

# EXPERIMENT GR

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FADE IN:

EXT. LUSH TROPICAL ISLAND - FOREST - EARLY MORNING

TITLE CARD: LUSH TROPICAL ISLAND

The soothing sound of rain echoes through the dense greenery. Sunlight begins to creep over the horizon.

CAMERA glides over the treetops, then slowly descends, revealing the vast grassy clearing below.

It moves in closer, capturing the tiny insects scattered across the grass. As it lowers further, it locks onto a vibrant green praying mantis, its large, eerie eyes dominating the frame.

A subtle tension builds.

A suspenseful score hums ominously in the background.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Have you ever wondered... what the world would look like if insects were huge? How terrifying they would be? Of course, it's impossible. But what if it weren't?

Suddenly, the mantis bursts into flight, its wings spreading wide as it shoots past the CAMERA, disappearing from view.

CAMERA holds steady, choosing not to follow...

INT. LABORATORY - MIDNIGHT

A cluttered lab. Heavy workbenches covered in scattered equipment. Computer monitors cast a dim glow.

PROFESSOR (elderly, silver-haired, aged) scribbles intently in his notebook. LEVIN (young, energetic, eyes burning with curiosity) scans data on the computer with professional focus.

PROFESSOR

(claps hands)

Levin, what are the results?

LEVIN

(hands over papers) )  
After the last test, we saw rapid  
plant growth—but this is just the  
beginning.

PROFESSOR  
(eyes gleam) )  
This is the greatest breakthrough of  
our time, Levin! Imagine it—  
agriculture revolutionized! Do you  
realize what this means for world  
hunger?

LEVIN  
(intrigued, but uneasy) )  
What if we applied this compound to  
trees?

PROFESSOR  
(chuckles) )  
I've thought about that. We've worked  
with small plants, but trees... What  
could possibly go wrong? Get some  
sleep—we'll think about it in the  
morning.  
The coming weeks will bring great  
progress.

The PROFESSOR exits. He stood in the dim glow of the lab  
lights and takes a deep breath. His eyes remain fixed on the  
monitor—something unsettles him.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Darkness. Moonlight glows over the treetops. The air is still.

Levin moves cautiously toward the edge of the forest,  
clutching a large glass container. He weaves through the  
trees, careful with every step.

He takes a slow breath, then sprinkles the chemical compound  
across the grass surrounding a small tree.

Silence.

LEVIN  
(softly)  
Come on... show me something...

He waits.

LEVIN  
(scoffs, mutters) )  
Nothing.Figures.

CAMERA lowers, focusing on the ants crawling across the soil. They move as usual... but something is off. Erratic. Faster.

Levin watches closer. A faint rustling.

A bug shoots up from the dirt—panicked—scrambling away.

The grass shudders. Branches tremble. A low hum builds in the air.

Levin lifts his head.

The ground... is breathing.

A tremor. A hum.

LEVIN  
(low, uneasy)  
Guess I'll check tomorrow... see if  
anything actually.

He stops. Stares. Something's wrong. He turns fast, hurrying out of the forest.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. LIVING-ROOM - DAY

A bright, cozy home. Toys scattered across the floor.

On the TV, a documentary plays—an extreme close-up of ants tunneling, communicating.

JASMIN (5, curly-haired, sweet) hugs her soft pink teddy bear, eyes locked on the screen.

JASMIN  
Mom, I want to be friends with the  
ants. Do you think they'd want to be  
friends with me? Or would they hurt  
me?

Her mother, SEVIKO—dark, beautiful eyes, slightly wavy long hair—peeks in from the kitchen, wiping the table with a damp cloth.

She smiles.

MOTHER

(gently)

Maybe, sweetheart. But to be their friend, you'd have to be an ant... or shrink down to their size. Ask your dad—he'd know best.

Jasmin hops up, tapping her tiny fingers on the phone screen.

She scrolls through contacts, selects DAD ❤️.

The call rings...

EXT. DENSE FOREST - DAY

Thick greenery. Birds chirping. The camera tilts up—DWAYNE comes into view. Tall, muscular, radiating strength and confidence with every step. His sharp, focused eyes scan the terrain. Determined. Unshaken.

As he moves, the camera highlights his Polynesian tattoo—a striking design flowing from his left shoulder down to his chest and arm.

He grips his rifle. Watching two poachers from a distance. They have no idea they're being observed.

Suddenly, he emerges from the trees, stepping right in front of them—rifle raised.

DWAYNE

Stop. Don't move.

LORENZO

(suspiciously) )

Who the hell are you? A cop?

Lorenzo steps forward—broad-shouldered, imposing. His face is rough, lined with years of hardened survival. His cold stare gives away his ruthless nature.

DWAYNE

(calm but firm) )

Not a cop. Definitely. But you're definitely dumb.

LORENZO

(smirking, intense)  
I don't think you realize who you're talking to.

DWAYNE  
(stern, unwavering) )  
You're done. Drop your weapons.  
You're free... but only to face the law.

POACHERS LOOK SURPRISED.

Carlos – scarred face, always covered in dust, a poacher who doesn't care about cleanliness—steps forward, smirking sarcastically.

CARLOS  
You wanna take us down all alone?  
What did you smoke? Share some with us.

The poachers laugh.

DWAYNE  
(confident and cold) )  
I've seen plenty like you. I know exactly how to shut you up. In fact, sometimes I think—if you weren't around, I'd get bored.

CARLOS  
What are you talking about? You're rambling.

DWAYNE  
Without you, who would I hunt? Haha. Hunting animals is nothing compared to the thrill of hunting you.

The poachers laugh again.

But then—laughter echoes from the right.

Dwayne turns—about 20 more poachers step out from the trees, guns aimed straight at him.

A long standoff.

DWAYNE (V.O.)  
I need a plan. Damn it... Nothing's coming to mind.

DWAYNE

Who are you?

Luis—slow-speaking, calm, logical. Steps forward. His demeanor is always cool-headed, especially in uncertain situations.

LUIS

We're free men. We don't watch over anyone. We do what we want. And now—we're deciding what to do with you.

DWAYNE

Around here, I'm the one who decides what happens.

Dwayne keeps them talking — buying precious seconds.

DWAYNE (V.O.)

If I run, they'll shoot. If I drop down... Same thing. That tree is my only option.

As Dwayne calculates his next move, suddenly—branches shake.

A rhino suddenly steps out from the trees.

Furious. Stomping. Its eyes lock onto Dwayne, the closest figure—it charges.

LORENZO

Hell no—where did that come from?!

The poachers scatter.

Dwayne instinctively raises his gun—but doesn't fire.

He runs. The rhinoceros is also chasing after it.

Ducking between trees, leaping over a fallen log, slicing through thorny bushes—until he dives behind a massive tree.

Breathing hard.

Then—his phone rings.

The phone screen lights up with a caller ID:

JASMIN ♥ is calling.

A brief hesitation... then he picks up.

DWAYNE

(whispering, breathless) )

Jasmin... now's not a good time.

JASMIN

Daddy... I want to be friends with ants. Do you think they'd want to be my friends too?

Dwayne closes his eyes for a moment.

The danger is real—but his daughter's voice softens everything.

DWAYNE

(gently) )

If they get to know you... They'd absolutely want to be your friends, my little angel. Will you take care of them?

JASMIN

Yes! Always! I promise!

DWAYNE

(smiling softly) )

Always. You have a mission now, Jasmin. Be the ants' best friend. And I'll be home soon.

JASMIN

OK. I love you, Daddy.

DWAYNE

I love you too, my little angel...

The call ends.

Dwayne closes his eyes, picturing Jasmin the last time he saw her.

Soft, emotional music begins to swell.

FLASHBACK - INT. HOME - DAY

The music continues, soft but steady.

The last time DWAYNE came home, he knocked on the door. His wife opened it—they hugged, greeting warmly.

Jasmin, hiding behind the door to scare her father, suddenly jumps out in front of him and exclaims—

JASMIN  
(excited)  
I'm here!

Jasmin throws herself into her father's arms. They embrace, looking at each other with love-filled gazes.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

DWAYNE opens his eyes, taking a deep breath. He smiles, lost in thought.

DWAYNE (V.O.)  
These journeys, these adventures... but  
my family, my home... that's the real  
meaning of life.

Music gradually fades out.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

DWAYNE slowly turns from where he's sitting, peering around the tree—only to find himself face-to-face with a rhino.

Frozen.

Then—instinct kicks in. He throws himself backward and starts running.

The rhino charges after him.

Through the trees, weaving through tangled branches—until, suddenly, a steep ravine opens up ahead. A river runs beneath it.

DWAYNE barely stops himself from tumbling over the edge.

He turns back— The rhino is thundering straight toward him.

Jump? A dangerous height. Fight? A worse option.

DWAYNE (V.O.)  
(pausing, thinking) )  
Sometimes, you just have to let go.

DWAYNE faces the rhino—arms wide, eyes closed.

Then—he lets himself fall backward into the river.

As he drops—the rhino lunges forward, but misses him entirely.

It barrels right past him, soaring over his head, crashing into the river below.

DWAYNE opens his eyes.

The rhino—a massive shadow—has just flown over him.

Dwayne stares, wide-eyed.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

DWAYNE crashes into the water with a thunderous splash.

Slow-motion.

From above—the impact ripples through the river.

Underwater—silence.

Murky, weightless.

DWAYNE is instantly caught in the current.

Ice-cold.

His head dips beneath the surface—then breaks through.

Swirling, tossed by the rushing water.

His body slams into jagged rocks, cutting his arms and face.

The river spins him, pulls him down, then lets him rise—only to drag him deeper again.

Fighting against it—yet knowing, he has no choice but to surrender to the flow.

DWAYNE

(hoarse, breathless) )

Looks like this river's taking me  
far...

Then—a brief quiet. The river carries Dwayne into deeper waters.

Sunlight fractures through the surface—golden beams flicker onto his face.

For a moment, he shuts his eyes.

FLASHBACK - INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jasmin and Dwayne lie on the bed, gazing up at a starry ceiling projector.

Jasmin rests her head against her father's chest.

JASMIN

Daddy, you always say life is an struggle.

DWAYNE

That's right, my little angel. And like any adventure—even when you're scared, you have to keep going.

Jasmin smirks playfully—then hugs him tightly.

RETURN. EXT. RIVER - DAY

Dwayne opens his eyes.

His hands grip onto a nearby tree branch, pulling himself to shore—exhausted, covered in mud.

The rhino has vanished into the current.

DWAYNE

(to himself) )

Well, that was a bath... Guess I needed to clean up, haha. Damn it. Why am I always in trouble?

He presses his torn shirt against his wound, sitting under the shade of a tree.

Breathing uneven.

DWAYNE

(teeth clenched) )

If you can feel the pain... you're still alive.

He gathers dry branches, stacking them into a small fire pit.

Strikes a match—flames flicker to life.

He burns dried leaves to keep it going, then pulls out his knife.

Cuts off part of his mud-soaked clothing.

Beside the fire, he heats the blade—watching the glow of the metal.

Silence.

Then, he shuts his eyes—presses the hot tip against his wound, disinfecting it.

Strikes a match—flames flicker to life.

