to leave Cleo

hidden in the van.

LITTLE WILLIE
She wasn't well and needed
to be somewhere more
comfortable. Kept
muttering about "the
change." I don't think
he'll find her.

ALOYSIUS
Quiet, you guys. I want
to hear what happens
next. Corwin is convinced
this Madder asshole has
been living his life on
some weird psychic
borderline, and that he'll
on his obsession with his
mother.

INT. THE RAILCAR - DAY

MADDER
I am sorry about this. I
really am.

Madder pulls the tape off Helga's mouth. Helga GASPS
as it is removed.

INT. A HOUSE IN A KAMPONG - NIGHT

Corwin is sitting at a desk in a large wicker chair.
He is looking at a laptop screen and wearing a
headset. The doors of the room are open at both
ends, showing on one side a beach with a full moon
out.

MADDER (O.S.)
(tinny, as if
over cheap
speakers)
All you all right, Miss?
What is your name?

CORWIN
Address him as "Jeremiah,"
first, then ask him if he
recognizes you. Then
address him as "my son."

a BEAUTIFUL MALAY GIRL, clad in a tight sarong,
enters the room, carrying a tall glass of something
cold to drink. She sets it down next to Corwin, who
nods in acknowledgment. The girl bows and leaves.

INT. THE RAILCAR - DAY

HELGA
Jeremiah...

MADDER
How do you know my name?

HELGA
Don't you recognize me?

MADDER
You look exactly
like...no, surely it can't
be.

HELGA
You are my son.

CORWIN (O.S.)
Take his hands, draw him
toward you.

Helga does so. Madder does not resist. They gaze
into each other's eyes for a moment.

HELGA
Some loves are so powerful
they triumph even over
death.

CORWIN (O.S.)
Excellent improvisation,
Helga, but don't overdo
it. Try drawing him
closer in.

Helga pulls Madder closer, so that his head nestles
against her bosom.

MADDER
The smell...awakens so
much.

CORWIN (O.S.)
Yes I thought it might.
The sense of smell is the
most primitive and the
most evocative of all our
senses. Proust, in his
Recherces...

ALOYSIUS (O.S.)
Stop professoring,
Corwin. We really need
this to go well.

MADDER
It is really is you.

HELGA

Yes.

Madder begins to cry.

MADDER

I am so sorry...mother. I
am so sorry...I tried to
stop him...I did.

SHOT: ALOYSIUS AND HIS FRIENDS WATCHING THE MONITOR

Aloysius mutes his headset.

ALOYSIUS

Now certain ugly things
start to make a little more
sense.

Aloysius unmutes his headset

BACK TO SCENE

CORWIN (O.S.)

Comfort him...console
him...praise him.

HELGA

I wasn't your fault. You
were always my brave
little boy. You know
that. If it were a matter
of love alone you would
have pulled down the stars
for me.

Madder holds Helga tighter. Helga cradles him.

HELGA

And you've grown up so big
and strong. But...

Helga feels in Madder's trouser leg at the point
where one of his prosthetic legs joins the stump of
his actual one.

HELGA

...you have been hurt.
What have they done to
you?

MADDER

I was wounded in war. I
chose to serve God and
country. It was for you.

HELGA

I would expect no less of my brave little boy. Your legs...

MADDER

I do not regret the loss of my legs, if only the cause for which I gave them up were better. I wish I could spare you this.

CORWIN (O.S.)

Ask to see.

HELGA

I am your mother. Nothing about you could ever be ugly to me.

Madder pulls back. He undoes his trousers and drops them, showing the stumps he has for legs.

MADDER

Even these?

HELGA

Not even those.

Helga leans forward and kisses each stump in turn. Madder shudders. Helga pulls Madder back toward her.

MADDER

Terrible things are happening, mother. The country you raised me to serve is filling up with people who mock the God you taught me to revere.

HELGA

But you never give up, my brave little one.

MADDER

We are locked in a terrible war against the worst kinds of depravity, and I have been forced to do terrible things.

CORWIN (O.S.)

Whatever he says next, Helga, do not look shocked, do not act horrified. Show him absolute, unconditional love and keep him talking.

HELGA
I cannot believe you would
ever do anything but
battle for good. You were
always brave and strong.

MADDER
I have done terrible
things...arranged to kill
people, even a little
girl.

SHOT: ALOYSIUS AND HIS FRIENDS

LITTLE WILLIE
Holy shit! Did he just
confess to what I think he
did?

JIREEN
(putting her
finger to her
lips)
Shh!

INT. A HOUSE IN A KAMPONG - NIGHT

Corwin is still speaking to his computer screen.

CORWIN
Alright, Helga, I know
that's shocking but just
keep going...keep him
talking...show him sweet,
unconditional love and..

A SHARP CRACKLE indicates the failure of Corwin's
comm link. He whips off his headset.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: CORWIN'S COMPUTER SCREEN

A box appears which says: FAIR ACCESS POLICY
INVOKED, CONNECTION TERMINATED

BACK TO SCENE

CORWIN
Great Cthulhu.

INT. THE RAILCAR - DAY

MADDER
Burdened as I have been
with service to God and
country, I have known the
love of no woman other
than you.

HELGA
My strong, handsome boy,
no.

MADDER
(glancing
downward at his
prostheses)
I am mutilated...a freak.

HELGA
No. No. Letter me show
you.

Helga stands up, and leads Madder by the hand to a table, where she motions for him to lie down thereupon. Madder does so.

Helga detaches the prostheses from Madder's stumps, then leans over and tenderly kisses the stumps.

CLOSE-UP: MADDER'S LOWER HALF

Helga kisses the stumps. We can see through Madder's boxer shorts that he is becoming erect.

BACK TO SCENE

Madder is beginning to perspire profusely.

Helga notices his erection. She begins stroking it gently.

MADDER
No. You mustn't.

HELGA
I must. You must feel the
love you have been so
unjustly denied.

Helga eases off Madder's shorts, then leans over and kisses his erect cock.

INT. THE MECHANICAL ROOM - DAY

Aloysius, Jireen, Little Michiko, and Little Willie are all watching their screen, their mouths falling open. GRUNTS and MOANS can be heard coming from the screen.

JIREEN
I think I'm going to be
sick.

LITTLE MICHIKO
I really hope this wasn't

something she got from my
liquid essence.

ALOYSIUS
Corwin, this is spinning
out of control, you need
to do something. Corwin?
Corwin?

There is a loud BANG as the door to the Mechanicals
Room is kicked in by Horst, who enters with his
carbine shouldered and ready.

HORST
Found you, you little
piece of shit!

Aloysius and his friends all abruptly turn around.

HORST
It's all over, you
slant-eyed little
cocksucker. Say goodbye
to your friends, 'cuz
you're going to a site so
black it blots out the
sun.

LITTLE WILLIE
(stepping in
front of
Aloysius)
Hey, you wouldn't hurt
little kids, would you?

LITTLE MICHIKO
Yeah, mister. Don't make
us cry.

