

In Vain

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INT./EXT. SHANE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Eyes burning electric blue, SHANE, 35, sweeps the neon streets with a predator's calm.

His scarred pale face and white hair contrast a jet black membrane engulfing his entire body from the neck down. Like another layer of thick skin.

An open, tattered, denim jacket reveal a body clearly engineered for death.

Shane flips a metal switch labeled "Combustion Simulation" to "OFF." The out of place black classic car goes silent.

He tinkers with the radio. AUDIO FROM AN INTERVIEW PLAYS.

EDWARD DONNIGAN (V.O.)

No, it will be quickly adopted.  
Developing countries will have it  
this year.

THE ROOT (V.O.)

How can they afford it? It cost you  
eighty billion cryptus --

EDWARD DONNIGAN (V.O.)

To develop the technology, yes. Not  
to implement. It will be affordable.

Audio wave lights inside the car change to blue when Edward Donnigan speaks and to green when the Root speaks.

THE ROOT (V.O.)

I still can't wrap my head around it.  
How does it work?

EDWARD DONNIGAN (V.O.)

(laughing)

OK even simpler this time... I  
created a fusion reaction that is  
used to hyper charge beta particles  
into a möbius strip.  
This creates a limitless source of  
self-renewing energy cells at  
virtually any size for any need.  
Nearly free energy will spread across  
the globe.

Shane takes a swig of whiskey straight from the bottle, draining it before tossing it into the back seat, where TED, a sleeping bulldog, rests his head on a weathered army pack like a pillow.

THE ROOT (V.O.)

Yes, spread across the globe... like a virus. What are the consequences?

EDWARD DONNIGAN (V.O.)

I see you've just been buttering me up. OK. What are these consequences you fear of curing humanity of our energy crisis...

THE ROOT (V.O.)

Cured overnight even, right? A miracle. Could this be Pandora's box?

A single cable runs from Shane's vehicle console to a small box the size of a deck of cards with the words "Donnigan Power Cell" embossed on the top of it.

A small, glowing blue window offers the only hint of the immense power contained within the tiny box.

EDWARD DONNIGAN (V.O.)

How so?

Shane observes with indifference herds of lethargic citizens shuffling down the sidewalks, avoiding one another as if an invisible magnetic force were keeping them apart.

Each walker is glued to a screen-projected in front of their face, embedded in glasses, or held in their hands.

THE ROOT (V.O.)

The problem isn't the power itself but how it will change society. It will accelerate innovation, automation, AI...

Some of those walking enter into a building. Shane glances up at the towering single unit complex.

THE ROOT (CONTINUED) (V.O.)

Pushing an already struggling middle class into poverty. Governments will have to step in... provide the populous with a living income... and they can do it thanks to the Donnigan Power Cell.

EDWARD DONNIGAN (V.O.)

You're still describing a Utopia to me. No work, no poverty? Come on? --

Layers of drones and flying vehicle traffic disappear into the clouds above the colossal building.

INT. SHANE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

THE ROOT (V.O.)

No purpose. No chance for a better life. An unemployable class with no responsibility. That's your Utopia. A dependent society with no goals...  
... no sense of purpose. You will push them into unhinged ideologies. Crime and war will be your legacy. The powerful will prosper as they always have. People like you will benefit from this endless power... and the world will suffer.

Shane is bathed in green light during the silence.

Finally blue light.

EDWARD DONNIGAN (V.O.)

...I have a plan to prevent all that you fear. Trust me.

Shane chuckles and opens a bag of beef jerky and tosses a piece into the backseat. Ted pops up and catches it mid air.

SHANE

(sarcastic)

Yeah I bet you did.

RADIO (V.O.)

Coming up on Past Imperfect "The Life and Death of Edward Donnigan," his mysterious and brutal assassination just two days later.

Suddenly a swarm of flying police vehicles zoom past overhead. Sirens blaring. Ted Pops his head up again.

They slowly approach a tall office building surrounded by police cars. Several cars are already burning.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

A man with a black-and-white mohawk, dressed like a referee, perches on the roof with a high tech ROCKET LAUNCHER. He FIRES, blasting an incoming police flier out of the sky in a burst of blue fire.

He turns and runs to the inside edge of the roof giving a BELLOWING BATTLE CRY into the courtyard below.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING COURTYARD - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Two small armies on either side of the courtyard begin to charge each other with makeshift melee weapons suited for a zombie apocalypse. Nothing high-tech about them.

One group dons a variety of red, white and blue ensembles while the other wear uniform beige jumpsuits.

Both groups CHARGE, shouting the same battle cry—"FOR FREEDOM!"

INT. SHANE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Shane casually turns away from the chaotic scene.

SHANE

They work together to keep the police out... then tear each other apart.  
Poetic.

Shane flips the "Simulated Combustion" switch back to "ON." The false ROAR of an ENGINE fills the air as he speeds away.

EXT. BOSTON APARTMENT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Shane's modified black classic CAR RUMBLES into a lot transformed into a neon-soaked block party.

Cybernetic revelers gather in fragmented sync, their bodies decorated with glowing tattoos and chrome enhancements.

A woman with a robotic arm drops a white capsule with an orange stripe in her mouth.

Shane steps out of the car. He gets a nod of approval from a YOUNG MAN, 19, admiring his ride. He returns the nod.

Shane wades into the party heading towards the apartment complex entrance.

A fight breaks out among the crowd. Shane pays it no mind.

He approaches the apartment security door. A camera looks on as he tries to open it. Locked.

Shane looks at the camera and takes a breath. Then he grips the handle again.

His jet black hand illuminates briefly with glowing blue veins as he pulls the door open breaking the lock with ease.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A security monitor watches as Shane rips open the door. An ALARM SOUNDS as a security team of seven mount up with high-tech energy rifles and gear.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT

Shane emerges from the shadows of the drab, graffiti-covered lobby, his steps measured as the heavily armed team advances, their WEAPONS HUM.

SECURITY LEADER

Hey Pal, party's out there.

Shane walks with arms spread out and open hands. Unarmed, save for a strange handle holstered on his belt with a metal scaled ball on top, resembling a rolled up armadillo.

SHANE

I walk in the shadow of the Almighty,  
His sword in my hand, His will in my  
heart. You defied Him. I am here to  
collect the price.

The security team exchange glances in a blend of confusion and abashed fear.

SECURITY LEADER

Get the hell out of here --

Shane suddenly explodes forward, impossibly fast, and punches the SECURITY LEADER in the chest, launching him across the lobby.

TRIGGER HAPPY SECURITY MEMBER unloads a barrage of FIRE at Shane who is just a blur of motion. He misses and destroys the reception desk.

In a flash, Shane gets close, redirects the gun, and throws him through the wall of an occupied room.

Through the hole in the wall, a bald man with shaved eyebrows strapped to a VR sex simulator looks up in shock.

SHOTGUN SECURITY MEMBER moves in and FIRES on Shane.

Shane blocks the BLAST in a blue flash with a bare open palm. Then redirects the barrel and jabs him in the face smashing his helmet visor.

Three of the remaining security members aim their rifles.

Shane leaps off a wall dodging FIRE to get close to them. A lightning blue blur of perfectly timed attacks, broken bones and smashed armor.

The LAST SECURITY GUARD shakily aims at Shane.

Shane tilts his head looking at him curiously, like a lion toying with a mouse under its paw.

The guard drops to his knees and throws his gun.

LAST SECURITY GUARD  
Please don't kill me! I have kids.

Shane slowly walks towards him.

SHANE  
The trumpets have sounded. I am the seventh—the final reckoning, the last voice you'll ever hear.

The guard puts his head to the ground trembling.

LAST SECURITY GUARD  
Please, I'm sorry!

Shane walks past him and disappears into the stairwell. The guards he dropped groan—hurt, but very much alive.

INT. KNOX'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

MIKAELA, 27, an attractive maverick gazing up at rock bottom as she sinks even lower, shudders on the back of a toilet rolling a cigarette between her fingers.

She lights the cigarette and takes a drag. Her makeup is smudged from crying but she is out of tears.

A heavy fist POUNDS on the DOOR several times.

KNOX (O.S.)  
Let's go, honey. I smell you smoking those relics again.

She continues to TAP her FOOT for a moment and inhales.

KNOX (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Now Woman!

Mikaela jumps up and rips the door open.

KNOX, 40, an intimidating drug peddler with a sinister look in his eye, enters the doorway and rests an arm against the frame while looking her up and down.

He caresses the side of her arm with his finger up to her tank top strap. He grips it with his finger and moves it down off her shoulder.

She stares down as smoke moves from the bathroom into the candle lit bedroom. Takes a drag, igniting the cinder.

KNOX

There she is. Your brother was right after all. Let's get you naked—AAAHH!

Knox screams as Mikaela grabs his dangling long hair and jams the scorching cigarette into his eye with her thumb.

HOTEL BEDROOM

Mikaela leaps across the room towards the exit away from a screaming Knox.

BANG! Shane kicks in the door of the bedroom.

Mikaela rears back in fear.

Their eyes meet.

She grabs a lit candlestick and swings for Shane's head. He catches it easily and looks at her curiously.

His eyes widen as Knox grabs a gun and takes aim.

Shane tosses her to the side and dodges the energy BLAST from the PISTOL.

Shane gets to him before the second shot and grabs his forearm. BREAKS it with a squeeze.

Mikaela, breathing heavily, scoots from the ground into an open closet and watches from the shadows.

Shane pins Knox against the wall with his outstretched hand against his chest. His fingers grip Knox's chest tight, black and blue talons dig into muscle.

SHANE

Where is he? The Artist. Help me! Or I take your heart...

He digs his fingers in deeper.

KNOX

Ah! You motherfucker... Who do you think you are?

SHANE

I am the hand that passes judgment, the one who spares no soul marked for destruction. The blood on your hands won't save you this time.

He squeezes his chest harder. Knox, with a burnt out eye, broken arm and nearly collapsed chest writhes in pain.

KNOX

L.A.! His stronghold is in L.A... Nova District.

Shane drops Knox to the ground.

KNOX (cont'd)

You just missed him, I swear.

Without another word, Shane walks towards the exit.

Mikaela, wide eyed, watches him go. He merely nods at her.

She stands up gripping the candlestick, eyes fixed on Knox.

EXT. BOSTON APARTMENT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Shane vaults through a second-story window on the far side of the apartment, away from the chaos of the party.

He sneaks around the building and slips back into the crowd successfully unnoticed.

INT. SHANE'S CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT

Shane enters the car. Ted greets him with a smile. An EMERALD CROSS JINGLES from the rear view mirror as he closes the car door.

Shane pets Ted returning a smile.

SHANE

Co-pilot. Blackout. Show file Odyssey.

The windows of the car go completely black. A holographic screen map appears in place of the windshield.

Various cities have been crossed off. Philadelphia, Washington D.C., Baltimore.

SHANE (cont'd)  
Update. Cross off Boston. Create heading for L.A., Nova district.

The map crosses off Boston and projects the journey to L.A.

SHANE (cont'd)  
We were so close Ted...

Shane pulls out a fresh bottle of whiskey and takes a swig.

SHANE (cont'd)  
Co-pilot, run Remember Me program for today's date and begin autopilot to destination.

A video of a woman and a little girl appear on the windshield screen at a park.

ON SCREEN

JASMINE, 5, has big, adorable brown eyes. Her yellow dress with blue ducks ripples with the wind as she pedals a bike.

CLAIRE, 32, gorgeous, watches her daughter. She's in a sun dress and flawless makeup. An emerald cross necklace rests on her chest.

An unrecognizable Shane has his arm around her. His hair is short and brown. The jet black membrane is absent.

INT./EXT. SHANE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The car begins to slowly move from the busy area.

Shane takes a long pull from the bottle as he watches. His face exhibits a realization coming over him.

SHANE  
Co-pilot, play personal feed with audio from this moment.

ON SCREEN

Shane's POV. We see Jasmine biking from a different angle. We hear Shane's voice.

SHANE (O.S.)  
I think I'm ready for another.

The camera shifts as Shane is grabbed by the shoulders and turned to face Claire.

CLAIRE  
Don't mess with me.

SHANE (O.S.)  
(chuckling)  
No messin.

They hug and we see the back of Claire's head and Jasmine still biking off in the distance.

INT. SHANE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The reflection of the scene rounds Shane's glowing blue eyes. His face remains a mask, but the flicker of pain in his eyes is undeniable.

Suddenly. BOOM! BOOM! CRASH! The back passenger WINDOW EXPLODES as Mikaela blasts through and launches herself into the backseat landing on the military pack like a crash pad.

Bloodied, panting and manic, she quickly turns Knox's HUMMING PISTOL on Shane.

MIKAELA  
Drive!

CUT TO BLACK

INT. STAGE THEATER - NIGHT

SUPER: 5 Years Ago

GENERAL CRAWFORD, 54, enters the back of the theater. Her uniform is immaculate. Her powerful frame exudes a hunter's grace—controlled, lethal, and unrelenting.

Her chiseled jawline speaks of discipline forged in battle, while her sharp, piercing eyes seem to assess every weakness before it's even revealed as she scans the crowd before her.

She reads the red invitation in her hand and finds her seat in the dark crowd. She takes off her service cap and rests it in her lap.

A red curtain rises to reveal a massive pig propped up and latched to the stage. Helpless.

THE ARTIST, 38, an alluring performer in a white suit, sashays in from stage right. He radiates charisma.

THE ARTIST  
Good morning everyone! Do apologize  
for the strange hour.

A dolled up ACTRESS in the crowd of 50 lounges in her seat, a knowing smirk hinting at how beneath her this all feels.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
My work thrives when all is quiet...  
and all is dark.

A RUSSIAN MILITARY COLONEL glares over his spectacles with arms crossed.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
I acquired this amazing creature from  
the slaughterhouse. His name is Adam.

The Artist crouches down and pats the pig on the head.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
He is going to serve a higher purpose  
than becoming a meal for the  
ungrateful. He won't feel a thing.  
Promise.

The Artist rises and strides to the front of the stage, lifting his chin, gazing down at the crowd with quiet authority.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
Do not be afraid dear audience. You  
will be safe behind this glass...

He taps the thick barrier separating him from his audience.

A SMUG C.E.O. looks up from his phone and squints in concern at the preamble.

General Crawford's perfect posture and focused gaze suggests the Artist has her full attention.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
I call this performance, "Evolution."

The lights go out. A spotlight narrows on Adam, alone.

The Artist drags a screeching metal case onto the stage.

He unlatches it and pulls out a crude wooden club. He raises it with pride. CELLOS PLAY to accentuate his actions.

The Artist dances around the stage twirling the club with elation on his face.

He presents a coconut to the audience before SMASHING it.

Coconut milk spills on his functioning X-ray tie. It reveals a live window to his rib cage.

The Artist attempts to gulp down the innards of the coconut.

Suddenly, he spits out the milk and glares at Adam.

He aims the club at the pig and circles him.

CELLOS ERUPT in sync with the Artist's motions as he bashes the pig several times in the body.

The Artist, now out of breath, looks to the bewildered crowd as if to ask for help to slay the resilient beast.

Crawford remains stoic.

He raises an ancient gladiator sword from the case.

The sharpened blade easily peels a carrot before the Artist takes a bite.

He spits out the moist chunk of carrot against the glass barrier with a loud BONG.

SLASH! He cuts Adam's torso flesh several times.

The Artist screams and leaps into the air plunging the blade into the back of the pig. The hog's breathing quickens.

The crowd gasps, shrieks and rustles, but remains seated. Crawford is unmoved.

A polished silver revolver glimmers in the spotlight before the Artist holsters it.

He struts to the front of the stage, Adam at his back. Hands float at his side like an expert dualist.

His empty white eyes lock on the entranced General Crawford. She diverts her gaze momentarily, then returns her focus.

With a quick turn, he FIRES three rounds from the hip and hits Adam in the leg, belly and ear.

Blood pools below Adam and he strains to breath.

An ENERGY ASSAULT PISTOL rises up in display, HUMMING with potential energy. "Peacekeeper" is engraved on the barrel.

The Artist stands in front of the struggling pig and the cellos cease to play. The theater fills with silence.

The glass barrier rises and disappears into the ceiling. The exposed crowd's eyes follow the glass as it is removed.

With a grin, he takes aim and FIRES a blue flash into the brain of Adam. It EXPLODES like a watermelon. Spatters of red cover his painted white face and pristine white suit.

The audience, now baptized with a mist of Adam's blood, gawk at what they have witnessed.

