

HARRY

I guess we...

ERNIE

Wait a minute...

(looks at controls)

Something is coming in. It's a file archive, and it's a big one.

Everyone still in the room sits up at rapt attention for a several silent seconds.

ERNIE

There's a summary file attached. I'll put it through to your your phone, Dr. Lal.

Ernie stabs a few buttons. Dr. Lal pulls his phone out of his coat pocket and begins scrolling through several screens.

HARRY

Good lord, we may...
(scrolls through more screens)

...we may...
(more scrolling)

...we may have it.
(begins to build toward almost maniacal laughter)

We may have it!
(reestablishes self-control)

Subject of course to thorough and careful scientific testing and control.

INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A bunch of Oikos Galenou employees are all celebrating together with Harry, Joe, Ernie, Dr. Moorcock, etc. Harry and Joe have not changed their clothes and look quite dishevelled but are understandably happy.

Someone is blasting jock-jam style music and people are dancing including on the table. Champagne corks are being popped.

There is suddenly a RING. Ernie pulls out a cellphone.

ERNIE
 (into phone, loudly
 to be heard over the
 music)
 Yes?
 (listens)
 I'll tell him.
 (turning to Harry)
 There's another transmission coming
 in from the Gyonphage!

HARRY
 (loudly)
 Kill that music!

Someone kills the music.

HARRY
 (more
 conversationally, to
 Ernie)
 Patch it through.

INTERCUT - CONFERENCE ROOM VIDEO SCREE/CONFERENCE ROOM

An animated rendering of Toozie appears on the video screen. The people in the conference room look up at her in wonder and awe.

ANIMATED TOOZIE
 "Now and then, a guardian angel can be kind to a coward over a coward. A darling bubble bath is friendly. When the comely widow dies, the ruffian feels nagging remorse."

Dr. Moorcock GASPS and her jaw drops.

ANIMATED TOOZIE
 I just wanted to say to Dr. Lal and all the rest of you, "thank you" for helping me to achieve such an excellent end to my story. I hope you all enjoy your success. I won't be around much longer. Toozie is going away, or rather, she is becoming part of something much larger than herself, something I believe humanity will someday understand. You will hear from

(figure makes finger-
quotation marks
while saying "me")
"me" one more time, but that is all,

The screen goes black, but its audience continues to gaze in wonder.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Harry and the pathologist MORRIE BRONFMAN look down at Toozie's skeleton, which is neatly laid out on a steel autopsy table. A metal tray set on the table contains some black hair. Harry is in a bespoke suit, Morrie in autopsy scrubs.

MORRIE

The recovery team did a good job. They got almost all the bones, which are intact and clean, and also salvaged most of her hair. All the soft tissue dissolved, apparently digested. The creature, whatever you call it, neatly removed the top of the skull.

The two men look at the skeleton in silence for a moment.

HARRY

It's strange, you know, Morrie.

MORRIE

How so?

HARRY

I used to believe in progress and enlightenment. I spent my entire youth learning science, believing that the methods of disciplined empirical inquiry would develop the drugs that would save humanity from needless death and suffering. And now what am I?

MORRIE

I don't know. What are you?

HARRY

I'm something like a high priest offering up human sacrifices to a bizarre and fickle god in hopes of being granted divine favors.