HORST
On the contrary, I'll
finish the two of you
first. One of the first
things I learned
contracting for Darkriver
over in Eye-rack is to
shoot the rugrats first,
'cuz otherwise you're
gonna go nuts chasing them
where it's hard for you to
go. So start thinking
about what you're gonna
say to Jesus, you little
shits, because...

Horst SHRIEKS and drops his carbine, which CLATTERS
to the floor. Cleo has snuck up behind him and
bitten down deep on the back of his head.

Horst and Cleo struggle for a moment. Horst's face is a mask of horror and pain. He reaches into his belt and pulls out a knife, which he manages to stab backward into Cleo's right kidney.

Cleo emits a high-pitched SCREAM, muffled by the fact her teeth are still locked into the back of Horst's head. Cleo falls down backward, Horst toppling backward onto her. The both lie still, as if dead.

ALOYSIUS
(screaming)
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Aloysius rips off his headset, and surges forth. He picks up Horst's carbine, steps over the bodies of Horst and Cleo, and leaves the room.

JIREEN
(heading after
him)
Aloysius!

INT. THE ROUNDHOUSE - DAY

Aloysius is striding grimly across the roundhouse floor to the railcar. Jireen is several yards behind him, following.

INT. THE RAILCAR - DAY

Helga is astride Madder on the table. They are copulating. Helga whips off the negligee she is wearing and is naked. She reaches out and pulls up one of Madder's hands, putting it on her breast.

Aloysius hurtles into the railcar, holding the carbine, which he duly points at Helga and Madder.

Helga SHRIEKS and dismounts from Madder and scuttles into one corner of the railcar, where she cowers. Aloysius keeps the weapon trained on Madder, who rolls over to face Aloysius.

ALOYSIUS
Jeremiah Madder! I always
knew you were a
motherfucker, but I
never...
(shakes his head
in disgust)
...it's over for you.
Completely.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: THE TRIGGER OF THE CARBINE

Aloysius places his index finger inside the carbine's

trigger guard.

BACK TO SCENE

Jireen bounds into the car.

JIREEN
Aloysius, don't!

ALOYSIUS
Jireen if you don't want
to watch this then don't.
But think about all the
horror...

FLASHBACK: COLLEEN'S HALF-IMPLOSION

COLLEEN, in Invisible Girl, Heroine half-implodes.

ALOYSIUS (V.O.)
...all the suffering...

FLASHBACK: RAPE OF JILL-PRIME

JOHN SAMSON raping JILL-PRIME in Grnosis Dreamscapes.

ALOYSIUS (V.O.)
...all the misery behind
which this man stood...

FLASHBACK: DEATH OF CONNIE MORTON

Connie collapses and dies on stage at the end of
singing the "Liberate me."

BACK TO SCENE

ALOYSIUS
...and you'll know why
this story can only end
this way.

JIREEN
No, Aloysius, please.
You're better than this.

Aloysius turns his head to Jireen.

SHOT: ALOYSIUS'S P.O.V.

Jireen is looking Aloysius straight in the eye.

JIREEN
You're better than this.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK: ALOYSIUS'S P.O.V.

MAUREEN CREEL, on the abandoned stage in Gnosis Dreamscapes is looking Aloysius straight in the eye.

MAUREEN
Please, Aloysius. You're
better than this.

BACK TO SCENE

Aloysius and Jireen are staring at each other.
Aloysius drops his carbine's aim slightly.

Madder whips a .45 Colt M1911A1 out of his uniform jacket. Lying on his stomach on the table he draws a quick bead on Aloysius. There is an audible SNICK the pistol's safety catch being disengaged.

Suddenly there is HISS as a web shoots out and snares Madder's pistol, which is then yanked out of his hand

Aloysius glances down, then noticing that Madder is attempting to scramble off the table, re-assumes his bead on Madder.

Cleo calms walks into the body of the car. The whole front of her shirt and part of the side is stained with blood. She otherwise looks calm, healthy, almost radiant.

CLEO
I finally figured out what
was wrong with me. I just
needed to eat.

JIREEN
That Federal agent guy?

CLEO
Sucked down his brain.
Not really to my taste,
and not that nourishing,
but enough.

MADDER
Monster! Whore!
Abomination!

ALOYSIUS
(threatening
Madder with the
carbine)
Kindly shut the fuck up.
This shit is really hard
for me to process.

JIREEN

But your wound?

CLEO

Goddesses heal very quickly. Especially when properly fed.

ALOYSIUS

I could tell something really weird was up with you.

JIREEN

Well you healed just in time to deal with the creep.

CLEO

Oh, I shall deal with him. His thug -- whose name was Horst by the way -- left me with what he knew when I ate his mind. The creep is one Jeremiah Madder. And I know his game. Which I'll be happy to write down, explaining in detail a bomb plot he masterminded.

ALOYSIUS

Which killed a little girl, no?

JIREEN

Looks like we'll be leaving an interesting document for someone to find.

MADDER

For the love of Christ, at least let me die like a soldier.

ALOYSIUS

Sorry, soldier, but you heard the lady. I'm better than that.

CLEO

Leave him to me. I'll wrap him up.
(approaching
Madder, who
cowers)
Lucky for you, I'm sated

at the moment.

INT. THE ROUNDHOUSE - DAY

Aloysius, Cleo, Jireen, and Helga are walking toward the van. Helga has been dressed in warm but not quite well-fitting clothes.

CLEO

I know where I must go.
Back to where I first
encountered the spiders.
Fate calls me there.

JIREEN

Well, you're in luck
there.

CLEO

How?

ALOYSIUS

Apparently Corwin, even
back in his professoring
days, had a strong sense
that he might have to flee
rather suddenly. To that
end, he left a number of
caches containing
documents and money, as
well as the forty kilos of
extra matrix with which we
were able to make Helga
here. He and his assistant
Anwei Li hit one when they
fled last year, but he was
able to tip us off to the
existence of another one.
We also have three
passport blanks,
presumably good enough to
get us out of the country
since they got Corwin and
Anwei out, quite a bit of
currency and also some
gold. Very strange gold,
really. All in guineas
minted in the era of
George III. Not sure
Corwin would have so many
of these, but he did, and
we're going to make use of
them. Jireen and I need
to see Corwin, who's gone
to ground in Southeast
Asia. Corwin owes me some
answers, and also
technical help in finally

disjoining Jireen. Since we have a third passport blank, we can help you as well. Willie and Michiko will have to wait a while in their age-regressed forms, but I'm sure, with Corwin's assistance, if we can shake it out of him, that we'll be able to return and get them back to their old selves in due time,

HELGA

What about me?

JIREEN

Well, you're young, you're beautiful and...

(hands her a heavy bag)

...thanks to the commercial success of Professor Corwin's ancestors, you're now also capitalized. It's a big world, Helga. Why not go out and have a life in it?

HELGA

But I have no ties, no memories...

ALOYSIUS

(countenance darkening)

Perhaps you should consider that a blessing.