The Artist turns to them and bows as blood fills the stage.

The audience finally erupts from their seats. Not with outrage but with thunderous applause.

Crawford, herself covered with a mist of blood, looks around at the cheering spectators in horror.

She fumbles away from the spectacle tripping over a chair desperately trying to escape the madness in the room.

She bursts out of the dark theater into a wall of light.

EXT. HIGHWAY OUTSIDE BOSTON - DAWN

SUPER: Present Day

The sun rises behind the towering city of Boston as Shane's black car distances itself from the chaos.

Traffic on the ground and in the air dissipates as patches of grass and trees take up more of the landscape.

INT. SHANE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAWN

Mikaela's hand shakes as she continues to aim Knox's gun at Shane's head from the back seat.

Shane, the now hostage, looks bored.

Ted sits in the back seat resting his head on Mikaela's leg.

SHANE  
How much further?

MIKAELA

A ways. Just keep driving.

SHANE

How about we put the gun down and just enjoy the drive then?

MIKAELA

Not a chance pal. I heard the way you spoke to Knox. Some kind of religious wack job.

Shane just chuckles. Ted licks himself.

MIKAELA (cont'd)

What's funny?

SHANE

Putting the fear of God in my targets saves me a lot of blood and hassle.

MIKAELA

That's fucked up.

SHANE

Eh. I think He would approve.

MIKAELA

Where did you come up with that shit?

SHANE

It comes straight from the Almighty.

MIKAELA

Come on?

Mikaela adjusts her grip and switches the gun to her other hand. Still trembling.

SHANE

My wife... She wrote comic books... There was this preacher character that was brought back from the dead to get vengeance on a whole town that murdered him and his family. She came up with these cryptic end of days lines for him to say. Stuck with me for some reason.

MIKAELA

Didn't peg you for the married type.

SHANE

The cross necklace was hers.

MIKAELA

Does she have anything to do with why  
you're after the Artist?

Shane takes his eyes off the road and meets hers in the  
mirror. Doesn't answer.

Mikaela presses the gun against the back of his head.

Beat.

SHANE

She was murdered... along with my  
daughter.

Mikaela pulls the gun back away from his head but keeps it  
aimed on him.

SHANE (cont'd)

The men who did it... were followers  
of the Artist. His anarchist  
ideology. His poisonous words of our  
doomed nature lead to their murder.  
That is why he will die. Call it  
revenge. Call it whatever you want.

Shane grips the cross necklace, holding it steady.

Mikaela takes her eyes off Shane to glance at the cross.

Suddenly, Shane leans his seat back and slams on the brakes,  
launching Mikaela forward.

Shane easily grabs the gun out of her hand and accelerates  
pushing her back against her seat. 120 mph.

SHANE (cont'd)

That's better. Now we both can relax.

Mikaela reaches for the door handle to jump out.

SHANE (cont'd)

I wouldn't do that. Not at this  
speed.

MIKAELA

Please don't kill me.

SHANE

Geez, have you even been listening?  
Let's just calm it down and figure  
out where we're goin.

He slows the car down to 60 and puts the gun on the seat next to him with an open hand.

Mikaela grabs Shane's pack, opens the door, and leaps from the moving vehicle using the pack as a crash pad yet again.

Shane snatches Ted by the collar, stopping him before he can follow her.

Mikaela slams hard on the pavement and rolls to a stop.

Shane slows down as he watches her in the rear view mirror. She lies still on the road.

SHANE (cont'd)  
This lady's nuts.

EXT. SHANE'S CAR (MOVING) FARMLAND - LATER - DAY

Flying drone tractors tend to diverse regenerative farmland as far as the eye can see.

The familiar black car cruises along under the bright sun.

INT. SHANE'S CAR (MOVING) FARMLAND - DAY

Mikaela slowly wakes up in the back seat. Shane's jean jacket covers her like a blanket. Ted lays on her legs.

Like she never left.

Her head, knees and elbows have been bandaged up.

She jumps up startled when she realizes where she is.

SHANE  
Calm down. You're safe. Took quite a  
tumble. Couldn't just leave you.

She's manic again.

MIKAELA  
Stop the car please.

SHANE  
Suit yourself. Happy to drop you off  
though as long as it's on my way.  
Tried telling you that before you  
almost killed yourself.

Shane pulls the car over.

She opens the door but hesitates. Notices a police drone off in the distance. Considers. Closes door.

SHANE (cont'd)  
Now we're using our head.

Shane pulls the car back onto the road. They both track the drone as it passes overhead on its way towards Boston.

Mikaela finally pets Ted who lights up with the contact.

MIKAELA  
What's his name?

SHANE  
Ted... I'm Shane.

MIKAELA  
Mikaela.

A moment. The car hums down the empty road.

SHANE  
Weird way to meet you. So what kind of shit are you in that has you acting this reckless?

MIKAELA  
Long story.

SHANE  
Seems like we've got time. And I think you owe me one. Hostage situation... broken window...

Mikaela sits back and takes out a cigarette. Considering. Lights it.

MIKAELA  
My mom had lung cancer.

Shane glances over.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
Yeah, yeah... I know what you're thinking. Cigarettes cause lung cancer.

She flicks ash out the window.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
Funny thing is... neither of us smoked.

She inhales.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
Just lucky, I guess. Can't even blame  
pollution anymore. Not since Edwardo  
Donnigan cleaned the world up.

Shane nods slightly.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
We didn't have health insurance. Like  
most people. But Knox... he was  
selling this new cancer drug.

SHANE  
Nostrum.

She glances at him.

MIKAELA  
You've heard of it.

SHANE  
Hard not to. Expensive.

She exhales smoke slowly.

MIKAELA  
(inhaling)  
Yeah. "I owe you's" only go so far.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
(exhaling)  
Then she died anyway.

SHANE  
The drug didn't work?

MIKAELA  
Not enough.

She stares out the window.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
Left my brother and me with a  
mountain of debt.

Shane's jaw tightens putting it together. Eyes on the road.

SHANE  
I take it this Knox doesn't like  
being owed?

A bitter smile crosses her face.

MIKAELA  
No... he doesn't.

She taps ash out the window again.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
My darlin' brother figured out a way  
to settle it.

Shane glances over.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
He offered me up to Knox.  
And any of his boys.

Beat.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
One month. Debt paid.

Silence fills the car.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
What a saint.

SHANE  
You almost went through with it.

MIKAELA  
Almost.

Shane stares out at the endless road ahead in thought.

SHANE  
Glad you didn't.

Mikaela sneaks a glance at him. She takes another long drag  
from the cigarette. The warm tinder nearing her fingertips.

MIKAELA  
Runs in the family, you know.

Shane glances over. She lifts the cigarette.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
Lung cancer.

A small shrug.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
Might as well enjoy the ride while it  
lasts. Can't fight fate.

SHANE  
Sounds like an excuse.

MIKAELA  
Maybe.

SHANE  
What would your mom think? Smoking.

MIKAELA  
She wouldn't approve.  
(chuckling)  
I'd give anything just to get an  
earful from her.

They share a moment of silence as the car cordially parts a sea of trees.

SHANE  
How do you handle the pain?

She thinks for a moment in the hum of the road.

MIKAELA  
I let it out. I cry. It's like  
exhaling a big breath that you've  
been holding in. Then, when I'm  
ready...

She flicks the cigarette out the window.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
I'll inhale again... In hopes of  
breathing in some happiness. That's  
all life is. Breathing.

Shane absorbs her words. The car slices through the lush landscape.

She reaches between the front seats and turns up the RADIO to a MELODIC SONG with a haunting sadness to it. The harmony fills the car. Mikaela closes her eyes and she sings along.

MIKAELA  
"The watchmaker cleaned my clock"

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS - ROAD TRIP

We hear Mikaela singing during the shots

The car winds through the mountains.

MIKAELA (V.O.)

"... I said I'm looking for the time  
please, instead she took out a rock"

Mikaela is now in the front seat. She laughs at something  
Shane says.

MIKAELA (V.O.) (cont'd)

"... Strayed a bit deeper in the  
lion's den."

They stop to let Ted pee. Mikaela smokes a cigarette and  
Shane stretches his back.

MIKAELA (V.O.) (cont'd)

"It's gonna be a short while until I  
tell time again."

They sit on opposite queen beds in an old hotel room  
watching a cartoon on TV. Shane passes a whiskey bottle  
across the gap.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT./EXT. SHANE'S CAR (MOVING) WIND TURBINE FIELD - DAY

The classic car cruises across an endless field of  
motionless, out of commission, wind turbines.

A fallen propeller in the ground sticks straight up like  
King Arthur's sword in the stone.

RADIO (V.O.)

Another shooting took place at the  
Capital Hill where State Senator  
Russel White was assassinated. The  
gunman was apprehended at the scene.  
The assailant wore a shirt that read  
"E-Day is Coming" painted in pig's  
blood. A known calling card of those  
who follow the terrorist known as the  
Artist...

MIKAELA

To think this craziness started with  
that pig murder. Now he has more  
approval than the president. Even if  
you get to him, there'll be a price  
on your head the rest of your life.

SHANE

He's a disease. People are desperate for purpose. Cling to the most entertaining ideologue.

MIKAELA

Still though. You can't win. He's surrounded by an army.

SHANE

I can get to him. And if not. Fine.

MIKAELA

Fine?

SHANE

Yeah... fine.

MIKAELA

And you think I'm reckless.

They get just past the wind turbine field. It opens up to a picturesque meadow. Tall grass, flowers and a creek.

Ted whines in the back seat. Shane looks back at a familiar look from Ted signaling that he needs to pee.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Shane pulls the car to the side of the road.

Mikaela hops out with Ted who barely gets his leg up before emptying his bladder.

Mikaela takes a long pin out of her hair and with a flick of her her wrist, the pin transforms into clear eye-glasses.

MIKAELA

Record.

Mikaela wanders away from the car into a meadow of tall grass. She continues up to a hill that overlooks the road.

Shane watches her wander off. Then reluctantly steps out of the car and follows her with Ted at his side.

He reaches the top of the hill. Mikaela lays in the grass looking up at him shading her eyes from the sun.

SHANE

What are we doing?

MIKAELA

Breathing in some happiness. Admiring the view. OK with you boss?

SHANE

There's nothing to see.

She sits up and pats the ground next to her. Shane sits down and looks out at the landscape in front of them.

SHANE (cont'd)

The air up here does feel nice.

MIKAELA

That's the spirit. Question for you.

SHANE

Great.

MIKAELA

Have any friends?

SHANE

What do you think?

MIKAELA

You have Ted and I. Must be others.

SHANE

We're friends now?

MIKAELA

Come on. We're getting on so well. ... Who else?

SHANE

Only other person I would consider a friend is the one who put me in this suit. The one who made me into this.

MIKAELA

Who's that?

SHANE

Delroy.

MIKAELA

Mentor? Talked you into doing it?

SHANE

No. He invented this... dunamis matter... That's what it's called.

He wiggles his jet black fingers in front of Mikaela's face.

MIKAELA

That is a crazy aug. I've never seen anything like it. Can't you just take it off?

SHANE

No. It's fused to my body. Wired to my brain. Lets me control it like I would any other muscle.

MIKAELA

Damn. You're friends with this guy?

SHANE

He just invented it and helped me learn to control it. Like learning to walk all over again. He's a good man.

MIKAELA

Not many volunteers I bet? How do you... ya know?

SHANE

No filter on you is there...

MIKAELA

Lost it years ago.

SHANE

... I'm able to just focus and a gap opens up. Like I said, wired to my brain.

MIKAELA

Hah. No shit? How'd you find yourself with this tech?

SHANE

Not sure you want to know.

MIKAELA

No turning back now.

A gust of wind blows Mikaela's long curly hair as she looks intently at Shane. Her beauty emphasized by the orange glow of the sun. He loses focus looking at her.

MIKAELA (cont'd)

Well?

Shane shakes his head regaining his train of thought.

SHANE

I didn't get the suit until after my family was killed... The combination of the dynamis matter and the energy controlling it makes me stronger and faster than any soldier. An advanced reaction system can feel changes in air pressure and harden when needed to stop energy charges or bullets.

MIKAELA

Bulletproof? That explains this.

She sticks her finger in the hole in Shane's jacket.

SHANE

Everywhere but my face. Even that wasn't always the case though. I was quite the monster...

Shane's expression becomes entranced.

EXT. BEACH OF NORMANDY - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Shane dons a menacing smooth black mask with glowing eye slits. Contrasting the high tech mask, he also wears the U.S. Military helmet and uniform of 1944.

He rides a small landing boat surrounded by thirty other soldiers in matching uniforms. WAVES CRASH against the boat.

SHANE (V.O.)

Delroy set up an elaborate virtual simulation to show off the suit's capabilities to leaders of government agencies like the U.S. Military and the C.I.A. ... A demo of what someone like me could have done on D-day.

The landing BOAT CRASHES the beach. The HATCH DROPS. German MACHINE GUN FIRE tears into the squad.

Shane draws his PISTOLS and sprints forward, BLASTING undeterred as BULLETS RICOCHET off him with blinks of blue. Soldiers follow in his wake of destruction.

Shane reaches a mounted German turret, tears it off the tripod and aims it to the sky. He trades FIRE with an incoming NAZI PLANE. It crashes and EXPLODES at his feet.

Shane wields the strange hilt with a metal armadillo ball. He flicks his wrist. It unravels and folds vertically into an electric blue sword.

He enters the Nazi stronghold. In a blur of muzzle flashes, blue slashes, and severed body parts, he clears the bunker.

With the beach secured, Shane emerges from a subterranean hatch leading to the mainland.

A Nazi tank waits amidst the smoky field. Aims at Shane.

An ARTILLERY SHELL ERUPTS out of the barrel. Shane bursts forward like a bolt of lightning and punches the shell.

An EXPLOSIVE BLUE SHOCKWAVE kicks up a WHIRLWIND OF SAND.

Shane stands knee deep in a crater, his uniform blasted away. His entire right arm glowing blue. He swings his sword to clear the smoke.

With a graceful spin, he dodges a second BLAST, then effortlessly slices the cannon barrel in half.

Shane carves the top hatch open and drops inside to dispense with the crew.

SHANE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
It was a bloodbath. I had a lot of  
aggression to channel in those days.

Shane raises the American flag completing his mission.

Shane's uniform and all surroundings disappear to reveal him suspended in an advanced magnetic field VR simulator dome.

PRESENT

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

MIKAELA  
Take it easy on yourself. Not like  
they were real. Then what?

SHANE  
A General Crawford was sold. She  
immediately fired Delroy from the  
project.

MIKAELA  
What for?

SHANE

She had her own plans. Delroy wasn't part of it. He got a promotion and was reassigned... But he was devastated. I was his life's work.

MIKAELA

Poor guy.

SHANE

Crawford took over and put me in the field on a black op in China.

BACK TO FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. JUNGLE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Shane descends in a wing suit through the night sky. He draws a small parachute above the trees and lands quietly.

SHANE (V.O.)

I was tasked with taking down a counter intelligence terrorist group working against the Chinese government.

Shane covertly takes out guards throughout the facility.

He hacks into a computer terminal and begins to delete the directed files.

SHANE (V.O.) (cont'd)

I was supposed to just guard the computer while the virus deleted any trace of the data. But... I couldn't look away.

Shane stares at documentation titled "Operation Unity."

SHANE (V.O.) (cont'd)

I saw proof that the U.S. and China were planning a coordinated global assault using an army of AI controlled drones. Their goal... end all war and civil disorder and install a global surveillance state to maintain control... Operation Unity.

Shane gapes at the discovery in the dark computer room and lets his guard down.

SHANE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Then while I was distracted...

A BRAVE GUARD sneaks up behind Shane and strikes him with a baton in the back of the head.

SHANE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
He hit me exactly where the suit and mask fuse to my brain. Caused a malfunction.

Shane writhes in pain as electricity jumps throughout his skull. A flailing arm knocks the guard across the room.

SHANE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
I had to get the mask off.

Shane's armadillo blade unravels to the length of a dagger. He jams it into his cheek and presses with all his strength.

SHANE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
It took a dunamis matter forge blade and all the power I had to puncture a tiny hole in the mask.

Electricity leaks out as he pierces the membrane.

He wedges his fingers in the charred bloody hole and tears the dunamis matter off.

He heaves in air as the electricity finally stops torturing him. Smoke emits from his fried white hair.

The Brave Guard returns to finish the job. Shane catches the baton and looks at him with bloodshot fury.