He burns dried leaves to keep it going, then pulls out his knife.

Cuts off part of his mud-soaked clothing.

Beside the fire, he heats the blade—watching the glow of the metal.

Silence.

Then, he shuts his eyes—presses the hot tip against his wound, disinfecting it.

DWAYNE

(teeth clenched)

Now... Wonder what those damn poachers  
are up to.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The poachers arrive at the riverbank, scanning the water and the surrounding area—thinking about where he might be.

LORENZO

Wonder where he is

LUIS

Forget it. We've got work to do.  
Plenty to take care of.

LORENZO

We need to deal with him—keep him out  
of our way.

LUIS

But don't kill him. We don't need the  
trouble.

Luis checks his phone.

LUIS

No bars. Dead signal. He's stranded.  
He can't send anything out. By the  
time we're done here, we'll be long  
gone.

They gradually start heading back.

CAMERA tracks the length of the ravine, following the river's  
flow from above.

EXT. FOREST - CAMPFIRE - DUSK

The sun sinks lower, sky turning from deep orange to dark  
blue. Birdsong fades—an eerie stillness settling over the  
forest.

DWAYNE sits in silence, watching embers flicker. He carves a  
small stick with his knife—half killing time, half trying to  
gather his thoughts.

DWAYNE

(muttering to himself)

If I'd shot the rhino, none of this  
would've happened. Maybe I did the  
wrong thing. Maybe I should've pulled  
the trigger.

He tosses the carved wood into the fire. Quietly stands,  
checking the pockets of his gear slung over a nearby tree. He  
pulls out a broken compass-like device. It's dead.

DWAYNE

(scoffs)

Great... Guess I'm still my only hope.

Then a faint sound in the distance.

A twig snaps... then silence.

DWAYNE tenses. He slowly turns his head, listening. When he  
shifts his arm, pain flickers across his face—a quiet groan  
escaping.

His hand instinctively moves toward his gun. It hadn't sunk—  
still strapped around his neck in the water.

DWAYNE

(whispers)

If again rhino shows up... I swear,  
this time I shoot.

Silence.

Then, an owl calls from the darkness.

Dwayne exhales. The tension eases. He moves back to the fire, his eyes growing heavier, the soft crackle of burning wood filling the quiet.

The camera pulls up—revealing him asleep on the ground, the weak firelight flickering against the dark, endless forest surrounding him.

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

DWAYNE stands at the forest's edge, watching the poachers from afar. Morning light filters through the trees, but the tension lingers. The poachers have no idea he's nearby. One of them walks ahead of the group.

Suddenly—LORENZO is lifted into the air by a giant spider. His gun drops to the ground.

LORENZO  
(screaming)  
Help! Somebody—get over here! Help!

DWAYNE reacts instantly—

He pulls out his gun.

DWAYNE  
(shouting)  
Stay sharp!

He fires. A precise shot. The spider drops Lorenzo, who crashes to the ground.

The other poachers rush in, aiming their weapons at DWAYNE.

LORENZO  
(panting)  
Hold on—he saved me.

He turns to DWAYNE.

LORENZO  
I lead this crew. You saved me.  
Thanks.

CARLOS

(angrily)

Saved you? from who? what the hell  
just happened.

One of the poachers, MATEO, is younger—lean and quick. There's experience in his face, but not enough to make him truly hardened. He's different from the others—calmer.

Then—

He freezes.

MATEO

(uneasy)

What the hell is that...?

CAMERA TRACKS his gaze—

A massive ant stands in the shadows, antennae twitching.

It's half a meter tall, sleek black, razor-sharp mandibles clicking. Its long legs scrape against the forest floor—moving fast.

CAMERA SLOWS—focusing on every detail.

Mandibles snapping. Antennae shifting. Muscles tensing.

Then—it leaps, darting between leaves.

MATEO

(shouting)

What is that?

The ant moves.

Then—more ants emerge.

LORENZO

(stunned)

They're huge!

CAMERA TRACKS the growing swarm—slow motion capturing their monstrous size, red eyes, razor jaws.

DWAYNE tenses.

DWAYNE

(grinning, eyes sharp)

Well... this just got interesting.

The CAMERA pulls back—revealing twenty approaching ants.

CARLOS  
(to DWAYNE)  
Maybe we save the fight for later?

DWAYNE  
(nods)  
Sure. We deal with this first—but  
don't think I'm forgetting anything.

They prepare to fight. The ants' legs scrape, making an unnatural clicking sound.

LORENZO lunges forward—fires at a massive ant, its body jerking from the impact. But it's still writhing, mandibles snapping.

More ants surge forward.

DWAYNE fires rapid shots, cutting them down. The poachers unload automatic rifles—their weapons flashing.

SANTOS, an older, battle-worn poacher, empties an entire clip into a fallen ant. Even after it stops moving—he keeps firing.

DWAYNE  
(gritted teeth)  
Save your ammo

The poachers cover each other—taking down the creatures one by one.

Suddenly—

An ant tackles ALEJANDRO, slicing into him.

He fights—cunning, quick. The sun darkens his skin, sweat glistening.

The ant lifts him, trying to carry him off.

ALEJANDRO  
(furious)  
Hell no. I'm not your damn meal.

Pinned, he reaches into his side pocket, yanks out a hidden pistol—fires straight into the ant's head.

The creature collapses. ALEJANDRO staggers to his feet.

DWAYNE fires—taking down ants with precise headshots.

Suddenly—CLICK.

Empty magazine.

CAMERA SLOWS—  
DWAYNE lunges sideways, dodging a  
strike.

He grabs a fallen tree branch—

Slams it into an ant—knocking it down.

Then—

He stands over it—hammering its skull with his rifle stock.

Another ant charges—

DWAYNE draws his dagger—slashes clean through its torso.

But its mandibles still twitch.

He reloads—fires into the approaching swarm.

DWAYNE  
(sharp, eyes scanning)  
Everyone still breathing?

The poachers keep fighting.

MATEO  
(panicked)  
There's too many!

Firing in controlled bursts—

DWAYNE  
(focused)  
Stay calm. We'll wipe them all out.

One by one—

The ants fall.

Their bodies litter the forest.

DWAYNE and the poachers stand, breathing heavy, surveying the  
battlefield.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Everyone sits on the ground, catching their breath.

LORENZO

(exasperated)

Can someone explain what those things were? Forget their size—why the hell were they so aggressive?

DWAYNE

(quietly, almost to himself)

Who knows... Nothing about this makes sense. But everyone needs to stay alert. Don't wander too far.

SANTOS

(uneasy)

Ammo's running low. Tonight, we're fine—but what about tomorrow?

DWAYNE

(pauses, thinking, then nods)

Without bullets, we won't last. I know a place nearby—we'll head there in the morning.

LUIS

(softly)

And after that? What's the plan?

DWAYNE

(calm, measured)

No clue yet. But one thing's for sure—if we don't wipe those insects out, if they keep multiplying... I don't even want to imagine it.

LUIS

(firm)

We need someone on watch. We take shifts.

DWAYNE

(eyes closed, approving)

Smart call.

LUIS

(sighing)

Man... I'd kill anyone for a burger right now.

SANTOS

(grinning)

Make mine three—with a Coke. Damn...

MATEO stares off, lost in thought—

Remembering the blonde girl at a diner outside the city.

MATEO

(muttering)

Yeah... I should've done what I needed  
to back then. Should've just told  
her.

SANTOS

(raising a brow)

Told who?

MATEO

(snapping out of it)

No one. Forget it.

SANTOS

(smirking)

Uh-huh. I see how it is. Listen, kid—  
time doesn't wait for anyone. If you  
keep thinking there's a 'right time,'  
you'll never take the shot.

MATEO looks at him, considering.

MATEO

(grinning)

You coming with me next time? My  
treat.

SANTOS

(laughs)

Oh, we'll handle this together.

Lorenzo stares at the sky, lost in thought. The others talk  
quietly among themselves.

Then—

Lorenzo suddenly sits up, eyes on the tree line.

Slowly, he pulls out his gun, steps forward—fires a shot.

A wild boar collapses.

The group watches as he hauls it back toward them—curious to  
see what he brought.

Later—

The boar sizzles over the fire, the scent filling the air as they devour the meal.

EXT. GRASSY FLOWER FIELD - DUSK

DWAYNE and the poachers advance. They step out of the forest, reaching a vast field, covered in wildflowers. The golden sunlight filters through the edge of the trees, painting everything in warm hues.

DWAYNE takes a few steps forward, scanning the area. Silence—only the sounds of nature: the whisper of the wind brushing through the grass, the faint hum of insects over the flowers.

MATEO

(thoughtfully)

We've found a beautiful place, but the silence makes me uneasy.

DWAYNE

(his gaze slowly settles on a point, taking a deep breath)

Life is like that. A lot of things look beautiful, but if you look deeper, they can be terrifying.

MATEO

(shaking his head)

I'm tired of everything. Nothing feels right anymore.

DWAYNE

(pausing to reflect)

We have to accept both sides of life—its beauty and its dangers—at the same time. If we only live in fear, we'll never see its beauty.

CAMERA: A giant bumblebee slowly rises from the grass. Golden and black, every detail magnified on screen. It hovers briefly before descending back into the flowers.

Ahead, a massive butterfly lifts off.

CAMERA: It flutters over their heads, its colors shining under the sun. They all watch in awe.

MATEO

That's incredible.

DWAYNE

Isn't that proof of a Creator?

MATEO

Are you religious?

DWAYNE

I haven't accepted any particular religion yet. But there are countless signs on Earth for those willing to understand the existence of a Creator.

MATEO

Like what?

LUIS

Then why don't we see them?

DWAYNE

There are thousands of examples proving that the world was designed for life. It's no coincidence. There's no such thing as that many coincidences.

They keep going.

EXT. OPEN AREA - NIGHT

The group sits on the ground, taking a break. The sky is crystal clear, and the stars shine brilliantly. They lie back, gazing up.

Dwayne:

Life on Earth isn't just random.  
Things don't happen by chance.  
Got a pen?

MATEO

Yeah.

DWAYNE

Give it to me.

He takes the pen, crouching down. Tosses it onto the ground—it lands on its side. Picks it up, throws it again—it lands differently. He repeats this several times.

DWAYNE

See? This pen lands in a different position every time. Do you know how fast stars and planets rotate? But they always move along their designated orbits, never colliding. The Earth rotates rapidly, yet we don't feel it at all. Isn't that a miracle? We witness miracles every day, but because they happen so frequently, they stop seeming like miracles. We only call something a miracle when we're not used to it.

MATEO

Interesting. I never thought about it.

DWAYNE

Ever used wired earphones instead of Bluetooth? Every time I pull them from my pocket, they're tangled. But the capillaries in the human body stretch over 60,000 miles, and they never get tangled.

MATEO

Hmm. So they're designed never to tangle?

DWAYNE

Exactly. Do you know how far the Earth is from the Sun? If it were a bit closer, it would be too hot—water would evaporate. If it were a bit further, it would be too cold—water would freeze. Liquid water is essential for life. Without it, life wouldn't exist.

MATEO

No water, no life.