INT. THE RAILCAR - DAY

Madder is hanging from the ceiling, tightly bound in spider silk, helpless. His uniform tunic is still largely visible. He is wearing no pants, though, and his cock is hanging limply down.

Special Agent-in-Charge MacNeil regards him curiously. Madder hangs his head.

MacNeil turns around and looks at a laptop computer, which is playing the video of Madder's encounter with Helga in an endless loop.

MADDER (O.S.)

(through computer speakers)

I have done terrible

things...arranged to kill people, even a little girl.

MacNeil mutes the computer's speakers.

MACNEIL

It may interest you to know that we received a tip. A tip full of details interesting details about how a certain assassination was performed. It was a remarkably detailed tip, sent anonymously as an e-mail to my office. So full of detail, one would almost think it was sent from the inside. I realize that perhaps you suspect your man Horst. Well, we can rule that out, because we found what's left of him inside a mechanical room in this abandoned roundhouse, and I assure you he's quite thoroughly dead. Something sucked the brain right out of the back of his skull, in fact. In any event, although the tip was uncorroborated, I have men working to corroborate it right now, and I suspect that when that's done, you'll have more embarrassing things to worry about than a little bit of homemade pornography.

MacNeil looks over his shoulder at the computer.

MACNEIL

Pretty dame. Care to tell us who she is?

Madder looks up and glares silently at MacNeil.

MacNeil shuts the computer.

MACNEIL

Not that it matters very much. I think there will soon be enough for this case to end. And it's a

break for me, because when
it is, I'll be a Deputy
Director at the very
least. As for you...

MacNeil bends over and picks up something off the
floor. He holds it up to Madder's collar.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: MADDER'S COLLAR

MacNeil is holding up a silver eagle, which matches a
tear where it has apparently been ripped off Madder's
collar.

BACK TO SCENE

MACNEIL
...it looks like someone
has already drawn their
conclusion.

MacNeil turns to leave. As he is leaving, he meets
Agent Smith on the way out.

SMITH
Sir?

MACNEIL
Get a team in here, cut
that sorry bastard down,
and take him into
custody. Oh, and Smith,
one more thing.

SMITH
Yes, chief?

MACNEIL
For chrissakes, cover him
up when you do so.

EXT. SARAWAK RAINFOREST - DAY

Cleo, Aloysius, and Jireen are walking through the
rainforest, with Cleo in the lead. Cleo seems serene
and cool. Aloysius sweats and occasionally swats a
bug.

ALOYSIUS
Are you sure you know
where you're going, Cleo.
It's been two hours since
we left the boat, and now
it seems that our GPS has
just fritzed out.

CLEO

We are very near.

As Cleo walks along, she begins shedding clothing.

JIREEN

Uh, Cleo...

CLEO

They will want to see me
this way.

ALOYSIUS

Well, I'm sure everyone
wants to see you that way,
but really, is it wise?

CLEO

I feel perfectly
comfortable

As Cleo drops clothing in her path, Jireen stops to pick it up. Cleo stops, turns, and smiles.

CLEO

You needn't bother
collecting, unless you
want it for yourself. I
for one will never be
needing it or any other
clothing again.

Aloysius and Jireen trade looks. Cleo goes on, continuing to undress until she is naked. She then slips through a bush and seems to disappear.

Aloysius and Jireen look at each other, somewhat alarmed. They struggle through the brush where they saw Cleo disappear.

Aloysius and Jireen emerge behind Cleo, who is standing in a clearing. Facing her are the people of TONDELAYO'S nation, with the WISE WOMAN in front. They are prostrate. The men have bows and spears.

One of the older men looks up when Aloysius and Jireen enter. He gives a SHOUT. All the men rise, bringing bows and spears and training them on Aloysius and Jireen.

(Note: hereafter in this and following rain-forest scenes, dialog written with the notation SUBTITLE is in the language of Tondalayo's people, with English subtitles.)

CLEO (SUBTITLE)

(raising a hand,
commandingly)

Stop! These are my
friends. The woman is
named Jireen. The man is
named Aloysius Kim.

The bows and spears are lowered.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)
(more gently)
I would never have been
able to return, had it not
been for their help.

The people bow reverently.

Tondalayo comes forward. She and Cleo embrace.

The WISE WOMAN approaches Jireen and Aloysius.
Tondalayo follows to interpret.

The Wise Woman speaks few words.

TONDALAYO
The Wise Woman welcomes
you, and thanks you for
bringing Cleo back to us.

JIREEN
Please tell her we were
glad to do it.

Tondalayo interprets this. The Wise Woman nods. Then she looks into Jireen's eyes for a few moments. She concentrates and frowns, as if there is something she does not understand. Then she speaks a few sentences.

TONDALAYO
The Wise Woman says that
you are one of the
strangest women she has
ever seen. She says that
it is as if there are two
spirits in you, rather
than one.

JIREEN
Please tell her she sees
much, but that it would
take a long time to
explain.

Tondalayo interprets this. The Wise Woman moves on and looks at Aloysius. Then she speaks a few sentences more. Tondalayo interprets.

TONDALAYO

The Wise Woman says that she sees you carrying a terrible burden.

ALOYSIUS
She sees a lot, indeed.

The Wise Woman lifts her voice and speaks commandingly to the entire people. Tondalayo interpets.

TONDALAYO
We are commanded. We are to return with the goddess and her guests to our village and prepare to feast, and meanwhile to make our guests comfortable in any way we can.

ALOYSIUS
(swatting another bug)
Some sort of a bath would be nice.

JIREEN
(eyeing a muscular young warrior-type)
I hope they mean it about comfort.

INT. A HUT - NIGHT

The interior of the hut is dimly lit by flickering firelight.

Jireen is astride YOUNG WARRIOR #1, who in turn lies on a reed mat. Both are naked. They are copulating vigorously. Beside them is a a backpack Jireen brought with her.

YOUNG WARRIOR #2 enters the hut and cocks his head curiously. Jireen spies him.

(Note: Jireen continues to copulate with Young Warrior #1 while she speaks through this scene.)

JIREEN
Oh, interested in me, are you?

Jireen reaches behind herself and strokes her anus.

JIREEN

There might be room for
you too.

Young Warrior #2 looks puzzled and doubtful.

JIREEN
Oh, yes there is. C'mon.
Don't be shy.

Jireen reaches into her backpack and comes up with something lubricating, which she expertly spreads on herself.

JIREEN
Yes you can.

Young Warrior #2 removes his loincloth and takes a position behind Jireen. She reaches behind her and begin guiding him in.

JIREEN
Oh, but can I...can I...

She guides his cock into her anus with a GASP and a bit of a grimace.

JIREEN
Oh, yes I can...oh yeah...

Jireen and the two Young Warriors proceed in double-penetration sex.

JIREEN
Yes we can...yes we
can...yes we can...
ah...ah

INT. A DIFFERENT HUT - NIGHT

This hut is likewise lit by flickering firelight. Aloysius is sitting on some sort of crude bench next to Tondelayo. JUNGLE SOUNDS (insects, the occasional monkey or bird, etc.) can be heard in the background.