SHANE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Not proud of what I did to that guard... He was real.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

SHANE  
I fled the compound and went into hiding.  
Eventually I tracked Delroy down and he wired the targeting system from the mask into these contact lenses.  
(MORE)

SHANE (cont'd)  
It lets me see the trajectory of  
donny-powered weapons among other  
things. Helps with --

MIKAELA  
I don't give a shit about your  
targeting system.

Shane looks to Mikaela who stares intensely back.

SHANE  
What?

MIKAELA  
Are you serious right now?

SHANE  
What?

She removes her recording glasses.

MIKAELA  
We're about to be in the midst of  
world war three and you wait until  
now to tell me.

SHANE  
Well we have a little time. The intel  
I found gives us a few weeks.

MIKAELA  
A few weeks? And your priority right  
now is to assassinate the Artist?

SHANE  
What do you care?

MIKAELA  
What do I care? You just told me the  
world is about to be taken over by a  
fascist AI and you're acting like it  
doesn't matter. How are you not doing  
ANYTHING about that?

SHANE  
What is there to do?

MIKAELA  
SOMETHING! Not fucking NOTHING!

SHANE  
-- Calm down.

She stands up and starts walking down the hill in a huff. Stops and turns back to him.

MIKAELA

Help me get the word out at least.  
Tell people what's about to happen.

SHANE

What's the point? It would just get  
more people killed.

MIKAELA

Ugh. You're ridiculous!

She storms down the hill. Shane sits in silence for a moment watching her run down the field with Ted chasing at her heels.

He stands and walks back down to the car approaching Mikaela. She leans against the car, a cigarette lit.

MIKAELA (cont'd)

Look. I know what happened to you is  
making you this... detached. Fine. I  
get it. But just consider for a  
second that maybe it happened for a  
reason. So you could... I don't know,  
help the rest of us.

Her words strike a chord and Shane's face softens. He's about to respond when something catches his eye.

A convoy of modified cyber trucks and jet powered super cars approach over the horizon from the road through the turbine field. Mikaela looks too.

MIKAELA (cont'd)

Oh shit! That's Knox's truck.

SHANE

They must have put a tracker in you.  
Did they give you any injections?

MIKAELA

Damn it. They told me it was birth  
control... Can we lose them?

Mikaela frantically gets in the car. Shane remains still.

SHANE

Not out here... They're pretty bad  
guys right?

MIKAELA  
The worst. Get in!

Shane walks out to the middle of the road and faces the oncoming convoy.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
What are you doing?

EXT. FLYING TRUCK/WIND TURBINE FIELD - DAY

Knox stands in the truck bed with his sleeveless snakeskin duster flapping in the wind. A lust for revenge in his one real eye. The convoy follows in his wake.

CY, 29, a skinny, bald man—eyebrows and all—sits handcuffed in the truck bed at Knox's feet.

Knox looks down at a radar screen pinging at the top. He signals to his cyberpunk gangsters in the adjacent soaring war vehicles.

KNOX  
That's them! Open fire!

Cy stands up and looks over the truck bed at their target with terror on his face.

EXT. ROAD/MEADOW - DAY

Shane sees muzzle flashes from the convoy but remains still. Seems to know they won't be fatal.

ENERGY CHARGES PEPPER the road and one BOUNCES off his arm BLASTING another hole in his jacket.

SHANE'S POV - AUGMENTED REALITY VIEW

The world flickers into an electric blue digital overlay. Shane ZOOMS IN on the approaching gang.

Their weapons project glowing red BEAMS showing exactly where they're aiming.

Cy's terrified face catches his attention. His image SCANS—data populates:

IDENTITY CONFIRMED: CY RAMOS  
RELATIVE MATCH: MIKAELA RAMOS  
ALERT: WANTED (VANDALISM)  
HIGH-RISK ASSOCIATION: "THE ARTIST"

BACK TO SCENE

In a flash, Shane draws a hidden piano key white PISTOL from his sleeve and opens FIRE. BANG-BANG! BANG-BANG! BANG-BANG!

Shane's precise blasts take out the drivers mid air. Like scattering flies, the war convoy veers off course and crash into one another.

BOOM! A SUPER CAR SMASHES into a wind turbine in a massive fireball.

Only Knox's truck remains barrelling towards them.

Knox grabs Cy by the neck and puts a gun to his head.

Shane SPRINTS toward the oncoming truck, pistol in hand.

He LEAPS—meeting the truck head-on.

In midair, he FIRES—one round through the windshield, killing the DRIVER.

The truck passes under him.

As he clears the cab, Shane head-shots KNOX.

Still midair, he REACHES DOWN with his free hand, grabbing CY by the jacket—

and YANKS him off the truck bed.

Momentum whips them both forward, flailing through the air.

Shane clamps onto him—HUGS him tight—

as they SLAM onto the asphalt.

Shane takes the hit, absorbing the impact beneath Cy.

The driver-less truck swerves and crashes into the field.

Vehicle and body parts rain down on the road. A flaming wheel rolls past Shane and Cy as they get to their feet.

Mikaela sprints over to them and hugs Cy.

MIKAELA

Are you OK?

CY

Yeah, thanks to this guy.

Mikaela punches Cy in the stomach. He buckles over.

MIKAELA

You know what that's for.

Shane stares out at the burning vehicles he just destroyed.

SHANE

The Artist isn't really in L.A. Is he  
Cy?

CY

What?

SHANE

You know where he really is don't  
you? You've been there?

CY

I can't. He'll kill me.

SHANE

I'll take care of him. Can't kill you  
if he's dead.

CY

You don't understand, man. He has  
people everywhere. Followers  
everywhere. You'll never get to him.

Shane starts walking back towards the car. Mikaela, follows.  
Cy can only shake his head and trail behind.

MIKAELA

He's gonna tell you. I know a place  
off the grid we can lay low while  
this mess blows over and Cy can tell  
you what he knows.

CY

Mikaela...

MIKAELA

Fuck off...

INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A GRANDFATHER CLOCK TICKS in a mahogany lined room. A  
menagerie of stuffed wild game fill every corner.

A bear and a lion are crammed in corners while a tiny baby  
deer is framed with a bow at the center above a fireplace.

General Crawford sits at her marble desk. She idly squeezes  
a squishy jet-black ball, eyes scanning holographic screens.

She watches the flaming debris from Shane and Mikaela's encounter with Knox from a satellite view.

The hologram's glow highlights her minimal organized desk.

Stapler, mug, gun, pen. Everything with a cold purpose other than a small photo of her and a child -- each holding a bow and arrow.

Her TIMID ASSISTANT stands in front of her desk, waiting. He is unnecessarily handsome.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

Any survivors?

TIMID ASSISTANT

One. Looks to be the girl's brother.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

How long ago?

TIMID ASSISTANT

Two hours. It was flagged by Unity as unusual right away but we can only analyze flagged footage so fast.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

More human deficiency. We're tracking them I assume?

TIMID ASSISTANT

Yes, I sent the live feed over.

Crawford makes a hand gesture to retrieve the data.

EXT. SATELLITE DISH - SPACE

Thrusters fire on a satellite fixed on Shane. Lens focuses.

INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A feed of Shane's car cruising across the highway flashes on Crawford's screen.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

He only fired eight times. Sloppy.

TIMID ASSISTANT

Sloppy Ma'am?

GENERAL CRAWFORD

Gun fights happen all over the world every day. What do you think Unity flagged this for? Gave up his position showing off... Prep the others. Time they had some experience. I want him alive.

The Timid Assistant nods and leaves the office.

Crawford presses a small button on the jet black ball and a structure of glowing blue lines appears as it hardens.

She slams the ball on her marble desk with a CRACK, chipping the stone. Eyes fixate on the black car cutting through the lush landscape.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE CABIN - DAY

Shane looks at the cabin in front of him with concern. Mikaela unloads some supplies from the trunk. Cy wanders down towards the pond.

MIKAELA

Home sweet home.

SHANE

This is a shit hole.

MIKAELA

It's a bit of a fixer upper. Give you that. But no one will find us here. Perfect place to hash things out.

SHANE

Hm.

Shane turns to help retrieve supplies.

SHANE (cont'd)

How do you know about this place?

They approach the drooping front patio entrance.

MIKAELA

My dad found it years ago, abandoned. We'd come out here for vacation.

SHANE

Vacation?

MIKAELA

Yeah... my parents took pride in "donny-free" excursions. I hated it at first. Cold, no games or TV but we grew to look forward to getting away.

INT. RAMSHACKLE CABIN - DAY

Mikaela shoulders the door open and drops some canned goods in a corner that already has cartons of cigarettes.

Shane observes the lived in interior from the threshold.

SHANE

Wait, you were here recently?

MIKAELA

Busted.

SHANE

You lived here... by yourself?

MIKAELA

For a couple weeks.

SHANE

How?

MIKAELA

Plenty of land to live off. My dad showed us before he left. How to fish and hunt. How to survive.

Mikaela busily organizes the room.

SHANE

Why were you here?

MIKAELA

Take a wild guess.

SHANE

You were hiding?

MIKAELA

Yup.

Mikaela, now distressed, leaves out the front door and walks down to the nearby pond towards Cy. Shane doesn't follow.

EXT. WATER'S EDGE - DAY

Mikaela approaches Cy. He looks out at the clouds.

MIKAELA

Remember when we used to play ice hockey out here. Way before it was totally frozen.

(chuckling)

Mom really laid into us... we were so different back then.

Her features turn somber. She kneels down and starts looking at stones along the shore. Picks up a stone. Examines it. Drops it. Grabs another.

CY

Everyone changes.

MIKAELA

I ran here. Abandoned you... Like a coward. I'm sorry. No wonder you ratted me out...

CY

We both did what we had to do.

MIKAELA

We still are. We have to stop this thing called Unity.

CY

I know all about it.

MIKAELA

What?

She skips the stone across the glassy pond. Ripples spread.

CY

The Artist says he has a plan to stop it. He's our best chance. And you want to let this guy kill him.

MIKAELA

I don't think we have a choice. Shane's a force of nature. More than that, he's a good man and I trust him more than that monster.

CY

Or maybe he's just your type.

MIKAELA

Oh you can fuck right off.

Cy with a smirk on his face tries to skip a stone but fails.

MIKAELA (cont'd)

Nice throw. You've lost your strength living in that simulator. How about you make yourself useful and chop the rest of these logs?

Mikaela walks back to the cabin. Cy, still smirking, looks to see a stack of thick logs next to a chopping block with a splitting ax embedded in it.

CY

Yeah, that's not happening.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE CABIN - LATER - NIGHT

Mikaela and Shane sit around a fire eating beans and a meal cube. Cy's chair is empty.

MIKAELA

I'll catch some fish tomorrow. You can't beat fresh fried fish.

SHANE

I get the feeling your brother is stalling. And you're helping. I need to know where he is.

MIKAELA

Maybe I just enjoy your company.

He lets out a short, humorless laugh.

MIKAELA (cont'd)

What's the hurry? Let's just take a beat off the grid and then jump back in. It's been quite the few days for all of us.

SHANE

He tells me everything tomorrow.

MIKAELA

Fine. I'll see to it myself.

He looks up at the starry night sky in thought. The SOUNDS of NATURE and CRACKLING FIRE appear to relax even him.

He slowly reaches into his pocket and hands Mikaela a photo of Claire and Jasmine.

MIKAELA (cont'd)

What's this? Oh. This your family?

SHANE

Yeah.

MIKAELA

They're beautiful.

She hands the photo back. He gives a strained smile.

SHANE

Found them just after it happened.

Shane's eyes fixate on the fire. Mikaela looks up at him, piecing together what he's referring.

MIKAELA

I'm so sorry Shane.

SHANE

Jasmine stayed home from school.  
Planned a backyard fire. Like this.

Mikaela can't find any words but shows she's listening.

He looks at her with vulnerable eyes for a moment.

MIKAELA

I know the Artist is implicated but  
Did they catch who actually did it?

SHANE

I did... killed them at the scene.

The FIRE CRACKLES.

MIKAELA

And it didn't help did it?

SHANE

No.

MIKAELA

Why do you think killing the Artist  
will be different.

SHANE

Has to be. Their deaths will not be  
in vain.

Shane gazes at the fire. Mikaela passes him the whiskey.

MIKAELA

You saved me from my fate.

SHANE

You said lung cancer was your fate.  
Which is it?

MIKAELA

Shut up. You saved me from a worse  
fate then.

SHANE

You're not enough.

MIKAELA

Ouch. But agreed.

She hands him the bottle, stands and starts to head back to the cabin.

SHANE

But you are something.

She pauses a moment before continuing to the cabin.

INT. RAMSHACKLE CABIN - LATER - NIGHT

A fireplace illuminates the weathered cabin interior. Shane and Mikaela lay on opposite sides of the room. Cy is on a lofted bed already asleep.

Mikaela is awake looking at her phone. She turns it off and looks over at Shane. She stands up and walks over to him and lifts his arm and snuggles in under his blanket.

Shane wakes with a light startle and lifts his arm.

MIKAELA

I'm cold.

She grabs his arm and pulls it down onto her. He pauses a moment then lays his head back down.

MIKAELA (cont'd)

I haven't said it yet.

SHANE

Said what?

MIKAELA

Thank you.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Shane quietly lurks through the vibrant early fall woods with bow in hand.

His sights are on a massive buck a vast distance away. Augmented blue eyes zoom on the target.

He takes a deep breath, draws the bow string and aims at a slight arc.

The buck chews on a tuft of grass, oblivious to its super powered predator in the distance.

Shane holds for a few seconds.

He withdraws the arrow and lets the bow down.

SHANE

Nah, no judgment today, my friend.

He turns to head back towards the cabin.

Suddenly, his arm ignites to catch a dart destined for his exposed upper neck.

Shane quickly draws the BOW again and FIRES through the shedding trees at the unknown attacker.

With arrow in hand, POE, 31, a hulking Russian, walks towards Shane. He dons the same black dunamis armor but with a plated mask, unlike Shane's faulty seamless version.

POE

I was hoping it wouldn't be that easy. Would have been a waste of getting all dressed up.

SHANE

Shit. She couldn't resist could she.

Poe holds his own balled up dunamis matter forge blade.

He flicks his wrist and the metal ball fully unravels and folds vertically into an electric blue katana. Energy sizzles from the folded edge.

Shane moves his jacket to the side and draws his own matching electric sword.

POE

You were merely the prototype. I'm the real thing.

They face off in a ready stance as the wind picks up and directs the falling leaves.

Poe charges at a calm Shane.

Their BLADES CLASH with blue sparks and SHOCK WAVES peppering the quiet forest.

A deflection of Poe's attack chops a tree in half. It falls to the ground as Poe continues a barrage of swings. Shane deflects and blocks with ease.

Going on the attack Shane bats away Poe's blade to the ground and slashes at his face and chest. The armor erupts blue to protect him.

Shane kicks a dazed Poe hard against a huge tree. Its BARK EXPLODES and the TRUNK BUCKLES.

Shane grabs him by the ankle and swings him over his head into a boulder, splitting it. With ankle still in hand, Shane whirls him around and chucks him towards the cabin.

Poe gets to his feet and shakes it off. He loses track of Shane and puts his hand to his ear.

POE

Stay back! I still got this.

Poe draws a retracting rifle and scans the woods with no sign of Shane.

Shane comes down from above with his blade and stabs hard at the top of Poe's head. BOOM! A SHOCKWAVE ERUPTS.

A small gap on top of Poe's plated MASK SPARKS.

Shane slashes Poe's rifle in half and continues to overwhelm him with attacks. The dunamis armor yet protects him.

Suddenly Shane is blindsided and kicked hard from the side.

A second dunamis armored man, MITSUO, 29, a wiry Japanese soldier, stands next to a battered Poe.

MITSUO

You can't beat us both. It's over.

Shane returns to his feet, BLADE SIZZLING.

SHANE

Cheap shot. Should have made it count. If it's judgment you're after... I'll oblige.

## MITSUO

We would have slit your throat in  
your sleep or blown up the cabin if  
we wanted you dead. Enough of this.

Shane smiles, crouches and charges them both.

Mitsuo draws his blade and Poe puts up his fists.

In a blur of power and precision, they trade attacks.

A blade slashes Shane's armor and a hard punch from Poe to  
the face sends him stumbling with blood spewing.

## EXT. WATER'S EDGE - DAY

The battle brings them to the pond near the cabin and wood  
chopping block. Shane is bloodied and has taken damage.

