

Out of the Box
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OUT OF THE BOX

FADE IN

EXT. JERUSALEM - THE OLD TEMPLE - COURTYARD - DAY

Subtitle: Jerusalem AD 62

Subtitle: The trial of St. James for heresy

Three CHIEF RABBIS preside. The atmosphere is serious and somber, but civilized.

RABBI#1

And you openly teach admission to the uncircumcised. What do you say to this?

JAMES is impassive and impressive, suiting a religious leader ready for martyrdom.

JAMES

We spread the word of the Lord to gentiles. Now thousands pray to our Lord across Asia Minor and in Rome itself.

RABBIS confer and shake their heads.

RABBI#2

But this is not worshipping only the Lord, but also your brother Jesus.

JAMES

He is the same one God of Abraham and Moses. But he sent Jesus as the Christ to save us, and I follow only the love and duty of a brother.

RABBI#3

(confers with others, nods are exchanged)

We believe you are propagating a false
Messiah. You are guilty of heresy, and
will receive the full punishment
allowed.

Gasps are heard, as JAMES is led away uncomplainingly to the
execution place, which is to be pushed off a ledge.

JAMES is pushed off the ledge and crumples to the floor. But
he is not dead, and slowly, painfully, stands up again.

A RABBLERouser grabs a big rock and aims it threateningly at
JAMES.

RABBLERouser

Die, damn Christian and associate of
gentiles, Roman agent!

He throws the rock hard at JAMES' stomach, who is winded,
but who does not lose any dignity or composure. Then a few
more rocks are thrown. One mercifully hits JAMES' temple and
knocks him out.

A group of 50-100 MEN all throw large rocks as hard as they
can to a target now not visible, with suitable sound
effects. There is a sound of mob jeering, followed by ROMAN
BUGLES.

A ROMAN CENTURION gallops in and draws up with a flourish,
backed by a ROMAN PATROL. The group of rock-throwers
scatters, a few of JAMES' followers make some escape.

CENTURION

Check to see if he is really dead.

TROOPS get to their stations. They seal off a hissing
POPULATION from JAMES and the bodies of his likewise-
condemned KIN AND CLOSEST FOLLOWERS. Amid the carnage, the
CENTURION very nobly ensures that JAMES' corpse is drawn
away on a cart for burial, followed by the others.

INT. ROMAN COMMAND POST - NIGHT

Richly decorated part of senior staff quarters. The CENTURION PUBLIUS, fine upstanding Roman, and a CONSUL, more effete and aristocratic, are debating the events of the day.

CONSUL

This case of "heresy" is not something I understand. Raping a Vestal Virgin, now THAT is heresy, not some vague new variant on the Jewish god, which stripped away is only Jupiter. But the Emperor is getting firm on keeping down these- what are they called?

CENTURION

Christians.

CONSUL

Oh, yes, Christians. He says they are becoming a frightful pest and threat to the peace. Had he heard about this trial he would have fallen about laughing.

CENTURION

I would still have preferred a Roman court - are we ruling these people or not? When is the emperor to send us a new governor? Or even make you so?

CONSUL

Oh, I know you all right, Publius. What I want to know is why should you care about some trivial medicine man. Be careful, get too serious and people will think you are one of those damned Christians!

They both laugh, CONSUL at what he thinks is his brilliant joke, and CENTURION, with obvious relief that the CONSUL hasn't guessed how true he is.

INT. JAMES' TOMB - NIGHT

Ossuary rites performed, the last of supplicants leave the tomb, around which the CENTURION has posted a guard. On impulse, he jumps down into the tomb alone, and kneels in prayer before the OSSUARY.

Flashbacks to when JAMES was alive and teaching the CENTURION to write halting Aramaic.

CENTURION focussed on the front of the ossuary and picking out the words written there.

CENTURION

James, son of Joseph.

He sits and THINKS HARD about his own memories of Christ as a young legionary, James' passion for his brother, and the hundreds of Christians in the Empire. He spots a chisel and looks around furtively, before creeping to the box and quickly chiseling some untidy and incorrect Aramaic. When the words are complete, a subtitle appears, and then both are magnified:

BROTHER OF JESUS

A transcendent "Quo Vadis" moment.

EXT. HOUSTON - DAY

Subtitle: Houston 2004. OPEN CREDITS play over vast anonymous amounts of people going back and forth.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Quieter, leafier part of city at a UNIVERSITY. A GENETICIST, JOHN LYELL is walking from the library with a bunch of PAPERS to his office. On the cover of these can be read:

THE JAMES OSSUARY

INT. OFFICE - DAY

LYELL pours himself a coffee, sorts his papers out and boots up the computer. A microfragment (much less than 1mm long) labeled BONE FRAGMENT TG3444 is quickly enlarged on the screen. From the papers in his hands he types in new figures. A tiny portion of the fragment becomes highlighted.

LYELL
(sings to self)

Dem bones, dem bones, dem dry bones.

The OFFICE PHONE rings. LYELL answers.

LYELL
Hello?

BABS
(filtered)
Professor Barney on the line, Sir.

BARNEY
(filtered)
That you John? Julian says you have discovered a bone fragment.

LYELL
Yeah. But it's rather small. And probably contaminated.

BARNEY
(filtered)
Do you think it's the real thing?

LYELL
I sure hope it is! Look Barney, I'm working on it right now. Don't worry, I'll keep you in the loop.

LYELL hangs up the phone. He takes a gulp of coffee and runs another test. The highlighted area is magnified to fill the scene. LYELL adds more figures from the papers. The colors

change to give the unmistakable impression of a cell with dark nucleus.

He then leans over to an electron microscope which has a sample on the tray, and pushes a few buttons, to change the view and increase resolution. The nucleus is there in all its glory, filled with what appears to be a complete set of chromosomes. Camera on LYELL as his jaw drops open and he drops his coffee on the tiled floor, smashing the mug.

LYELL

Holy smokes!

LYELL recovers the presence of mind to save his new image and back it up. He then decides to print one out, as scepticism returns. After staring at the printout for a good five minutes, he walks over to another desk with a large copy of KING JAMES' BIBLE thereon, open to the page starting THE GENERAL EPISTLE OF JAMES.

Finally, it is too much and he kneels by the Bible, as if in prayer. In his mind's eye we see zooming-in to a chromosome, the banded strands of DNA still making an X, until the strands themselves seem chaotic, until the zoom ends on a strand of helical DNA in schematic, coloured form, the screen following this single strand over millions of base pairs. In wonderment, the chain is surrounded by helical rotating crosses. Climactic music from Bach.

EXT. A CHURCH - DAY

View from a tripod mounted camera, which snaps to take the wedding photos of JOE and MARY SIXPACK, smiling sheepishly with friends and relatives in standard wedding-picture mode.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(off camera)

Can we have the bridesmaids in the shot please? Thank you.

There is a general shuffling of people as the BRIDESMAIDS pose for their shot. The camera clicks again.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(off camera)

OK, thanks. Can we have EVERYONE in the picture now please.

A major shuffling as all the GUESTS are rounded up. They are ordinary, middling people of all shapes and sizes.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(off camera)

OK, OK. Last shot now. Say "cheese".

GUESTS

Cheese!

The camera clicks again, and again. JOE, T-shirt and slacks man, is typically uncomfortable in unfamiliar rented morning suit and top hat. MARY makes the best of things in a cheap wedding gown.

JOE
(under his breath to MARY)

He just wants to crank this through as fast as he can and make a quick getaway.

MARY
Yeah. So do I.

Amidst the BELLS pealing JOE and MARY wave to everyone under a shower of confetti, and get in the back of a huge-finned monster convertible of the 1960s, which drives off.

EXT. HARBOR HONEYMOON VACATION SPOT - EVENING

JOE and MARY finishing up a seafood special and getting romantic. They cuddle up together and gaze at the pretty harbor, sparkling with boat lamps. But JOE has been drinking.

MARY
It's so beautiful. Ooo, look at that
lantern! That one over there.

JOE
Yeah.

(hic)
Verra
(hic).

MARY
Joe - are you OK?

JOE
Salright Mary darlin. Am just absolutely
... faced

(hic)
Ssar ... harbor.

MARY
Yeah ...
(her gaze drifts out again. She is brought back by the weight
of JOE pressing on her)

Joe? Joe?

MARY shakes his arm gently, but JOE is sound asleep.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

MARY props JOE into the bedroom. Camera rests on closed door
as the dialogue is heard.

MARY
Wake up Joe. JOE?

JOE
Mmmmmmmnnnnnnnnnnnnh

MARY
Joe, this is our Honeymoon Night.

(sound of a slight slap)

JOE

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm Na!

(comes to)

OK. Honey-moon-night.

(sobers a little more).

Come here honey

(rustling of sheets)

JOE and MARY start cooing.

JOE

Yeahh... that's real good ...

MARY

Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

(more rustling, for up to a minute)

MARY

Mmmmmmmmmmm,

(suddenly)

Oh!

JOE

Look, I'm sorry. I'm really, really
sorry.

MARY

Oh, Joe!

(sighs)

JOE

I mean it. I'm really really sorry.

MARY

Hey! Why don't you get one of your
magazines.

JOE
What magazines?

MARY
You know, those-

JOE
Oh, THOSE magazines.

The door opens as JOE walks out with a towel around him and comes back with some magazines. We get the merest glimpse of MARY naked in bed. The door closes again. We hear the rustle of turning pages and bedsheets. They start to coo again.

MARY
Oooooooooooooooooo!

JOE
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

MARY
Er, Joe, Joe?

JOE
Yeah?

MARY
I need the bathroom.

JOE
Oh.

The door opens as MARY walks out for the bathroom. JOE is sprawled on the bed. A TOILET FLUSH is heard, and Mary returns. The door closes again.

More rustling of sheets, bumping sounds.

JOE
Mmmmmmmmmmmmm!

MARY
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

(suddenly)

Owwwwwww! Ouch! That HURT!

(a dull thud is heard)

JOE

Ow!!

MARY

Oh, I'm sorry Joe, I didn't mean to push you off the bed.

JOE

That's OK. I was feeling a bit bad there too. Hurts like hell.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JOE is sitting in the bed and smoking a cigarette. MARY sits on the edge with face in hands.

JOE

What are we going to do about this?

MARY

Oh Joe. What are we going to do. I'd never thought that we couldn't ... couldn't ...

(bursts into tears)

JOE

(concerned, stubs out cigarette)

Hey Mary honey, c'mere. Of course I love you honey. C'mere.

He reaches over to MARY and they cuddle and kiss to comfort each other.

JOE

It's just a problem we have to figure out.

MARY

I'll ask Gabriella.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

LYELL has convened a meeting of the faculty comprising senior professors BARNEY, MELVIN and CASPAR, and similarly aged JULIAN JACKSON, a soft-spoken psychopath.

LYELL

This James Ossuary has yielded some outrageous secrets. The bone fragment itself is miraculous enough. But this is my latest find.

(he hands out the papers)

A complete-looking DNA sample.

All goggle, transfixed.

BARNEY

This is outrageous. The implications are mindboggling. That-

JACKSON

A half of Christ's genome is in that sample. Let alone the mitochondrial strands-

LYELL

Mitochondrial Mary.

MELVIN

Maybe. Well, this is a breakthrough, and the genetic evidence may tell us much about the man Jesus and his mother - besides James of course.

CASPAR

Maybe indeed. This is such a controversial area that we must show

maximum caution. Get as much data as you can, John, and Julian will help you. And don't spread it around that there is a portion of the Holy Spirit under your microscope.

LYELL
(laughs)

Even if there is.

BARNEY, MELVIN and CASPAR get up simultaneously, all look at their watches.

BARNEY
(leans over to shake LYELL's hand)
Well done, John, keep it up. We gotta get to the auditorium by 4:30. Seeya later.