TONDELAYO
So you know Cleo?

ALOYSIUS
Yes. She and I were at
Gnosis College together.

TONDELAYO
What sort of place is
that?

ALOYSIUS
You had teachers, once,

right? Missionaries.

Tondelayo makes a face.

ALOYSIUS

Yes. Sometimes I feel the same way. Anyway, the college is a place where many students and many teachers gather together. I was there for four years.

TONDELAYO

That is a very long time.

ALOYSIUS

It often felt like it.

TONDELAYO

Don't you like it here better?

ALOYSIUS

Well, there is much I have to do back there. I am studying now to become a doctor.

TONDELAYO

That is like a priest, no?

ALOYSIUS

Something like.

TONDELAYO

Would you like to couple, Aloysius Kim?

ALOYSIUS

Excuse me?

TONDELAYO

You are so far from home. You must be lonely. And to me you look like such a strong, powerful man.

ALOYSIUS

Uh, it's about good food and exercise. I suppose I am a little lonely. But, I'm afraid I don't really want to couple.

TONDELAYO

(pouting)

You do not find me pretty?

ALOYSIUS

No. You are very pretty.
It is just that I feel
bound to someone else.

TONDELAYO

Oh. I see. Will you at
least take something to
drink.

ALOYSIUS

Sure.

Tondelayo gets up, goes to the other side of the hut
and pours something from a skin vessel into a wooden
cup, which she hands out to Aloysius.

TONDELAYO

I think you will like
this. It is special to
our people.

ALOYSIUS

Thank you.

Aloysius takes a sip, then hands to cup to Tondelayo,
who also takes a sip.

ALOYSIUS

It is very...sweet.
Strange, like some sort of
fruit that I have never
tasted before.

TONDELAYO

I think you will enjoy it
very much.

ALOYSIUS

Yes, I... feel somewhat
strange.

Tondelayo sits down next to him on the bench.

TONDELAYO

Do you feel sick?

ALOYSIUS

No I feel sort
of...hot...and some kind
of...urge.

Through his shorts, Aloysius is becoming visibly
erect.

ALOYSIUS

What did you give me to drink?

TONDELAYO

Sometimes, Aloysius Kim, it is better not to ask questions and just accept things.

Tondelayo begins fumbling with the closures on Aloysius's shorts (which are, of course, unfamiliar to her). After a few seconds fumbling, Aloysius helps her undo them. She lowers Aloysius's shorts.

Aloysius is massive (all the more so because of his self-enhancements in Progress in Research.)

TONDELAYO

Oh...by all the gods!

Tondelayo helps Aloysius off with his shirt, then pulls off her loincloth and sits on his lap. They kiss and caress each other for a while, then Tondelayo mounts Aloysius.

TONDELAYO

Oh...so wonderfully large. But can I...Uhhh...yes I can.

Tondelayo and Aloysius begin to copulate.

TONDELAYO

Where are your people from, Aloysius Kim?

ALOYSIUS

My parents came from Korea to America.

TONDELAYO

I want to go to Korea! Women must be so happy in Korea! Uh...uh...

ALOYSIUS

Well, I'm not sure...

The camera pans back as Aloysius and Tondelayo continue to copulate. Tondelayo continues in mounting sexual excitement.

The JUNGLE SOUNDS in the background become louder as she does so. A few moments before climaxing, Tondelayo leans forward and whispers something to Aloysius that cannot be heard over the noise.

EXT. THE VILLAGE - DAY

It is close to sunrise. Aloysius is walking with Tondalayo up to a hut.

CLOSE-UP: WITHIN ANOTHER HUT

NATIVE GIRL #1 and NATIVE GIRL #2 peek out of a window, looking at Tondalayo and Aloysius walking by. Native Girl #1 points at Aloysius, then makes a gesture with her hands, holding them about nine inches apart.

Native Girl #2 GIGGLES.

BACK TO SCENE

Aloysius and Tondalayo arrive at the entrance of a hut.

TONDALAYO
You should wait here while
I wake her.

A few quickly whispered words and a GROAN are heard from within. Then Tondalayo emerges with Jireen. Jireen appears to be hastily pulling on her clothes as she exits.

JIREEN
Were it not Cleo, I would
not be getting up at this
hour.

They walk off toward a larger, more centrally-located hut.

INT. THE CENTRAL HUT - DAY

Cleo is just rising from a bath in a wooden tub. She is attended by the Wise Woman. Aloysius, Jireen, and Tondalayo enter.

Cleo steps out onto a woven mat and begins to drip dry.

CLEO
Jireen. Aloysius. You
have come to see me off.

Cleo kisses Jireen and then Aloysius on each cheek.

ALOYSIUS
From what Tondalayo has
explained, for the last
time.

CLEO

It is in the nature of
what I am becoming.

JIREEN

Cleo, aren't you afraid?
Horrified a little, even?

CLEO

This is not a monster
movie, Jireen. In
Hollywood entertainments
people who undergo
transformations into
something other than human
are horrified. But
I...feel nothing but joy
at teh prospect of my
transformation. It may
seen strange to
understand, but more and
more I come to feel that
really being me means no
longer being human. I
shall have the joy of
joining a race of gods who
live here in the forest
and protect Tondalayo's
people. And in
assimilating the thoughts
of others, I shall have a
kind of identity that no
human could hope to have.

JIREEN

Except an unusual sort of
human like me, maybe.

CLEO

Yes, I can see your
point. But I don't think
there's much point in my
trying to recreate the
circumstances under which
you were born.

ALOYSIUS

(under his
breath)

Cthulhu...

CLEO

Aloysius, you can hardly
know the orgasmic pleasure
of the hunt, the
extraordinary perceptions
of the race I am joining.
I go without regret.

Remember me for what I was, but do not mourn. Think for a minute. What would become of me even if I wanted to rid myself of this transformation, even if I could? I would go back the states. I would work hard, get some sort of professional degree, then some sort of boring professional job. Get married to some boring professional guy. Live in a suburb in a McMansion with a brace of S-U-V's and perhaps a brace of kids going to soccer practice. Try not to grow old but grow old anyway. Wither away and die, like all human beings. Why? Why even bother? Here I will be an immortal member of an immortal race knowing joys that no human does.

ALOYSIUS

You were a friend.

JIREEN

The best of friends.

WISE WOMAN (SUBTITLE)

It is time, lady.

CLEO

And I am running out of time. May the gods watch over you both. I beg you not to follow -- my people-to-be may not be able to tolerate it.

Cleo embraces Jireen and Aloysius in turn. Then she leaves with Tondalayo and the Wise Woman.

EXT. THE VILLAGE - DAY

Two DRUMMERS lead a procession consisting of themselves, Cleo, the Wise Woman, and Tondalayo through the village. Lining their paths are villagers in prostrate positions.

The drummers DRUM and the Wise Woman CHANTS as they walk slowly away.

Aloysius and Jireen watch them from the Central Hut.