DWAYNE

If the Earth didn't rotate around both the Sun and its own axis, life wouldn't exist. If it didn't spin on its axis, there would be no day and night—one side would be forever dark, the other forever bright. One side would freeze, the other would burn.

MATEO

I never thought about how important rotation is.

DWAYNE

\*And Earth doesn't rotate perfectly upright—it's tilted. Without that tilt, there would be no seasons. The Sun's rays would always hit the same zones, meaning most regions would be either eternally hot or eternally cold.

The Earth moves around the Sun in an elliptical orbit, but it's almost circular. If its orbit were more elongated, sometimes it would be scorching hot, other times freezing cold—the temperature shifts would wipe out all life.

DWAYNE

Should I go on? Is this interesting?

CARLOS

(listening intently)

Where did you learn all this?

DWAYNE

I love reading. If you want to change your life, or understand it, books and science are the only way.

DWAYNE

\*Let me give you another example. You know how important our atmosphere is, right? It consists of oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon dioxide. Oxygen makes up 21%—neither too little, nor too much.

If we had more, everything would ignite too easily.

If we had less, breathing would be difficult.

LORENZO

Damn... I never realized all this. You might turn us all into believers.

LUIS

I think I need to study this again. Can you recommend some books, Dwayne? This is fascinating.

DWAYNE

Of course.

DWAYNE

Take the Moon, for example. It stabilizes Earth's axis, keeping seasons and climate predictable. Without it, Earth would wobble unpredictably, making life unsustainable.

LUIS

I'll never look at the Moon the same way again.

DWAYNE

If you imagine Earth as an apple, its crust is as thin as an apple's skin—yet life only exists within that tiny layer. If the crust were too thick—there would be no atmosphere, no mountains, no seas. If it were too thin—volcanoes and earthquakes would be frequent and catastrophic. Right now, its thickness is perfectly balanced.

LORENZO:

Luis, do you know what those gray spots on the Moon are?

LUIS:

No, I don't. I've never even thought about it.

LORENZO

(laughing): )

Those spots are just dust. The Moon is dirty—it needs to be wiped clean. Haha!

LUIS

(sarcastically)

Oh, so hilarious.

MATEO

I actually know this. Those spots are mountains on the Moon—they just look like that.

CARLOS

(thinking)

Then what about hell? If God loves us, why did He create it?

DWAYNE

Listen. The Creator made us similar to Himself in some ways—such as the ability to love. That's a divine trait. He loves us. He placed us here on Earth as its caretakers, with a mission.

If we live in a way that reflects Him—if we embody those same qualities—then He rewards us, in this life and the next.

But if someone rejects Him completely, if they only spread corruption, cause harm, and deny their own Creator—then they are not like Him. After death, they won't return to Him—they'll go to a bad place. That's hell.

Those who resemble their Creator will reunite with Him—that's heaven.

It's justice. It's balance.

All prophets and revelations came with this same message. People have distorted religion over time, but the truth remains: there is only one faith—the belief in the Creator and living righteously.

And before you understand religion, you must understand philosophy. You can't see the Sun by covering your own eyes with your hands.

They continue talking as they walk forward.

CAMERA follows them, slowly pulling back—capturing them as they fade into the distance.

INT. LABORATORY - MORNING

Morning light slowly filters into the laboratory. The professor and assistant sit near their desks.

The assistant lazily opens his eyes, then turns to the window—

his gaze suddenly freezes.

The professor notices his reaction.

ASSISTANT  
(softly, in shock)  
Professor... Look!

Dr. Alderson immediately turns to the window—

A gigantic caterpillar moves past it.

ASSISTANT  
(pulls back, frightened)  
It must be... the result of our tests.  
What have we done?!

The professor glares at the assistant. He lowers his head.

PROFESSOR  
(hurriedly, demanding)  
What did you do?! Tell me. You  
couldn't stop testing, could you?  
This is what happens when you act on  
your own. We need to stop this. Now!

The professor rushes to the computer, pressing several buttons.

On the large screen, logos of scientific research centers and security agencies appear.

A warning flashes:

EMERGENCY BROADCAST - PRIORITY\_LEVEL 1

PROFESSOR  
(speaking into a  
microphone)  
This is Professor Alderson. Bio-  
experiment GR is out of control.  
Mutated insect species are spreading  
rapidly—they are highly aggressive.  
Immediate backup required. Over.

A radio transmission crackles—

OPERATOR  
(over radio)  
Message received. We will contact you  
shortly.

ASSISTANT

(uneasy)  
They're acting aggressively.

PROFESSOR  
(thinking aloud)  
Maybe their hunger response won't shut off due to their size. They constantly feel starving, so they keep hunting.  
We should never have combined gibberellin hormones and RGH in one experiment. We should have tested them separately.

ASSISTANT  
(anxious)  
There's no time. We have to act now. I won't be able to live with myself if we don't fix this.

PROFESSOR  
(grimly)  
You think it'll be that easy? Look, I'll try to defend you. But expect serious questioning. You'll have to answer for this.

ASSISTANT  
(resolute)  
I'll take any punishment. But first—we stop this disaster.

PROFESSOR  
(hands him a flask)  
Here. Add this to the substance.

ASSISTANT pours a small amount into the mixture.

A strange vapor rises into the air—

He coughs.

ASSISTANT  
(wheezing)  
What was that?!

PROFESSOR  
(smirking)  
You don't have to inhale everything. Unless you want to see your own mutated form. Be careful.

The assistant's elbow knocks over a glass container—it shatters on the floor.

His hands tremble.

ASSISTANT  
(to himself, breathing  
deeply)  
I need to pull myself together.

He quickly exits the lab.

The professor watches him go—

Then turns back to examine the chemicals carefully.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

DWAYNE and the poachers move deeper into the forest, leaving the open field behind. The atmosphere grows strange, eerily silent.

ALEJANDRO  
How far are we going?

DWAYNE  
(smirks)  
Getting tired already? Like a damn princess.

CARLOS  
(grinning)  
With that sharp tongue, I'm surprised you've survived this long.

DWAYNE  
(chuckles)  
Survival. That's my best skill. Here—eat. Keep your strength up.

He tosses an apple to Carlos.

Carlos catches it, smirking.

CARLOS  
Thanks.

He takes a loud bite, walking ahead as he talks.

CARLOS  
You know, once we're out of here, I

need a long break. Somewhere quiet.  
I'm tired of danger. I haven't had a  
single peaceful day in this damn  
life.

DWAYNE

(stopping, looking into the  
distance)

A peaceful life... There's no such  
thing left in this world, Carlos. The  
only choice we have is which danger  
we face.

Honestly? Lying in bed, sick and weak, afraid of the world—  
that might be worse. Living in fear... that's the real danger.\*

Carlos glances at Miguel, a poacher who always wears solid  
black, tattoos lining his face.

CARLOS

Miguel—what do you see up ahead?

Miguel motions for them to come.

Then suddenly, the ground beneath him shifts.

His feet sink into a mound—only to realize it's moving.

MATEO

(alarmed)

Something's there! Look!

CAMERA CLOSE-UP: A giant mantis looms ahead, long forelegs  
twitching, eerie eyes locked onto them. Its movements slow—  
then, suddenly—it strikes.

Miguel is lifted, trapped between its razor-sharp claws.

MIGUEL

(screaming)

HELP!

DWAYNE raises his gun—but can't shoot.

Miguel is still in its grip.

CARLOS

(urgently)

Wait! Don't shoot—he's still in its  
hands!

The mantis slowly lowers its head, mandibles opening.

Dwayne flings his knife, striking just below its eye!

The mantis shrieks, drops Miguel—

Then lunges into attack mode.

Miguel hits the ground—dead.

The mantis grabs a poacher—snaps him in half.

Then another—and another.

Their bullets are running low, but they fire anyway—emptied rounds slamming into the creature, barely slowing it down.

DWAYNE and the poachers scatter.

The mantis is too fast, appearing suddenly from behind trees, striking hard and vanishing again.

At one point—it takes flight, darting away.

LORENZO

(panting)

This thing is smarter than us!

DWAYNE

(eyes sharp)

It's a hunter... and we're the prey.

They manage to injure its legs, bullets piercing its body—

The mantis retreats, slipping back into the trees.

DWAYNE

(quietly)

This fight isn't over... It'll keep tracking us.

MATEO

So what do we do now?

DWAYNE

(calm, firm)

We're hunters, too. Now, we know how it fights.

We adapt.

MATEO

Or—hear me out—we just avoid running into it again.

CARLOS

(grinning)  
Yeah. That works too.  
They continue walking.

CAMERA TRACKS PATH.

The road stretching ahead, unknown dangers waiting.

EXT. RIVER - WATERFALL - DAY

They arrive at a river with a towering waterfall and start washing up.

Dwayne stands under the waterfall, the water running over his muscular frame, making his physique even more defined.

They step onto dry ground, shaking off the water.

DWAYNE  
(grinning, teasing them)  
So... losers. How's it feel to be  
hunted? Hahaha!

Manuel—a big, broad-shouldered, blond, round-faced poacher—walks up to Dwayne, locking eyes.

MANUEL  
(firmly)  
You're pushing your luck. We've let  
you talk too much.

DWAYNE  
(mocking)  
Oh yeah? What are you gonna do about  
it?

MANUEL  
(dead serious)  
I'll break your bones.

DWAYNE  
(smirking)  
Try it.

MANUEL  
There's no one in your bloodline that  
could stand against me.

DWAYNE  
(his smile fades)  
Now that—you shouldn't have said.

Mateo moves to break it up, but the others cheer them on instead.

Manuel shoves Mateo aside, knocking him down gently.

Mateo doesn't get up—just watches.

Manuel charges at Dwayne with his fists.

Dwayne ducks, then slaps the back of Manuel's head.

Manuel spins in anger, grabbing Dwayne—slamming him to the ground.

They wrestle, fists flying.

Manuel pins Dwayne down, trying to punch him—but Dwayne blocks every strike.

Dwayne thrusts an elbow into Manuel's head, knocking him off balance.

Both get back on their feet.

Dwayne throws a powerful punch into Manuel's chest—

Manuel drops, groaning.

Then—

Dwayne drives his knee into Manuel's face.

Manuel falls flat on his back.

DWAYNE

(breathing steady)

Lesson's over. That's enough. Be smart.

Dwayne extends a hand to Manuel.

Manuel glares at him for a moment—

Then nods, taking the hand and pulling himself up.

DWAYNE

People can say anything to anybody any trash. But it's not manly to talk about someone's family whom you don't know

MANUEL

(narrowing his eyes)

You telling me that? Sounds like we're fighting again.

DWAYNE

Not just you. Any man—or anyone who calls himself a man. Women? Well, gossip's normal for them.

LUIS

(laughing)

So... beauty's definitely not saving the world?

LORENZO

(grinning, shaking his head)

Nothing's saving the world.

They start packing up their gear.

EXT. OPEN PLAIN - DAY

They gather their gear and continue moving forward.

After a short distance, they reach a clearing—

A faint buzzing sound fills the air.

MATEO

What is that? Sounds familiar.

Then—

A massive mosquito circles above them.