They wave and exit. LYELL and JACKSON remain. LYELL is amused by JACKSON's rapt fascination.

LYELL
Could still be a dud, you know.

JACKSON looks up nervously, makes a non-committal grin. In his mind's eye we get something like LYELL's previous vision but the crosses disturbingly morph into a large rally of religious enthusiasts. He regains his senses.

JACKSON
Wouldn't it upset the Church to clone this genome?

LYELL
Well, it would give them some perspective. If ordinary genetic engineering is controversial, then cloning James should be a million times more evil and blasphemous.

JACKSON
Blasphemous?

LYELL

Not something I would do. That sample looks complete, but almost certainly has cosmic radiation damage after two thousand years. The chances of producing a deformed or damaged individual are unacceptably high.

(drains his coffee.)

Even so, I wouldn't consider a healthy individual to be "James" at all. Rather just his identical twin born by accident in 2004. Bit of heavy shit to lumber a small kid with, huh?

(gets up and walks to a window, looking at everything.)

EVEN so, the whole idea is just sick and twisted.

JACKSON

But wouldn't we like to see the human nature of James or Jesus? Einstein, for instance, had unusually enlarged parietal lobules - assigned to reasoning about space and number.

LYELL

You are not serious, are you?

JACKSON shakes his head and smiles. But other cues and body language say the opposite.

JACKSON

Are you a Christian, Lyell?

LYELL

Well ... Christianity was essential. We wouldn't be here without it. It was a form of "compassion technology".

JACKSON looks at LYELL probingly with this odd phrase.

LYELL

It was badly needed in the 1st century AD, when the western world, at least, was ruled by arbitrary brutality. We've got to respect them.

(makes himself another coffee)

Science only tells us facts. Not what to do with them.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

JACKSON drives through the streets

EXT. GENOMIAL POLYNOMIALS - PARKING LOT - DAY

JACKSON gets out and shows a pass to the security guards.

INT. OFFICE OF HERO D. ZARGON - DAY

(Sign on Office Door)

This is huge, lush, baroque. HERO is ecstatic about the papers JACKSON has shown to him.

HERO

This is it! THIS IS IT! What I've been waiting for.

(looks at the ceiling)

God, God, thank you. Just what we need for our New Church ... The Implanted Christ. That's it! The ... the Church of the Implanted Christ!

(Evil laugh)

ha ha ha.

JACKSON

You can afford to clone it?

HERO

AFFORD TO CLONE IT? Ha ha ha ha ha. I've waited YEARS for something like this. All I need is your data. Ha ha ha ha.

JACKSON
Zargon?

HERO
Yes?

JACKSON
I have an idea. Why don't we just ask if
Genomial Polynomials would like to help
the faculty with the sequencing.
Strictly pro bono, of course.
(he winks)

HERO
WHAT?! You mean they just GIVE it to us?
(pinches JACKSON's cheeks)
Julian, Julian. You are a genius.

JACKSON
Yeah. Unlike that goody-two-shoes
asshole Lyell.

EXT. FASHIONABLE SHOPPING STREET - DAY

GABRIELLA is immediately picked out walking elegantly, she
is a beautiful woman, dressed to the nines and a fashion
goddess. She gets lots of stares from other shoppers. She
turns into the restaurant and walks to where MARY is waiting
for her. MARY stands up.

GABRIELLA
Mary!

MARY
Gabriella!

They kiss in greeting, and sit down.

MARY
Woo, don't you just look like a million
dollars.

GABRIELLA

I always do, dear.

GABRIELLA is obviously more socially advanced than MARY and extremely confident/worldly. MARY experiences her as a self-absorbed monologue.

GABRIELLA

So you wanted to ask about Joe and you?
Seen it a million times. You gotta have
either patience, or IVF.

MARY

IVF?

GABRIELLA

In-vitro fertilization. They take an egg
from you, Joe goes in a room with a jar,
and they make your baby on a glass dish
- that's the vitro bit - before putting
it back inside.

MARY

Wow, sounds scary.

GABRIELLA

Hey, nothing to worry about. They got
IVF absolutely down pat these days. You
got a point about the "ick factor"
though.

MARY

I guess I can handle the "ick".

GABRIELLA

Not for me, honey. Kids huh? - never had
'em, don't want 'em.

MARY

I hear you. But I guess we wanted to
try.

GABRIELLA

Well, good luck, kiddo. With your Sharon Stone looks and Joe's Brad Pitt profile, it should be a helluva child.

MARY

(laughs)

Hey, thanks!

They make a toast with wine glasses and carry on their conversation.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Another meeting of the faculty. LYELL, JACKSON, BARNEY, MELVIN and CASPAR as before, but with the addition of the large and fat HERO D. ZARGON, as an industrialist.

BARNEY

Well, Mr. Zargon. We have made a discovery here that will cause all sorts of repercussions. We need to work on it as quickly as we can. The assistance of Genomial Polynomials Corporation will help us in the sequencing no end.

HERO

My pleasure. Mr Jackson piqued my interest with a "human genome of some antiquity". Would you be at liberty to divulge the donor's identity?

BARNEY

Er, not just yet, Mr. Zargon.

A palpable pause of HERO giving off disappointment.

HERO

A pity.

LYELL has been watching all this with profound mistrust. He looks strongly at JACKSON, trying to figure out why Zargon

has been brought in. JACKSON is most highly strung as if a lot depends on this meeting.

LYELL

You'll appreciate it when you know.

HERO

I'm sure I will, Mr. Lyell. I'd still like our ... favour ... to be returned.

JACKSON

It will, all in good time.

HERO

Of course. Well gentlemen, to business.

He produces contracts from his briefcase.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

LYELL is walking up behind BARNEY.

LYELL

How can you trust that guy? Who the hell is he?

BARNEY

(stops and turns around)

Hey John. You know the government policy. We gotta work with the private sector. And this job seems tailor-made for that.

LYELL

Maybe so. But I just don't feel good about this.

BARNEY

Just meditate on the fact you are saving the faculty a few million dollars.

(hands LYELL a folder crisply and flicks him on the tie.)

Sorry John, I gotta go.

He disappears through a door.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

LYELL and JACKSON

LYELL

OK, Julian, we will have to take a DNA sample from you to avoid contamination.

JACKSON

Is that really necessary?

LYELL

Pretty standard procedure - we don't want to announce to the world we have discovered Julian Jackson. My DNA is on the database too.

JACKSON

I'm just afraid of needles.

LYELL

A mere few million white blood cells will do the business. Now, if you'll allow me ...

LYELL reaches over to take sample with a small sterile device that fits over the finger like a thimble. JACKSON winces in exaggerated fashion.

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

LYELL, alone, reading JACKSON's DNA fingerprint.

LYELL

Good Lord, He is missing the gene ARTH8.
I'd better check the Bible.

He walks over to take a weighty tome bound in plastic from the shelf, with the title INDEX OF THE HUMAN GENOME.

LYELL
ARTH8, ARTH8 ... Ah! Chromosome
thirteen.

(flips to the middle of the book, searches, and quickly
finds the page)

The page is visible for a quick reader to polish off as
LYELL reads in his head:

"ARTH8. Regulation of EMPATHY system, part of the INTUITIVE
PSYCHOLOGY module(qv.). Individuals lacking this gene fail
to produce a critical strip of inhibitory pre-frontal
cortex. They are generally known as "non-diathetic
psychopaths", who express the trait irrespective of
environment. Characterized as a FREQUENCY-DEPENDENT (qv.)
selection."

LYELL
A non-diathetic ... psychopath.

Suddenly JACKSON walks in, LYELL snaps the book shut
quickly, and hides it under a pile of papers. Jackson looks
at the EMPTY SLOT on the shelf, as if he were about to look
himself. They stare at each other suspiciously.

LYELL
Looking for something?

JACKSON
No, no. Just a pen.

JACKSON walks to his desk and picks up a pen.

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

Slow montage of LYELL surreptitiously watching JACKSON work
surreptitiously, taking notes. In the final scene, LYELL is
leafing through the glossy Genomial Polynomials Brochure,
looking very hard at the CONTACT DETAILS.

INT. JACKSON'S LAB - DAY

HERO stands by as JACKSON fiddles with the controls of a binocular microscope.

JACKSON

Yes! the genome has taken to its new surroundings. It's going to divide for the first time ... now!

HERO

(claps hands)

It's really working?!

JACKSON

We've been extraordinarily lucky. Now we need to see whether it will make it to the eight-cell embryo.

(removes his eyes from the microscope and turns to HERO)

Then we can put it in the freezer and get ready for implantation.

HERO

Just about time. The inaugural meeting of the New Church is scheduled in just a few weeks. He he he. They will love this.

EXT. FACULTY - PARKING LOT - DAY

LYELL looking around to see he is not being watched. Then squatting down behind the back fender of JACKSON'S car. There is a brief shot of the GPS DEVICE in his hand. LYELL secures the device, and stands up hastily, brushing himself off.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

LYELL drinking coffee and watching JACKSON's progress out of town on a computer screen, by which he is identified by a

white dot. Finally the dot stops. LYELL puts his coffee down takes a lot of careful notes.

EXT. LYELL'S CAR - NIGHT

As LYELL approaches the facility, it is a typical creepy X-Files-type installation with stooge security guards. No external identifying marks are visible, except a small sign for "Genomial Polynomial Corp". He parks his car a little way off from the main entrance.

EXT. FACILITY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LYELL observes from behind some shrubbery. Hundreds of cars are parked, one is observed parking and a seemingly ordinary couple get out. On reporting to the guards they present a special card.

LYELL trots down, hunched, to the parking lot, hides behind a car and waits for another car to arrive, which quickly does so. He can clearly see there is only one man in the car.

The driver's side door opens. THE MAN can be seen emerging. We see his arms being pulled down behind the door. LYELL administers a quick rabbit punch to the face which knocks him out.

LYELL walks towards the security guards and presents his card and device with a little sleight-of-hand to obscure the photo ID. Luckily they are being inattentive, and it is dark. They swipe the card (which works of course) and wave LYELL into the building.

INT. FACILITY - A BRIGHT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

LYELL encounters a large group of people all walking towards a big doorway marked

UNIFORMING CHAMBER

LYELL follows his assigned number and finds a suit of clothes on a hanger. It is stretch-fabric trousers and top and "space" logo reminiscent of Star Trek uniforms. As all around are quickly getting into them, LYELL does the same. The last item is a necklace, the pendant shining a white LED light.

They all file out through a door signed

ASSEMBLY HALL.

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - NIGHT

All the FOLLOWERS including LYELL have taken up exact positions marked on the floor like a giant Chinese-checkers board. A broad panoramic shot reveals the scale of the assembly. There is a huge central PODIUM, lavishly and stylishly decorated on a biblical/sci-fi theme. A holographic sign above it reads

CHURCH OF THE REIMPLANTED CHRIST

HERO D. ZARGON makes a grand entrance to the podium, resplendent in the robes of an Alien Warlock. His operation and style are obviously based on RAEL. He has the charisma required of a cult leader, but with immense weight, personal decadence, and a streak of pure evil. Without a microphone, his words are clear to all present.

HERO

My Fellow Replicants! Brothers and sisters in the Implanted Christ! Hear ye Zargon from Omega Sector, sent by God to liberate humanity. The Lord hath been with me.

FOLLOWERS

(rhythmically, with both arms in the air)
ZARGON! ... ZARGON! ... ZARGON!

HERO

Now pray ye the Galactic Mass:

FOLLOWERS

Hearing the Great Zargon, We are the
Elect of the Galaxy. Awaiting the
Implantation of Christ.

HERO

Wait no more! The Lord has answered with
a messenger!

JACKSON is seen walking behind HERO, and takes his own space
on the podium.

JACKSON

Fellow Replicants! The Kingdom is at
Hand!