Mitsuo knocks Shane's blade to the ground but leaves himself  
open for a grapple.

Shane throws him to the ground hard with a THUD! He lifts  
him back up and tosses him into the still pond.

A deadly haymaker from Poe misses through Shane's flowing  
hair. Shane strikes Poe in the back, knocking him to the  
ground on top of the splitting log.

Shane steps on Poe's back pinning him down and wields the  
splitting ax.

With a yell, he comes down with all his might right on the  
sparking split panel on Poe's mask.

The WOOD AX HANDLE BURSTS on the explosive impact but the  
metal axehead firmly finds its mark, between the panels,  
deep in Poe's head.

Mitsuo emerges from the shore.

A blood shot, berserk Shane summons his sword from the  
ground with a magnetic force and points it at Mitsuo.

## SHANE

The sword you see before you? It is  
not just mine—it is judgment itself.  
Prepare to die.

Mitsuo stops in his tracks in fear.

ROURKE

I was wondering if we would hear one of "the Preacher's" lines.

ROURKE, 35, a third dunamis armored soldier with a thick British accent, emerges from the front door of the cabin.

Shane's rage filled face turns to fear as he looks to the cabin. Rourke stomps down the front steps.

ROURKE (cont'd)

Enough bloodshed. We've already collected your friends. If you want them returned, just come with us.

His plated mask systematically collapses into his neck to reveal a battle hardened face.

Shane lowers his sword and looks around as if to the sky and the tree tops.

SHANE

Mom? Are you there? I know you're watching.

Rourke looks confused.

SHANE (cont'd)

Can you afford to lose another one? Both? We need to talk.

A spherical drone floats down from the sky in between Shane and Rourke. It breaks into three parts and begins to project a life size hologram of General Crawford.

SHANE (cont'd)

Just hear me out.

Crawford's hologram paces around the yard.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

Rourke, hold for my kill command.

A table materializes in the hologram as she approaches it. She sets her beret on it and draws her HUMMING SIDEARM. She begins to take it apart piece by piece.

GENERAL CRAWFORD (cont'd)

God, to think of all the sacrifices I made to make you the perfect soldier.

SHANE

I can get to the Artist. Cy is one of them and will take me there.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

Liar.

SHANE

Nah, that's your department.  
Clearance or not, you should have  
told me about Unity... I'm your son.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

You're also too fucking soft. I knew  
you would have some existential  
crisis over this, like young people  
always do.

SHANE

Gosh, yeah we always get in the way  
of AI invasions.

She holds up a small Donnigan Power Cell from her  
deconstructed pistol. It glows blue. Crawford sighs deeply  
and stares at Shane.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

They tell me there is a power cell in  
your armor, about this size, that  
keeps a retained connection between  
you and the armor. It won't run out  
of juice but if it's removed, your  
brain shorts and you die. Did your  
friend Delroy tell you about that?

SHANE

He did. Thought keeping it secret was  
the best defense.

Crawford sets the small power cell down on the table.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

Listen, son. There was a time when I  
was proud of you. You fought for  
freedom. Bravely. But the balance has  
shifted.

She takes a rag from a suitcase on the table and begins to  
polish the metal parts of her sidearm.

GENERAL CRAWFORD (cont'd)

The Unity AI is fair. More fair than  
the world has become. Giving up a  
little bit of freedom for a lot more  
security is the necessary sacrifice.

SHANE

The rest of the world isn't going to look at Unity as a peacekeeping mission.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

God, you're naive. The world's governments are on our side. Did you notice the accents of your competition? It's necessary Shane.

SHANE

Governments want control. What do you think the people will do?

GENERAL CRAWFORD

People? The human husks you mean? Half of them won't even know it happened. They'll wake up to a camera in their room and move on.

SHANE

And the other half?

GENERAL CRAWFORD

Well, that's where you can still find some redemption but only if you come in now. Killing the Russian created a job opening. I could use you as the spearhead against any resistance. A couple strong statements that there is no chance they can stop someone like you and they'll submit... You can save countless lives.

SHANE

I'm done being your weapon.

Crawford chuckles. Like a machine made for this sole purpose, she reassembles her pistol and holsters it.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

You're going to do it. You just haven't thought it through yet. The alternative is death for you and imprisonment for your new friends. Unity is happening with or without you so find whatever justification you need to live with yourself and let's move on.

SHANE

Screw you.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

Yeah, screw me... You're only alive because of me...

ROURKE

He's not coming in, general. Give us the order.

Rourke's mask snaps back on. Mitsuo gets into a ready stance and reignites his blade.

SHANE

I'll make you a deal. Return my companions to me and I'll take out the Artist, which I think you need more than me... After that, I'll join your super soldier boy band without a fight. Either way, you win. This is the tactical play, general.

General Crawford picks up her beret and puts it back on. She takes a deep breathe studying her son.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

This is your last chance. Don't take it for granted.

The hologram disappears. The three parts of the drone come back together and it flies off into the sky.

Fade to white.

INT./EXT. SHANE'S CAR (MOVING) WIND TURBINE FIELD - DAY

Shane's black classic car roars over the horizon as the sun rises on a new day. It winds through the familiar decrepit turbine field back towards the city.

The "combustion simulator" switch is flipped to "ON." Shane grips the steering wheel tight as he drives. Cy and Ted are in the back seat while Mikaela sits up front.

MIKAELA

Struck a bargain? That's all you're going to tell us.

SHANE

Look, Crawford wants the Artist dead more than me. It was an easy deal when the only other option was mutually assured destruction.

MIKAELA

Still hard to believe she would just let you go after all that.

SHANE

I find it hard to believe his hideout is back in Boston. I looked everywhere. You better not be full of shit Cy.

CY

It's there all right. Hidden within the shell of a skyscraper.

SHANE

How do we get in?

CY

The only way I know in is through a donut shop storefront called "Hinny's Holes." You enter the chateau through the back bakery kitchen.

MIKAELA

The chateau?

CY

That's what it's called. It makes sense when you see it.

SHANE

Then what?

CY

Well, then you enter the Artist's world. Thousands of armed acolytes, as we're called, running patrols and carrying out missions. Armed and ready to die for the Artist's cause. Since you have no retinal clearance, you'll be flagged right away and essentially attacked by a whole army.

SHANE

I'll have to shoot my way in.

CY

There's a better way. I can get you in as my guest. You'll need to check any weapons as you enter though. My clearance isn't that high.

SHANE

I won't need them.

EXT. HINNY'S HOLES - DAY

The black car pulls up to the front of the doughnut shop. Mikaela is driving.

MIKAELA

I'll be waiting in the alley in the next block.

SHANE

Just be ready to gun it and don't draw attention to yourself. Thank you for doing this.

MIKAELA

Hey we have a deal right? So don't get yourself killed... And keep my brother alive while you're at it.

Shane smiles back and nods. Their eyes meet for a moment. Mikaela can't hide the worry on her face.

CY

We'll be fine sis. This guys a freak.

Cy slaps Shane on the shoulder with a smirk. They exit the car and enter the doughnut shop.

INT. HINNY'S HOLES - DAY

They casually walk through the doughnut shop as customers gorge themselves on their favorite sugary delight. No one pays them any mind.

Cy nods to the cashier as he walks past the counter and into the back room.

Cy grabs a large silver freezer door and pulls it open. They enter the frigid freezer and walk to the other side where another door awaits.

A facial scanner scans Cy's his eyes. The door opens and they walk through.

INT. CHATEAU - CORRIDOR - DAY

Shane and Cy approach the security corridor consisting of a detail of the ARTIST'S ACOLYTES, heavily armed.

Cy high-fives a PUNK ACOLYTE, 22-purple mohawk, leather jacket, pure '80s punk energy.

PUNK ACOLYTE  
No weapons allowed, bro.

Shane hands him his two pistols and his forge blade. The Punk Acolyte examines the balled up handle curiously.

PUNK ACOLYTE (cont'd)  
You'll have to show me what this thing does, bro. I'm always seeking new whackers.

SHANE  
Anytime... bro.

INT. CHATEAU - GRAND HALL - DAY

Shane and Cy move past the security corridor into the grand hall of the anarchist king. Tall ceilings with classical pillars and gold molding. Walls lined with historical and modern art. Shane takes it in, skeptical.

The place is bustling with acolytes of the Artist, each with their own unique attire, as if trying to compete for most magnificent and eye catching. Many cross into the obtuse.

SHANE  
Well done. Where can we find the Artist? You'll want to distance yourself from me.

CY  
Third floor. Take the --

Suddenly a chipper announcement speaker pings on.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Today's performance begins in ten minutes. Please make your way to auditorium E at your convenience.

Hordes of acolytes all stop what they are doing and begin funneling in one direction.

CY  
I stand corrected.

SHANE  
Fitting he will die with an audience.

Shane and Cy file in with the crowd and enter a large auditorium.

INT. CHATEAU - AUDITORIUM - DAY

They shuffle into a row and Shane makes a point to let people in so he's in the isle seat.

The room goes dark and only the stage is lit with bright blue lights. The chattering of the crowd slows to a silence.

Shane focuses on the stage and the curtain like a puma about to pounce. His hands grip the seat arms.

In the silence, we hear two gun shots. Shane's eyes scan the room in a frenzy. The crowd doesn't seem to notice. Silence returns for several still moments.

The Artist finally steps out into the blue light from stage right. He holds a smoking modified .44 magnum. Blood peppers his white suit. White makeup with an orange vertical stripe smear over his face.

THE ARTIST

Excuse the unpolished look, dear audience. The end draws near, and my to-do list is... biblical. And you know the saying--no rest for the wicked.

He holsters his revolver and straightens his X-ray tie.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Today's performance is truly special. It's the first time since dear Adam graced me with the stage that I will have a partner.

Shane shifts in his seat, hands and legs radiating with blue potential energy about to launch him out of the chair to rip his prey apart with his bare hands. He leans back.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Shane Braddock. Please join me on the stage.

A spotlight shines on Shane and the crowd begins to clap, including Cy with a knowing smile. Shane tries to look calm but is completely caught off guard.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Come up on stage Shane. You know you want to.

Shane stands up and slowly walks to the side of the stage and climbs the steps to join the Artist under the lights.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Would you believe that Shane is here  
to kill me!

The crowd laughs as if they were watching a live sitcom.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Under false pretenses of course, but  
he doesn't know that yet. He's still  
thinking *I could snap that neck like  
twig...* but he also knows he's in a  
tough spot... He's in what the  
initiated call a kill box. One wrong  
move and the many guns trained on his  
exposed head will pop that skull of  
his like a balloon.

SHANE

What do you mean, false pretenses?

THE ARTIST

Ugh, I'm saying I'm completely  
innocent of any involvement in the  
death of your family. But We'll get  
to that. No spoilers. For now, you  
have no choice but to just listen.

SHANE

Get on with it then.

THE ARTIST

I need you Shane. I really do. And I  
think... you need me. See I know that  
you have defied the masters that you  
once served and they don't care for  
you too much -- Your eyes really are  
a striking blue. And your white hair,  
scars, what a look. I must paint you.

The Artist approaches Shane with a tap dance maneuver. He  
rubs Shane's hair in his fingertips. Shane can only gawk  
into the white eyes of his prey whom he's at the mercy of.

SHANE

You're insane.

The Artist chuckles.

THE ARTIST

I'm really not. Just theatrical.

SHANE

(aggravated)

What do you want with me?

THE ARTIST

Jeesh, lighten up. But OK. Down to brass tacks. Fair enough. The pitch is simple: I want you to help me stop Operation Unity.

SHANE

How?

THE ARTIST

I'm so happy you asked! Step into my office and we'll discuss.

The curtain rises to reveal the Artist's office. Complete with a book case, and bean shaped desk.

The Artist goes first and Shane cautiously follows into the office setting. The Artist sits behind the desk and Shane in the leather chair in front.

Shane fixates on a horrific painting depicting a giant naked old man eating a smaller, headless human. It hangs behind the Artist's leather throne. Shane is tight jawed and tense.

The Artist puts his feet up on his ornate desk and looks back at the painting himself. Relaxed as can be.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Do you know this painting?

SHANE

No.

THE ARTIST

It's called "Saturn Devouring His Son." He was afraid of being overthrown by his own child. Notice the deep desperation in his eyes.

SHANE

What kind of man hangs this in his office?

The Artist looks at him with an intrigued smirk.

THE ARTIST

Sure, it's a little disturbing. But the artist, Goya himself, kept this in his home. So I suppose the answer to your inquiry would be an artist who sees past guttural reactions. Instead, we seek deeper meaning.

SHANE

Which is?

THE ARTIST

Well it tells a story, Shane. The same story we're in right now.

Shane answers only with a look of frustrated confusion. He tightens his fist and glowing blue veins grow.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Saturn eats his own son because he's afraid he's going to lose his power to him.

SHANE

So you've said...

THE ARTIST

You're not getting it are you? Those in power are about to try and eat us... Operation Unity.

SHANE

Fine. So what happens to Saturn?

THE ARTIST

That's the fun part. His other son overthrows him anyway.

SHANE

Who is his other son?

THE ARTIST

Jupiter, also known as Zeus, the most powerful of the gods.

The Artist stands up and steps closer to the painting before looking back at Shane.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

And that brings us to why you're here. You and I, can embody the power of Zeus and put a stop to this desperate monster that threatens all of humanity.

SHANE

So why not a picture of Zeus?

The Artist belly laughs and shakes his head. The crowd joins him in his laughter.

THE ARTIST

Oh to think so... unadorned. Because this painting motivates me my friend.

SHANE

Motivates you to what end? What is your plan?

THE ARTIST

That is the question isn't it?

Shane, out of patience, stands and throws the HEAVY DESK with one arm against the book case with a CRASH.

SHANE

I've had enough games! I'd like nothing more than to end you right now so please, continue fucking around.

The Artist, unphased, calmly raises his hand up making a finger gun and aims at Shane.

THE ARTIST

Here it is.

He opens his hand to reveal a glowing donny-cell just like that found in Crawford's pistol.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

I'm going to remove the Donnigan Power Cell from the earth.

He closes his hands around it again.

SHANE

What?

THE ARTIST

It's the only way... We weren't meant to possess the power that the donny yields. It has derailed our evolution and humans need to be reset.

SHANE

That's not a plan... A plan is all that is keeping us both alive. You really don't think I can get to you first do you?

Shane gives a frightening smirk. His fist clinches and begins to glow blue. The Artist notices.

THE ARTIST  
-- An Electromagnetic Pulse.

Shane's face softens a bit along with the glow of his fist.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
The biggest one ever created. It will shut them all down at once, even the massive power plant in New Mexico. This thing will reach the moon. And, most importantly, it will shut down Operation Unity with the push of a button.

Shane pauses a moment in thought further relaxing his fist.

SHANE  
An EMP.

THE ARTIST  
The donny has given itself its own silver bullet with the power it provides. We've already built it. Lays dormant in this very building. Just waiting to liberate us.

Shane rubs his sand paper chin in thought. Silent.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
Give me something here my man. I'm not much of a poker player.

SHANE  
What about all the people that would die from this? Planes will fall from the sky, cars will crash, life support systems will be shut down.

THE ARTIST  
I have considered that with a heavy heart... But imagine all the people that will be killed when Operation Unity is executed? There will be a war like no other. A global rebellion with a donny-powered arsenal. Death toll in the billions.

Shane walks over to a prop antique globe in thought and spins the earth with his finger.

SHANE  
What a mess.

THE ARTIST

This is the only way we can stop it.  
You know I'm right Shane. What makes  
us human... must survive.

He puts his closed fist to his forehead in dramatic fashion.

SHANE

What's stopping you from setting it  
off right now?

THE ARTIST

Well... you see, an EMP with this  
much power takes quite some time to  
charge, about 60 minutes. It gives  
off a distinct energy signature.  
People have tried setting off smaller  
EMPs to shut down cities, but the  
government's response teams have been  
quick to stop them. Usually within  
ten minutes of detection, satellite  
missiles strike. I've got those and  
ground assaults covered --

SHANE

You need me to keep the dunamis  
soldiers from shutting it down.

The Artist smiles and nods.

THE ARTIST

That was quicker than expected.  
Precisely. I can't stop someone  
like... you.

Shane takes a deep breath.

SHANE

I need to think.

THE ARTIST

Of course... Dear audience. Our hero  
is fighting with the urge to complete  
his noble but misguided mission to  
avenge his family or save the rest of  
us from certain enslavement or death.  
It comes down to this folks.