It swoops down fast, attempting to land on one of them and pierce his skin.

The poacher flings himself aside—fires his weapon.

DWAYNE

(calmly, smirking)

Relax. It's just a mosquito. But I admire its determination—not giving up.

I wonder whose blood it wants. Haha.

Then—an entire swarm arrives.

The first mosquito circles back—diving toward them again.

They open fire, shooting it down.

Dwayne kicks its belly with his boot.

DWAYNE

(mocking)

Bad luck, buddy. We need our blood.

SERGIO

(short, sharp-featured,  
slightly Japanese-looking)

We need a surface-to-air missile  
system.

MATEO

(grinning)

Yeah, that'd do the trick—wipe them  
all out.

They keep shooting, taking each mosquito down one by one.

One mosquito drops onto a poacher—he shoves it off and  
scrambles up.

Another manages to stab a poacher's back, its needle sinking  
deep—draining his blood.

His eyes widen in terror.

POACHER

(screaming)

HELP!

They kill the mosquito, but its needle snaps—remaining inside  
his body.

The poacher collapses. Dead.

After wiping them all out—

They breathe deeply, scanning the area.

SANTOS

(tense, watching the sky)

Think there are more?

They raise their weapons—aiming upward, ready.

DWAYNE

Pack up—we're moving. How much ammo  
do we have left?

MATEO

Mine's gone.

CARLOS

Almost out.

The others nod in agreement.

DWAYNE

We'll have to sleep out in the open tonight.

By morning, we need to reach the weapons stash. Let's go.

They press forward—

CAMERA TRACKS PATH, stretching ahead into uncertain terrain.

EXT. ROCKY BLUFF — DUSK

They approach the rugged terrain, jagged rocks rising around them.

DWAYNE

This looks like a good place to spend the night.

The sky darkens, casting shadows that stretch unnaturally. The sounds of nature grow hauntingly sharper—the rustling of leaves, distant screeches.

They light a fire, its flickering glow illuminating their faces but barely holding back the surrounding darkness.

They drop their gear, exhausted, peeling off their outer layers.

Sergio pulls a deck of cards from his pocket.

SERGIO

Anyone up for a game?

The others eagerly join in.

SERGIO

Someone needs to keep watch.

Lorenzo nods toward one of the poachers.

LORENZO

You. Take first shift. Switch out

later.

The poacher rolls his eyes, sighs, and walks off.

Dwayne watches the game, interest sparking.

DWAYNE

Alright—what are we playing?

LUIS

(grinning)

What've you got to bet?

Dwayne pulls his knife from his boot.

The others place their wagers—

The game intensifies, laughter echoing.

Dwayne loses his knife.

LUIS

You must accept defeat, man

Dwayne hesitates, staring at the blade—

It resembles a military knife, worn but deadly sharp.

DWAYNE

(sighing, shaking his head)

Nothing lasts forever, my friend.

Guess it's time to say goodbye.

He hands it to Luis.

Luis takes the knife—

Then—

A SCREAM pierces the night.

The guard stumbles into view—face and body deep red, as if poisoned.

He points weakly before collapsing.

The group tenses—weapons ready—

They move cautiously toward the direction he pointed—

But—

Nothing.

The darkness now feels thicker.

POACHER  
(whispering)  
What... was that?

But the wounded man doesn't answer.

He's barely conscious.

EXT. FAR FROM THE CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

They move cautiously, searching the area, trying to help the injured.

Suddenly—

A creature bursts from the darkness, scaling the rocky wall at unnatural speed.

Luis stands slightly apart, leaning against a boulder—

The creature strikes, biting his arm and snatching him away.

The men freeze for a second—then realize—

It's a centipede.

Deadly fast. Venomous.

A predator unlike any they've faced before.

Luis screams for help—

The group rushes after him.

They surround the centipede, knives drawn.

One of the poachers lunges to attack.

But—

The centipede suddenly hurls Luis aside—then charges at them.

POACHER  
(angrily)  
Die, you piece of trash!

The centipede moves too fast—

It climbs over the man, its jaws sinking into his neck—

Then it vanishes behind the cliffs.

EXT. CAMPFIRE-NIGHT

They search cautiously, tending to the wounded.

MATEO

The injured don't look good.

Luis, also hurt, turns to Dwayne.

LUIS

(weakly)

Hey... You can keep the knife now.

DWAYNE

We need to cauterize the wound—stop  
the bleeding.

Dwayne hands Luis a stick—Luis bites down on it. Dwayne heats the blade in the fire. Then presses it against Luis' wound. Luis groans in pain, teeth clenched. Mateo, watching the flames, speaks up.

MATEO

We're just trying to survive, but  
this fear makes me think...  
Sometimes, it feels like everything  
happens for a reason—like it's  
teaching us something.  
Maybe it's a signal—a push to change  
something in ourselves.

SERGIO

Cut the philosophy, holy priest.  
Not the time.  
You're talking about being a good  
person?  
Come on. We're butchers, not saints.

MATEO

(calmly)

Who knows? Time will tell.  
Every believer has a past.  
Every sinner has a future.

SERGIO

(shrugs)

I don't know.  
Good people?

They're boring.  
Life's short—better to have a wild  
ride than a safe one.\*  
Some of the poachers nod in  
agreement.  
Dwayne checks Luis' wound,  
reassessing.

DWAYNE  
You're gonna make it, Luis.

LUIS  
(smiling faintly)  
I hope so.

Mateo suddenly turns, pointing at the other injured poacher.

MATEO  
(alarmed)  
He's gone.

Silence.

LORENZO  
(somberly)  
Damn... We'll bury him in the morning.

CARLOS  
(clenched jaw)  
How many have we lost now?  
Damn these things.  
I'm killing every last one.

Mateo covers the corpse.

Dwayne watches Mateo, eyes narrowing.

DWAYNE  
Mateo... What are you doing here?  
You're not like them.

MATEO  
I needed to take a step to change my  
life.

DWAYNE  
Change your life?  
And you thought this was the way?  
Running with them?

MATEO  
Sometimes, you don't even know why

you're where you are.

DWAYNE

(firmly)

Then focus on who you want to be.  
 Think about it—a lot.  
 Picture it.  
 Act like it. Dress like it.  
 Be around the kind of people who live  
 that life.  
 The mind adapts—sooner or later,  
 it'll become your reality.  
 People say:  
 Think positive, and good things  
 happen.  
 That's only half right—  
 Your mind already makes decisions  
 based on the path you've chosen for  
 yourself.  
 The places you go, the choices you  
 make?  
 All of it comes from your  
 subconscious programming.  
 So control your thoughts.  
 They become your decisions.  
 Decisions form your habits.  
 Your habits?  
 They shape your future.

MATEO

(watching him closely)

What habits do you have?  
 Do you actually follow this advice?

DWAYNE

Nothing happens overnight.  
 The right things—  
 You do them constantly,  
 Bit by bit,  
 Until they become who you are.  
 I've learned to read people.  
 I've read you.  
 You need to start fresh, Mateo.  
 You don't belong here.

MATEO

(nodding, determined)

I'll do it.  
 Once we're out—  
 I'm starting over.

DWAYNE  
(genuine)  
I believe that.  
And I'll help you.

They check their weapons, continuing their talk—  
Fragmented conversations drift through the air.

ALEJANDRO  
(groaning)  
Let me sleep already.  
I'm dead tired.

SERGIO  
(grinning)  
Sleep, princess.  
Let's all get some rest.

CAMERA PULLS BACK—

The darkness deepens, swallowing the landscape.  
Only the dying fire flickers—  
And the faces around it remain visible.

EXT. LABORATORY ROOFTOP & SURROUNDINGS - NIGHT

The faint scraping of insect legs echoes across the roof of  
the laboratory—multiple creatures moving unseen in the  
darkness.

A short distance away—

The ground trembles.

Slowly—

A massive worm emerges, its slick body writhing, shifting  
ominously.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

The room is lit only by artificial lights.

Computer screens glow, reflecting against glass cabinets  
filled with chemical solutions.

A whiteboard is covered in complex chemical formulas.

Professor stands tall, brows furrowed—focused, calculating, carefully working through the compounds.

ASSISTANT

They're multiplying. It looks impossible to stop.

PROFESSOR

(calm but tense)

If I were one to give up, I wouldn't be here tonight.

I'm working on a formula.

Theoretically—this compound will block their neuroreceptors, suppressing aggression, rendering them passive.

It might even revert them to their previous state.

In theory.

ASSISTANT

(lifting his head)

And if it doesn't work?

PROFESSOR

Don't ask too many questions.

PROFESSOR

(firm but controlled)

Scientists make mistakes sometimes. But accepting responsibility—that's part of the job.

At the same time, I'm developing a neuro inhibitor-based solution to counter them.

This isn't just a personal failure—this is about humanity's survival.

We need to send the new results for testing—immediately.

CAMERA SLOWLY TRACKS OVER THEM—

In the background, the screen flickers—

MESSAGE SENT.

From the darkness outside, a distant storm rumbles.

EXT. ARMY BASE COURTYARD - PRE DAWN

Dawn approaches, but the sky remains dark.

Heavy storm clouds gather overhead-

Lightning flashes, thunder rolls through the air.

Spotlights blaze across the base, illuminating the scene.

Soldiers rush, grabbing heavy weapons, securing tactical vests-

They line up in formation, ready for deployment.

The COMMANDER steps forward, his voice booming over the preparation.

COMMANDER

(taking a deep breath)

Our target-is not human.

They feel no fear.

But they have weak points.

Aim for the head.

Professor's intel has given us a new strategy-

Neuro inhibitor gas and thermal-guided targeting systems.

Protect each other-that's priority one.

Understood?

SOLDIERS

(shouting in unison)

YES, COMMANDER!

The whirring engines of helicopters grow louder.

Rotors spin.

Soldiers climb aboard one by one-

Strapping in, preparing for the mission ahead.

INT. HELICOPTER - PRE-DAWN

CAMERA - SLOW, HEAVY MOVEMENT

Hands gripping weapons.

Gear strapped tight.

Eyes—focused, unwavering.

A soldier stares at the sky.

Distant lightning flashes.

SOLDIER 1  
(low voice)  
Scientists screw up—we clean up.  
Classic.

SOLDIER 2  
Asking questions isn't our job.  
Following orders is.

SOLDIER 3  
Exactly.

SOLDIER 1 remains silent—watching.

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)  
Alpha, Bravo, and Delta—landing at  
0500.  
Clear the sectors.  
Move out!

Helicopters lift off into the air.

CAMERA TRACKS FROM  
ABOVE:

Three helicopters carve through the dark sky—

The low rumble of a distant storm grows.

As they soar—

The scene slowly fades into darkness.

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

The group trudges forward, exhaustion weighing on them.

Dwayne leads at the front, steady and determined.

Rain pours—

Soaking them completely, water dripping from their clothes.

DWAYNE  
(focused, pressing on)

We're close.

POACHER  
(squinting ahead)  
I think I see a house.

They push forward—  
Through the misty forest—  
A wooden cabin comes into view.

INT. IN THE HOUSE - MORNING

They step eagerly inside, relieved.

One of the poachers lights the wood stove, and they start preparing tea and food.