JACKSON turns towards another podium of complex machinery.
The spotlight is on the HOLY TEST TUBE clamped firmly in
jaws at either end.

JACKSON

The Lord has sent us his own genome.
James, brother of Jesus will be
reimplanted as flesh!

FOLLOWERS

ZARGON! ... ZARGON! ... ZARGON!

Camera picks out LYELL who is obviously incredulous.

JACKSON

And now -- what you have all been
waiting for! The Omega Mother!

In a flashy, showy entrance, THE OMEGA MOTHER takes her
place on the podium alongside HERO and JACKSON to loud and
sustained applause. She is a blonde parody of pneumatic
Hollywood, such as Pamela Anderson or Farrah Fawcett.

OMEGA MOTHER

The Lord has made me his Humble Vessel.
Praise due to the Great Zargon, our
Messenger from the Omega Sector.

FOLLOWERS

OOOOOOMEGA MOTHER!

OMEGA MOTHER

From the technologies of trackless
space, the Lord will come back to Earth.

FOLLOWERS

OOOOOOMEGA MOTHER!

OMEGA MOTHER

Show me your adoration.

FOLLOWERS

OOOOOO!

The FOLLOWERS move out of the Chinese-checkers formation to something more suitably undisciplined and emotional. and LYELL takes his cue to slip to the back of the hall and hide. The voices of HERO, JACKSON and the OMEGA MOTHER can be heard intermittently as LYELL makes his way to the second podium.

OMEGA MOTHER

I accept your adoration.

HERO

The Council of Omega blesses your
wisdom.

JACKSON

Now we can all reach for the stars.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The MAN knocked out by LYELL comes to on his back seat, rubbing his head. He then searches for his card and can't find it. He gets out of the car and walks over to the

security guards. Not having a card, they treat him with great hostility. He walks back to the car and gets out his mobile phone.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

LYELL's POV can make out the three figures on the podium from the back. He avoids FOLLOWERS, etc, to take a place on the second podium where, unseen, he loosens the jaws holding the Holy Test Tube.

INT. TV CONTROLLER'S STUDIO - NIGHT

In front of the bank of TVs, a CONTROLLER with headset takes a call from the MAN on his mobile.

CONTROLLER

Wayne, is that you?

(patiently listens to WAYNE's explanations of what has happened)

WHAT???!!!

He presses a low-level alarm button aimed to alert functionaries rather than the generality. HERO and JACKSON react, while on the floor, as seen through the TV screens, the FOLLOWERS are getting restless. On impulse, the CONTROLLER zooms in a screen focussed on the Holy Test Tube. LYELL's hand can be seen groping for the tube. Just as he grabs it, the CONTROLLER presses a button to make the apparatus slide back and reveal LYELL "naked" on the stage. The CONTROLLER flips another switch.

CONTROLLER

Hero! The Holy Test Tube!

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - NIGHT

HERO, JACKSON and the OMEGA MOTHER turn to see LYELL, who is immediately and clearly recognised by HERO and JACKSON, and LYELL thus appears a little sheepish and apologetic.

LYELL
Actually, I think this is mine.

HERO
You meddler! GET HIM!

LYELL
OK, OK. I'll take the back door.

LYELL rushes backstage. Two FOLLOWERS try to restrain him, but LYELL is a serious karate artist. During the fight, the TEST-TUBE jiggles in his pocket. Finally, they are both incapacitated and LYELL gets out of a door. The mass of FOLLOWERS are hampered by difficulty of getting on the podium from the floor. A louder, general alarm sounds. In a corridor, with the sound of trampling feet, LYELL spots another door.

INT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FOLLOWERS stampede down the corridor.

LYELL emerges from a broom cupboard and runs the other way. He runs until he notices a ventilation shaft in the wall.

FOLLOWERS change direction and running the other way.

LYELL secures the ventilation grille from the inside.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - NIGHT

From LYELL's POV, watching FOLLOWERS stampede past again. He starts climbing up the shaft, and the welcoming light at the end gets larger, and larger.

EXT. WALL - NIGHT

Where the ventilation shaft exits.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - NIGHT

LYELL continues climbing. He hears a scraping sound, and looks behind him to see FOLLOWERS prizing the grille away.

LYELL

Shit!

LYELL takes the TEST TUBE out of his pocket and lays it on the inside of the grille. But it rolls to one side and falls through a slot of just the right size.

LYELL

Oh, no!

LYELL winces as he hears it fall into a basement, plink, plink, plink.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FOLLOWERS drag LYELL out of the ventilation shaft legs first, and search him and the shaft thoroughly.

INT. HERO'S TORTURE CHAMBER - NIGHT

LYELL is bound in some typically sci-fi device. HERO and JACKSON are torturing him.

HERO

Where did you hide it?

LYELL

I didn't. It fell out of my pocket and smashed.

HERO

Liar!!

(he slaps LYELL on the cheek)

We will get it out of you.

JACKSON
(standing by controls of torture machine)
Oh yes. Perhaps you will tell us when I
do THIS.

(turns up torture dial decisively)

LYELL
Auuuuuuuuugh!!

(clenches)

(JACKSON relaxes the dial)

(LYELL gets his breath back)

Honestly, I ... saw it ... fall.

JACKSON
Oh no you didn't.

(turns up dial)

LYELL
Goddamn you ... I ... did. Julian, stop
this. I saw your DNA fingerprint ...

JACKSON
Yeah, you sneaky, nosy bastard. So this
one's just for fun.

(tweaks up the torture machine)

LYELL
Aaaaaaaaauuuuuuggggghhhhh!

JACKSON leaves the button high, sits back and looks at his
fingernails, smiling. LYELL feels himself voiding but
manages to get it all out as vomit.

LYELL
Uuuuuuuuuuuuuurrrrrrghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

HERO
Oh, that is just gross. Stop it, Julian.
Keep your sadism for when it matters.

JACKSON
(Reluctantly turns down the force)
You messy bastard.

HERO
Damn you, Lyell. Well it must be in this
complex somewhere. Find it!

JACKSON
OK.
(stares at LYELL)
You asshole.

LYELL is the worse for wear after the torturing. He can only
stare at HERO and JACKSON as they walk out and lock the
door.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE - NIGHT

A FEMALE FOLLOWER, KATY is seen sneaking up to the TORTURE
CHAMBER door, making sure she is not observed. She fiddles
with the lock, gets in and closes the door again.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - NIGHT

KATY quickly sets about releasing LYELL, who is obviously
surprised at this twist. They talk in whispers.

LYELL
Who the hell are you?

KATY
FBI. No badge sorry. Where did you hide
it?

LYELL
What?

KATY
The test tube.

LYELL

Oh, it fell out of the ventilation shaft
into a basement. It might be smashed.

KATY

I've cased this joint. Just show me
where.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

LYELL and KATY avoiding FOLLOWERS as LYELL locates the
ventilation shaft.

KATY

What are you doing here?

LYELL

I'm from the genetics lab which
discovered that genome. What are you
doing here?

KATY

We got some information on Zargon. That
he was out to do something big.

LYELL

Well, you were there - it IS something
big.

KATY

Is that test-tube real?

LYELL

I hope not, but it probably is. Hey -
there's the shaft.

KATY

(thinks)

A basement around here. There is an
access door this way.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

LYELL and KATIE creep around in the dark for a while, still whispering.

LYELL

Hey! There it is! It's not broken!

KATY picks it up.

LYELL

(takes it)

Thanks.

KATY

Hey! That's federal evidence.

LYELL

It's also our property. Your lab can only test this by sending it to ours.

KATY

Hmph.

EXT. A LOADING BAY - NIGHT

BIG TANKER TRUCKS coming in and out.

INT. A CORRIDOR - NIGHT

KATY is pushing a "human storage pod" with LYELL inside and walking at a normal pace. A group of followers come the other way, and stop them.

FOLLOWER#1

(recognises Katie, smiles)

Zorg 17, you must come to Assembly with Zargon.

KATY notices the TANKERS outside a window.

KATY

I'm sorry, Zorg 18, but Zargon has sent me on a special mission.

(starts pushing on her way)

FOLLOWERS are puzzled, confer and shake their heads. FOLLOWER #2 is a large, bearded, particularly pompous example.

FOLLOWER#2

(sternly, pushing her back)

But this is a Big Kahuna Alert. Every replicant must come. So what is the nature of your mission?

KATY

Zargon ordered me to tell nobody. Not even you, Zorg 26.

FOLLOWERS mutter among themselves, but do not give way. Suddenly, LYELL throws the LID up, knocking FOLLOWER #2 hard on the nose. LYELL jumps out, he and KATY push the "pod" back to temporarily prison the FOLLOWERS. They turn a corner, dash for the window and scramble out.

EXT. LOADING BAY - NIGHT

FOLLOWERS seen from inside searching vainly, wandering out to the bay, talking to officials.

Opposite ANGLE for LYELL and KATY, looking at the trucks.

TRUCK DRIVER slams his door, revs up the engine and throws the truck into gear.

LYELL and KATIE are crouched on the running board on the far side of the TRUCK as it moves off.

TRUCK moves out of the gate, as FOLLOWERS hunt around.

LYELL jumps off the truck, holding KATY.

KATY
(resisting)

Hey! What the-

LYELL
My car is just over there.

They make their way to where his car is parked, and get in quickly. LYELL throws it into gear and makes a rapid exit.

INT. LYELL'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving quickly, LYELL hooks up a handset to talk on the mobile to BARNEY.

LYELL
Barney, I have to see you now. At your house? - OK. I have some interesting information on our benefactor Hero D. Zargon.

View from wing mirror as a group of followers give chase. One FOLLOWER is seen drawing a gun, which he fires to shatter Lyell's rear window. KATY turns around.

LYELL
They're not giving up.

KATY
Give me your phone. We'll soon sort out these jerks.

LYELL puts pedal to the metal.

KATY talks on the mobile phone.

KATY
I had to blow my cover. We need tactical support.

(crackle of reply)

In a silver Thunderbird being chased by
a black Pontiac.

(crackle)

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

The PONTIAC rams the back of Lyell's T-Bird.

A view looking behind the Pontiac. A police car is picked
out as it starts its siren whooping.

The chase. The three cars in file at high speed, but the cop
car still some way behind.

INT. LYELL'S CAR - NIGHT

KATY

Damn, you are driving this like a
tractor.

LYELL

Well, show me how.

KATY

Just slam the brakes on.

LYELL

OK.

LYELL's feet as he slams the brakes on.

EXT. CARS - NIGHT

LYELL and KATY are braced for extreme braking. The Pontiac
slams full into the back of Lyell's car, much to the shock
of its occupants.

INT. LYELL'S CAR - NIGHT

KATY

OK. Let me drive.

LYELL

OK, OK.

They swap places as quickly as possible, and KATY shoots the car out of there like greased lighting. The FOLLOWERS follow suit, and the police car comes by a few seconds later.

KATY

Now I can show you.

EXT. CARS - NIGHT

KATY immediately starts screeching around narrow turnings, which the FOLLOWERS achieve with difficulty, to give them a little more space in front. The POLICE CAR is now catching up. KATY executes a perfect 180 degree turn. The FOLLOWERS, temporarily blinded by headlights, slam into a wall. The POLICE CAR draws up and the COPS inside jump out, armed.

COP#1

Freeze!

COP#2

Get the hell outta there!

They yank the car's occupants and handcuff them, hands on heads, etc. KATY and LYELL get out.

COP#1

Do you want these perps?

KATY

No, they're all yours. Thanks anyway.

LYELL

I think we had better be getting on.

KATY

OK.

LYELL

(opens car door)

I'LL drive this time.