EXT. A SMALL CLEARING DEEP IN THE RAINFOREST - DAY

The Two Drummers, the Wise Woman, Tondalayo, and Cleo all enter the clearing. At one end a naked man is bound between two trees, his arms outstretched. The man is hooded.

WISE WOMAN (SUBTITLE)
We are here, goddess. We
have prepared the
sacrifice for your
transformation.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)
I thank you, Wise Woman.
May peace and prosperity
attend your people.

The Two Drummers, the Wise Woman and Tondalayo all prostrate themselves at Cleo's feet.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)
Tondalayo...

TONDALAYO (SUBTITLE)
Yes, goddess?

CLEO (SUBTITLE)
For what little time
remains to me as a human,
do not call me "goddess"
or prostrate yourself.
Stand up.

Tondalayo stands up. She and Cleo embrace tightly.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)
Whatever form I take in
the end, Tondalayo, I
shall not forget you.

TONDALAYO (SUBTITLE)
Nor I you, Cleo.

The Wise Woman rises.

WISE WOMAN (SUBTITLE)
I humbly beg you to
complete what you must,
goddess.

Cleo walks over to the naked man. She removes his hood.

It is ULU.

(Note: Ulu is the young man Cleo frolicked about with in Study Abroad.)

Cleo GASPS. She turns around

SHOT: CLEO'S P.O.V.

The Two Drummers, Tondalayo, and the Wise Woman have vanished.

BACK TO SCENE

CLEO (SUBTITLE)
Ulu!

ULU (SUBTITLE)
Goddess.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)
But, why you?

ULU (SUBTITLE)
It was decided by the
elders of our people.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)
My heart feels heavy, when
I think back on some of
the happy times we spent
together...

Cleo kneels down. She takes Ulu's cock in her mouth and sucks on it a few times, before rising again.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)
You do not feel fear, or
regret?

ULU (SUBTITLE)
There is no greater honor
than to be fed to a
goddess. Today there is
no happier man among our
people than me. I beg you
to take me, goddess.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)
There is no more fitting
reward than that you
should live on forever in
me.

Cleo circles behind Ulu, enveloping him in her arms. Ulu closes his eyes.

Cleo sinks her teeth into the back of Ulu's head, and begins to suck. Ulu's face contorts in pain for a

moment, then relaxes, then takes on a look of ecstasy.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: ULU'S COCK

It goes erect swiftly. Ulu ejaculates.

BACK TO SCENE

Cleo continues to suck. A split appears in the skin of her back, which widens until it runs from the back of her head to the cleavage of her buttocks.

A huge spider emerges from Cleo's skin, lifting out one leg at a time, positioning itself on Ulu's body.

Cleo's human skin and hair fall away like a husk at the end.

Spider-Cleo releases Ulu and clambers down, then HISSES and waves its first two limbs in triumph, before skittering aay into the rainforest.

EXT. A BOAT BESIDE A RIVER BANK IN THE RAINFOREST - DAY

Aloysius is helping Jireen into the boat. Tondalayo stands and watches.

ALOYSIUS

Did Cleo achieve what she came for?

TONDALAYO

There is no doubt she has joined the gods now.

JIREEN

Thank you for being a good friend to her, Tondalayo.

TONDALAYO

You are welcome, Jireen.

Aloysius pushes the boat away from the bank.

ALOYSIUS

Goodbye, Tondalayo.

TONDALAYO

I hope you have luck in setting down your burden, Aloysius Kim.

Aloysius starts the boat's motor and he and Jireen head off down the river.

EXT. THE BOAT GOING ALONG THE RIVER - DAY

Aloysius is steering and looking pensive. Jireen looks forward and happy.

ALOYSIUS
Jireen?

JIREEN
Yes?

ALOYSIUS
Do you know what it means,
among Tondelayo's people,
when a woman says to a
man, "I am opening my fist
for you?"

Jireen looks momentarily surprised, but masks her expression.

JIREEN
No, I'm afraid I really
don't.

ALOYSIUS
I see.

INT. A HOUSE IN A KAMPONG - DAY

(Note: In this scene and those that follows,
Corwin's facial features have been slightly altered.
He now looks somewhat Chinese, or at least Eurasian.)

Corwin is writing at his desk. The Beautiful Malay Girl enters.

BEAUTIFUL MALAY GIRL
The guests you said were
coming are here, sir.

CORWIN
Show them in, please.

The Beautiful Malay Girl bows and exits. A few minutes later Aloysius and Jireen enter.

CORWIN
(rising, bowing
slightly)
Ah. This must be Miss
Jireen and Mr. Kim. How
do you do?

Jireen extends a hand, which Corwin takes and kisses. Corwin then extends a hand, as if to shake hands with Aloysius. Aloysius does not reciprocate.

CORWIN

Ah, I see. Well, I understand that you have come a long way and we have much to discuss.

ALOYSIUS

Indeed.

CORWIN

Won't you sit down?

Aloysius and Jireen sit, as does Corwin. Corwin strikes a little gong on his writing desk. The Beautiful Malay Girl appears.

CORWIN

Refreshments, please. Our guests have come a long way.

The Beautiful Malay Girl bows and leaves.

JIREEN

You look different from what I recall, Professor Corwin.

CORWIN

Under present circumstances, I thought it would be wise to alter my appearance with little judicious plastic surgery. Also, I shall soon be taking up a new situation, in which my altered appearance will be an asset. But I take it you did not come all this way to discuss that.

ALOYSIUS

Moira Weir. And the disjoinment of Jireen.

Corwin sits silently for a moment before speaking.

CORWIN

You must understand about Moira Weir that I did not put her up to the sequence of events that brought about her fate and that of Nanetta Rector. That was an improvisation of their own which I myself would absolutely not have permitted had it been

proposed to me in
advance. Which is not to
say that, in the larger
picture, her fate was
fortunate.

ALOYSIUS

You ask me to follow these
riddles, Corwin?

CORWIN

No, Mr. Kim. I do not ask
you to believe me at all.
I can, however, arrange a
meeting with someone who
might be able to explain
better, if you will trust
me that far.

ALOYSIUS

Moira? Is she alive?

CORWIN

As wish I could make it so
simple as "alive" or
"dead," but just as we are
no longer operating in a
moral universe where human
moral categories of "good"
and "evil" make much
sense, likewise the human
metaphysical categories of
"dead" or "alive" are not
necessarily applicable.

Aloysius thinks shakes his head. His expression is a
mixture of confusion, anger, and grief.

CORWIN

I'm sorry, Mr. Kim, that I
can't give you a more
straightforward answer
right now. But I might be
able to better address
your second issue.

ALOYSIUS

Disjoinment.

CORWIN

Yes. Disjoinment. I knew
that the Apsinthion
Protocol would have
conjoinment as a possible
outcome, but as always,
didn't see it as an
experiment that I could in
good conscience attempt.

It would seem that you
young people are bolder
than an oldster like
myself.

ALOYSIUS

It was an emergency,
Corwin.