SERGIO  
Why did you bring us here, Dwayne?  
For breakfast?

Dwayne raises an eyebrow, amused.

DWAYNE  
You ready?

LORENZO  
For what?

Dwayne pulls back a curtain—  
Behind it—  
A wall lined with weapons and ammunition.

POACHER  
(grinning)  
Ohhh...

Mateo picks up a sniper rifle, stepping to the window, scanning the distance through the scope.

Dwayne grabs a shotgun.

DWAYNE  
(calmly)  
Know what this is?

He looks at the gun with admiration, flicking it open and

shut.

The poachers all take their picks, grabbing firearms and bullets.

Dwayne grabs a pistol as well.

LORENZO

Take as much ammo as you can.  
You'll need it.

MATEO

(weighing his gun)  
Ammo's good.  
Carrying it all—not so much.

LORENZO

(smirking)  
You'll know which is better when a  
bug's chewing through your skull.

MATEO

(dryly)  
Thanks for the motivational speech.

He loads his weapon, snapping it shut.

LORENZO

(calling out)  
Oh, hell—grenades, too!  
Here—catch.

Lorenzo pretends to toss a grenade at Mateo—

Mateo instinctively raises his hands—

Then realizes Lorenzo never threw it.

Lorenzo bursts out laughing.

MATEO

(flatly)  
Hilarious.

Dwayne suddenly hurls a knife—striking a wooden target on the wall.

He steps back to throw again—

Then stops—

Carlos is standing right next to the target.

CARLOS  
(calm, daring)  
If you're so sure of yourself—throw  
it.

DWAYNE  
(smirking)  
Lost your thrill for living?  
You want me to kill you?

CARLOS  
(steady voice)  
No.  
Risk. Adrenaline.  
That's what brings me back to life.  
Feeling it—again and again—makes  
death worth risking.  
Throw it.

Dwayne lets the blade fly—  
CAMERA TRACKS THE KNIFE—  
Slow-motion spin from every angle—  
It hits the mark—dead center.  
Carlos eyes the blade, nodding.

CARLOS  
(grinning slightly)  
Not bad.  
Wonder where's the best spot to hit a  
bug?

LUIS  
The head.  
Always aim for the head.

ALEJANDRO  
(skeptical)  
Not that easy when they're darting  
around.

MIGUEL  
(smirking)  
Gonna dump an entire mag into every  
bug you see?

ALEJANDRO  
(shrugging)  
Hell no.

But we're no snipers either.

Manuel walks in from the next room, wiping his hands.

MANUEL

Food's ready.  
Sit down.  
See what I made.

They dig into their plates, eating eagerly.

LORENZO

(satisfied sigh)  
Now life feels good again.

MANUEL

Don't need to thank me.

LORENZO

(grinning)  
Thanks anyway.  
Guess your hands work just fine—even  
if your brain doesn't.  
It's good—hahaha.

Dwayne heads upstairs, pausing.

DWAYNE

Get some rest.  
We move at noon.

They continue eating,

Voices mixing in relaxed conversation.

ALEJANDRO

(groaning)  
Let me sleep—I'm dead tired.

SERGIO

(laughing)  
Sleep, princess—we'll all get some  
rest.

CAMERA PULLS BACK—

The fire flickers,

The shadows deepen,

Only faces and embers remain visible.

EXT. BEACH - NOON

The group moves forward, weapons ready, following the edge of the forest.

Through the trees—

The glistening shore comes into view.

They emerge, stepping onto the sand—

A moment of pure relief washes over them.

The ocean stretches out before them, endless.

A ship is anchored offshore, waiting.

For a brief moment—peace.

SERGIO

(half-laughing, taking a deep breath)

Oh, we made it!

I see the ship—we're finally leaving this damn island.\*

Excitement spreads—

They step eagerly across the sand, heading toward the ship.

Then—

The wet sand begins to tremble.

SERGIO

(frowning)

An earthquake?

The ground ripples—

Then bursts open—

Giant cockroaches erupt from beneath the sand.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN:

Their spiked legs—

Their long antennae—

Their writhing maxillae, constantly moving—feeding.

These jaw-like appendages tear apart food and guide it to the mouth—each movement precise, mechanical.

More emerge—

Their numbers grow.

They're fast. Too fast.

The group retreats.

LUIS

(urgent, shouting)

Fall back—we're outnumbered!

They fire as they move backward, bullets tearing through the creatures—

Then— helicopters emerge above, rotors slicing through the air.

Gunfire erupts from above—

Soldiers in the choppers unleash mounted machine guns.

Explosions rain down—

Missiles. Bombs.

The battle rages,

The group continues retreating, grenades flying when possible.

Three poachers are killed, dragged under by the swarm.

Mateo takes position, sniper rifle steady—

Each shot pierces a cockroach's skull, perfect precision.

They keep firing, pulling back—

Pushing deeper into the forest for cover.

In the distance—

The gunfire doesn't stop.

LORENZO

(panting, eyes scanning)

We need to get out of here.

SERGIO

(grimly)

We're out of ammo.

Rain pours, soaking them as they move forward—

Then—

They spot helicopters flying overhead.

DWAYNE

(watching them go)

I know where they're heading.  
There's a classified military  
research facility nearby.  
We need to get there.

EXT - FRONT OF THE RESEARCH CENTER - DAY

The group arrives at the front gates of the research facility.

A barbed-wire fence, cameras, and armed guards surround the  
perimeter.

Dwayne stops, raising a hand.

DWAYNE

(slow nod)

This is the place... we're close now.

Suddenly-

A harsh voice echoes over the loudspeakers.

GUARDS EMERGE from the post-

Weapons raised, aimed directly at them.

GUARD 1

(over loudspeaker)

Hold your ground!  
Identify yourselves-NOW!

GUARD 2

(from the post)

Hands up! Stay where you are!

DWAYNE

(calm, composed, stepping  
forward)

I'm Inspector Dwayne.

We have critical intel regarding the situation.

It's imperative that we be let inside.

GUARD 1

(hesitates, speaking into  
earpiece)

Tell the commander. We've got company

A tense pause follows.

Weapons remain locked on them.

Then—

Another officer emerges—a major, his expression rigid, yet intrigued.

MAJOR

Open the gates. Let them in.

EXT - IN THE RESEARCH CENTER - DAY

They step inside.

At the entrance, the major stops them.

MAJOR

I've heard about you, Dwayne.  
Come inside—we have questions.  
The major turns to the soldiers.

MAJOR

Confiscate their weapons.

Then—

He faces Dwayne again.

MAJOR

You'll get them back when you leave.  
Follow me.

DWAYNE

Understood.

As they walk, the major presses further—

MAJOR

What exactly are we dealing with?

LUIS

\*You won't believe us if we tell you.

Creatures that were once tiny bugs—are now massive.

LORENZO

And for some reason—they're hyper-aggressive.  
The second they see anything, they attack.

CARLOS

We've fought them over and over, but  
simply killing them with bullets  
won't be enough.  
Do you have any intel?

At that moment—

A professor enters the room, listening closely.

Then—

He steps forward.

PROFESSOR

We're still researching the details.  
But their size and aggression—  
It's due to mutation.

MAJOR

The soldiers' only job is to execute  
orders—to protect this facility.  
But we need to fully understand our  
enemy—and figure out how to stop  
them.

The professor hands a vial to the commander.

PROFESSOR

We need mass production of this  
compound—  
Then air dispersal over the entire  
island.  
It should revert the insects—restore  
them to their normal state.  
Get it to the base.

COMMANDER

Understood.  
We'll deliver it.

PROFESSOR

Be careful.  
This is the only sample we have—we  
haven't had time to make more.

MAJOR

Prepare yourselves.  
Evacuation begins shortly.

EXT. RESEARCH CENTER - DAY

The major, a select group of soldiers, and research staff prepare to board the helicopters.

Some troops remain, securing the perimeter.

One by one, the helicopters lift off, disappearing into the sky—

Only one remains grounded.

Dwayne and Mateo exchange glances.

MATEO

How are they supposed to decontaminate the entire island from the air?

Even if they succeed—

What about whatever's still underground?

DWAYNE

(flatly)

I have no idea.

MATEO

(pausing, then quietly)

So... what happens now?

DWAYNE

(exhaling)

We go home.

I just want to get the hell out of here—fast.

INT. IN THE HELICOPTER - DAY

Dwayne and the poachers climb aboard.

The rotor blades thunder, drowning out their voices.

They can barely hear each other over the noise.

The other helicopters have already disappeared, leaving only theirs behind.

The aircraft flies low, skimming the forest canopy.

Through the windows, they watch the treetops blur past.

Then—

A mantis swoops in, latching onto the side of the helicopter.

CAMERA SLOWS DOWN—

The scene freezes momentarily, then plays in slow motion—

The helicopter tilts violently, losing control—spinning in midair.

PILOT  
(frantic)  
We're going down!  
Hold on. Hold on

The aircraft collides with tree branches, slicing through leaves and limbs—

Then—

CRASHES onto the ground.

It doesn't break apart completely, but it's damaged.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The group slowly regains consciousness, eyes adjusting to their surroundings.

Leaves rustle, birds scatter, animals bolt through the undergrowth, fleeing from something unseen.

MANUEL  
(watching the stampede)  
Following the animals might be our  
best move.

Among the fleeing creatures—

A bear is also running—

Then stops, spotting the group.

Before they can react—

A mantis descends, landing behind them.

It's the same wounded mantis from before—its movements erratic, unsettling.

Then—

It lunges at the bear—tearing into it.

The bear fights, but it's trapped, unable to escape the mantis's claw-like grip.

DWAYNE  
(low voice, controlled)  
We're unarmed.  
Move slowly—quietly—back away.

They shift backward, inching away.

The mantis watches them, its eyes locked on their movements.

But it remains fixated on its prey—gripping the bear so tightly, the creature can't budge.

It devours it piece by piece.

DWAYNE  
(quietly, to himself)  
A mantis rarely kills its prey first—  
It prefers to eat it alive.

Carlos reacts in horror, struggling to process what he's witnessing.

Then—

One of the poachers snaps, yelling—

POACHER  
(panicked)  
RUN!

He sprints.

DWAYNE  
(shouting)  
NO—DON'T!

The noise triggers the mantis—

It launches into the air, landing right in their midst.

It grabs the fleeing poacher, biting down on his shoulder, its jaws crushing his bone—

Then it rips his head clean off.

The group freezes in horror.

Their weapons are gone, confiscated at the military base.

Then—

Santos draws his knife, screaming—charging at the mantis.

SANTOS

(shouting)

Take this, you ugly freak!

He slashes at its back leg—slicing it off.

The mantis whips around, grabbing Santos—

Dragging him into the trees.

Pinning him to the ground—

Its front limbs crush him effortlessly.

The group reacts immediately, attacking together—

They slice at the creature, hacking away at its body.

The mantis kills several of them—

But they manage to wound it badly.

Manuel gets too close—

He stabs its arm, cutting deep—

But the mantis twists, grabbing him—

Its razor-like claws sink in, and Manuel dies.

Then—

It drives both claws into ALEJANDRO's back—

Another fatal blow.