INT. BARNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MELVIN and CASPAR are present besides BARNEY, dressed in off-duty cardigans and drinking scotch in a well-appointed drawing room. LYELL is being ushered to a comfortable armchair, a scotch put in his hand. KATY is happy to sit at the dining table. He and KATY still look a little silly in their Star Trek uniforms.

INT. LYELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A group of HERO's heavies methodically taking the apartment to pieces in search of the test-tube.

INT. BARNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BARNEY

I'm sorry John. You were right. I guess the committee should vet its investors more thoroughly. That reminds me - we have an appointment with Zargon next week. I'll tell our secretaries to cancel that.

LYELL

That's OK, Barney. It is more insane than even I suspected.

MELVIN

And Julian! I'm very disappointed in that boy. He came to us with such impressive credentials.

LYELL

With which he infiltrates us, and steals
from us like taking candy from a baby.

BARNEY

Look John, I said I was sorry.

LYELL

Sorry Barney. I didn't mean to needle
you. How were you to know that he is
criminally insane? Psychopaths hide
their disability very well. It showed up
in the DNA test, but that was my fault
for not telling you.

KATY

Is there actually a crime occurring
here?

LYELL

Hmmm.

(thinks)

A serious breach of trust, to begin
with. Theft of information.

KATY

OK. There must be some rap for this.

LYELL

(feeling his bruises)

Well, will false imprisonment and
torture do?

KATY

I guess so.

CASPAR

But the test-tube. What should we do
with it?

BARNEY

It might as well remain here. I have a safe.

KATY

Excuse me. I think a federal evidence room would be safer.

LYELL

This is an important part of our research.

BARNEY

Lyell is right. This safe is the latest model - installed only yesterday. Come and see for yourself.

BARNEY leads them to THE SAFE hidden behind a picture. The Holy Test Tube is visibly secured.

KATY still looks a little resentful.

BARNEY

If you ever get to court, we'll gladly cooperate. And as Lyell says, certify the correctness of the sample.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

LYELL working, looking at the space where JACKSON should be, and wondering.

INT. HERO'S OFFICE - DAY

HERO and JACKSON.

HERO

Dammit, Julian. That meddler Lyell has thrown out all our plans. What do we do now?

JACKSON

You thought I was only into the human genome. But I have been having a lot of fun with ants.

HERO

Ants?

INT. JACKSON'S LAB AT HERO'S - DAY

An large tropical tree-dwelling ANT wanders across a table.

JACKSON

DNA is just the best Lego bricks. So neurons six million through nine million take care of moving about. I knock them all out with a mutation. Then its eyes are not very good, so we give it a dragonfly's. Then a little nanosurgery and ...

(he pulls a joystick)

The ant goes anywhere we tell it to ... with a view as good as this -

(he flips a screen on)

The screen shows the ant's view. HERO is impressed.

HERO

Now that is a bug and a half.

JACKSON

I just love playing God.

HERO

Hey, that's MY gig.

INT. BARNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

LYELL and BARNEY seen chatting. LYELL gives the test tube to BARNEY, who leaves it on the table.

LYELL
I hope this is the last time I will need
it again.

BARNEY
So do I.

INT. JACKSON'S LAB - DAY

JACKSON with a headset, drives the ant on the floor. Both he
and HERO are watching the scene with pleasure. LYELL and
BARNEY can be heard.

LYELL
(filtered)
Perhaps we should give it to the Feds
now.

HERO
No no no.

BARNEY
(filtered)
If you think so, Lyell. I will call them
tomorrow.

HERO
Ha ha ha.

JACKSON
(suddenly, concerned)
Damn! Damn!

The EQUIPMENT starts beating red lights alarmingly.

HERO
What is it?

JACKSON
It's running out of energy.

HERO
(points to the screen, offhand)
How about that piece of chocolate cake
on the table?

JACKSON
Good idea! That will do the trick -
recharge it for days.

INT. BARNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

ANT monitor screen as full screen. Struggle through carpet
pile to table leg, daunting height of the same, sideways
view pointing straight up, upside down going backwards under
the table flap, and finally, onto the glass table with mats,
and to near the cake stand, walking up to the cake, and
deployment of jaws on a small particle of icing on the mat.
RED LIGHTS go off as the system stabilizes.

INT. JACKSON'S LAB - DAY

JACKSON and HERO visibly relieved.

HERO
Hey! We got a much better view up here.

On the screen, BARNEY is seen elaborately securing the TEST
TUBE behind the picture of Botticelli's Venus.

JACKSON
Fantastic. Now to fill up the tanks and
wander out.

BARNEY
(filtered)
Now how about that game of croquet.

LYELL
(filtered)

Please, Barney, I am so busy.

BARNEY
(filtered)

I want to get my revenge.
(he holds a croquet mallet threateningly)

LYELL
(filtered)

OK.

INT. BARNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

LYELL and BARNEY leave with croquet mallets. The ANT is on the table, eating a lump of icing sugar on the white mat. The plumpish MAID comes in. She looks at the cake, and surreptitiously cuts herself the thinnest of slices. As her hand comes down, she spots the ant.

MAID
Eeeeeewww.

She brushes the ant onto the floor before negotiating the cake slice onto the plate. She takes it back to the kitchen.

INT. JACKSON'S LAB - DAY

JACKSON
Shit! She knocked it out. Wait a minute.

JACKSON twiddles some knobs and the screen view from the floor is restored, albeit slightly fuzzy.

JACKSON
It can still walk as well!

INT. BARNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

The ANT stumbling across the carpet.

A MINIATURE TERRIER scampers into the room, sniffing in all the corners.

INT. JACKSON'S LAB - DAY

JACKSON and HERO are shocked as all they can see is the dog's head and the loud sound of dog sniffing. The dog's tongue licks out and sweeps up the ant, the screen goes black, noise of swallowing and dog's digestive processes.

HERO
(grossed out)

Oh Julian!

INT. DOCTOR'S CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

JOE and MARY sitting down awkwardly; the DOCTOR is bland, bespectacled medical product.

JOE
So they told us we needed your
counseling.

DOCTOR
Well, the results of your tests show
that you are prime candidates for IVF.
The question now is how badly you want a
baby.

MARY
Oh, I've always wanted a baby.

JOE
I'm happy to want what she wants.

DOCTOR
You ready to be a dad, Joe?

JOE
Yeah... I suppose so.

DOCTOR
Suppose so?

MARY
Yeah, he wants a boy. Don't you Joe?
(nudges him)

JOE
Yeah.

DOCTOR
Good, good. Now I'll explain to you the
harvesting procedure.

JOE
Isn't there some other way?

DOCTOR
We are only too happy to give patients
what they want. It's covered in your
plan, swift and painless. What do you
say?

JOE looks at MARY.

MARY
We'll do it.

INT. A HOUSE - DAY

JACKSON is briefing someone, not a follower but a
PROFESSIONAL BURGLAR. JACKSON has a huge wedge of dollar
bills in his hands. The BURGLAR is making some notes.

BURGLAR
(writing)
Professor Barney Thazar. 4516 Elm Drive,
Hollyoak. Safe behind a picture of

Botticelli's Venus. Desired item, one test tube. Sounds pretty basic.

JACKSON

Good man. Here's twenty grand for now.
The rest on delivery of the test tube.

He puts the cash in an envelope and gives it to the BURGLAR.

INT. BARNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

LYELL and BARNEY can be seen from the house back window at the far end of a very long garden, playing croquet.

EXT. BARNEY'S HOUSE - BY A SIDE WINDOW - DAY

The BURGLAR breaks glass of a small side window by punching it sharply with a motorcycle glove to make a neat hole. He feels inside for the window catch, opens the window, and squeezes in silently.

INT. BARNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

The BURGLAR carefully takes off the picture and puts it on the sideboard. He expertly fiddles with the combination lock and opens the safe. He pokes his flashlight in to illuminate the TEST TUBE and gingerly secures it in his jacket.

Suddenly, THE MINIATURE TERRIER runs into the room yapping at the top of its voice. The BURGLAR is so startled he trips over backwards and smashes full into a show-case of antique crystal.

BURGLAR

Shit!

THE MAID hears the crash and runs into the room. When she sees the BURGLAR prostrate amid shards of glass, she screams, and runs back into the hallway, where she sets off a "ringing bell" burglar alarm. The BURGLAR has knocked over the table and the cake. The TERRIER keeps yapping and

jumping at him. Burglar tries to stand up, steps right in the cake, and slips right back down on his ass.

EXT. THE CROQUET PITCH - DAY

LYELL and BARNEY hear the burglar alarm, look at each other in shock.

BARNEY

Wha-?!

LYELL

Jesus Christ!

They run towards the house with croquet mallets in hand.

INT. BARNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

The burglar dusts himself off and lets himself out of the front door.

LYELL and BARNEY come in the back door. They rush into the room to see the glass/cake carnage, open safe and missing tube. Coming back in the hallway, LYELL spots the open front door swinging on its hinges.

LYELL

Thisaway!

EXT. FRONT OF BARNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

As LYELL and BARNEY burst out of the front door, the BURGLAR's heels are seen clearing a corner. LYELL gives chase, while BARNEY whips out his mobile phone and calls the police.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

BURGLAR running.

LYELL running.

A shopping street. The BURGLAR looks all around him and goes into a store.

LYELL walks up and down outside the store. He looks carefully at the WINDOW.

BURGLAR is hiding in the display with some flowers under his nose. He is fixing to sneeze.

LYELL is still looking hard at the WINDOW.

The BURGLAR can't hold it in anymore. He sneezes.

LYELL sees this and immediately runs in the store.

INT. STORE - DAY

BURGLAR kicks over items in the display as he runs to the back of the store, and exits through a back door. LYELL is in hot pursuit.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

BURGLAR running.

LYELL running.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

BURGLAR running. In front of the Hospital a police car with siren sounding is approaching from a side street. The BURGLAR ducks into the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

The BURGLAR gets in an elevator. LYELL comes into the lobby, looks around briefly and sees the elevator go up. He watches the light stop on the 7th floor.

Following LYELL, as he runs to a stairwell and up the seven flights of stairs.

INT. HOSPITAL - 7TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

The BURGLAR walks uneasily up the corridor, and ducks into a shuttered lab marked IVF ROOM.

LYELL prowls up and down the corridor on the 7th floor.

INT. IVF ROOM - DAY

BURGLAR looks around the dark room and notices a large, 20x20, RACK OF TEST TUBES. In an empty slot, he inserts the Holy Test Tube.

INT. CORRIDOR - REVERSE ANGLE - DAY

Just as LYELL is waiting suspiciously near the IVF Room, a NURSE (LORETTA) opens the door from outside, switches on the light and reaches for two test-tubes. She efficiently turns out the light, shuts the door, and goes her way.

INT. IVF ROOM - DAY

BURGLAR emerges from behind a table and steals to the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

LYELL is at the other end, but when he hears the door opening he flattens against the wall. He sees the BURGLAR, and runs at him full on.

LYELL

HEY!!!!

LYELL gives BURGLAR a full rugby tackle, and the latter hits his head on the wall. LYELL grabs him by the lapels, and goes through his pockets. The BURGLAR smiles, and then suddenly gets in a full punch to fell LYELL, and runs for a stairwell.

BURGLAR runs down stairwell.

LYELL, with nosebleed, reaches for his mobile phone.

LYELL

Barney? Yeah, it's me. He got away. Tell
the cops to seal off the Memorial.

INT. IVF WARD - DAY

MARY's top half as she is sitting up in bed. Two NURSES perform the IVF procedure, dressed in gowns and masks. Unheard by MARY, NURSE#1 whispers something to NURSE#2, in fact they communicate only by nods, winks, slight turns of head, hand signals and pointing, and repressed giggling. MARY becomes conscious of what is plainly gossip.

MARY

Hrrrrrrrrmmph.