CORWIN

Yes. I have read your
notes and I understand
that. Now normally I
would not regard
disjoinment as all that
feasible, except that I
understand that you used a
variant of the protocol on
a...duplicate of one of
the conjoined individuals,
is that right?

ALOYSIUS

That is my understanding.

CORWIN

Hmm. I had heard rumors
that of a group
experimenting with this
technology in Japan.
Highly illegally, of
course.

ALOYSIUS

Whereas I am sure you had
FDA approval for
everything you did.

CORWIN

Well, there is no royal
road to science, as
someone once said. In any
event, it would seem that
the technology was being
developed by someone, and
somehow it might have been
used on the individual
named Jill Keeney.

JIREEN

One of my mothers, so to
speak.

CORWIN

So to speak. So perhaps
this individual was one of
your aunts? In any event,
with enough information

preserved in the sample,
it might be possible to
run a differentiation job
that would allow a
disjoinment of the
conjoined individual.

ALOYSIUS
And we would thus have
Jill and Maureen back.

CORWIN
Yes. Did you bring a
sample of the Apsinthion
product?

ALOYSIUS
How could I forget?

Aloysius reaches inside his shirt. He takes out a lanyard, on the end of which is a tiny container. He rises and walks across the room, handing the container to Corwin.

ALOYSIUS
Here.

CORWIN
I shall have to analyze
it. The sample might be
too degraded for the
procedure to work. The
procedure will take some
time, a day or so at
least.

The Beautiful Malay Girl enters with a tray full of refreshments.

Aloysius takes something. Jireen takes something too, but seems to be remote, staring into space.

ALOYSIUS
Given how far we have
come, I am sure we can
wait. Now, about Moira?

CORWIN
We would need to take a
trip down to the beach for
that.

EXT. A DESERTED BEACH - DAY

Corwin, Aloysius, and Jireen are stading at the water's edge. Aloysius is barefoot and wearing shorts. The sun is setting in the distance. Corwin is holding some sort of CO2-powered gun.

JIREEN

Such a beautiful place!
Strange that there should
be no one out.

CORWIN

The locals do not like
this place. There are
legends that it is
haunted. The legends are
more true than false.
Watch.

Corwin points his gun out to sea and fires it with a
POP.

ALOYSIUS

What is that?

CORWIN

A chemical trace. We need
to make contact with
someone. We cannot use
radio -- in salt water,
Monsiuer Volt and Madame
Ampere are not your
friends.

ALOYSIUS

I see you have a fondness
for Charles Stross.

CORWIN

One has to pass the long
evenings somehow. Sonar
might be possible, but who
we are trying to contact
has a prejudice in favor
of molecular
communication.

The three wait for a few moments. Then a bubbling
appears some distance offshore.

A figure emerges from the water. It is LI ANWEI, but
transformed. Her legs have become like long fins,
and her hands have full webbing before the fingers.
Her skin has changed color to bluish green. She has
gill-slits on the sides of her neck. She is naked.

Anwei beckons to Aloysius

CORWIN

Wade out to her. Her
voice will not carry far.

Aloysius wades out through the surf and faces Anwei.

ANWEI

You are Aloysius Kim.

ALOYSIUS

Yes. You remember me?
From Corwin's lecture.

ANWEI

It is more that Moira
remembers you. Fondly,
Aloysius, know that.

ALOYSIUS

She is alive?

ANWEI

It is not so simple,
Aloysius. Moira chose to
surrender her distinct
identity as an individual,
as did Nanetta, to
communicate something
about humanity to those
who dwell beneath. To try
to show them that humanity
is not their enemy, to
show that even in its
errors, it can learn.

ALOYSIUS

She is dead, then.

ANWEI

Not so. Everything she
was, every experience she
had, lives on with us.
She is transformed, just
as I am transforming. Her
consciousness lives on in
a realm of joy such as
humans do not know. It
may seem hard that she had
to sacrifice what she
was. But the ones who
live beneath took note of
what she did. They knew
that she overcame terrible
fear to do what she
thought she had to do.
And they were moved.
Moira might be lost to
you, Aloysius Kim. But
what she did might have
saved humanity, or at
least bought it some time.

ALOYSIUS

Who are these ones

beneath?

ANWEI

An ancient intelligence or collection of intelligences. I do not myself know their origins. They seem to be more-or-less benignly inclined toward humanity and have been watching it over many centuries. They developed various means of communication, including forms of tactile contact and the Apsinthion Protocol, which Corwin helped to develop. They are afraid, though, as human technological progress continues, that they or humanity will come to harm.

ALOYSIUS

And Moira is now in some sense among them.

ANWEI

In a sense. Proper explanation would require much deeper contact.

ALOYSIUS

How is that possible?

ANWEI

It takes a great deal of time -- on is in effect in contact with a very different kind of intelligence from human. Some humans go beneath, but it is quite risky. Many never return. I myself, though perhaps more mentally compatible with them than many...
(looks down at her transformed body, shows her webbed hands)
...can never really return to the world of human beings. Others go mad from the mental strain of contact.

ALOYSIUS
I might risk that.

ANWEI
If you did, you might
become an ambassador or
sorts to the human
species, but it would mean
being gone for many
years. And the various
risks would still apply to
you.

Aloysius turns back to the shore and looks at Jireen.

ALOYSIUS
I am not sure. I have
obligations here.

ANWEI
You know now how we are
reached.

Anwei dives beneath the surf and vanishes.

Aloysius walks back to the water's edge. He is met by
Jireen

JIREEN
What did she tell you?

Aloysius looks at her and shakes his head sadly, then
walks on.

ALOYSIUS
We have work to do in the
lab.

INT. CORWIN'S SARAWAK LABORATORY - DAY

The laboratory looks a good deal like Corwin's Gnosis
offsite, with an Apsinthion protocol apparatus in the
middle, a control bench, a reconstitution pool, and a
set of lab glassware to one side.

Jireen is looking over the apparatus curiously.
Corwin and Aloysius are working over the laboratory.

CORWIN
Just one more quick
spectral
test...and...good!

ALOYSIUS
Amazing luck.

CORWIN

Indeed.

ALOYSIUS

So did you hear that,
Jireen? Enough of the
sample's integrity
survived that we can do a
disjoinment.

CORWIN

Indeed. I am somewhat
surprised, but the
protocol turns out to have
been more robust than I
would have thought.

(turning to
Jireen)

We can begin immediately,
if you want.

JIREEN

No.

CORWIN

Not ready? Feel free to
take some time if you
wish. All the time you
need. We've stabilized
the sample. There's no
hurry.

JIREEN

No. I don't mean that I'm
not ready. I mean that
I'm not going to go
through with this
procedure of yours.

ALOYSIUS

What?

JIREEN

Aloysius, I know what you
think you have to do. But
I am me now. One whole
person. With two sets of
memories, perhaps. But I
like existing as I am.

ALOYSIUS

But Jireen, there are two
young women whose place
you are existing in!

JIREEN

And they're still here,
Aloysius. Everything they
ever were.