LUIS

(realizing, urgent)

Its front arms—that's its key weapon!

It grabs prey—won't let go!

We need to cut them off!

DWAYNE

(commanding)

Try to slice them—keep it distracted!

He moves behind the mantis, scaling a tree—

Then leaps down, slashing at its neck.

CAMERA SLOW-MO:

Dwayne drops from above, knife swinging down hard—  
The blade slices clean through its neck—  
The mantis's head falls to the ground.  
Yet—  
Its body continues to move, dangerous even in death.

MATEO  
(panting)  
We need to get out of here—grab the  
wounded!

Lorenzo groans, seated on the ground, clutching his side  
wound—not deep, but painful.

LORENZO  
(weakly)  
Who's still alive?

They look around—assessing the damage.  
Only five remain—  
Dwayne, Lorenzo, Mateo, Carlos, and Luis.

MATEO  
(quietly)  
Are we just leaving the dead here?

LORENZO  
(grim)  
There's no other option.  
We need to get back to the facility.

They turn back, moving carefully.

DWAYNE  
(pointing ahead)  
We need to head that way.

LORENZO  
Yeah. Let's go.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

They move cautiously, navigating through the dense woods.

Ahead-

A military facility looms into view.

DWAYNE

(thoughtful, scanning the site)

I've heard about another base nearby.  
It's classified—doesn't appear on official maps.  
This... might be it.  
They used to conduct biological experiments here.  
Maybe we should take a look?

LORENZO

(uncertain)

You think we'll find help there?

DWAYNE

(shrugs slightly)

No idea.  
It's been kept so secret, nobody really knows what's inside.

LUIS

(considering)

If it's not too far off our path, we should try.  
Maybe the soldiers there can help.  
Or maybe we'll find something useful before we reach the ship.

EXT. SECRET BASE - DAY

They arrive at the entrance, a gateway of rusted metal doors, standing slightly ajar.

Silence.

The air feels heavy—like something lingers unseen.

Weapons ready, they check the surroundings carefully, scanning for any movement.

Then-

They step inside.

INT. SECRET BASE - DAY

The group steps cautiously into the abandoned facility.

Inside-

The walls are stained with dried blood.

Shattered glass containers, broken aquariums, and cages litter the room.

Some cages hold lifeless, mutated plants, their twisted forms wilted.

To the left-

A row of *Dionaea muscipula*-Venus flytraps-sit eerily still.

Their jaw-like leaves, lined with trigger-sensitive hairs, remain ready-even in decay.

Towering otherworldly flora looms nearby.

MATEO  
(eyeing the plants)  
What the hell are these?  
Zombie plants?

The computers flicker, frozen on research logs.

Dwayne scrolls through a terminal, a video playing on the screen.

ON THE TABLES:

- Glass vials, half-filled-some green, some red.
- Labels:
- Genetic Mutation Trial #7
- Virus Recombinant
- Pathogen exposure risk (Wear Full Personal Protective Equipment)
- PLANT SERUM A3
- NEURAL LINK - VERSION 6
- INSECT MUTAGEN BETA

Scientific diagrams appear on some monitors, fluctuating erratically.

One screen—

A graphic showing plants with neural structures eerily resembling those of animals.

LORENZO  
 (observing the disarray)  
 Looks like they abandoned this place  
 fast.

LUIS  
 (glancing around)  
 Yeah...

MATEO  
 (thinking aloud)  
 Why?

LUIS  
 (pausing, studying the  
 surroundings)  
 Maybe those ant swarms made it here,  
 too...

The group falls silent, eyes scanning the room.

Then—

They spot a cage—inside, a gorilla barely breathing.

Its body bears deep scars.

Mateo notices a fallen lab journal—

He picks it up—

A blood-soaked page catches his eye.

TEXT:

Phase 3 Complete.

Next Stage: Activation Only in Case of Emergency.

LUIS  
 (frowning, reading aloud)  
 What activation...?

Mateo shrugs, uncertain.

MATEO  
 Looks like they were experimenting  
 with viruses—

Maybe even creating new mutations.

Then—

They notice—

A dark tunnel, its entrance ajar.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

A cold draft flows through the tunnel.

Darkness lingers—

But claw marks scrape across the walls.

Mateo shines his flashlight ahead—

Something moves in the shadows.

The group steps forward, crunching broken glass underfoot.

The tunnel stretches into deeper blackness.

They ignite their flashlights, moving slowly.

Then—

A deep growl echoes from a side room.

They turn, entering cautiously—

Inside—

A gorilla, its body pressed against the wall.

At first—

It snarls at them.

Then—

It pulls back, fear taking over, begging not to be touched.

LORENZO

(watching, stunned)

What happened to it?

Why is it this scared?

LUIS

(grimly)

Experimentation.

Who knows what they did to it.

DWAYNE

(taking a deep breath)

They tried to alter nature's balance—  
to change its harmony.  
But they never realized—  
Nature doesn't need fixing.  
It's already perfect.  
We're just part of it—  
Not its masters.

LUIS

(nodding)

When balance breaks, disaster  
follows.  
Even I understand that—  
And I'm no scientist.

MATEO

(thinking aloud)

Maybe that's how pandemics start.  
Humans intentionally or accidentally  
create new viruses—  
And the world pays the price.

LUIS

(darkly)

They won't stop until they end the  
world.

LORENZO

(glaring at their  
surroundings)

Instead of protecting nature,  
They're doing this?  
Who's behind it?

DWAYNE

(calm but firm)

Ask the poachers. May be they know.  
The same kind of people who cross too  
many lines—  
Like poachers.

LORENZO

(grinning slightly)

Here we go again...

INT. STORAGE AREA - DAY

At the end of the tunnel, they push open a door—  
Revealing a massive underground storage facility.

Around them—

The ground is riddled with deep pits.

DWAYNE  
(examining the holes,  
puzzled)  
What the hell is this?

He kneels, inspecting one closely—

But finds nothing but dirt.

MATEO  
(frowning, scanning the  
room)  
Why did they dig these?  
What were they looking for?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

To the right, a series of high-tech rooms filled with  
electronics come into view.

As they step inside—

They spot numerous capsules, neatly arranged.

LUIS  
(curious, eyeing them)  
Wonder what's inside these?

MATEO  
(cautious)  
Could be dangerous—we have no idea  
what's in them.

LUIS  
(grinning)  
Damn it—this is killing me.  
I'm dying to open one.

LORENZO  
(raising an eyebrow)  
You sure?  
What if it bites your hand off?

LUIS

(shrugging)  
I'll open it carefully.

Luis unseals a capsule—

At first, silence—

Then—

A swarm of bees bursts out, buzzing violently.

The group waves their arms, trying to push them away.

The bees scatter.

LORENZO  
(quickly)  
Did they sting anyone?

LUIS  
(calmly, shaking his head)  
Wouldn't matter.  
My father raised bees when I was a  
kid.  
Got stung so many times, my body's  
immune now.

MATEO  
(studying schematics  
closely)  
I wouldn't be so sure about that.

LUIS  
(glancing over)  
What do you mean?

Mateo moves toward glass display cases—

Each carefully lit, labeled precisely.

LABELS:

- BEE-VIPER (BETA)
- TOXIC STRAIN #009
- STINGER -REPLACEMENT-MODULE
- LIVE - SPECIMEN - CAUTION
- HYBRID- GENETIC- SAMPLE - REFRIGERATE
- PROJECT A.V.I.S. (ARMED VENOMOUS INSECT SWARM)

Inside—

The bees tremble unnaturally, reacting to unseen forces—

Another case holds a sealed viper, its eyes still moving.

Mateo gestures to a computer screen—

A display showing the bees' movements, followed by footage of the venomous snake.

A close-up of its fangs appears—venom dripping, magnified—

Then—

Footage detailing the process of transferring venom into engineered bees.

Genetic diagrams show a fusion of bees and snakes, an unsettling hybrid weapon.

MATEO

(grimly)

I don't know what their original goal was—

But these bees...

They're engineered to swarm enemies on command—

And their sting delivers venom as lethal as a snakebite.

They're living biological weapons.

DWAYNE (wondering aloud)

Think they finished the project?

LUIS

(exhaling)

No clue.

But I'm really glad I didn't get stung.

DWAYNE

(smirking)

Shame.

LUIS

(laughing)

You think you're getting rid of us that easily?

Don't hold your breath.

MATEO

(thoughtful)

You guys know more people die from  
bee stings than snake bites every  
year?

LORENZO

(raising a brow)

Really?

Then why are people so terrified of  
snakes but not of bees?

MATEO

(dryly)

Humans screw up everything—  
You think they'd get this right?

LORENZO

(shaking his head)

I can't stand snakes.  
Their heads need crushing.

Then—

Dwayne spots a radio transmitter—he picks it up.

Static crackles through the speaker.

Before they can react—

The room begins to shake.

They exchange glances, confused—

Something moves outside.

They rush toward the door, stepping into the unknown.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

As they watch—

Dirt scatters aside, something burrowing from underground.

Slowly—

A grotesque insect head emerges, twitching.

It digs aggressively, shifting the earth.

Then—

The ground splits wider, revealing a giant Mole Cricket.

CAMERA TRACKS ITS MOVEMENT FROM ALL ANGLES—

Its powerful limbs,

Its spiked body,

Its clawed forelegs, ripping through the soil.

LORENZO

(horrified)

Dear God...

That thing is terrifying.

It lunges past them, forcing everyone back—

Then—

It resumes digging violently, tearing through the dirt.

The tunnel begins to collapse—

Dust fills the air.

DWAYNE

(urgent)

We need to get out—NOW.

Or it'll bury us alive!

SOLDIER

(realizing aloud)

So this is why they abandoned this place.

LUIS

Maybe.

Doesn't matter now.

They move carefully, staying along the wall's edge, heading back—

Then—

It swipes near Lorenzo—

He falls into one of the pits.

Immediately—

The Mole Cricket begins digging, swallowing Lorenzo in dirt.

MATEO

(shouting)

We have to help him!

LUIS  
(struggling)  
HOW?

Mateo tries to approach—

But the earth shakes violently, nearly collapsing.

The entire structure feels like it's caving in.

DWAYNE  
(firmly)  
We're leaving. NOW.

They rush back, escaping the collapsing tunnel—

Reaching the corridors and rooms again.

Then—

Dwayne spots a fuel canister—

He grabs it, spreading gasoline across the floors.

MATEO  
(startled)  
Are you sure?  
This is a strategic military site!

DWAYNE  
(coldly)  
Not anymore.  
Look around.

MATEO  
But—  
(DWAYNE )  
(cutting him off)  
I'll take the responsibility.  
Step back.

Then—

He drops a match.

Flames ignite instantly—

Fire spreads fast.

EXT. OUT THE BASE GATE - DAY

They exit through the gate once again.

Nearby-

A massive Rhinoceros Beetle moves slowly, its form imposing but harmless.

LUIS

(calmly)

No need to worry.  
It feeds on plants, not us.

MATEO

(exhaling slightly)

Glad these things were small till  
today.  
Running into them too often feels  
like a nightmare.

LUIS

(hesitant)

You think Lorenzo could still be  
alive?