(looking them in the eyes)

The NURSES are startled and immediately show great deference to MARY. They quickly expedite the procedure with the closest care.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

BURGLAR emerges from stairwell just as COPS run in the main entrance. They immediately jump on the BURGLAR and handcuff him with a great commotion. PAN TO LYELL emerging from the elevator, who strides quickly to the scene.

COP#1

You Mister Lyell? Is this your guy?

LYELL

(shows Faculty Pass, as a cop's badge)

Yeah, that's him all right. Search him
for a test tube.

The COPS search the BURGLAR minutely, but all they show up are the tools of his trade - gloves, jemmy, skeleton keys.

COP#1

By the look of these, he's got a rap sheet as long as your arm.

LYELL

No test tube.

COP#1

Nope.

CAMERA GOES OUT OF FOCUS AND INTO FOCUS ON A SCENE THE FAR SIDE OF THE LOBBY.

MARY and JOE are sitting at a table drinking Cokes.

JOE

Did it hurt?

MARY

Not at all. It was easier than the harvesting, but it sure was weird. Gabriella was right about the "ick".

JOE

Well, this is the last step. Now we wait to see if it took hold.

MARY

I hope it did. I hope this is the end of it. Let's go home.

JOE

Sure thing, honey.

JOE cuddles MARY affectionately. They finish off the Cokes, get up and walk to the door. CAMERA follows them.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

JOE and MARY get into their car (old but robust according to their income), and drive off into the sunset.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

LYELL sitting with a coffee, thinking about it. He FLASHES BACK to the empty safe, the running, the corridor, the nurse at the door, the emergence of burglar.

LYELL

Of course! The test tube.

LYELL abandons his coffee and runs to the elevator, back up to the 7th floor. He views the sign IVF ROOM with foreboding. He goes in, as the nurse previously and searches all the test tubes. He can't find it, even looking very carefully. He backs off, shuts the door and runs in the same direction the NURSE came from.

INT. A ROOM FILLED WITH NURSES (THE IVF ADMISSIONS UNIT) - DAY

LYELL is not sure he can tell which is LORETTA, as the camera goes from one to the other and back again. However, improbably, he recognizes her talking to a colleague, and walks up to her.

LYELL

Excuse me, lady, but I saw you taking a test tube out of the IVF room about an hour ago.

LORETTA is taken aback and NURSE#2 rises in support. LYELL shows off his Faculty Pass, as he did to police, with his hands in the air in a backing-off gesture.

LYELL

This is really important. I have to know what you did with the test tube.

LORETTA

We did an implantation today. The patient left already.

This news hits LYELL like a bullet, and he crumples, completely crushed. He shakes his head and moans.

LYELL
Can you tell me who she is?

LORETTA
I'm sorry, but the patients' records are completely confidential. You'll need a court order.

LYELL
OK, OK. We'll get the order. Can you just make a note of that case number, so we can catch it later?

LORETTA
Sure.

LYELL
Here's my business card. Thanks a lot.

LORETTA looks at the card on which is written

DR. JOHN LYELL

FACULTY OF MOLECULAR BIOLOGY

LYELL notices LORETTA's nametag: LORETTA SMITH

LORETTA
No problem. Have a nice day.

Both NURSES flash dazzling, pleasant smiles. LYELL smiles, and turns to walk away.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

LYELL, BARNEY, MELVIN and CASPAR discuss the court order.

BARNEY
Are you ready to explain to a judge exactly why we need to know the identity of that couple?

LYELL
Can't we get around it?

MELVIN
No way. We have to maintain the high
ethics of the faculty. How would it look
if it came out later that we lied?

CASPAR
But we have to track down that embryo.
Don't forget what we are dealing with
here. The mother and - presumably - baby
may be at risk. I say open
confidentiality hearings.

LYELL
How long might that take?

CASPAR
It's never certain. Seven, eight months?
Maybe longer.

LYELL
Whoa. You mean that pregnancy will go to
term.

CASPAR
Look here John - I didn't invent
confidentiality hearings.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE THE IVF ROOM - DAY
HERO and JACKSON dressed in normal attire looking at the
door. However, HERO has a stylish RIDING STICK.

HERO
Are you sure this is it?

JACKSON
Yep. 7th Floor. IVF Room. He was
positive. Inside should be a rack of
test tubes.

HERO opens the door, and the RACK OF TEST TUBES is there as before. Both men smile, enter the room and close the door.

INT. IVF ROOM - DAY

HERO and JACKSON thoroughly search the test tubes, but are disappointed.

JACKSON

He says here: "third from top, fifth from left."

Both men stare at the BLANK SLOT in that position.

HERO

It's gone.

HERO goes into an insane rage, and trashes the rack of test tubes with his stick.

HERO

(shouting, his words in rhythm with the smashing)

It's ... god ... damn ... fucking ... gone!

With an imperious sigh, HERO gathers his stick and sweeps out of the door, JACKSON running after him.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

They get in an elevator; the doors close.

LORETTA walks in the corridor and notices the door to the IVF Room is slightly ajar. She walks up and opens it. While she is mindful enough not to scream, she is shocked to the core by what she sees.

Camera plays on the smashed test tubes with fluid dribbling out of them. On top of suitable music is the SOUND EFFECT of

a multitude of extremely high-pitched voices shouting out as used for aliens or pixies, etc.

INT. A FEMALE JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Present are LYELL, BARNEY, MELVIN, CASPAR, KATY and her boss FEDERAL COMMISSIONER RAYCRAFT. LYELL is finishing a presentation.

LYELL

... so another lab used our sample,
which we foolishly - in hindsight - gave
to them under the impression we had just
hired them to sequence the genome. They
then took the sample and prepared it for
cloning.

JUDGE

And you believe it got implanted in this
young woman?

LYELL

Yes.

JUDGE

How?

LYELL

By accident.

RAYCRAFT

You mean to say, these kids have-

BARNEY

I'm afraid that's what it looks like.

RAYCRAFT

Oh my God!

(crosses himself)

KATY
(stands up, quite angry)
(to LYELL)

I told you it would be safer with us.

LYELL
I'm sorry - I underestimated Zargon.

KATY
Damn right you did.

(to RAYCRAFT)
And while we are here, it's time to get
a warrant to bust Genomial Polynomials.
(to JUDGE)
Excuse me, I've got some crime to kill.
(walks out)

INT. A HIGH-CLASS RESTAURANT - EVENING

LYELL spreads pate de fois gras on bread. He is sharing an intimate table with LORETTA.

LYELL
Do you remember those kids? I mean, can
you tell me that?

LORETTA
Yeah, vaguely. They seemed nice enough,
just a little inexperienced. I just
checked them in though, I didn't do the
actual implantation.

LYELL
You are sure there was only one
implantation that day.

LORETTA

Yep. Absolutely. I checked the
schedules.

LYELL

So it was just the one tube, not two.

LORETTA

Two test tubes? No. I didn't take two.

LYELL

Are you sure?

LORETTA

PRETTY sure.

LYELL

Never mind about that. Have some more
wine.

Just then a WAITER appears with a large plate of lobster.

LYELL

And about time too!

LORETTA's eyes light up, they both smile.

LORETTA

Woo, now that's a lobster. John, you
shouldn't have.

LYELL

Too late for that.

CUT TO

INT. BEDROOM OF LORETTA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LYELL and LORETTA have already made love once. They talk in
post-coital canoodling.

LORETTA

But can you tell me what it is all
about? Only the day after you were
there, some vandals broke into the IVF

Room and trashed everything. We never did find out who it was.

LYELL

I just can't tell you right now. But what you must know now is that it is a real, real Big Kahuna. If you get anything else on it, let me know -

LORETTA

(pushes LYELL over onto his back)

Sure.

LYELL and LORETTA make love again.

EXT. GENOMIAL POLYNOMIALS - DAY

A single unmarked POLICE CAR drives into the car park. Two DETECTIVES get out and present the search warrant to the guard. He lets them in, but quickly calls into the building.

INT. GENOMIALS - DAY

None of the cult props are visible, it has the appearance of a typical biotech corporation. DETECTIVES walk to reception, and show the warrant.

DETECTIVE

We'd like to meet Mr Hero D. Zargon.

GENOMIAL RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, he's not here today.

DETECTIVE

I think he is.

Suddenly KATY bursts in at the head of a UNIFORMED SQUAD. DETECTIVES draw their guns and quickly search everywhere. The cops spread out through the building.

INT. HERO'S OFFICE - DAY

JACKSON and HERO are both watching CCTV monitors.

JACKSON

Looks like we got visitors.

HERO

Yeah, time to go.

(to SECRETARY)

Tell them we don't want any.

HERO presses a button on his desk and a BOOKSHELF slides back to reveal a hidden door, which HERO and JACKSON rapidly go through.

INT. OUTSIDE HERO'S DOOR - DAY

KATY and COPS case the door before trying to kick it in. It is so strong they have to shoot it several times.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

HERO, JACKSON and ENTOURAGE scramble into a LEAR JET.

KATY and COPS search everywhere before one COP gets to the runway perimeter.

KATY and COPS stream onto the runway and shoot vainly as the LEAR JET screams away from them and into the sky.

KATY

Shit!

(she reaches for her walky talky)

Raycraft, he flew the coop. In a Lear Jet.

RAYCRAFT
(filtered)

We'd better call in the Air Force.

INT. RAYCRAFT'S OFFICE - DAY

KATY and RAYCRAFT, tense, waiting. The phone rings, RAYCRAFT answers. He holds the line listening, and puts the phone down.

RAYCRAFT
Last seen heading over the Galapagos
before contact lost.

KATY
Disappeared in mid-Pacific. How is our
extradition treaty with Ecuador?

RAYCRAFT
I know you are keen, Katy. But this time
our options are greatly reduced. You
have to admit it.

KATY
It's amazing what a few billion dollars
can achieve.

CUT TO

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

JOE, MARY and about 10 of their FRIENDS including GABRIELLA are finishing up an obviously tasty meal. JOE and MARY stand up and the hubbub dies down.

JOE
OK everybody. We gotta little
announcement to make.

MARY
I'm pregnant.

The FRIENDS have all been drinking and begin to whoop and holler.

FRIEND#1

Good on yer!

FRIEND#2

Congratulations!

JOE

OK then, well, thanks all of you for coming along.

MARY

And thanks to Gabriella. She helped us out such a lot. She's been an angel.

Camera picks out GABRIELLA, who smiles modestly and raises her glass.

GABRIELLA

Hey! You did it yourselves.

FRIEND#1

Yeah, Joe, you dirty dog!

(laughter)

More cheering and toasts.

INT. JOE AND MARY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Their wedding picture is on a shelf. MARY is studying a "Guide to Childbirth" book. JOE comes downstairs in work attire of a BUILDER, polishes off some breakfast to various whistling and humming.

JOE

Gotta get in early today. There's a lot of concrete to be poured.

MARY
(reading)

OK.

JOE
How're you feelin'?

MARY
(looks up)

Fine. Joe, can you get me some Cokes on the way home?

JOE
What? MORE Cokes? I should just cut our losses and get a crate.

MARY
Actually, that wouldn't be such a bad idea.

JOE makes his way to the door.

JOE
OK. TWO crates it is. Our kid is obviously insane for it.

MARY
Christ knows why. Honestly. Oh - and spinach.

JOE
Spinach?

MARY
Yeah, you know, that green-leafed vegetable-

JOE
Sure, sure, I know it. Spinach it is. Enough chit-chat honey - I've gotta get off to work. Seeya later.

MARY
(waves)

Bye Joe. Take care of yourself.

EXT. A BUILDING SITE - DAY

JOE arrives in his car, greets his co-workers and gets to work hanging window and door frames, sawing up wood on a portable bench. A co-worker arrives in mid-saw with a coffee.