ALOYSIUS

But two different women!
With lives and aspirations
and families of their own.

JIREEN

And now I'm them! I will
not be pulled apart, torn
in half as I see it, just
because of some previous
condition of their
existence.

ALOYSIUS

But what right have you?

CORWIN

(aside, to
himself)
Fascinating...

JIREEN

I am a full, complete
person. No one who exists
should be forced to give
up their lives for someone
else who doesn't. And I
won't. Indeed, I'll tell
you something more,
Aloysius. I feel more
full full than either Jill
or Maureen ever did. You
who were never conjoined
with anyone else cannot
imagine what it is
like...how amazing it can
feel...to have not just
one person's desires and
knowledge, but two. Two
feel what it like to enjoy
not one set of lovers but
two. Two meld not just
one set of fantasies but
two, to let them play
within you and interact.
I've had a long time to do
this, Aloysius, and I've
decided that I love it.

ALOYSIUS

(shaking his
head)
This is madness, Jireen.

JIREEN

Madness? Let me show you
madness.

Jireen strides across the room and seizes Aloysius in an embrace. She kisses him hard, hungrily. Aloysius's eyes grow wide with amazement before he manages to pull away.

JIREEN

Do you know where that came from, Aloysius? That's from the Maureen in me. Do you know, even understand, how much she longed for you, from the first time she even talked to you during freshman year. But poor Maureen...

INT. A HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - FLASHBACK - DAY

An adolescent Maureen Creel, a bit dumpy, ill-groomed, in braces and acne-ridden, walks down a corridor. Some mean girls appear to be taunting her.

JIREEN (V.O.)

All her life she saw herself as just an ugly duckling, even when she grew up to be not one. She never dared imagine she could actually have someone she wanted. Invisible girl! You'd know what an astonishingly appropriate role that was for her, if only you knew how many times she longed to just be invisible.

INT. A DORMITORY ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

A BIG HUNKY ATHLETE walks in, apparently from the shower, warped up to the waist in a towel. JILL KEENEY slips out from behind the door, naked and faces him.

The athlete looks suprised. Jill smirks and strips away his towel, then leaps up on him, wrapping her legs around his hips, and kissing him.

JIREEN (V.O.)-

Glamorous athletic Jill, however, had no problems with her self-confidence, or with taking what she desired.

INT. CORWIN'S SARAWAK LABORATORY - DAY

JIREEN

So you see, Aloysius,
between the two halves of
me, there's no trouble
coming out and saying that
I want you. And I think
you wanted Maureen, too,
near the end, as you came
away from your hopeless
quest for Moira. I could
sense it...we were so
close, Aloysius...if only
fate. But there is me,
and heart in here that
beats for you.

Jireen reaches out and takes Aloysius's hand. She
pulls it into her shirt, placing it against her skin.

JIREEN

And not just a warm heart.

Jireen shifts Aloysius hand so that it cups her
breast.

JIREEN

Better than either woman
would have been alone, no
Aloysius?

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: JIREEN'S AND ALOYSIUS'S FACES

Jireen places her lips within an inch of Aloysius's.
As she speaks, she nibbles at and kisses him.

JIREEN

And I have a better idea
than this disjoinment that
you propose. We go
through the Protocol
together Aloysius. You
and I conjoin and come out
as one being. An amazing
being, beyond male and
female. All of your
amazing intellect and
skills. All of Jill's
fire and determination.
All of Maureen's loving
warmth. It would be the
most erotic, the most
intimate thing any man and
and woman had ever done
together. And as one
we'd...

BACK TO SCENE

Aloysius pulls away from Jireen abruptly.

ALOYSIUS

Stop! This is insane!
Jireen, what is wrong with
you! You're proposing
to...to just murder people
right and left in the name
of creating some sort of
freakish...

JIREEN

(shouting)

Freakish! Is that what I
am to you, Aloysius, some
sort of freak?

ALOYSIUS

That's not what I meant.

JIREEN

Well what did you mean?
How can you do this
Aloysius? How can you
just pull away like that?

ALOYSIUS

There's a right thing to
do here, Jireen, and you
know it.

JIREEN

How can you do this,
Aloysius? How can you
just play around with
these technologies,
transform people's lives
in incalculable ways, and
then act as if you can hit
the reset button on life?

ALOYSIUS

It's not your life,
Jireen! And my life isn't
yours either.

JIREEN

You're so good at figuring
things out Aloysius. So
expert. So talented.

(wipes away a
tear)

But the one thing you just
don't understand is
people. Fuck you.

Jireen storms out and slams the door.

An empty beaker rattles off a laboratory bench and
shatters on the floor.

INT. A CORRIDOR IN CORWIN'S HOUSE - LATER - DAY

Jireen approaches a door, which she taps on softly.

JIREEN
Aloysius?

No answer. Jireen taps again.

JIREEN
Aloysius, I'm sorry.

Jireen opens the door.

INT. A BEDROOM IN CORWIN'S HOUSE - DAY

The room is something of a mess, with an unmade bed, clothes on the floor, and so forth. Jireen enters and looks around

JIREEN
Aloysius, are you here?

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

Jireen is trotting down the beach. She sees a pile of clothing near the waterline.

Jireen runs up to look at it. It is the same clothing we saw Aloysius wearing in the last scene. Corwin's CO2 gun sits next to the pile.

Jireen looks out to sea.

Aloysius is wading out to sea, naked. Anwei emerges from the sea. Anwei extends a hand. Aloysius nods.

Anwei embraces Aloysius. His body begins to be enveloped in a blue-gree goo which flows from Anwei's nipples.

JIREEN
Aloysius! No! Wait!
Please!

Jireen dashes frantically into the sea and begins wading out to where Aloysius is being enveloped.

Before she reaches Aloysius, he and Anwei dive beneath the waves and disappear.

JIREEN
(screaming)
No!

Jireen begins frantically feeling around in the water for where Aloysius might be, with no result.

Eventually she sits down in the water and begins to cry.

Corwin walks out into the water.

CORWIN
Jireen. He was going
there anyway. His
decision simply wasn't
your fault.

Jireen puts her face in her hands and sobs. Corwin comforts her as best he can.

CORWIN
There is something to
salvage from the
situation.

Corwin holds out the vial that Aloysius gave him.

CORWIN
A lot of what she was was
preserved. With a sample
from a close enough living
individual...we could save
one...with your help.

Jireen takes her hands away from her face and looks at the vial.

INT. CORWIN'S SARAWAK LABORATORY - DAY

Jireen is naked in the Apsinthion Protocol tube. She has vanished almost up to her breasts. Her face is contorted in ecstasy.

JIREEN
Ah! Ah! Ah!!!

Jireen vanishes entirely and disappears.

The plunger in the tube comes down and forces the fluid out.

INT. CORWIN'S SARAWAK LABORATORY - LATER - DAY

Corwin is working hard among the glassware.

He opens a tube that allows a little fluid to flow from one vessel to another, then swiftly closes it.

Corwin picks up a flask, swirls it, and looks at it critically.