DWAYNE

(low voice)

You can't survive underground for  
that long-  
Not without air.

MATEO

(reflective)

We all end up in the dirt eventually..  
But not like that.  
That's not the kind of death I'd  
want.

DWAYNE

(practical)

Everyone goes differently.  
Some suffer for months-  
Dying slowly from disease, pain.  
Maybe a car crash..  
Or maybe something instant like this.  
Who's to say what's better?

LUIS

(quietly)

Maybe.  
But I feel guilty we couldn't help  
him.

They move forward, continuing their path.

The Rhinoceros Beetle lifts its head, briefly watching them.

INT. RESEARCH CENTER - NIGHT

The group returns, stepping back into the facility.

Immediately-

Dwayne calls for the squad commander.

DWAYNE

(firmly)

Increase patrols at every post.  
Double security on all sides.

COMMANDER

(frowning, assessing them)

What happened?  
Why are you back?

DWAYNE

(grimly)

They're everywhere.  
We need to wait for the helicopters  
to return.

The commander turns, shouting orders to the troops.

COMMANDER

(firmly)

Line up.  
You, you, and you-front post.  
Move out.

Soldiers march to their assigned positions.

More are stationed along the perimeter, scaling the metal  
stairs to patrol the walls.

Mounted machine guns are positioned along the defenses-

Searchlights sweep across the landscape.

LUIS

(quietly, to Dwayne)

We need to rearm.

Dwayne faces the commander.

DWAYNE  
(serious)  
We need weapons.  
Give us clearance to arm ourselves.

The commander hesitates, considering.

COMMANDER  
I don't have that authority.

Carlos steps forward, frustrated.

CARLOS  
(angry)  
Damn it!  
You see what's happening, don't you?  
You really think two soldiers are  
enough?

The commander thinks—then nods.

COMMANDER  
(sternly)  
Fine.  
But you follow MY orders.  
When I say, you hand them back.  
Understood?

DWAYNE  
(nods)  
I take full responsibility.

They enter the research center's armory—  
Preparing for the next fight.

INT. ARMORY - NIGHT

The group examines the weapons carefully, scanning the  
arsenal.

CARLOS  
(intrigued)  
Damn... there's plenty to choose from.

They reload and rearm, preparing for what's next.

Dwayne approaches the squad commander.

DWAYNE  
(firmly)

We need evacuation again.  
When are the helicopters coming back?

COMMANDER  
(thinking)  
Not for at least six hours.

DWAYNE  
Alright.  
Let me know if anything changes.

COMMANDER  
Will do.

Dwayne heads back inside.

INT. BASE LAB - DAY

A sterile, metallic room, perfectly maintained.

Through a large glass window—

Soldiers patrol outside, securing the research facility perimeter.

Professor paces slowly, documents clutched in his hand.

He steps to the table, facing his assistant—Levin.

Nearby—

The commander stands quietly, overseeing them.

The atmosphere is tense.

PROFESSOR  
(sharp, direct)  
The formula's final results—  
They don't match the original.  
Someone tampered with it.

His eyes lock onto Levin.

Levin shifts uncomfortably, sweat forming on his brow.

PROFESSOR  
(calm but firm)  
Levin...  
When you tested the compound alone in  
the lab—  
What modifications did you make?

Levin swallows hard, his hands trembling.

LEVIN  
(stammering)  
I... I only tried to stabilize it a  
little—  
To make the reactions faster.

PROFESSOR  
(coldly)  
X3 additive—  
That was you, wasn't it?

Levin doesn't answer—

He tightens his grip on the table.

LEVIN  
(strained voice)  
I... I was offered a deal...  
By very powerful people.  
I couldn't say no.

PROFESSOR  
(disgusted)  
Let me guess—  
They offered a lot of money, didn't  
they?

LEVIN  
(speaking faster)  
Yes. And you'd profit too, Professor.  
They said they wanted to develop the  
compound for military use.  
I thought I was doing this for our  
country.  
I only made a few changes...  
They said—this would be a weapon.

Silence.

The professor closes his eyes, breathing deeply—

The truth sinks in.

Levin caused this disaster.

PROFESSOR  
(quiet, but heavy voice)  
We were trying to end world hunger,  
Levin...  
And this is what you did.

LEVIN

(weakly)

I... I thought I was doing the right thing..

PROFESSOR

(eyes narrowing)

Do you know the biggest mistake humans make, Levin? They live as if they have a thousand years—  
No one ever wants to remember that they'll die.  
You can't build happiness from someone else's suffering.  
For a moment—maybe.  
But you will never find peace.  
Do you understand, Levin?

LEVIN

(deep breath, nodding)

I... understand.

PROFESSOR

(shaking his head)

No, you don't.  
If you did, you wouldn't have done this.  
Have you ever seen a millionaire—  
A man who has everything, but still fights desperately to make more money—  
Or a politician—  
A man who clings to power, refusing to step down—even in his old age?  
When they could have spent their last years with family, or doing what they love?  
Greed robs people of peace.  
The ones who appreciate what they have—  
They're the ones who actually understand life.

LEVIN

(quietly)

Are you happy, Professor?

PROFESSOR

(looking straight at him)

Science makes me happy.

I find purpose in discovery—  
I feel valuable to society—  
And I love what I do.  
What about you, Levin?  
Did you love your work?

LEVIN  
(hesitant)  
I did.  
But I had goals.  
I wanted more.  
Our salaries weren't enough for that.  
Salary?  
It's good for life, but not for a  
good life.

PROFESSOR  
(coldly)  
Imagine a man—  
A factory supervisor, earning a high  
salary—  
Every day, he gives orders, managing  
workers.  
But he's not happy.  
Why?  
Because he dreams of working in an  
office—  
Suit and tie, coffee, computer, air-  
conditioning.  
That's his goal.  
Maybe he'll get it in 15 years.  
Maybe never.  
Maybe he gets the job—and hates it.  
But until that moment, he won't feel  
happiness.  
You were just like him.  
You never appreciated what you had.  
I was planning to make you my  
successor in two years.  
I had high hopes for you.

LEVIN  
(bitterly)  
It's too late.  
I tried to take a shortcut, but it  
backfired.  
But who knows. Maybe the people who  
hired me will bring me back.

PROFESSOR  
(watching him closely)

So you still want to work for them?  
I see.  
People rarely appreciate what they  
have until it's gone.  
We'll discuss it in court.  
This conversation is over.

The professor gestures to the commander—

COMMANDER  
(to Levin)  
You're coming with us.

Levin stood up and left. He stopped, looked back, and wanted to say something to the professor. But he hesitated, decided not to, and continued walking.

Two soldiers grab his arms, leading him out.

The professor watches him leave.

PROFESSOR  
(quietly)  
The more greed controls a man,  
The faster he brings about his own  
downfall.

Then—

In a burst of anger, the professor sweeps the glass containers off the table—

They shatter across the floor.

The camera slowly pulls back—

Leaving him standing alone in the empty laboratory.

INT. RESEARCH CENTER - DAY

Dwayne flips through a book, studying military strategy.

The book's cover displays a blueprint of a combat vehicle.

His fingers tap the table, mimicking a march rhythm.

His boots rest atop the desk—

Relaxed, yet lost in thought.

He sets the book aside, grabbing a newspaper.

A photo of armed border guards catches his attention.

Dwayne murmurs to himself.

DWAYNE

When will these wars end...?

He calls out to a soldier standing across the room.

DWAYNE

Where are you from, soldier?

SOLDIER

New Jersey.

DWAYNE

You happy to be here?

SOLDIER

(matter-of-factly)

We serve our country.

DWAYNE

(nodding)

Hmm.

So you're patriotic.

SOLDIER

Of course.

Patriotism is a good thing.

DWAYNE

(calm but pointed)

True.

But not always.

SOLDIER

(puzzled)

How could patriotism ever be bad?

DWAYNE

(leaning forward)

One country's patriots fight for  
their nation's success—

Even if it means hurting other  
countries.

And their rivals?

Their patriots do the same.

Whether it's politicians, spies, or  
soldiers—

They destabilize nations, weaken  
competition, disrupt plans.

And because of all this distrust—  
Countries pour billions into weapons.  
Result?  
Endless wars. Endless chaos.  
While the ones who caused it sit  
comfortably—  
But the people they claimed to  
protect—they suffer.

SOLDIER

(frowning)

So no one else sees what you see?  
Then why does it keep happening?  
Dwayne slams his book onto the desk,  
standing up.

DWAYNE

(frustrated)

Expecting justice from this world is  
foolish.  
Even the average person, who feels  
cheated—  
They cause problems too—  
Just to gain something.  
It's that simple.

DWAYNE

(slamming his fist onto the  
table)

There is NO justice, soldier.  
No justice.

SOLDIER

(thinking)

Maybe some places are different.  
Like Japan—discipline solves a lot  
there.  
You know why Japan became so  
powerful?

DWAYNE

(flatly)

Science.

SOLDIER

(shaking his head)

Not just that.  
They created karate—  
You ever see them strike?  
Their battle cry, their force—  
It shows who they are—strong-willed,  
unyielding.

In war, they rarely surrender.  
Honor in death means everything to  
them.  
Look at their kamikaze pilots.  
Or hara-kiri.

DWAYNE

So you're saying—character matters  
most?

SOLDIER

Character is crucial.  
But even more—  
A nation's strength comes from  
following rules.  
They need to learn young—  
That order is the key to progress.

DWAYNE

(nodding)

Japan does that well.  
Even their schoolchildren reflect it.

SOLDIER

Not laws—The enforcement of laws is  
overseen by law enforcement agencies.  
I mean rules.  
Like—never scratch your school desk.  
If a kid destroys his desk every day,  
Then when he grows up—  
Would you trust him with government  
funds?

DWAYNE

(laughing)

HAHA.  
You're right—they need to be taught.  
That's something worth promoting.

SOLDIER

Even something as simple as crossing  
a street properly—  
So many die just because they ignore  
it.

DWAYNE

(thoughtful)

I've seen how national character  
influences culture.  
Like Dagestan's dances—  
They reflect their strength, pride,  
and fighting spirit.

Look at UFC—(Dwayne smirks).  
 Or Azerbaijani Mugham—  
 It dives deep into the soul—  
 Expressing hope, grief, love,  
 struggle.  
 Mugham carries harmony, wisdom,  
 spiritual clarity.  
 It's a nation's emotional memory.

SOLDIER

Same in the military.  
 You don't win wars with guns alone.  
 Real power comes from a sharp mind,  
 A relentless will,  
 And disciplined soldiers working  
 together.  
 A disciplined army—is an unbreakable  
 force.

Then—

Gunfire echoes outside.

DWAYNE

(tensing)

What the hell is going on?

The soldier locks eyes with him—

Then bolts outside.

EXT. RESEARCH CENTER COURTYARD - DAY

Dwayne rushes outside—

Tension hangs heavy in the air.

Armed soldiers take positions, eyes locked on the perimeter.

The relentless sound of a machine gun echoes in the distance.

CAMERA - OVERHEAD VIEW

A soldier fires from afar—

The camera slowly zooms in, closing in on Dwayne's face.