CO-WORKER
Josepho ... no need to hit it so hard.
(offers coffee)

JOE
(takes coffee)
Thanks. Guess I got a lot to think about.

CO-WORKER
Don't worry about it. You got the same pay in any case.

INT. ANIMATION INTERLUDE - NIGHT

Vibrant, eye-catching images capture the miraculous development of a fetus from 8 cells to the fully-formed baby (4 months+)

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

A football game in progress.

INT. JOE AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

JOE is watching the football game on TV with a six-pack on the table and enthusiasm for each individual play.

JOE

Go! Yeah! Ah ...

(shakes head in disappointment)

MARY, now obviously, but not heavily pregnant, comes in with A LETTER in her hand, but waits for a commercial break before she disturbs JOE.

MARY

Hey, Joe. This arrived after you left this morning. Looks kinda weird.

JOE picks up the letter and his brow furrows.

JOE

(reads)

Bethlehem, Ohio. Department of Defense.

(opens the envelope and takes out the letter, reads)

Dear Mr Sixpack ... It has come to our attention ... What? ... Heartland Security Draft ... report to HS Office five-seven-seven ... not after December Twenty ... Sincerely ... WHAT? Report for a draft? In fucking OHIO?! Jesus Christ!

MARY

What if you don't?

JOE

It doesn't say. I guess they'd just tell the IRS and Welfare that I'm a fugitive from military duty.

JOE and MARY grapple with the implications of this for a few minutes.

MARY

I think we'd better go.

JOE

Goddamn. Well, it's a quiet time of the year for work. We'll just get over there, do the business and come right back. There's got to be some of Grandpa's people over there.

MARY

Sounds OK.

JOE

But YOU -

(he points at MARY's belly).

You'll be far gone. Do you think you can handle it, or would ya prefer to stay here?

MARY

I couldn't stand the idea of being alone. Sure I'll come. I can handle it.

JOE

OK. But that old Chevy won't make it either.

MARY

We'll go by train.

MONTAGE OF HOME SCENES/JOE WORKING

MARY gets steadily more pregnant.

INT. JOE AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

JOE is fastening the last buckle of a knapsack. MARY is checking all the window catches.

JOE

Well, I guess that's about it.

MARY

Yep. Nothing left in the refrigerator.

The DOORBELL rings. MARY answers. It is GABRIELLA.

MARY

Oh, Hi Gabriella! Come in!

GABRIELLA comes in the room and looks around.

MARY

We'd offer you a coffee. But
everything's been finished or packed
away, sorry.

GABRIELLA

You guys going someplace?

JOE

Yeah. Ohio.

GABRIELLA

So far!

JOE

It sure ain't for skiing.

EXT. JOE AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

GABRIELLA waves JOE and MARY off as they drive away in the car.

EXT. RAILROAD STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

JOE parks the car.

MONTAGE OF JOURNEY ON TRAINS AND GREYHOUND BUSES

Over a soundtrack of Simon and Garfunkel's "Homeward Bound".

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Rear view of a bus passing the sign "BETHLEHEM CITY LIMITS"

INT. BUS - DAY

MARY is sleeping by a window. JOE wakes her up.

JOE

Wake up honey. We're here.

MARY wakes up groggily and takes in vistas of BETHLEHEM, a decaying steel town.

MARY

Looks sad, doesn't it.

JOE

Yeah.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

JOE humps the knapsack as he and MARY tramp along the street.

JOE

(points to a shop signed MANNY'S DINER)

Hey look! Manny's is still there! Lets grab some breakfast.

MARY sighs with obvious relief.

INT. MANNY'S DINER - DAY

MARY sits down. JOE walks up to the counter, behind which, 90+ years old, is MANNY himself.

JOE

English muffins for two, Manny. And two coffees.

MANNY
(slowly and quietly, as from advanced old age)
You ... know me son?

JOE
Yeah. When I was a kid. You remember my
grandpaw, Davie Sixpack?

MANNY
Davie ... Sixpack. Well I'll be ...
goddamned.

MANNY takes in MARY sitting down, pooped and pregnant.

MANNY
Muffins ... huh? Sure ... thing.

MARY holds a mug of coffee while JOE explains.

JOE
Grandpaw used to take us down here for
sodas, most times we came to visit. I
used to beg him for candy.

MANNY, behind them, is enjoying having memories jiggled. JOE
and MARY finish up their muffins. JOE gets up to pay, MANNY
puts up his hand.

MANNY
On the house ... Joe. And for your lady
wife.

JOE continues to get up.

JOE
Hey, thanks. Uh, Mr. Manny, you know of
any place we can stay around here? We're
just here for a coupla days.

MANNY
I ... don't know. I'll write ... some
addresses you can try.

JOE
(turns to smile at Mary, puts thumbs up)
Fantastic.

MANNY writes down some names and addresses on a piece of notepaper, but as his hand shakes, this process is painfully slow.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

JOE is seen ringing a doorbell, and the door opens.

JOE
Excuse me, are you Mr Fred Brown?

HOMEOWNER
No. Wait a minute ...
(he thinks)
That was the feller here before me. Died
ten years ago.

JOE
Oh, OK. Thanks.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

JOE and MARY walking.

JOE
Well, that's the last of Manny's
addresses. Just the fact that HE is
alive is a miracle. Hey. What about the
old Bellview.

EXT. THE BELLVIEW HOTEL - AFTERNOON

JOE and MARY approach the seedy hotel. JOE is glad it is still there. But as they approach, they see the notice:
CLOSED FOR RENOVATIONS.

JOE

Shit!

JOE and MARY walk on a little way. They pass a number of dingy male hostels and hobo dives that look frankly dangerous.

MARY

I gotta sit down.

JOE looks at MARY.

JOE

Yeah. Let's find somewhere to sit at least.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Street lights start to come on. JOE and MARY are sitting on a bench by the roadside. A COP CAR pulls up, CAPT. O'REILLEY winds down his window.

O'REILLEY

Anything I can help you kids?

JOE

We just need some place to sleep, officer. You can see my wife is very pregnant. She's pooped.

O'REILLEY

Why don't you try the Mercy Hospital? Hell, I'll take you in the car myself.

MARY

OK. Gotta be better than an open bench.

INT. POLICE CAR - TWILIGHT

Looking through the windshield. O'REILLEY drives with another officer to his right. The radio crackles with dispatches. JOE and MARY sit in the back.

O'REILLEY
You kids not from around here?

MARY
Nah, we came in from Houston this morning. Joe's gotta report for a security draft.

O'REILLEY
Hey, that's tough. And nowhere to stay. Well, here's the hospital.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

JOE and MARY with O'REILLEY, checking in. It is a very sad, dingy hospital. JOE and MARY wave to O'REILLEY, who returns to his car, and drives off.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

JOE and MARY watch nervously as the STAFF of the hospital confer in whispers, a few feet off.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST
What do you mean, no beds? I just signed them in with the cops here.

NURSE
Maternity is overflowing. All those spring romances. The ward is totally full.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST
What are we going to do with them?

NURSE
Ah! I know something that MIGHT do.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST
OK, OK. Just do it.

The NURSE leads them by a long route up some stairs and down several corridors. JOE and MARY look around anxiously.

JOE
(whispers to MARY)

I sure hope they got something.

MARY notices a COCKROACH scuttling away. She shivers. After another set of stairs and more corridors, they get to a corridor outside a maternity ward. The NURSE points to an EMPTY TROLLEY.

JOE is incredulous, shaking his head and laughing.

JOE
Pwahahahahahahaha!

MARY
Hey. It's better than an open bench.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

The camera finds JOE sleeping sprawled across the knapsack and MARY quite comfortably sleeping on the trolley. JOE comes around first, and seeing MARY is OK, sits down briefly on the knapsack.

He gets up and scouts around, locating an unused chair, which he brings to the bed-head, and sits on. Looking around at leisure, he spots an empty bedside table and shelf, which he wheels over, and claims with various items. He then spots a showering location, and takes a towel out of his knapsack.

JOE, showered and changed, hunts out two cups of coffee. He brings them over to the beside shelf. MARY is waking up to the sound of ordinary daytime hubbub.

JOE
Mornin' honey. I'm just gonna get over to that office now. You stay right here, I'll be back. Gotcha a coffee.

MARY

You take care honey.

JOE leaves. Throughout the day, MARY is given meals. In the afternoon, she develops pre-contractions.

JOE finally returns.

JOE

Hiya honey! All fixed up, transferred right back to Texas. We could even get an evening bus and sleep it over-

MARY

I don't think so.

Just then she is hit with her first major contraction and doubles up in pain.

JOE

Mary, hun, whatsamatter?

MARY

It's ... coming.

JOE is flabbergasted and runs around for medical assistance. He grabs the arm of a MIDWIFE and points agitatedly in MARY's direction.

JOE

Please, please ... my wife has gone into labor.

The MIDWIFE notices with a start and quickly summons some porters. MARY is wheeled into the DELIVERY ROOM.

JOE paces nervously outside listening to the voices.

MIDWIFE

Push! Push!

MARY

AAAAAAAuuuuuuuuuuuuuuggggggghhhhhh!!
(breathes strongly, hoarsely)

MIDWIFE

Push! Push! Push girl! You're winning!

MARY

Aaauuuuuuuuuuggggghhhh!!

MIDWIFE

Well done girl! Here comes the head,
here he is ... now!

(sound of a slap)

BABY

Waaaaah! Waaaaah! Waaaaah! Waaaaah!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

O'REILLEY and partner LEFTY sit in a POLICE CAR parked by a
kerb.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

O'REILLEY, bored, turns on the radio news.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

And now on KWBC. What's going on in the
sky with our own Starmaster.

STARMASTER

Thanks John. And tonight the subject is
O-cult-ation. Nothing to do with
witchcraft, just two or more planets
lining up. But tonight we have no less
than five! Catch it rising in the East
at 9 o'clock. It sets at 2 in the
morning if you can stay up that late.
Should be quite a show.

AD VOICEOVER

Do YOU have problems with stray dog
hairs? Get -

O'REILLEY turns off the radio and silence is only broken by sporadic dispatch crackle.

O'REILLEY
What time is it?

LEFTY
Ten.

LEFTY and O'REILLEY peer out of the windshield. The STAR is visible.

INT. BARNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BARNEY, MELVIN and CASPAR in cardigan and scotch mode, all reading. CASPAR is reading the astronomy column of a newspaper.

CASPAR
Hey, fellows. Five planets are aligned tonight. Apparently it only happens every one thousand, nine hundred and ninety eight years.

BARNEY walks over to the French windows and opens the curtains.

BARNEY
Can you see it from here?

CASPAR
Can you see it?

BARNEY looks.

BARNEY
Is that it?

BARNEY points. CASPAR and MELVIN come to the window. The STAR is visible. They gape at it for a few minutes.

MELVIN
It's bright, huh?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

LYELL, BARNEY, MELVIN, CASPAR and KATY discuss the results of the Confidentiality Hearing, which LYELL has brought from the hospital.

LYELL
And the winner is ... Joe and Mary
Sixpack, 3524 Acacia Avenue. Telephone
number ...

(he mouths the digits as he taps them into his mobile phone.
A dial tone is heard. LYELL counts out seven rings.)

Well, not at home. I think I had better
get down there myself.

KATY
I'll take a squad with you.

INT. FACULTY - CORRIDOR - DAY

LYELL, alone, punching a mobile.

LYELL
Loretta?

INTERCUT TO

INT. IVF UNIT - DAY

LORETTA in nurse's uniform.

LORETTA
John?

SPLIT SCREEN

LYELL

Are you free now? We got the location of the magic couple. I want you with us.

LORETTA

(looks at watch)

I think I might just be able to fit it in. Why must I go?