Shane looks out to the audience. In the darkness.

The Artist presents his hand for a handshake under the stage  
lights. Shane looks down at the hand considering.

The audience watches at the edge of their seat, utterly enthralled.

INT. CHATEAU - SHANE'S ROOM - DAY

Ted pees on a bedpost commissioned for a king. Shane gapes at the extravagance of their room.

Mikaela opens the bathroom door wearing only a towel. Their eyes meet. Tension fills the room.

She surprises him with a hug, gripping the back of his neck.

Shane allows it for a second but then pulls away slowly.

MIKAELA

I had no idea what Cy was planning.

SHANE

Thought so. Are you alright?

MIKAELA

Yes, they picked me up right after I dropped you off. Brought me here.

She looks around the room and back to Shane with a smile.

MIKAELA (cont'd)

Looks like we've been upgraded.

SHANE

I'd say so. Listen, as nice as this is, it's not safe here. If you want to leave I --

MIKAELA

I'm staying. I'm staying with you.

Shane smiles in relief despite efforts to hide it.

SHANE

OK.

MIKAELA

So what the hell is going on?

Shane looks up and takes a deep breath.

LATER

Lobster, steak, fine wine and whiskey fill the dinner table.

Mikaela has fresh makeup and dawns a flattering silk dress accentuating her figure. Shane is also cleaned up and looking uncomfortable in a suit.

He takes a huge bite of a buttery lobster and his eyes close in ecstasy.

MIKAELA

Do you believe him? About your family?

SHANE

No. But if he has information, I have to know. He's sending me on a mission to retrieve the last component of the EMP. A donny super cell.

MIKAELA

And you agreed?

SHANE

Same type of cell powering my suite. If he wanted, he could have killed me on that stage and taken it. Said he'd reveal the truth about their deaths if I helped. I'm playing his game for now. It's the only way to stop Unity that I can see. What would you do?

MIKAELA

I can't weigh in.

SHANE

I wouldn't have hesitated killing him if not for you. Please.

Mikaela purses her lips and nods accepting the burden.

MIKAELA

Honestly, I would light the fuse. Take it down.

SHANE

You seem so sure. It would take down the whole system. How can that be better?

MIKAELA

The system that keeps us in cages?

INT. YOUNG MAN'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Young Man removes a simulator headset. He sits in a tiny room covered in takeout boxes. His face is gaunt.

His phone lights up. "UBI DEPOSIT RECEIVED."

MIKAELA (V.O.)  
Unity would finish the job the  
Donnigan started by forcing  
compliance.

He leaves out the door into a hallway of endless doors. We follow him until he is in a familiar apartment lobby. Damage from Shane's battle with Knox's security team remains.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Towering buildings glow with limitless energy.

Autonomous vehicles glide silently through the streets. Everything works perfectly.

SHANE (V.O.)  
But the donny keeps the lights on.  
Powers the whole world.

The Young Man enters the hospital building.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Young Man approaches a cancer patient asleep in bed. She is hooked up to several humming machines.

SHANE (V.O.)  
We are completely dependent on this  
technology.

BEEP. BEEP. The Young Man takes her hand.

MIKAELA (V.O.)  
All this tech and the system still  
failed me. Failed my mom. Left me and  
Cy broke and desperate just for  
trying to save her.

The Young Man picks up a piece of paper on the table. It reads: "Involuntary Discharge Notice."

His lip quivers and a tear streams down his face.

SHANE (V.O.)

What if Unity could fix these holes  
though? Make it more fair. Decisions  
made by an intelligence that can  
actually solve problems.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A billionaire with an entourage of small security drones  
approaches the street as a luxury flying limousine lands to  
pick him up.

MIKAELA (V.O.)

Any system that powerful eventually  
decides who matters...

The Young Man steps into frame as the limo flies into the  
sky. He looks like he's been crying. Fury in his red eyes.

MIKAELA (V.O.) (cont'd)

...and who doesn't.

The Young Man walks down the sidewalk past a construction  
site filled with busy machines. Not a human to be found.

SHANE (V.O.)

Is there even a chance it could be  
better than this? Better than burning  
it all down?

Down an alley, a heavily modified cyber thug is pummeling a  
cowering businessman. The Young Man stops to observe.

A weathered peacekeeper drone hovers over his head and  
passes into the alley where the mugging is occurring.

DRONE

Citizen. Halt your assault or be  
prosecuted.

ENERGY BLASTS from the cyber thug turn the outgunned drone  
into scrap metal. The Young Man flees in fear.

Back to dinner.

Shane takes a bite of steak. Mikaela finishes her wine.

MIKAELA

The EMP would stop the escalating  
arms race. Stop a brutal war. I can  
see the Artist's side, as hard as it  
is to swallow. God Knows I value  
freedom.

INT. YOUNG MAN'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Young Man grips his simulator headset.

SHANE (V.O.)  
But is it freedom or anarchy? Why  
should he decide.

The simulator headset explodes as the Young Man hurls it  
against the wall.

INT. DOUGHNUT SHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

We follow the Young Man into "Hinny's Holes." He now wears  
dark eye makeup and has spiked purple hair.

MIKAELA (V.O.)  
This place is full of people who  
believe in him. Soak up every word he  
says as gospel.

The Young Man is scanned at the freezer security door.

MIKAELA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Willing to die for him...

INT. CHATEAU - CORRIDOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

SHANE (V.O.)  
...Willing to kill for him.

The Young Man is handed two weapons, a standard issue donny  
pistol and an old bullet style revolver. The Young Man nods  
at the Punk Acolyte who returns a smile.

Back to dinner.

Beat. Mikaela nods, leans back and pets Ted. She stares at  
Shane in thought.

MIKAELA  
You're right. It could mean he's a  
cult leader, a plague on humanity.

INT. CHATEAU - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Young Man moves through the chateau.

MIKAELA (V.O.)  
He also might be our only hope. And  
as unfair as this is...

INT. CHATEAU - AUDITORIUM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Young Man sits in the audience surrounded by acolytes.

We pan around to see what he is watching. We see the Artist present his hand to Shane on stage.

MIKAELA (V.O.)  
...it seems the decision is yours.

Back to dinner.

She tips her wine glass to him and raises her eyebrows before taking a drink while maintaining eye contact.

SHANE  
Ours.

MIKAELA  
(smirking)  
What a pair we make.

Tension between them builds in a silent moment as they look at each other from across the table.

SHANE  
Wish we had more time. If everything goes to hell, this isn't a bad way to spend our last days.

MIKAELA  
Cheers to that.

Mikaela finishes her wine and stands up -- looking beautiful and Shane notices.

She walks over to the light switch and dims the lights. She returns to the table and takes Shane's hand.

He hesitates but stands.

She leads him to the king-sized bed and lays him down before crawling on top of him.

Shane wavers while she kisses him. Then he puts his arms around her and returns her embrace.

They make love and fall asleep together in bliss.

EXT. BOSTON - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Shane follows behind two of the Artist's acolytes -- the Punk Rocker and a STOIC ACOLYTE, 25.

They strut down the sidewalk, passing by a socially distant crowd of New Yorkers. Air traffic from augmented reality car lanes stack up into the clear blue sky above them.

They continue for a few more blocks down the bustling street before stopping in front of the Winston Research Facility.

SHANE

The super cell is in there?

PUNK ROCKER

You got it bro. It's closed today.  
Just follow the energy signature  
tracker, be quick and don't get  
spotted by the guards.

Shane nods sizing up the facility in front of him and the acolytes leave him to his mission.

INT. CHATEAU - SHANE'S ROOM - DAY - SAME

Mikaela lays in bed snuggling Ted and reading the book "The Invisible Man." Ted snores.

A knock comes to the door and Mikaela pops out of bed and swings it open. Cy is standing in the entry.

CY

Did someone require an escort?

Mikaela immediately punches him in the stomach. Hard.

Two ACOLYTE GUARDS standing on either side of the door aim their guns at Mikaela. She steps back with her hands up.

Cy grabs the barrels and pushes them down.

CY (cont'd)

It's OK. I deserved that. Let's go  
for a stroll sis.

INT. CHATEAU - GRAND HALL - DAY

Mikaela and Cy exit an elevator and begin wandering around the Artist's Chateau. The place is bustling with acolytes like tourists at the Vatican.

They enter a gallery labeled with the words "Fall of Man".

## GALLERY

Filled with pieces by the Artist himself, each work of art has a violent savage nature to it. The familiar pig piece titled "Evolution" plays on a large screen in the back.

Nearly every work has an acolyte standing in front of it, seemingly paying homage to its wisdom.

They approach two VR headsets and put them on. They find themselves in front of an all encompassing oil painting of a burning farmhouse with footsteps leading to their location.

MIKAELA

Alright. Time to explain.

CY

The guy was going to get us all killed and guarantee Unity happened if he carried out his plan. Think about it. No Artist, no revolution. Not to mention the price on Shane's head should he have actually succeeded.

MIKAELA

Like you knew what would happen.

CY

I'll admit this was an optimistic outcome.

MIKAELA

Maybe you just played your part in the Artist's plan.

CY

Probably. He's always a step ahead but it doesn't matter. It was the right move and you know it.

MIKAELA

Still could have told me.

CY

Not with your big eyes. You would have blabbed.

She gives him a light jab in the kidney.

MIKAELA

Fine. All is forgiven, ya dick. What now?

CY

I'm all for the plan but I'm getting as far away from this building as I can. Might head back to the cabin even. You should come with me.

MIKAELA

I can't leave him here alone.

CY

I know. Had to try though.

#### GRAND HALL

They exit the gallery together. Cy gives her a big hug before they part ways.

Mikaela walks past her elevator exit and continues to explore the Chateau.

She comes to a hallway with tall ceilings lined with portraits of past U.S. Presidents hanging at knee height.

Cautiously, she approaches a black door at the end of the hall. Above it hangs a portrait of the Artist scornfully mimicking a presidential pose.

She hears the ARTIST TALKING from behind the door but can't make out what he's saying. She tries the handle. Locked. Undeterred, she enters a restroom near the mysterious room.

#### RESTROOM

Mikaela climbs on top of a toilet. She unscrews an air vent grate with a pocket knife.

She pulls the long pin out of her hair and flicks her wrist to transform it into her glasses and crawls into the opening. She shimmies her way down the narrow vent to where she can see a meeting in progress.

#### WAR ROOM

The Artist speaks in front of a prestigious group of thirty. They don't fit the mold of his typical acolytes. A blend of top tier drug cartel leaders, celebrities, and seasoned politicians instead fill the veiled chamber.

He stands in front of a massive map of the world. Mikaela squints to read some of the location labels as "DEPOT," "BUNKER," "PRODUCTION FACILITY," "BARRACKS," and "NUCLEAR."

## THE ARTIST

Days away people. And we still have a shortage of pre-donny era weapons at the ready.

He speaks to the full audience but directs this line to CEDRIC, 52, as he sips on a sweaty beer, mindful of his green floral tie.

Cedric, the arms dealer, is a heavy set man with a droopy face but eyes that say he'd come after your family for inconveniencing him.

## CEDRIC

We will make our deadline.  
I'm more concerned about you having enough manpower to handle the arsenal.

He takes a big gulp from his glass stein.

## THE ARTIST

Is he being serious?

He scans the room with a hand out at the rest of his guests.

## THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Half of the planet is on our side.  
The other half will see the light soon enough.

## CEDRIC

A popularity poll is a far cry from asking someone to put their life on the line.

The Artist silently glares at him with his hollow eyes.

He smiles ear to ear.

## THE ARTIST

Are you here because you're good with people?

## CEDRIC

No.

## THE ARTIST

Why are you here then? What are you good with?

## CEDRIC

(clears throat)

Guns.

The Artist draws his modified revolver and empties the charges from all but one chamber.

THE ARTIST

So let's talk about guns.

In one smooth motion, he violently spins the cylinder of the donny-enhanced .44 magnum and aims it directly at Cedric's face. Cedric takes a drink, calling his bluff.

The WELL-OILED CYLINDER continues spinning with a CRISP METALLIC WHIR for several seconds before losing speed.

CLICK, CLICK... CLICK... CLICK. The Artist pulls the trigger. CLICK.

Still aiming the gun, the Artist starts to chuckle. Then Cedric cracks too.

CEDRIC

You're quite the showman. You almost had me going th --

The Artist pulls the trigger again. This time, BANG! a glowing charge soars by the right side of Cedric's head burning his cheek and disintegrating his ear.

Cedric is flung off his chair, spilling his beer. He Screams and writhes in agony as blood drips down his face and onto his floral tie.

THE ARTIST

Quiet!

The Artist's demand is primal and disturbing. Mikaela's eyes widen and she quivers at the unfamiliar sound.

Cedric obeys and is silent. Hands up pleading for mercy.

The Artist pulls out a handkerchief from his pocket, polishes his gun and tosses it to Cedric.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Notice that not a single person in this room gave a word of protest.

He walks away from Cedric to the other side of the room.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

I assure you that we'll have people lining up to receive one of your weapons, ready to join the fight.

(MORE)

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
 Of course, it won't be much of a  
 fight post EMP. Can I get a status  
 update on the nukes?

The NUKE ACOLYTE from France stands up from the back.

NUKE ACOLYTE  
 Warheads are ready, sir. Flight paths  
 programmed in analog systems to  
 target U.S. and Chinese military  
 bases. We're set to launch once the  
 EMP takes down the defense grid.

THE ARTIST  
 Marvelous. These analog systems are  
 prepped to survive the EMP yes?

The Nuke Acolyte nods. The Artist steps towards Cedric.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
 Get a new ear before we shut  
 everything down. Don't think cosmetic  
 surgery will have much of a place in  
 our new world.

Cedric nods holding the handkerchief against his wound.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
 Enough business. Now for the main  
 event!

His tone shifts to light hearted performer as the dim lights  
 go completely out.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
 I call this piece "Next in Line."

The screen changes to a hand painting of the progression  
 from primates to modern homo sapiens as seen in old biology  
 curriculum. Shane walks in front of the modern human.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
 This is Shane. You've all heard about  
 him... He is the future as it stands.  
 (gesturing to screen)  
 We are barreling in the direction of  
 becoming completely alien to our  
 planet. Shane doesn't even look human  
 anymore. Some would argue he isn't.  
 Some would argue he is a monster.

Images of Shane flash on the screen, accentuating his  
 strange armor, scars, blue eyes, and white hair.

## THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Of course, his harrowing appearance is not what's wrong with Shane. No. It's what's rotting on the inside. Allow me to show you.

The screen changes over to a live feed of security cameras inside the Winston Research Facility. Shane walks through the halls with a tracker following the signal.

It looks more like an art museum than a research facility. Spotlights on various paintings light his way.

## INT. WINSTON RESEARCH FACILITY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shane's hovering blue eyes move from one painting to another in the eerie deserted corridor. Each painting depicts war.

Shane pauses on one that shows soldiers firing on a group of unarmed civilians with hands raised. Bodies on the ground.

Shane reads: *The Third of May 1808* by Fransisco Goya.

## SHANE

Goya.

He takes a deep breath looking down the hall. Then moves on.

Shane follows the tracker to a final picture. A family photo of Claire, Jasmine and Shane hangs framed in gold.

## SHANE (cont'd)

What the hell?

An image of Claire and Jasmine in a pool of blood flash in and out. Shane flinches and steps away.

Shaking off the flashback, he moves down the hallway, alert and on edge.

Suddenly a SHRIEK is heard from somewhere ahead from the darkness. Shane sprints forward towards the disturbance.

## INT. CHATEAU - WAR ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Security cameras continue to pan and cut between angles in order to keep Shane in frame as he moves quicker through the winding maze-like hallways of the shadowy facility.

Esteemed acolytes look on in suspense along with Mikaela.

INT. WINSTON RESEARCH FACILITY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shane dashes like a cougar, changing direction instantly at each corner leaving compressions in the stone floor.

He rounds a final corner. An INNOCENT WOMAN is held at knife point by a STRUNG OUT MAN. He uses her as a perfect human shield. He aims a gun at Shane.

Filled with terror, the Innocent Woman unleashes a guttural scream that causes even the war-torn Shane to shudder.

STRUNG OUT MAN

Drop it!

Full of adrenaline and emotion, Shane's instincts and years of combat training take over. In a flash, he draws his white PISTOL from his sleeve and FIRES.

The precise charge passes through the Innocent Woman just below her collarbone and into the Strung Out Man's chest. He stumbles backwards against a wall with a wet splat.