INT. CORWIN'S SARAWAK LABORATORY - STILL LATER - DAY

Jireen is kneeling by the reconstitution pool. She has been wet recently, and is wearing a terry-cloth robe, while holding another robe. Corwin stands by.

The water in the pool bubbles and fizzes.

Jill-Prime emerges from the pool, COUGHING and SPLUTTERING and GASPING for air.

Jireen helps pull her up, and wraps her in the robe.

JILL-PRIME
Oh God. Oh how horrible!
What's happened to me?

JIREEN
Please. You are safe now.

INT. A BEDROOM IN CORWIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Jill-Prime sits in bed, propped up on pillows.
Jireen on a chair next to her.

JILL-PRIME
So it all really happened?

JIREEN
I'm afraid it did. I'm so
sorry. But the bad man
who did these things to
you...you can rest assured
that he's suffered
retribution for what he
did.

JILL-PRIME
My life is a nightmare.
An absurd joke.

JIREEN
No, Jill. It isn't. You
have some very important
things to do.

JILL-PRIME
Such as?

JIREEN
The original Jill, the
woman whom you were made a
duplicate of...can't be
Jill anymore.

JILL-PRIME
Is she...dead?

JIREEN

Not exactly. It's more like she has an important mission she has to fulfill.

JILL-PRIME

(sobs)

I wanted to kill her, you know. I think I would have, too. I so badly wanted to take her place. So badly. It was so horrible of me. I deserve to have suffered what I did.

JIREEN

That's not true. No one should have suffered what you did. In any event, you now have a chance to go and fill the role you want.

JILL-PRIME

And just be Jill?

JIREEN

And just be Jill. That's all you hve to do.

JILL-PRIME

I don't know if I can. I mean, the horror that I've been through...who would I fool, really?

JIREEN

People miss and love Jill Keeney. They'll see what they want to see and accept you as Jill. Believe me.

JILL-PRIME

Is that really enough?

JIREEN

There's something more.

JILL-PRIME

What?

JIREEN

Bridget.

JILL-PRIME

Bridget?

JIREEN

She's disappeared and something bad might be afoot.

JILL-PRIME

But...

JIREEN

Cleo has taken up a different path in life, but I think she will be fine. Interestingly, Iris has also left Gnosis, taking up a role with an organization in Japan. I spoke to her on the phone just this morning. Her organization is powerful and cares a lot about her, and will probably help with Bridget. But we could really use some help with someone back at Gnosis to follow up leads.

Jill-Prime's face turns to a look of steely determination.

JILL-PRIME

Then I guess I have to go and take up being Jill Keeney. Perhaps it won't be so hard. I certainly feel a good deal less twitchy seen I went through that strange liquid thing, whatever it was. When can I leave?

JIREEN

Very soon. Just one more thing, though.

JILL-PRIME

Which is?

JIREEN

When you get back to Rob, who really does miss you very, very much, it might not be too good to ask him too many questions about what he's been doing. If by perchance he does slip and tell you something you'd rather not hear, please try to refrain from

killing him. It's for the best.

INT. AN AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jireen and Corwin are having coffee.

JIREEN
Strange, but I can't help but wish her the best of luck, being part of me.

CORWIN
You have no reservations?

JIREEN
I'm a different person from Jill Keeney. I can't have her life. I leave that without regrets.

CORWIN
A long leap.

JIREEN
But I mourn for Aloysius.

CORWIN
He chose his fate, just like Moira and Nanetta. Thought it is hard to understand, I suspect he may be happier with what he chose than not.

JIREEN
I hope you're right. But I shall always hate myself for the way we parted.

CORWIN
It might not have been parting. The ways of those who live beneath are often strange, but they bear us no malice. There is something that troubles me, though.

JIREEN
Which is?

CORWIN
Didn't Aloysius tweak the protocol to perform an age regression on two of your friends?

JIREEN
(eyes growing
wide)
Ohmigod. And now...

CORWIN
Unfortunatate, maybe. Or
maybe not.

JIREEN
I guess they'll just have
to grow up.

INT. A BATHROOM IN REBECCA WAITE'S HOUSE - DAY

Little Michiko and Little Willie are sitting together
in a bubble bath. Little Willie sits at one end of
the tub, Little Michiko sits at the other.

LITTLE WILLIE
I really think that those
guys should have called us
by now, at least. Don't
you think that Rebecca is
getting tired of playing
Mommy?

LITTLE MICHIKO
Oh, I wouldn't fret that
much, Willie. She told me
that we are still useful
in her research. Better
even, perhaps, since
children have such active
imagination.

LITTLE WILLIE
Hmm. Even if we are
twenty two year-old
children.

LITTLE MICHIKO
(looking down at
her chest, a
little ruefully)
Though I guess I won't be
able to run my own
cleavage test anymore, at
least for a while.

LITTLE WILLIE
Don't like your new form,
Michiko?

LITTLE MICHIKO
Well, I don't know. It's
kind of sleek, actually.
No breasts weighing me

down. Nice smooth
everything. Has its
advantages.

LITTLE WILLIE
Yeah, I guess you are
still kinda cute.

LITTLE MICHIKO
(grinning)
Oh?

Little Michiko scoots down to the end of the tub
where Little Willie is sitting.

LITTLE WILLIE
Hey! Let go of that!

LITTLE MICHIKO
I didn't know that
happened to little boys!
(grinning)
You little perv!

LITTLE WILLIE
It happens to male fetuses
in the womb, even. Hey!

Little Michiko scoots up even closer to Little Willie
and rubs noses with him affectionately.

LITTLE MICHIKO
You little perv!

LITTLE WILLIE
Uh, maybe it won't be so
bad, even if we have to
grow up all over again?

INT. AN AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP - DAY

CORWIN
So what now, given that
you've decided to be who
you are?

JIREEN
I'm not sure. I talk of a
mission, but that was in
part just to steel Jill.

CORWIN
Well, I'm taking up a new
position soon. Do you
think you might be
interested in a job?

INT. A LECTURE HALL AT A CHINESE UNIVERSITY - DAY

Corwin is lecturing to a large audience of students. Jireen is sitting at a table next to him.

On a blackboard behind Corwin is written in Chinese "Hedonics," "Posthumanity," "Simulation Hypothesis."

(Note: Corwin is lecturing in Chinese as well. In the parts of this scene labeled with "Subtitle" we see subtitles for Corwin's lecture.)

CORWIN (SUBTITLE)

So we can see that the argument associated with a functionalist theory of mind is true, some very unsettling implications would seem to follow.

CLOSE-UP: THREE CHINESE COEDS

NAO, MEI, and AI sit next to each other in seats. Nao is taking notes, Ai listening intently with a frown on her face, and Mei looks a little vacant, and is stroking her collarbone.

BACK TO SCENE

Jireen points to her watch.

CORWIN (SUBTITLE)

I see that I am running out of time, so be sure to read Dennett Chapter Three and...

RUSTLE of students begining to leave the lecture hall.

FADE OUT.



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