LYELL

You are a material witness. And hey! I'd like to see you again.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AT HERO'S PACIFIC HIDEAWAY - DAY

HERO is lying on a Roman-style couch being massaged by several gorgeous FOLLOWERS in star-trek style bikinis. A beach and forest make a lovely view. JACKSON ignores this, working on a laptop computer with shades and a headset on, sipping a lime juice.

HERO

Move up the leg just a bit Anthea?

(ANTHEA changes her position, and massages strongly)

Ah yeah!

(spots JACKSON utterly on his own)

What are you working on Julian?

JACKSON

I'm tracing our embryo.

HERO

Oh yeah, you found it?

JACKSON

Well, not exactly, but ... it isn't lost. Not judging by the traffic between the faculty and the local cops.

(twiddles knobs)

It very much seems ... it got planted
into a couple ... doing IVF? Not sure.
Now they are being located.

HERO

A couple? Damn ... hey, at least we can
get the baby back. Julian, you have got
to get us some more information.

(picks up a bunch of grapes to dangle in mouth in Roman
mode)

JACKSON

I have just the thing here. A
genetically engineered wood-louse. Needs
hardly any fuel, crawls into location
and balls up-

HERO

(draws grapes away, cuts him off)

I've had enough of your bugs, Julian.
Can't you try something a little more
... conventional?

INT. FACULTY OFFICE - DAY

At RECEPTION, a UPS MAN comes in with a bunch of GLADIOLI.
BARNEY'S SECRETARY, BABS, takes the flowers and signs for
them. The UPS MAN leaves.

BABS

(reads the label)

For Babs. From a secret admirer. Oh that
Barney. Gladioli! They are gorgeous.

(she sniffs them and puts them in a vase. Camera lingers on
one particular flower)

The PHONE rings. BABS answers. It is MELVIN's secretary
Martha.

BABS
Hello?

MARTHA
(filtered)
Melvin can't get through to Lyell.

BABS
He is out. Something to do with "Project
X".

INT. HERO'S HIDEAWAY - DAY

HERO and JACKSON listen to the audio output.

BABS
(filtered)
He hasn't come back yet. I'll tell you
when he does.

HERO and JACKSON celebrate.

EXT. JOE AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

LYELL and LORETTA draw up in his car, just as a COP CAR
draws up, and KATY gets out. LYELL and LORETTA do likewise.
They walk up to the door.

LYELL
(to KATY)
After you.

KATY rings the doorbell. They wait, and then all three try a
succession of knocks on the door, taps on the windows, peers
through the windows.

KATY
Not at home.

KATY walks quickly back to the COP CAR and gives two COPS some orders. They both get out and with KATY, start working neighboring houses.

Front door of first house.

NEIGHBOR#1

Yeah, I know them. Nice pair of kids.
Joe made us a bookcase.

COP

Did you see them leave?

NEIGHBOR#1

They left? It can't have been for very long, or they'd have told me.

Front door of another house.

NEIGHBOR#2

They went off in that beat-up old Chevy of his.

KATY

Did they say where they were headed?

NEIGHBOR#2

Yes they did ... but I didn't quite catch it. My hearing ain't so good.
Sorry.

LYELL and LORETTA sitting on the front wall waiting. KATY returns with a COP.

KATY

(to COP)

We'll put out a federal APB. We'll search through the registries. We'll find them.

(to LYELL)

No use hanging around. They sure aren't
anywhere near here.

LYELL

OK.

LYELL waves as KATY and COPS remount cop car and drive off.

LYELL

She's right - lets go. How about some
pasta?

LORETTA is staring into the middle distance.

A street corner. A GOLDEN GLOW can be seen.

LORETTA

Can you see that?

LYELL

What?

LORETTA points to the street corner. LYELL stares but can't
see anything. LYELL gets off the wall and starts walking
back to the car.

LORETTA looks at the street corner again, the GOLDEN GLOW is
quite pronounced. She grabs LYELL's arm as he walks.

LORETTA

There it is again!

LYELL

(turns around, sees the glow)

What?!

Suddenly GABRIELLA turns the corner and walks down the
street towards them. LYELL stands still and is plainly
hypnotized by her beauty and bearing. She stops in front of
them.

GABRIELLA

Looking for Joe and Mary? They had to go to Bethlehem, Ohio. They'll be back in a week.

GABRIELLA gives the slightest of nods, and walks on, quickly turning a corner, as if vanishing.

LORETTA

(the very teeny-weeniest bit jealous, to LYELL, still spaced out)

John, John?

LYELL comes out of his trance.

LYELL

Oh yeah. Pasta.

INT. OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER RAYCRAFT - EVENING
RAYCRAFT and KATY with LYELL. He is keen to locate the couple.

RAYCRAFT

Ohio? OK, that's under Federal Division 38.

(picks up a phone)

Federal APB on Joe and Mary Sixpack,
last known traveled in the direction of
Bethlehem, Ohio from Houston, Texas ...

INT. O'REILLEY'S POLICE CAR - EVENING

Their STATION DISPATCHER is reading out Raycraft's APB.

DISPATCHER

(filtered)

... Caucasian male and female, 23 and
22. The lady eight months pregnant.
Green Federal Alert. Repeat, Green
Federal Alert.

O'REILLEY

Hey, who were those kids last night ...

LEFTY

The girl called the boy "Joe". And said they had come from Houston.

O'REILLEY and LEFTY turn to stare at each other.

O'REILLEY

We'd better get down to the Mercy Hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

JOE and MARY are marveling over their BABY, which MARY is holding. MARY now has a drip hanging out of her arm, strung up on a mobile stand. They see O'REILLEY and LEFTY approaching.

JOE

Hey, hi!

O'REILLEY

Hi kids. You've become celebrities. Can you please just confirm to me you are Joe and Mary Sixpack?

JOE

Hey, I got my draft papers sorted out today. Here they are.

O'REILLEY

(looks over the papers)

It ain't about the draft, Joe. But they prove who you are, right enough.

JOE

What is it about then?

O'REILLEY

Some folks in Houston want to know where you are.

JOE

Why?

O'REILLEY

Begorrahhed if I know. Well,
Congratulations.

(He shakes hands with JOE, and then picks up his walky
talky)

Captain O'Reilley reporting Green Alert
Federal APB. Positive on Joe and Mary
Sixpack at Mercy Hospital, Bethlehem,
Ohio. Negative on pregnancy. Baby is
born.

O'REILLEY waits as his walky-talky hisses and crackles. By
this time it is about 11pm and the corridor has become cold
and drafty. As she breast-feeds the BABY, MARY shivers.

O'REILLEY

You cold, kid?

MARY

Yeah. But actually, I'm also starving
hungry.

O'REILLEY

(Takes out his wallet and extracts a wedge of bills)

Hey Lefty! Make your butt useful and get
the lady some food. No make that food
for all of us. And get her a big thick
blanket.

LEFTY

Sure thing, boss.

LEFTY takes the money and leaves. O'REILLEY puts his walky-
talky to his ear.

O'REILLEY

I hear you. Proceed.

RAYCRAFT
(filtered)

Commissioner Raycraft here, Captain
O'Reilley. You are with the couple?

O'REILLEY
Yes, Sir!

RAYCRAFT
(filtered)

Good man. This is a top priority case.
Guard them with your life until I arrive
personally. Got that?

O'REILLEY
Yes, Sir!

(stares at JOE and MARY with astonished suspicion)

Now what have you guys done to interest
a Federal Commissioner of Police?

JOE and MARY shrug their shoulders, and are as bewildered
themselves. LEFTY returns with a WHITE WOOLLEN BLANKET,
which MARY accepts gratefully.

MARY
Oooooo, that looks warm.
(she wraps herself with BABY in the blanket.)

O'REILLY takes the bag of food, peers in it, and looks at
LEFTY askance.

O'REILLEY
Lamb sandwiches? 'Spose it looks OK,
(he unwraps a sandwich and takes a big chomp)
Tastes OK.

He hands out the sandwiches to JOE, MARY and LEFTY.

INT. FACULTY OFFICE - DAY

BABS, MARTHA and Caspar's secretary CONNIE sit at a round table.

BABS

So Melvin's going? And Caspar?

MARTHA

Yep. Hey, do you know where they are going?

BABS

I'm not supposed to tell, but actually it is Bethlehem, Ohio.

GLADIOLI in the vase shimmer slightly.

CONNIE

Is it that couple?

BABS

Yeah. I guess everybody in the faculty knows by now.

CONNIE

Is the baby born yet?

BABS

Yes it is, actually.

MARTHA

Going all the way to Ohio to see a baby. They should at least take a gift.

CONNIE

What would you give them?

MARTHA

I know.

(she beckons the others towards her and whispers)

BABS and CONNIE laugh as they return to normal seated positions.

The GLADIOLI tremble slightly.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

LYELL and LORETTA eat lunch.

LYELL

I gotta go out to Ohio to see them. You want to come with me?

LORETTA

John, I'd love to. But I absolutely can't.

LYELL

Can't fit it in the schedule?

LORETTA

No. I used up all my spare days.

LYELL

I'm flying this afternoon. That gives us ...

(looks at watch)

five hours.

LORETTA

Nope. I got an afternoon shift.

LYELL

Not even an hour?

LORETTA

You are dating a nurse, John. It comes with the territory.

LYELL

OK.

LYELL reaches over to LORETTA and surprises her with a long, lingering kiss.

LYELL

Well, I guess I gotta pack.

They both get up.

LORETTA

See you when you get back.

They have another long, lingering kiss.

INT. AIRLINER - DAY

LYELL, BARNEY, MELVIN, CASPAR and RAYCRAFT take up one entire row (1 + 3 + 1) of a small scheduled airliner flying to Ohio. All are apprehensive about what awaits them. KATY is sitting right behind LYELL.

LYELL

(turns head)

So you are still on the case. Nothing much to see here though - just a coupla kids.

KATY

Don't forget Zargon is still on the loose.

LYELL

Oh yeah. I forgot.

INT. HERO'S LEAR JET - DAY

JACKSON and HERO plot a path to a white spot blinking prominently in Ohio.

HERO

Heh, heh, heh. Easy as cutting a chocolate cake. We'll get our property back pretty soon.

JACKSON

Yeah, I wanna know how it came out.

HERO

I'm so sad it wasn't the Omega Mother. That broad had our followers in spasms of ecstasy.

JACKSON

That asshole Lyell - I should've left that machine on for longer.

HERO

(looks at JACKSON)

Hey. We'll get it back, OK?

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

The arrival of LYELL, BARNEY, MELVIN, CASPAR, RAYCRAFT and KATY at the Mercy Hospital swells the population around MARY's trolley to absurd proportions, and an INTERESTED CROWD starts to gather. They bring Christmas decorations, a tree and various Christmas foods.

RAYCRAFT and KATY take O'REILLEY and LEFTY to one side and they give each other further briefings. LYELL focuses on the BABY, which is happy and healthy. He cocks his head skeptically, calls a TECHNICIAN to one side and whispers in his ear. This leaves BARNEY, MELVIN and CASPAR directly in front of JOE and MARY. All become embarrassed and awkward.

BARNEY

(whispers to MELVIN)

You tell them.

MELVIN
(whispers)

No. You tell them.

JOE and MARY watch in perplexed innocence.

BARNEY
Er, Congratulations ... Joe and Mary.
Here's a little gift from us.

MARY
Well thanks, Mr ... ?

BARNEY
Barney. This is Melvin and Caspar, also
from the MolBio faculty. We're on the
Bio-ethics Committee.

MARY stares at them with absolute incomprehension.

BARNEY hands over a gift-wrapped PARCEL to MARY, who wastes
no time in removing the wrapping to reveal a TRIPLE GIFT
PACK of GOLD, FRANKINCENSE and MYRRH.

MARY
Wow! Weird!!

BARNEY's eyes bulge.

BARNEY
(whispers incredulously)
What the hell is this shit?