The woman falls to the ground, bleeding from the seared hole. She is alive. Shane begins to move to her aid.

Abruptly, the walls around him lift. Surrounding Shane is a ravenous mob armed with clubs, bats and crude blunt objects.

The pale horde is covered in scabs and tremors from withdrawals.

Like a dam breaking, they flood in, screaming and clawing for blood, trampling over the Innocent Woman.

SHANE

(reaching out)

No!

Shane FIRES a round into the air with no effect. They're on him, beating and clawing. Some go for his head. He narrowly dodges and tries to retreat.

An attacker lunges for Shane's head revealing her rotted teeth and bloodshot eyes.

SHANE (cont'd)

Get Back!

He is tackled from behind and brought to the ground by the horde. He pushes them off and struggles to his knees as they continue to press.

INT. CHATEAU - WAR ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mikaela watches in horror from the ventilation duct as the crazed, zombie-like mob engulfs Shane. She puts her hand to her mouth to silence her involuntary gasps.

INT. WINSTON RESEARCH FACILITY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A club in the back of the head. An aluminum flashlight straight to the nose. Shane is battered.

Blood begins to pour from lacerations on his face as another blindsided blow strikes him from behind.

Shane loses control.

He unravels his dunamis forge blade with a glowing blue arc through the darkness and chops two of the nearest attackers completely in half.

Surging waves of manic raiders leap to tackle him. He indiscriminately cuts them down and desperately heads towards the exit.

Shane's bloodshot glowing eyes bug out of his throbbing head. We hear the same RINGING in our ears that Shane does.

Shane cuts, kicks, and fires through the pitch-black hallway toward the stairwell as the pursuing freaks pour after him, indifferent to the growing trail of bodies he leaves behind.

STAIRWELL

Shane quickly ascends up the stairs with his berserk assailants still sprinting after him.

He finally reaches the roof bursting through the door.

ROOF

Shane falls out the door to the ground, drenched in blood.

The nearest aggressor leaps on top of him, but Shane catches him with a foot to his chest and launches him back. The body smashes into the oncoming mob like bowling pins.

Shane quickly drags his searing hot blade on the metal of the door welding it to the frame and locking it shut.

He falls to his knees, wipes the gore from his face and looks up to the sky and screams, letting it all out.

INT. CHATEAU - WAR ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The security camera feed changes back to the Artist's diagram of human evolution. It animates Shane stabbing the modern human in the chest. The screen turns red.

In a total state of shock, tears stream down Mikaela's face as the rest of the members of the committee applaud the horror show art exhibit.

THE ARTIST

As fate would have it, Shane is the first of his kind and has rejected the very force that wishes to control him. But that isn't enough. We need more than rejection. We need transcendence.

Mikaela has endured enough. She removes her hand from her mouth and slowly crawls away from the vent into the dark.

INT. CHATEAU - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The security door of the Chateau entrance erupts open as Shane charges through like a rhino. A crowd of acolytes part down the middle to form a pathway for Shane to walk through.

Shane's frantic state strikes fear in their faces but the crowd applauds him nonetheless.

PUNK ROCKER

He's waiting for you.

The crowd follows Shane as he moves through the passage. Those behind him aim their weapons at his head.

INT. CHATEAU - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The door is open and Shane stomps in without losing a beat. The Artist stands center stage with open palms. The same office setting on stage behind him.

THE ARTIST

Welcome home.

Shane grabs him by the neck and tosses him against the far wall bookcase. As books fall to the floor, Shane lifts him by the throat. The Artist struggles to speak.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Do it. Make your decision.

Shane drops him to the ground.

The Artist coughs and gasped for air as he gets back to his feet, smiling at Shane.

Shane paces back and forth on the stage looking to the crowd of armed acolytes and back to the Artist. Contemplating.

Shane draws his forge blade. It sizzles in his rage filled trembling hand. He barks the line written by his dead wife.

SHANE

I am the hand that passes judgment,  
the one who spares no soul marked for  
destruction. The blood on your hands  
won't save you this time.

A squad aims at Shane and prepare to take fire to save their dear leader, yet none pull the trigger in time.

Like a bolt of lightning, Shane lunges forward plunging the sword straight through the Artist's heart pinning him to he bookcase behind him.

The Artist hacks up blood while looking at Shane with a smile, pinned to the bookcase.

THE ARTIST

Thank... you.

Shane stares at him as he stops breathing.

Shane closes his eyes having completed his mission and steps away from the dead man, expecting to join him any moment.

Only silence follows, no gun shots or frantic screams.

Shane opens his eyes and turns around to face the silent crowd. Shane squints under the bright stage lights with confusion at the lack of response.

A screen in place of the large painting behind the desk plays a looped replay of Shane shooting through the Innocent Woman. It transitions to footage of him slicing his way through the facility. Shane absorbs the footage.

SHANE

What is this?

A slideshow plays of surveillance photos of Claire, Jasmine and Shane.

It flashes to files detailing Shane's background and qualities for selection into Project Dunamis.

INSERT - DOCUMENT ON SCREEN, which reads:

"Advanced combat training and  
experience.  
Few close relatives; Expendable.  
Psychiatric profile fits criteria  
described by experts (See notes from  
Delroy)  
Physical condition ideal."

At the bottom of this document is the signature of General Crawford herself. Shane gazes at the screen trembling.

A voice chimes in that should be impossible.

THE ARTIST

That mother of yours... Really wanted  
her son to be Captain America.

Shane looks to the man pinned to the book case. Still dead.

The Artist emerges stage left from the shadows and approaches his dead double. He lifts the dead man's head that resembles his own and then lets it fall back down.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

It's as I said, I'm innocent of your  
family's death.

SHANE

Then who did I just kill?

THE ARTIST

Nobody to you. Just a devoted  
follower who saw the light only after  
murdering two people. He wanted  
absolution, you wanted to taste  
revenge. A match made in heaven.

SHANE

Why are you doing this?

THE ARTIST

I need you to match my passion. I  
need a partner. Not just a weapon. It  
killed me to do this to you. It  
really did as you can see. But I had  
to show you who the real enemy is and  
what she turned you into --

Shane's blade is magnetically pulled back into Shane's hand as he marches towards the real Artist. The double's body falls to the floor.

SHANE

I know what I am!

He raises his smoldering blade to the Artist's throat. The room is filled with an unbearable stillness. The Artist's hands are up, submissively.

THE ARTIST

More than ever now, don't you? Are you really going to kill me, again? Knowing I'm innocent. Knowing I can stop Unity. I'm giving you a do-over.

Shane looks out at the crowd. A familiar face in the room catches his eye in the peripheral. Mikaela looks on with her hands over her mouth. Shane drops the blade to his side. The glow of his activated dunamis armor fades to black.

SHANE

(softly)

How could you let all those people die? You knew what would happen.

THE ARTIST

Most of them would already be dead if not for us. We saved them for a higher purpose.

SHANE

What purpose? To be slaughtered?

THE ARTIST

To show you who the butcher really is. Whoever has power.

SHANE

They would have killed me.

THE ARTIST

You lost control, Shane. As anyone in your position would have. But losing control with your power, with your fury, you became Death itself.

Shane can't find any words.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

You must understand, I don't blame you for this. Your mother molded you this way. Forged you into this beast when she ordered your family's murder.

The Artist grabs Shane by both shoulders like a vice grip. Shane falls to his knees and the Artist goes down with him.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

This is the most important moment in your life, perhaps anyone's life... Look at me!

Shane obeys with his sunken bloodshot eyes.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

You can choose to put a stop to it all. This is where our evolution takes a turn. You must go against what has been seethed into your mind and turn it on those who want to control us. Are you with me? I mean truly with me? To the end?

Shane meets the Artist's eyes. Whatever fight was left in him is gone. He nods.

Tears follow the path of Shane's scars. The Artist embraces Shane's head in his chest.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Yes. Breathe my friend.

The Artist stands up and turns to the crowd.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

You are witnessing history for humankind folks. Transcendence!

He walks around the stage brimming with joyous energy. He puts his hands on his hips.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Everyone out. There's work to do!

Mikaela goes to Shane and takes his arm. He looks up at her in sorrow.

MIKAELA

Come with me.

INT. CHATEAU - SHANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Steam fills the bathroom. Mirrors drip with sweat.

Shane sits on the floor of the walk-in shower with his back against the wall.

Blood long washed away other than the steady trickle of open head wounds. His gaze is unfocused and distant.

Mikaela opens the door and enters the shower fully clothed. She sits next to him and hugs his arm.

MIKAELA

You're not what he says you are.

SHANE

I am what my mother made me.

MIKAELA

You could have told me about her.

SHANE

She killed my family. Threatened you. I'm a monster... Created by a monster.

MIKAELA

No. You're a savior. You saved me.

SHANE

I saw your face today...

MIKAELA

You were suffering. The Artist killed those people. Not you. He isn't who we think he is.

SHANE

He's not wrong. That's enough.

Mikaela stands up, turns the shower off and pulls him up by the hand. She grabs a towel and presses it to his chest.

MIKAELA

Dry off. We need to talk.

Mikaela exits the bathroom and closes the door behind her.

Shane dries off and wipes the condensation off the mirror revealing his gaunt face. He gazes with a look of disgust.

Shane steps into the bedroom to find Mikaela sucking down a cigarette looking distressed sitting on the edge of the bed.

MIKAELA (cont'd)

Look, I know this was a fucked up day but the Artist's motives aren't what they seem. Snuck into a meeting with some powerful people today. They plan to take over after the EMP goes off.

SHANE

Take over what?

MIKAELA

I don't know. Everything. The world itself. They have nukes and old gun factories.

SHANE

What are you doing?

MIKAELA

What do you mean?

SHANE

We have a real way to stop Unity just like you wanted. Why are you trying to stop it now?

MIKAELA

I'm just telling you what I saw. I want you to know before you decide to help him.

SHANE

Must be necessary to carry out E-Day.

MIKAELA

No, I'm telling you, these were plans for after.

SHANE

Whatever, I can't worry about that right now. I need to focus on stopping Unity. It's all that matters.

MIKAELA

You know, you're not a monster, no matter what they've done to you or what he says.

SHANE

What am I then, huh!

He tenses his whole body with blue eyes bugging out of his head and an electric glow blazing throughout every muscle.

MIKAELA

You are what you choose to be, Shane. Nothing else.

Mikaela bites her lip to retain her composure.

SHANE

So I've chosen to become a monster then? And lucky me... I just so happened to meet a girl who gets off on monsters.

Mikaela pounces forward and slaps him. He doesn't flinch and just stares back. She steps back with a look of fear she hasn't shown towards him since she first saw him.

MIKAELA

I've only come to know a good man until this moment... You need to open your eyes and start thinking for yourself if you expect to make decisions you can live with.

SHANE

The Artist has shown me all I need to know.

MIKAELA

Or he's just manipulating you like everyone else.

SHANE

Like Cy? Like you?

Mikaela rolls her eyes.

SHANE (cont'd)

I think you should take Ted and leave.

MIKAELA

What, why?

SHANE

It's not safe here and... honestly you're a distraction from what really matters.

Her eyes can't hide that those words hurt. She nods and proceeds to change into the very same miniskirt and orange tank-top she was wearing the day she dove into Shane's car.

She gathers her things in silence avoiding eye contact with Shane as he watches. A sadness in his eyes.

Mikaela opens the door to leave.

SHANE (cont'd)

Wait...

She pauses and looks back.

SHANE (cont'd)  
Don't forget Ted.

She grabs Ted's leash and hooks it to his collar. She looks Shane in the eyes.

MIKAELA  
I pray you'll open your eyes one day.  
For the sake of the rest of us.  
Good-bye Shane.

The small bulldog looks back at him for a moment, stumpy tail nervously wagging in anticipation for Shane to follow.

The door closes and they're gone. Shane stares at the door with a deep sadness in his face.

Fade to black.

INT. UNION STATION - NIGHT

THE ARTIST  
Hello Kansas City!

The Artist speaks from a platform in Union Station. The massive open building bursts at the seams with his followers, ready to soak up his message.

A lone spotlight shines on the Artist. A giant vertical American flag acts as his backdrop.

He wears a large bib covered in blood and barbecue sauce, melding with his chin and mouth.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
I do not apologize for my appearance folks. The barbecue in this city is a statement of what freedom can achieve!

The crowd erupts. Shane looks on from the shadows. He leans against a wall, stage right, sipping from a flask.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
This evening I devoured the most delicious, precisely crafted, perfectly cooked ribs I've ever had. And that's really why we're all here, isn't it?... Ensuring that we can perfect our meats... our freedoms, our passions, our selves!

He bangs on his sopping chest splattering red sauce on the front row.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

But they want to take the last of our freedoms, don't they? They want to replace them with comforts, security and forced compliance.

The crowd boos and the giant train station rumbles. Shane quietly absorbs every word as one of the crowd.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

I must quote an inspiration of mine who had the perfect response to this moment. Aldoux Huxley said...

The crowd roars at the mention of Huxley. The Artist smiles looking up at his followers, pleased.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Huxley said... "But I don't want comfort. I want God, I want poetry, I want real danger, I want freedom, I want goodness. I want sin."

The crowd reaches another decibel.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Huxley believed freedom was an absolute. It cannot be taken. But my friends... they are coming for it. They are going to try to silence that which makes us human. I implore you all to let out your most inner desires and expressions. In other words... do whatever the hell you want.

The possessed sea of people scream with unhinged passion. Pulsing veins and bloodshot eyes.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

I'm calling on each and every one of you to embark towards a cause we can all believe in. E-day. It's a mere five days away. Let's act like it!

He drops the microphone, tosses the bloody bib into the roaring crowd, and walks off the stage towards Shane.

SHANE

I think you have their support...

The Artist humbly smirks and gestures for him to follow.

THE ARTIST  
To the VIP lounge my friend.

Double doors swing open to a rave with laser lights and acolytes dancing to EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC. The Artist, with Shane in tow, disappears into the writhing wall of bodies.

EXT. SUBURB - BUS STOP - DAY

Mikaela's heavy boots thud on warm black pavement as she steps off an air bus with a pack over her shoulder. Ted's paws click as he hops off the last step.

Her oversized antique military jacket flaps in the wind as the bus ascends to rejoin the congested airway.

Mikaela flips open a chrome zippo and ignites a cigarette. She takes in the once pristine housing development -- now covered with graffiti, garbage and vandalism.

Bars, boarded windows, and security cameras are a staple for each home. Blue sky, sunshine and thriving trees contrast the otherwise drab neighborhood.

She walks up to a tall wooden fence riddled with graffiti. Not the artistic kind.

Her first cigarette quickly shrinks as she continues along the tapestry of angry symbols and slurs.

She stops when a particular symbol catches her attention. An orange vertical stripe with a white dot about two thirds up and a matching white dot to its right.

She recognizes it as a logo representing the Artist's signature face paint. Disgust fills her features.

She puts her cigarette out on what portrays the Artist's right eye, just like she did to Knox.

A teenage gang sees the desecration of their icon from across the street and walks towards her.

Mikaela notices her tail and moves along at a brisk pace.

She looks down at her hand, which reads "3341 Bishop BLVD." The house to her left reads "3312."

MIKAELA  
Come on Ted.

She lightly tugs on the leash and starts a brisk walk.

ANGRY TEENAGER

Where you goin' slut?

ANGRY TEENAGER picks up a piece of loose pavement and hurls it towards Mikaela. It strikes a tree and Ted jerks away into Mikaela making her stumble.

She starts to run. They giggle and catcall in pursuit.

MIKAELA

3314... 3320... 3332

She cuts across the street as another piece of pavement embeds in the windshield of a parked van.

Arriving at 3341, she tries to open the front door. Locked. She bangs on the door a few times before turning around.

The teenage gang approaches the front stoop like a pack of ravenous wolves. She takes a deep breath and hooks Ted's leash around the door nob.

Mikaela walks directly at the Angry Teenager. He smiles maliciously and flips out a knife.

She launches her pack at his face. He catches it obscuring his vision. A hard kick to the groin.

A gasp leaves his lips as he doubles forward. She crushes her knee into his head, knocking him out cold.

LUMBERING TEENAGER

You bitch!

LUMBERING TEENAGER tries to tackle her but she ducks under his arms tripping him to the ground.

Before Lumbering Teenager can get back to his feet, Mikaela draws PEPPER SPRAY from her jacket and BLASTS him. He's back on the ground rolling.

Mikaela turns her gaze to the remaining three teenagers. They stand wide-eyed, frozen and scared.

MIKAELA

Get the hell out of here!

They grab their fallen allies and scamper away.

DELROY, 37, a scientific genius with autism, holds Ted on his front stoop. He appears disheveled and confused. Like he just woke up from a nap on his keyboard, which he did.

Mikaela sees him and sheepishly lights up.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
Uh... Delroy?

Ted looks up and licks Delroy's face.

INT. CHATEAU - EMP ROOM - DAY

A blindfold lifts from Shane's face. His eyes squint as they adjust to a drastic change in brightness.

THE ARTIST  
Here it is.

Blinding white light. Details come together to reveal a wiry dome covered in glossy white enamel three stories tall. Spherical joints make up the atom-like structure.

A metal sphere the size of a beach ball floats in the center.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
I call it the eye-bomb.

SHANE  
How does it work?

THE ARTIST  
Oh, I have no idea. But Winston explained to me that it could only have been created with donny-power. Ironic, isn't it?

Two feet of glass separates them from the dome. A simple control panel on their side stands in front of them.

Shane looks down at the three controls. A switch labeled "CHARGE." A light bulb labeled "READY." And a red button labeled "FIRE."

THE ARTIST (cont'd)  
I didn't want to get confused on the big day. I had Dr. Winston keep it simple. Less is more right?

Shane's attention shifts to the side of the massive stark white tile room where a dead man is pinned to the wall ten feet off the ground.

SHANE  
Is that Dr. Winston?

The doctor has thick metal stakes through his ankles, wrists and neck, anchoring his body against the wall. Limbs spread out resembling the "Vitruvian Man" by Leonardo da Vinci. Blood streaks down, pooling in dark red on the floor.

The Artist turns and looks with his hands on his hips.

THE ARTIST

Yeah... That's Winston alright. He became a threat to our salvation, so I decided to make some art with him. This room was far too drab.

SHANE

What did he do?

THE ARTIST

All of a sudden felt guilty about his own creation and tried to destroy it. Couldn't stomach the responsibility.

Shane approaches Dr. Winston looking up at his corpse.

SHANE

(under his breath)

"I am become Death, the Destroyer of Worlds."

SHANE (cont'd)

How did you get him up so high?

THE ARTIST

Managed that feat with a machine the good doctor helped me create. Even more irony. You'll see soon enough. I'll be fighting beside you.

Shane lifts his eyebrows and turns to the Artist.

SHANE

You're going to fight?

THE ARTIST

Have a little faith. Like I said my friend. Partners.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

BEGIN SHANE'S DREAM

Shane walks along an ocean shoreline during a saturated sunset. WAVES CRASH behind GUSTS OF WIND.

He stops and looks out at the sun behind the clouds, taking in the brilliant view.

A shadowy figure out on the water catches his attention. Backlit by the sun, this silhouette is walking on water.

Shane walks towards the figure. Water crashes against his ankles, then his waist as he wades in. He gets deep enough that he needs to swim.

A smooth stone emerges out of the water in front of him. He grabs it, realizes it is sturdy, and climbs on top.

Other large stones rise from beneath the water to form a path straight to the silhouette and the setting sun.

Shane jumps from stone to stone until he is face to face with the Artist, who stands on no stone. The dwindling orange sun lights half of both figures.

THE ARTIST

Shall we?

The Artist waves Shane along as he begins to walk along the horizon. Water ripples under his effortless steps.

New black stones emerge along the path.

Shane frantically jumps from one stone to the next to keep up with the Artist, but they become farther apart and smaller in size.

The Artist begins to run and the sun set quickens until Shane is left alone in total darkness, balancing on a stone.

SHANE

Wait!

An oversized full moon rises from behind the reflective ocean. A DEEP HORN ripples the water in unison.

Shane stares in wonder as the moon rises.

The BELLOWING of the HORN MORPHS into a quiet and beautiful SOPRANO VOICE singing an ANGELIC MELODY.

He turns to look forward again. Claire and Jasmine now stand on the water in front of him, just out of arm's reach.

The moon continues to rise up into the sky until it's directly above them. A spotlight on where they stand.

Shane finds his balance and becomes calm looking at his family. He smiles in bliss at the sight of them.

JASMINE

Open your eyes.

General Crawford suddenly emerges behind them from the darkness. She forcefully covers both Jasmine and Claire's mouths with her hands.

All three disappear into the dark water below, leaving only a small ripple of water where they stood.

SHANE

No!

Shane dives off the stone into the water in pursuit. He swims towards a dim light underwater.

The light fades and he is wrapped in darkness.

JASMINE (V.O.)

Open your eyes...

He runs out of air. Water fills his lungs. He seizes and struggles until his body goes still and eyes turn lifeless.

END SHANE'S REAL DREAM

EXT. MEADOW - DAY - CONTINUOUS

BEGIN SHANE'S PERCEIVED DREAM CONTINUATION

Shane opens his eyes. Mikaela's hand, not his own, pats the ground on top of a familiar grassy hill. He watches himself sit down and looks out at the landscape in front of them.

SHANE

The air up here does feel nice.

MIKAELA (O.S.)

That's the spirit. Question for you.

SHANE

Great.

MIKAELA (O.S.)

Have any friends?

SHANE

What do you think?

MIKAELA (O.S.)

You have Ted and I. Must be others.

SHANE  
We're friends now?

MIKAELA (O.S.)  
Come on. We're getting on so well...  
Who else?

SHANE  
Only other person I would consider a  
friend is the one who put me in this  
suit. The one who made me into this.

MIKAELA (O.S.)  
What's his name?

SHANE  
Delroy.

INT. CHATEAU - WAR ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shane's view flashes to a dark vent.

MIKAELA'S LABORED BREATHING can be heard as she peers  
through a grate at the Artist speaking in front of a crowd.

THE ARTIST  
Days away people. And we still have a  
shortage of pre-donny weapons at the  
ready.

END SHANE'S PERCEIVED DREAM CONTINUATION

INT. CHATEAU - SHANE'S ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Shane feels around and grabs his bedsheets as the video feed  
continues to play over his contact lenses.

He puts his hand in front of his face but can't see anything  
other than the footage Mikaela recorded with her glasses.

He sits up breathing heavily unavoidably watching the Artist  
outline his post EMP plan. World map with bases shown  
clearly. He watches the Artist shoot the ear off of Cedric.

The feed cuts and Shane's blue eyes are revealed once again.  
He looks around the room taking in his actual surroundings.

SHANE  
Mikaela.

INT. DELROY'S HOUSE - DAY

DELROY  
And that should do it.

Delroy double taps his keyboard cutting the feed.

MIKAELA  
How do you know it worked?

DELROY  
I know he was conscious because of  
the particular movements of this  
indicator.

Delroy points to a wave pattern on one of his many monitors.  
Mikaela stares blankly at the screen.

DELROY (cont'd)  
It measures the activity of Shane's  
eyes which tells me if he is awake or  
asleep. I sent the data as soon as it  
switched to conscious patterns. Most  
likely time that he would be alone.

MIKAELA  
I see. You are one smart frickin'  
guy, Delroy.

DELROY  
And why didn't you just show him  
yourself?

MIKAELA  
Like I said, I did tell him but he  
was in a bad place and wouldn't  
listen. I'm here now fixing it, okay?

DELROY  
Got it. Now what do we do?

She ignores him, absorbed in the sophisticated tech, various  
screens and science fiction knickknacks on his desk.

An out of place set of antique car keys sitting in a wooden  
bowl catches her attention.

DELROY (cont'd)  
Mikaela?

MIKAELA  
(laughing)  
You're asking me?

DELROY

Yeah... I mean, this entire scheme was your proposition.

MIKAELA

This is about as far as my plan goes. It's up to Shane now. I trust him.

DELROY

Trust him to do what?

MIKAELA

The right thing.

DELROY

And what would that be?

MIKAELA

Hell if I know. The world is going to burn one way or another. Shane gets to choose the how and the why.

Delroy becomes distraught in disbelief.

DELROY

We have to do something. The government has to know.

MIKAELA

The Artist has people everywhere. Even if you knew someone trustworthy, you would be all but guaranteeing Operation Unity goes off without a hitch. Is that any easier to live with? Your eleventh-hour confession would probably just get us both killed.

Delroy sighs and covers his face with his hands.

DELROY

Cannot be responsible for this. I have to tell someone.

He reaches for his phone and Mikaela grabs it.

MIKAELA

No! Wait. There is no harm in waiting to see what Shane does. If he kills the Artist and exposes him, we'll know and we can go from there.

DELROY

If he doesn't?

MIKAELA

Then we trust his judgment.

DELROY

You just told me the Artist has influence over him. What if this doesn't sufficiently prove his intent?

He silently paces around his office for several moments with his hands either on his hips or masking his face. Mikaela watches him rack his brain.

Delroy suddenly snaps his fingers.

DELROY (cont'd)

I have the inception of a plan to stop him from getting his pre-donny weapons. The criteria is to make sure it won't get us killed or affect Shane's decision right?

MIKAELA

I can live with that. How?

DELROY

Where to begin. Let's just skip to "I'm a smart frickin' guy."

MIKAELA

It's like that, huh?

DELROY

It is like that.

Delroy manages a smile. Mikaela grants him an amused smirk.

MIKAELA

Alright doc. I've done my part.

She begins to gather her things into her pack yet again and puts on her oversized army jacket that intentionally covers her outfit.

MIKAELA (cont'd)

Time for me to ride into the sunset.

DELROY

You know you can stay.

MIKAELA

I appreciate it, but I have a spot. It's safe and remote. Hoping to find my brother waiting for me.

She bends down, pets Ted and kisses him on the head.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
 Good-bye handsome boy. Make sure  
 Delroy doesn't do anything stupid.

She looks up at Delroy with a friendly yet threatening look.  
 He returns a nervous smile scratching his arm.

Mikaela hikes up her pack then opens the front door and  
 steps outside. Delroy follows behind.

EXT. DELROY'S FRONT YARD - DAY

DELROY  
 Mikaela, there is one more thing you  
 need to know.

She reaches the sidewalk and looks back.

DELROY (cont'd)  
 If this EMP works... it'll shut down  
 the suite... Shane won't survive.

Mikaela gazes back at him then looks down. Pain on her face.

MIKAELA  
 He knows this?

DELROY  
 He does.

MIKAELA  
 Hm...

She turns her back to Delroy completely for a moment.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
 Damn it Delroy... Why would you  
 design it that way?

DELROY  
 Only way it would work. Sorry.

Mikaela doesn't look at Delroy again. Eyes well. She bites  
 her lip.

MIKAELA  
 Doesn't change a thing.

She starts walking down the sidewalk.

MIKAELA (cont'd)  
 Good-bye, Delroy.

DELROY  
 Bye...

A somber Delroy watches Mikaela walk away.

He returns to his home and bends down to pet Ted. The door swings closed and locks automatically.

From the street, a car with tinted windows lights up and begins down the road in Mikaela's direction. A familiar Stoic Acolyte in reflective sunglasses at the wheel.

INT. CHATEAU - DINING ROOM - DAY

Classical musicians gracefully play in the Artist's lavishly prepared hall. The setting sun beams in.

Elite acolytes eat and drink with delight. Many familiar faces present since the beginning, having been baptized in pig's blood. Adam's blood.

They wear the very same blood stained attire from that day.

Cedric, now with a brand new ear, sits at the right hand of the Artist at the head of the table. He bites into a juicy turkey leg and sips a glistening golden ale.

The Artist picks up his fork next to a spinach salad and watches the large man indulge with a smile.

He rises from his seat with his wine glass and clinks it.

THE ARTIST  
 Thank you all for joining me on this  
 quest to preserve our freedom.

EXT. BOSTON - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The setting sun glistens on a field of skyscrapers.

THE ARTIST (V.O.)  
 They thought they could just crack  
 the whip and no one would be quick  
 enough to catch it.

Among the buildings, an unassuming rooftop opens up like a camera aperture and a slew of turrets rise into position. A garrison of soldiers move about the roof to their posts.

THE ARTIST (V.O.)

But I am going to take that whip and  
bring them to their knees in one  
thunderous crack. E-Day is here.

INT. DOUGHNUT SHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The freezer door in the back of "Hinny's Holes" swings open.  
A squad of acolyte soldiers flood into the empty shop.

They pull down metal barricades from the ceiling over the  
glass storefront. Shield walls are activated and barricades  
setup in several rows where riflemen mount heavy artillery.

THE ARTIST (V.O.)

We will pave the way as founding  
members in this new era. We will  
awaken in our beds tomorrow morning  
as god-kings and queens.

INT/EXT. LONDON WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A gnarled sergeant hands a pre-donny AK-47 and 9mm pistol to  
a scruffy civilian in tattered clothes. He smiles and nods.

A line of militiamen behind the scruffy civilian winds  
through the massive warehouse to the outside where London's  
Palace of Westminster waits in the distance.

THE ARTIST (V.O.)

Tomorrow, our armies will rise from  
the ashes of this world to take  
control of every major city without a  
shred of resistance.

INT/EXT. MISSILE SILO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

From inside a silo, a young technician with thick glasses  
tinkers with an old analog interface on a nuclear missile.

We leave the inside of one silo to the outside where a field  
of identical silos lay dormant.

THE ARTIST (V.O.)

U.S. and Chinese military targets  
will be destroyed by our warheads  
without them knowing what hit them.

INT. CHATEAU - DINING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

THE ARTIST

And none of this would be possible  
without each and every one of you at  
this table. Truly powerful you all  
are... To you!

He raises his glass and takes a drink. The table follows.

A wall of reinforced glass lowers from the ceiling to  
separate the Artist from his dinner guests.

CEDRIC

A final performance before our  
victory?

THE ARTIST

Oh yes. It's all a performance. Let's  
call this piece "Adam's Revenge."

The musicians stop playing and exit through a side door.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Did you know that a domesticated pig  
will turn into a feral boar in just a  
matter of months? Fascinating.

Heavy metal shutters cover the windows blotting out the sun.  
The table of leaders stir in their seats and look at one  
another in panic.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

You didn't really think I was going  
to hand power back to a litter of  
corrupt politicians and greedy  
criminals, did you?

Cedric rises from his chair and bangs on the glass.

CEDRIC

What is this?

The Artist's eyes meet the arms dealer's.

THE ARTIST

All I really need now is your people,  
who answer to me now. Remember, I'm a  
people person.

Suddenly, the back wall rotates open and unleashes a  
monstrous horde of WILD BOARS. They SQUEAL as they charge.

The stampede shakes the great hall as the crowd of elitists scream and try to run away from the table.

The boars are on top of the guests in an instant, ripping them to pieces with their tusks and teeth.

Cedric repeatedly tries to break through the glass with a hefty knife. The Artist looks on in the path of the blade.

He gives Cedric a wave as a boar sinks its tusks into Cedric's calf and pulls him into the frenzy.

The boars continue to feast as the Artist exits the dining hall stage right.

INT. CHATEAU - SHANE'S ROOM - DAY

Metal shutters descend on Shane's view of the setting sun as the building prepares for war.

He moves an unfamiliar phone from his ear to a case on his belt next to his dunamis forge blade.

He takes a swig of whiskey and puts on his denim jacket.

A KNOCK comes to his door. Shane opens it.

THE ARTIST

Let's go be heroes.

INT. CHATEAU - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Shane and the Artist walk down a narrow hallway lined with the Artist's most dangerous cyberpunk acolytes. A security door awaits them at the end of the hall.

The Artist gives enthusiastic high-fives and shakes hands like a celebrity walking the red carpet.

Shane remains stoic. Punk Rocker pats him on the shoulder as he passes with no response.

They reach the reinforced door to the EMP room at the end of the hall. The Artist turns to his groupies.

THE ARTIST

Watch the door will you?

The soldiers roar like Spartans ready to fight the Persians at the Hot Gates.

The duo disappears behind the heavy door. It locks.

INT. CHATEAU - EMP ROOM - NIGHT

SHANE

They are all going to die.

THE ARTIST

What an exciting way to go out. We should all be so lucky.

The EMP room is an empty canvas besides the rotting Vitruvian Dr. Winston.

The Artist strolls over to the simple control panel in front of the webbed dome EMP.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Here we go.

He flips the switch labeled "CHARGE." The bulb turns orange.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Time to put on my armor.

He takes out a small tablet from his inside jacket pocket and presses a button.

On the wall where Dr. Winston rots, a panel opens to reveal the Artist's mechanical monster.

The black and crimson armor-plated machine stands ten feet tall with the proportions of a great ape.