MELVIN
(whispers)
Your secretary. Mine told me she ordered
it off the Internet.

MARY and JOE are rapturous. JOE picks up the GOLD BAR pack,
reads it carefully.

JOE

A certificate for 300 dollars! Thanks
very much Sir! Mary, I think we can fly
back to Texas.

MARY is trying the frankincense. Her nose wrinkles.

MARY

Urrrgh. This smells like a CHURCH!

(she tries the myrrh)

But this is NICE. Hey Joe, we could take
this to one of Herb's parties. It'd hide
the smell of the-

JOE

Shh.

MARY looks around at all the cops present, and prudently
shuts up. A NURSE that has been holding the BABY gives it to
MARY.

BARNEY

So, do you have a ... name for the
child?

MARY

We thought we'd call him Vernon.

MELVIN

V-Vernon?

JOE

Yeah, he was a linebacker at our school
who made a college draft, but broke his
neck in Louisiana.

MARY

You could say that football is Joe's
religion.

CASPAR

And are you ... religious?

MARY

Naw, I hate football. I get into rock
'n' roll.

JOE

Hey, I like rock 'n' roll.

MARY

Yeah, we like a lot of the same bands.
Blondie, ZZ Top ...

JOE

I turned you on to Dick Dale.

MARY

Yeah ...

(suddenly becomes utterly bewildered again, staring around
at everybody, who in their turn are amazed, figuring out how
to begin.)

Hey mister. Is this a vox-pop for
Saturday Night Live? Or just Candid
Camera?

Just at this moment a CAMERAMAN from a local TV station
turns up, and he is embarrassed by the focus on himself,
which doesn't belie Mary's claim at all.

INT. BEDROOM OF LORETTA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

LORETTA DREAMS/FLASHES BACK to walking down corridors with
test tubes. Suddenly, she wakes up.

LORETTA

Yep. That's it. Of course!

LORETTA quickly gets out of bed, draws the curtains and
thumbs through a filer for LYELL's mobile number, before
pressing the number. She waits for 5 rings.

RECORDED MESSAGE
(filtered)

I'm sorry,

(pause)

John

(pause)

Lyell has gone out of network range.
Please leave a message -

LORETTA shuts off the phone. She thumbs through the filer to call the faculty.

LORETTA

Hello? I must speak to John Lyell.

(muffle)

He's not? OK then, can you tell me-

(muffle, muffle, muffle)

Yes, that's me. He said -

(extended muffling)

She writes down the details on a pad.

EXT. UNDER THE BODY OF A LAUNCHING AIRLINER AS IT SOARS INTO THE SKY - DAY

EXT. FROM AN ALTITUDE SLIGHTLY ABOVE A LEAR JET, FROM THE FRONT - DAY

The LEAR JET is emblazoned with logos of GENOMIAL POLYNOMIALS CORP.

INT. LEAR JET - DAY

HERO and JACKSON stand behind the PILOT

PILOT

I hear you Akron. Permission to land private jet XALB.

CONTROL TOWER
(filtered)

Permission granted. North to south on
the off-wind side.

PILOT
Roger, I read you. Thanks.

HERO and JACKSON are smiling and excited.

HERO
(rubs his hands)
Ah ... the good old United States.

INT. NURSE'S CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Two NURSES are chatting to each other. JACKSON and a female
FOLLOWER stride in.

NURSE#1
Hey! What are you doing in here?

JACKSON
Just a little house cleaning.

JACKSON and the FOLLOWER grab a nurse each and knock them
out by holding chloroform over their mouths.

NURSES stripped, bound and gagged.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

There is the general hubbub of people talking amongst
themselves. A couple of pretty NURSES show up, walk directly
to MARY.

NEW NURSE#1
(holds a patient card)

Mrs Sixpack?

MARY
Yes?

NEW NURSE#1
You have an appointment with Dr.
Feinstein. Just inoculations and the
routine check for mother and baby before
discharge.

(to onlookers)
If you'll excuse us-

NEW NURSE#1 grabs the mobile drip and starts pushing the
trolley on which MARY is holding the BABY. NEW NURSE#2 steps
forward and hefts the trolley. All seems above board until
LYELL spots NEW NURSE#2 is wearing a very small necklace.
LYELL FLASHES BACK to the LOGO in HERO's ASSEMBLY HALL. He
looks at KATY, who is also remembering the same thing; LYELL
puts his hand to his neck with a questioning glance.

KATY
(draws gun, shouts)
Stop right there!

By now they are at the end of the corridor. O'REILLEY and
LEFTY also draw their guns. But HERO emerges from a side
corridor. He grabs the BABY and cocks a grotesquely large
revolver in MARY's face. MARY cowers in fright. LYELL comes
to the front.

LYELL
Give it up Zargon! This is insane!

HERO
You cursed meddlers! This baby is MY
property. An investment of 150 million.
I'm just taking rightful possession.
heh heh heh.

THE CROWD presses forward towards HERO but the NURSES unpack Uzi sub-machineguns, and spray some windows. EVERYONE screams and ducks for cover. LYELL hides under a table. Unseen, JOE scrambles out of the back. JACKSON emerges from behind HERO, armed with a Mauser.

JACKSON

Stand back everyone! Don't try anything stupid.

LYELL seizes his moment and launches a full rugby tackle into JACKSON. The Mauser is knocked out of his hand and skitters over the floor. NURSES react with machine guns but the fight is too fast and furious.

HERO

Let him do his impression of Saint Michael - not that it'll do him any good.

JOE, in a back corridor, looks frantically around and picks up a CRUTCH.

The fight. After about three minutes of inconclusive battle, JACKSON suddenly grabs hold of LYELL's arm and twists it around into a half-nelson. He twists the vise. LYELL grimaces.

JACKSON

Tut tut tut. You liberals are so anti-violence.

Suddenly, LYELL gets his free elbow in JACKSON's face. He spins around and plants a haymaker on his jaw, bringing JACKSON down. He dives onto JACKSON and pins him down.

LYELL

(as he swings again)

But the righteous are allowed pre-emptive defense, so God help me.

HERO then signals for action - NURSE#1 grabs LYELL firmly by the neck and holds an Uzi to his mouth.

NEW NURSE #1
You just shut the fuck up!

JOE is now seen coming from behind HERO very stealthily, armed with a cheap WOODEN CRUTCH WITH HARD PLASTIC ARMREST. LYELL plays for time.

LYELL
You'll never get away with this, Zargon.

HERO
But I have gotten away with it.
(He raises the baby with an evil laugh.)
Hasn't he got just the cutest little
nose, heh heh heh. Come on Jimmy. Come
home with your Uncle Hero.

NURSE #2 keeps her gun trained on the people as she revives JACKSON.

LYELL
Zargon, you just cannot do this.

HERO
And who says I can't? In fact, I own a
process, not just a baby. You'll be
hearing from my patent lawyers. Heh heh
heh. So long, losers.

(he turns to go)

JOE is now right behind HERO, holding the CRUTCH at the thin end. Just as HERO turns around, JOE deploys the armrest end on HERO's head with finesse from years of experience with sledgehammers.

HERO is instantly knocked out, and JOE catches the BABY, which he quickly gives to MARY. The NURSES, seeing this, immediately surrender by holding their Uzis in the air. O'REILLEY and LEFTY handcuff them with pleasure. KATY runs up to HERO, picking up his gun and bagging it before handcuffing him to a pipe and propping him up. He comes to, but is dazed and concussed. RAYCRAFT strolls up to JACKSON,

who is still immobile, with a bloodied nose. LYELL looks on and feels his bruised arms and neck.

RAYCRAFT

(to LYELL, as he clicks the cuffs on JACKSON)

But you are wrong, Lyell. The truly righteous willingly give a monopoly on violence to the Leviathan. Or, as they say around here, don't mess with the Law.

(to JACKSON slowly and deliberately)

You have the right to remain silent, but anything you say may be used in evidence against you.

JACKSON

Oh, corny shit!

LYELL

Hobbes' Choice, huh.

(he dabs a wound)

JOE slowly pushes the trolley and drip back to their original position. MARY is holding the BABY. Everyone can see Joe is, for the first time, genuinely angry, absolutely livid.

JOE

Can someone FUCKING tell me what this is FUCKING about? Why would that guy say it was HIS fucking baby?! It's OURS. It's OUR baby.

JOE and MARY hold tightly to the baby and start crying. EVERYBODY is anxious and distressed.

BARNEY

Well Joe, it's a long story. I don't know where to start-

JOE

You're not telling me there was a mix-up?

BARNEY is about to reply, but he is distracted by a pattering sound.

The other end of the corridor, from where are heard the footsteps of LORETTA running as fast as she can. She can hear JOE's words as she comes in. LORETTA stops, completely breathless for a few seconds.

LORETTA

No, no, no. No mix-up.

(pauses to get breath back)

It IS your baby. It isn't whatever they say it is. Not the Big Kahuna. You were implanted with the right embryo. Believe me.

(She turns to LYELL)

I'm sorry, John. It came back to me about the test-tubes. The other one was unmarked and looked just like a spoiled culture, so I just threw it away. There are so many of those every day I just forgot about it.

LYELL

Just as I thought, ever since I saw how healthy the baby was.

The TECHNICIAN comes to LYELL with a scrap of paper in his hand. LYELL takes it, reads it briefly, and holds it in the air.

LYELL

And this DNA test proves it. That baby is not James, the brother of Jesus, but plain Vernon Sixpack.

This is of course immensely gratifying for JOE and MARY.
They look around the assembly, who are all stunned by the
turn of events, not least HERO.

HERO
Threw it away ... a hundred and fifty
million dollars!

BARNEY
plain ... Vernon Sixpack.

JOE
Look, I'm sorry if you are disappointed.

MELVIN
Oh no. The main feeling is relief.
Believe me.

JOE
You wasted your time.

RAYCRAFT
Not at all. The chance to arrest a
criminal like Zargon and his top
henchman was worth every second, be sure
of that. Thanks for your help.

MARY
We'd better give this stuff back to you
then.

CASPAR
No, no. What's done is done. Keep the
gifts, please. Our pleasure.

JOE
Gee, thanks. Well ... Merry Christmas
everybody.

MARY
Yeah, thanks everybody. Merry Christmas!

EVERYBODY
Merry Christmas!

CLOSE CREDITS roll up to the strains of "Merry X-mas Everybody" by the Slade. As the first verse sings, JOE busies himself finding cans of beer for everybody, who make the most of a good thing. As the CHORUS ("So here it is, Merry Christmas") kicks in, the CAST come slightly out of character, ogling, waving, and tongue-sticking the camera, tickling the 4th Wall rather than breaching it. LYELL and LORETTA mock-canoodle and drink beer, toasting the camera, JOE and MARY get into smearing each other with myrrh, which becomes a myrrh-fight. GABRIELLA shows up and grabs the BABY, pointing at it and herself jokily as if it is hers. BARNEY, MELVIN and CASPAR hold hands in a circle dancing, wearing paper crowns. The COPS, NURSES, TECHNICIAN etc. enjoy beer from cans and spear a carved turkey on a table. RAYCRAFT goes over to HERO, still cuffed to the pipe, with a plate of turkey and a beer. He makes a mock-sawing of the chain with his hand as JACKSON walks over and mock-steals the turkey. MANNY is seen blowing a saxophone, etc. EXTRAS can't believe their good luck at extended eating and drinking scene.

INT. A CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

A bunch of kids are opening a pile of gifts in a confusion of paper and tinsel, plainly enraptured with their new toys. A THREE-YEAR-OLD CHILD is picked out walking about tenaciously holding a PLASTIC MODEL OF DNA. The frame freezes and the CHILD is blown up to fill the screen. On the bottom right hand corner can now be read: THE END

FADE OUT

THE END