He presses another button on his tablet and the chest opens to a cockpit. He climbs into it with a boyish grin.

A red combat interface displays everything in front of the Artist's wide hollow eyes.

He maneuvers the beast with precision into the center of the room next to Shane who only gives a nod.

SHANE

It'll do.

The BUILDING RUMBLES. Shane looks up.

THE ARTIST

At last... the music begins.

EXT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

EXPLOSIONS riddle the sky as rooftop auto-turrets intercept precision satellite missile strikes.

Blue and red sirens light the streets on the ground level as local Peacekeepers flood the fortified store front of "Hinny's Holes."

TURRET FIRE from windows of the Chateau rains down on the outgunned Peacekeepers. THREE CARS EXPLODE in a symphony of fireballs.

Chaos surrounds the Chateau. The Artist's forces hold.

EXT. NEW YORK SKY - NIGHT

High up in the clouds, a stealth drone cuts through the air beyond the speed of sound.

Three shadows eject from the belly of the drone, descending on New York City.

The three figures release wing suits and steer towards the beacon of fireworks at the Chateau.

EXT. CHATEAU - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The dunamis armored soldiers soar above the street approaching the Chateau head on.

TURRET FIRE RICOCHETS off their armor. They BLAST a hole in the side of the building and deploy parachutes. With forward momentum, they enter the gap and roll to a stop.

The three powerhouses immediately shred a squad of acolytes.

Rourke scans the building and identifies where the EMP room is. He signals Mitsuo and a new COMMANDO, a wiry woman in full dunamis matter armor.

ROURKE

This way.

INT. CHATEAU - EMP ROOM - NIGHT

A CEILING TILE falls to the ground with a CRASH as the BUILDING QUAKES.

Shane and the Artist stand at the ready in the middle of the spacious white room staring at the heavy metal door.

They listen as the sound of GUNFIRE, SCREAMS and THUDS from behind the door moves closer.

Shane draws one of his white pistols in his left and unravels his forge blade in his right.

The Artist raises his massive ape arm and aims at the door. A BRIGHT LIGHT BUZZES from the center of its palm.

The sounds of HAVOC behind the door fades. One last SCREAM. THUD. Silence.

The DOOR EXPLODES off its hinges and the masked trio enters through the smoke.

The artist FIRES a powerful ENERGY CANNON from his palm into Rourke. His assault rifle shatters and he's sent back into the hall of acolyte corpses.

Shane pounces on Mitsuo with PISTOL FIRE. The new Commando rushes at the source of the cannon blast -- the great ape.

Mitsuo defends but is overwhelmed by Shane's sword and gun combo onslaught. Blue SHOCK WAVES PING from each impact.

Shane manages to damage Mitsuo's plated mask before Rourke enters the fray with his own blade. The three engage in a choreographed dance of super human martial arts.

The Commando BLASTS the heavily armored ape with an ENERGY SHOTGUN. The charges do minimal damage. The Artist counters the Commando with a PALM BLAST but misses as she rolls.

Shane lands several powerful slashes to Mitsuo's helmet knocking several plates clean off in an ELECTRICAL SPARK.

In a masterful series of moves, Shane kicks Rourke across the room, tears the remaining plates off Mitsuo's mask with his hand and spins around with his blade to sever his head.

The Artist connects with a CANNON BLAST launching the Commando against the reinforced glass.

He tries to ground pound her to dust but she dodges and draws two energy knives. She lodges them into the mechanical elbow joint and twists to sever the robotic forearm.

Rourke assists with a powerful jump kick to the chest denting the armor and sending the beast to the ground.

The Commando goes to stab the wounded ape in the heart with her searing blade but Shane catches her wrist. He lands a haymaker sending her to the other side of the room.

Rourke helps the Commando to her feet. Her plated mask disjoints from the powerful punch.

Shane stands ready, sword and gun in hand, between them and the Artist.

He rushes.

The Commando stands calmly and retracts her mask revealing her bloodied face. The face of his mother, General Crawford.

Shane's eyes widen in shock. His attack is interrupted as Rourke lands a powerful punch to his exposed face. Blood and teeth eject as he flops hard across the ground.

Crawford extends a hand and stops Rourke from finishing him.

Shane lays still a moment then struggles to his feet. Dazed.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

Good. I was worried you wouldn't survive a single punch.

Shane shakes off the hit. Fury fills his face.

SHANE

What the hell are you doing here?

GENERAL CRAWFORD

Saving you from yourself. You can still walk out of here. It's not --

SHANE

You killed Jasmine.

Crawford's eyes widen in horror, realizing he knows.

Shane yells with rage this time and charges again.

Crawford returns her mask and draws her energy blades.

This time, Shane's focus isn't interrupted as the three dance in a flurry of blue impacts and lightning fast dodges.

Shane holds his own but is eventually overwhelmed and takes another blow to the face from Rourke. Broken jaw, eye swollen, he battles on.

The Artist charges into the fray and tackles Rourke against the wall. He drags him across the CRACKING TILE and tosses him to the other side of the arena in chase.

Shane and Crawford, out of breath, face one another. Alone.

SHANE (cont'd)

Your own grand daughter.

The General's mask withdraws again to reveal a hint of remorse in her stoic features.

GENERAL CRAWFORD  
She wasn't supposed to be home.

Shane scoffs.

SHANE  
... And you thought coming yourself would give you the advantage. The master tactician...

GENERAL CRAWFORD  
I am sorry Shane. I would take it back if I could... But look at you! You're a god thanks to me.

SHANE  
A god of death... just like you.

GENERAL CRAWFORD  
Enough! Just stop. Can't you see he will destroy all of civilization.

Shane takes a ready stance with his blade.

GENERAL CRAWFORD (cont'd)  
Shane don't. I can't hold back anymore.

Her mask returns to position.

SHANE  
Good. I can't either.

Shane charges her with his blade and meets her two crossed daggers in the air with a flash.

The Artist rampages in his sparking mech at Rourke, who skillfully dodges and retreats.

In an endless barrage of attacks and counters, Crawford and Shane engage in a deadly mother son dance.

Finally, Shane bats one of her blades away and lands a powerful swing to her mask, jarring the plates.

She stumbles back and Shane takes full advantage landing more devastating blows and knocking her second blade away.

He grabs her by the throat and slams her against the tile wall. He tears the plates away to reveal her bloodied, fear filled face.

Shane continues to choke her for several seconds as she kicks and struggles. He fights with only himself.

He drops her to the ground. She coughs blood and sucks air.

SHANE

Witness your creation.

He turns and runs towards Rourke and the Artist, scooping up one of Crawford's blades to pair with his sword.

Rourke is on top of the great ape pounding at the hull. The Artist shields his face from sparks and metal indents closing in.

Shane kicks Rourke off the Artist and begins a flurry of slashing attacks that Rourke struggles to defend.

Shane backs him against the wall with nowhere to go.

He goes for the killing blow with Crawford's blade. Rourke catches it as the tip nears his eye.

They both yell as the blade cracks the glass of the mask and presses into Rourke's eye. He goes limp and drops to the ground with Crawford's blade still in his head.

The chest of the great ape suit busts open with a CLANK as the Artist kicks it. He rises from the wreckage.

He looks at Shane with a grin who returns a nod.

The Artist scans the room to find Crawford still crawling in the corner.

THE ARTIST

Just one last threat.

He marches towards her position drawing his modified revolver. Aims for her head.

A blue blur flashes in front of the Artist as Shane throws his sword like a tomahawk cutting the Artist's hand clean off just before the shot is fired.

The Artist wails in pain and falls backwards to the ground.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Ah! What have you done!

He pulls a metal disc-shaped device from his jacket pocket and places it over his bleeding stump. It instantly seals around his wound like leftovers wrapped in foil.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

How can you defend her after all she's done?

SHANE

She won't die by your hand.

THE ARTIST

You've made that clear... I thought we were partners.

SHANE

Yeah me too... I know what you're planning. You want war, just like her, and you used me, just like she did. You became the very thing you claim to be fighting against.

THE ARTIST

Spare me! What freedom would be lacking with me in charge? I would only be in power to ensure no more politicians rose up again.

SHANE

You're so full of shit.

Moments pass with no response from the Artist. The orange light on the EMP interface changes to green reflecting off Shane. He stands between the Artist and his prize.

The Artist drags himself to his feet, panting from exhaustion and blood loss. He attempts to straighten his tie with his one hand, then smirks at Shane.

THE ARTIST

I have redefined the limits of power, haven't I? I'll share it with you Shane... You, the white knight, will balance out my worst inclinations... Just press the button.

SHANE

You think I want that power? No.

THE ARTIST

Then why fight? What are you doing here?

Shane unbuttons the holster for the phone on his belt, makes a call and puts it to his ear.

SHANE

Is it done?

A VOICE on the line SPEAKS and Shane smirks at the Artist.

THE ARTIST  
What is this?

SHANE  
Good. You still want to find me when  
this is finished?

Another QUIET RESPONSE on the other end.

SHANE (cont'd)  
You know where I'll be. Good-bye my  
friend.

Shane hangs up the phone and returns it to his belt.

SHANE  
You've lost. Your nukes. Your bases  
across the globe. All about to be  
obliterated.

THE ARTIST  
Impossible.

EXT. SATELLITE DISH - SPACE

Thrusters fire on a satellite moving it into position.

A lens focuses on the nuclear missile silo bay.

SHANE (V.O.)  
That was Delroy. He has the locations  
of your bases. And he notified the  
C.I.A. They're using Unity satellites  
to target them as we speak.

Satellite missiles reign down onto the earth's surface.

Two more satellites firing on different locations on the  
earth can be seen in the background dispensing of other  
strongholds of the Artist's forces.

INT. CHATEAU - EMP ROOM - NIGHT

THE ARTIST  
You lie!

SHANE  
Mikaela crashed your party the other  
day. Recorded the map. Gave it to  
Delroy.

Crawford squeezes out a laugh from the ground.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

It's true... He would know exactly who to tell. Unity would take care of the rest.

The Artist boils for a moment but closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

A menacing smile crawls back onto his face.

THE ARTIST

I really should thank you, Shane. Even now, you've saved me from myself. You've helped me transcend my weaknesses as I once did for you.

(turns to Crawford)

And ultimately I still win, general. Your boy is still going to push that button.

Crawford looks to Shane for a response.

SHANE

Unity has to be stopped. It's too much power. I'm sorry.

The Artist cackles.

THE ARTIST

This change of plans is almost worth it to see the look on her face.

Shane diverts his eyes from Crawford and takes a step towards the button.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

You're going to let him live?

SHANE

He's no longer a threat.

Another step.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

Wait! Son wait... I can shut down Unity.

Shane turns to get a read on Crawford's claim.

THE ARTIST

No! She's lying. Push the button. Finish it!

GENERAL CRAWFORD

I'm not. It's as you said. He's no longer a threat. His influence will end. I'll have enough sway to stop Unity... You did it son. We can all walk out of here.

Shane looks towards the red button in thought. A moment of silence allows MUTED NOISE in from the WAR outside.

THE ARTIST

Do you hear all the lives being sacrificed for this moment? We can't let it pass.

SHANE

Stopping Unity is the ultimate goal right? I want to hear her out.

THE ARTIST

Don't make me do this...

SHANE

Do what?

The Artist reaches into his jacket.

Shane draws his left PISTOL and FIRES a charge into his shoulder. The Artist winces but manages a smile.

THE ARTIST

Not fast enough I'm afraid.

"Open" reads on the tablet screen as it hits the floor.

THE ARTIST (cont'd)

Don't worry... It's not a remote detonator, but it might as well be.

His smile vanishes as pain takes hold from the wound.

Another large panel in the wall opens, revealing a nightmare to Shane.

Mikaela is restrained in a robotic torture device that grips her arms, legs, and neck. Terror on her face.

MIKAELA

Shane.

Shane's devastated facial expression reassures the Artist. He rushes to her and examines the device.

SHANE

I'll get you out of there.

THE ARTIST

Ope, be careful! It'll activate if you tamper with it... I call it Saturn. It will devour her in the next three minutes if you don't push that button. She is free to go if you just push it... Tick tock.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

We can get her out of that, Shane.  
Don't let him control you.

Shane's face turns from frantic to calm looking into Mikaela's broken eyes.

MIKAELA

Not for me.

Shane puts his hand to her wet cheek and smiles.

SHANE

You're enough.

He kisses her on the forehead and walks towards Crawford. He stares daggers at the Artist and raises a finger to him, signaling he just needs a moment.

SHANE

You win.

The Artist grins through his pain. Shane reaches Crawford's position.

SHANE (cont'd)

I'm sorry, mom. There is no stopping what's coming.

GENERAL CRAWFORD

We'll both die. You know that.

SHANE

I do.

Shane turns his back to her, pistol in his hands.

SHANE (cont'd)

You said you would take it back if you could. Did you mean it?

GENERAL CRAWFORD

Of course.

SHANE

Going to give you that chance. The choice of a soldier, the gift of revenge and an honorable death... Or the choice of a monster, and death nonetheless.

He turns around to face her. The Artist's eyes widen in fear.

SHANE (cont'd)

Are you ready?

He looks down at the pistol and back to her. She understands what he's going to do.

THE ARTIST

What are you doing?

Shane tosses the pistol towards her. It hangs in the air.

She catches it. Holds for a moment.

Aims at Mikaela's head.

CLICK.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Shane holds up the donny-cell for the gun. Deep sadness in his eyes. He shakes his head and even ironically chuckles.

SHANE

Predictable. Take her out of the equation, right? Like you did Claire... Jasmine.

CRAWFORD

He's using her... to control you...

SHANE

"I am... the hand that passes judgment, the one who spares no soul marked for destruction. The blood on your hands won't save you this time."

GENERAL CRAWFORD

Wait!

Shane draws his other PISTOL from his right sleeve in a flash. BLAST! He puts a hole in her head.

He holds the aim on his mother's corpse for several seconds. Then it swings back to his side like a heavy pendulum.

The Artist lights up in delight.

THE ARTIST

Bravo!

BLAST! Another round FIRES into the Artist's face. He flops to the ground joining Adam.

Even the war outside seems to quiet for a moment.

Shane walks back over to Mikaela.

SHANE

Delroy will be here soon. Take him with you.

MIKAELA

Don't! Shane please just wait.

SHANE

You will have a fresh start. Don't make the same mistakes.

MIKAELA

No! I won't let you.

Mikaela writhes desperately to get out of her restraints. Tears flow as her muscles battle the metal to no avail.

Shane holds her face in his hands.

SHANE

Hey! Hey... It's OK. Just breathe... Thank you for opening my eyes.

She is stricken by a transformation in Shane. A genuine smile on his battered face... This calms her enough to muster only a nod. He kisses her once more on the forehead.

Shane rises and steps towards the EMP. Mikaela trembles as she watches him walk away, praying for a miracle.

He reaches the button and looks down at it in contemplation.

Two little hands grab his right arm and hug him tight. He looks down to see Jasmine grinning up at him with her sparkling brown eyes.

Tears stream down his pummeled face and he smiles. Claire kisses him on the cheek and puts her arms around his waist.

He closes his eyes and takes a slow, deep breath.

Then, with burning blue eyes wide open, he presses the BUTTON with a SOFT CLICK.

There is no explosion or even a bang. Shane's eyes burn out to a peaceful brown as the lights go out.

Cut to black.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE CABIN - DAY

A BONFIRE CRACKLES at dusk outside the familiar cabin.

Mikaela looks down at a modest wooden cross amidst some fresh dirt some distance from the fire.

Claire's emerald cross and Jasmine's yellow dress fabric hang from the center post.

Mikaela is once again out of tears.

Ted sits at her side, as if also remembering their friend fondly.

Closer to the cabin, Delroy tinkers with the engine of a 1945 Chevy truck. He steps over to the fire to warm his hands after working with the cold metal.

Further away, Cy attempts to skip stones across the pond.

He lights up when he manages a single skip sending ripples across the still water.

Mikaela takes a deep breath and pops a cigarette into her mouth. She flicks on her lighter but stops before lighting her vice. Eyes locked on Shane's wooden grave marker.

TED BARKS and gives chase after a squirrel.

Mikaela watches the dog run towards Delroy and her brother.

She takes the cigarette out of her mouth and smiles.

A breeze picks up and fall leaves drift across the yard.

Mikaela steps forward towards her new found family with a look of hope, tossing the cigarettes in the fire as she passes by.

She approaches her brother at the water's edge.

THE END