SQUAD COMMANDER

(barking orders)

Hold your positions!  
 Secure your sectors!

Dwayne approaches him swiftly.

DWAYNE  
(urgent)  
What's happening?

SQUAD COMMANDER (TENSE)  
They're trying to enter the base.  
If they get inside,  
I can't say if they'll attack or not.

Dwayne scans the area, evaluating the threat.

Then—

He climbs the stairs to the watch post.

EXT. WATCH POST - DAY

Dwayne reaches the post, eyes locked on the horizon.

Something moves in the distance—

CAMERA ZOOMS IN—

The background blurs, shifting focus—

Giant red ants emerge—

Their height one and a half meters..

CAMERA - CLOSE-UP ON ANT

Its head dominates the frame—

Its metallic mandibles gleam, opening and closing slowly—

Its blades click with a sharp sound,

Like shears slicing through steel.

SOUND EFFECT - Deep metallic grinding and unsettling  
chittering clicks.

DWAYNE  
(to the squad commander)  
What's our move?

SQUAD COMMANDER  
(grim)  
We cannot let them inside.

EXT. FRONT GATE - DAY

Beyond the barrier, the ants approach.

Their movements are steady, deliberate—

Not fast, but unstoppable.

Their mandibles scrape against the metal gate,

The grinding sound reverberates, shaking the air.

Then—

They begin to scale the fence.

SOLDIER

(shouting)

They're climbing!

Dwayne pulls a soldier aside, stepping behind the mounted machine gun—

He opens fire—

Bullets tear through the creatures.

DWAYNE

(low and firm)

Don't let them get close—

Take them out from a distance.

The gunfire doesn't stop.

Dwayne descends, heading back inside—

Preparing for whatever comes next.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Dwayne throws on his jacket, checks his weapon—

His movements are sharp, calculated, precise.

On the table, a knife and extra ammunition—

He grabs them swiftly.

Then—

THE DOOR SLAMS OPEN.

Three men enter—Mateo, Carlos, and Luis.

CARLOS  
(glancing around,  
sarcastic)  
Damn it..  
What's next—zombies?

DWAYNE  
(flat, serious)  
No.  
It's ants again.  
But this time—they're red.  
And much bigger.

LUIS  
(watching through the  
window, thoughtful)  
If I'm not mistaken—  
They're safari ants.  
They move in massive numbers—  
Devouring everything in their path.  
Even humans.

MATEO  
(shaking his head slightly)  
Fantastic.  
Let's see what hell awaits us next.

CARLOS  
(grimly)  
If they're this bad small,  
Imagine them giant.

LUIS  
(darkly)  
You won't have to imagine for long.

Dwayne pulls open the door.

One by one—

They step outside.

EXT. RESEARCH CENTER PERIMETER - DAY

CAMERA - OVERHEAD VIEW

Sirens blare—

Soldiers brace for battle.

The air is thick with gunpowder and dust.

Dwayne moves along the perimeter,

Surveying defenses—preparing for whatever comes next.

EXT. BASE PERIMETER - DAY

The red giant ants have multiplied—

Their footsteps tremble in the soil, a soft but unnerving rhythm.

Some begin to scale the fences, while others gather at the main entrance,

Their numbers swelling.

CARLOS

(watching, tense)

Do you think we can hold out?  
What's the plan?

DWAYNE

(calm, firm)

Unlikely.  
We need to think about escaping.

SOUND EFFECT - A SUDDEN IMPACT.

One ant drops into the courtyard.

CAMERA - CLOSE-UP ON DWAYNE'S FACE

Reflected in his eyes—

The creature's slow, deliberate movements,

Its antennae shifting subtly, transmitting unknown signals.

Dwayne raises his weapon—calm, calculated.

DWAYNE

(low voice)

Fire.

Gunfire tears through the ant,

Its legs thrash wildly,

Then—

It falls motionless.

EXT. BACK POST - RESEARCH CENTER - DAY

Soldiers fire at the climbing ants, knocking them off the walls.

Then—

One soldier runs out of bullets,

An ant closes in—

He kicks at its head—

But the ant grabs him, slamming him into the ground.

Suddenly—

Several ants carry him away,

His screams echoing, eyes filled with terror.

SOLDIER  
(panicked, screaming)  
NO! HELP ME! HELP!

The soldiers exchange grim looks—

They can't save him.

The squad commander yells—

SQUAD COMMANDER  
(urgent)  
Grenades. Be precise.

A grenade is thrown into the swarm—

EXPLOSION.

Ants scatter,

Dust rises,

But through the haze—

They keep moving.

EXT. RESEARCH CENTER COURTYARD - DAY

Gunfire never stops—

The ants keep climbing the fences.

Soldiers shoot them down—

But some reach the ground, charging forward.

DWAYNE

(calling out)

Aim for their heads!

Carlos steps closer, staring into the eyes of a fallen ant.

It looks back.

Carlos, expression blank, presses his gun right against its skull,

Then—

Fires slowly.

The ant's head bursts open.

CARLOS

(calmly, nodding)

Just like that.

Mateo and Luis cover each other,

Moving backward, firing from the corner of the courtyard.

Above—

A massive ant perches on the wall, ready to lunge.

Dwayne, frustrated, grabs a bazooka—

Fires.

The explosion scatters its remains.

Dwayne then climbs the stairs,

Switching to his grenade launcher—

Firing at the clusters until they split apart.

Then—

One ant suddenly leaps over the fence—  
Breaking inside the research facility.

INT. RESEARCH CENTER HALLWAY - DAY

The ant scurries through the corridor, relentless.

Mateo follows cautiously, keeping his gun ready.

The creature turns a corner—

Mateo follows immediately.

Then—

It enters a large room.

Inside—

The ant crawls onto tables, knocking down papers, equipment,  
and furniture.

Then—

It spots Mateo.

CAMERA SLOWS DOWN—

The ant climbs the wall, then crawls across the ceiling,  
moving toward him.

Mateo fires twice—click.

No bullets left.

He freezes—

The ant lunges, ready to bite.

Then—

Dwayne appears from the side—

SHOTGUN BLAST.

The ant crashes to the floor.

Dwayne fires again, ensuring the kill.

He glances at Mateo.

DWAYNE  
(steady)  
You alright?

MATEO  
(breathing hard)  
I think so..  
I got lucky.

DWAYNE  
(firmly)  
Always count your bullets.

MATEO  
(nodding)  
I'll never forget that now.

Dwayne smirks, placing a hand on his shoulder.

DWAYNE  
These things happen. That's how you  
learn. Always think about risks and  
probabilities. Train your mind to  
process options instantly.

MATEO  
(grinning slightly)  
I'm not a soldier, Dwayne.

DWAYNE  
(walking forward)  
Doesn't matter.  
These skills are useful for everyone—  
Not just in battle.  
Let's move out.

EXT. RESEARCH CENTER COURTYARD - DAY

They step outside again—

The battle still raging.

Several soldiers lie wounded—

Some already dead, torn apart by the ants.

DWAYNE  
(grimly)  
Looks like it's time to go.

MATEO

(glancing around)  
Where? How?

DWAYNE  
(calling out)  
Commander.  
Commander!  
We need to move—NOW.

The squad commander signals.

SQUAD COMMANDER  
(shouting)  
Soldier—go with them.  
Show them where to find military  
vehicles.

Dwayne, Luis, Mateo, Carlos, and two soldiers rush toward the garage—

Their only chance at escaping.

INT. RESEARCH CENTER GARAGE - DAY

Dwayne steps inside, eyes locking onto the armored Humvees.

DWAYNE  
(awed)  
Look at these beauties...

Each vehicle equipped with mounted machine guns,  
Heavy-duty for the battle ahead.

Dwayne, Mateo, and a soldier climb into one Humvee—

Luis, Carlos, and another soldier take the second.

They pull out into the courtyard,

The squad commander signals two more soldiers.

SQUAD COMMANDER  
(firmly)  
Grab two more Humvees.  
Cover each other. Move slow—stay  
sharp.

One by one—

The soldiers load into the vehicles,

Then—

They roll out through the rear gate.

EXT. RESEARCH CENTER EXIT - DAY

Four Humvees race down the road, dust kicking behind them.

CAMERA LOCKS ON - A SOLITARY ANT PERCHED ON THE RIDGE.

Golden sunlight glows against its form—

Its antennae twitch, transmitting signals.

Then—

Masses of ants begin emerging behind it—

A swarm, moving with fury.

CAMERA SWEEPS TO SHOW ENEMY MOVEMENT FROM ALL SIDES—

The Humvees' machine guns fire,

Keeping the creatures at bay—

But the circle tightens.

Then—

Ants leap onto the lead Humvee,

One drags the driver away.

The ticking intensifies.

TICK-TICK...

The swarm surges over the vehicle, swallowing it whole.

The Humvee disappears, buried under shifting bodies.

DWAYNE

(grimly)

Squad commander was in that one.

We pull back.

The remaining three Humvees halt,

Then shift into a controlled retreat—

Swinging left, dodging.

An ant jumps onto Dwayne's Humvee,

DWAYNE  
(snarling)  
Get the hell OFF.

He kicks it hard,

Then fires a grenade, blowing it apart.

The battle rages on, ants falling in waves—

But the swarm keeps coming.

MATEO  
(grinning slightly)  
Nice shot.

On the rear Humvee,

The machine gun clicks empty.

SOLDIER  
(urgently)  
Cover me! Reloading!

INTENSE PULSE REACHES PEAK—TIK-TIK-TIK-TIK...

As the soldier reloads,

An ant climbs aboard, biting his arm—he screams.

Another lunges for his head—

Then two more swarm the vehicle—

Attacking the driver, flipping the Humvee.

Dust erupts,

The two remaining vehicles watch in horror.

SILENCE — HEART BEAT SOUND ALONE:

DUM... DUM...

Mateo stares back at the wreckage—

Then turns to Dwayne.

MATEO  
(grimly)  
Carlos was in that one..

DWAYNE  
(cold, firm)  
We can't save him.

Soldier—step on it.

They push forward,

Breaking away into the forest road.

Two Humvees remain—

Luis and three soldiers in one,

Dwayne, Mateo, and two soldiers in the other.

They drive deep into the woods,

Finally stopping.

SOLDIER  
(panting, uncertain)  
Let's pause five minutes.  
What's our next move?

DWAYNE  
(calm, steady)  
We head for the ship.

LUIS  
(hesitant)  
We tried before—it didn't work.

DWAYNE  
(resolute)  
We try again.  
There's no telling what's waiting for  
us here.

MATEO  
(frowning)  
Is anyone on the ship?

DWAYNE  
(shrugging slightly)  
I don't know.  
But even alone,  
It's safer than land.

LUIS  
(quietly, mournful)  
Damn it, Carlos...  
We went through hell together.

All these years...

CUT TO-

INT. ANT NEST - DAY

CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE OUTSIDE-

Then slowly shifts toward the nest entrance-

Ants swarm in every direction.

CAMERA MOVES INWARD-

The tunnel is narrow, its walls lined with damp soil,

Droplets trickle from above,

Occasionally—thin, tangled roots protrude from the earth.

It's dark,

But bioluminescent bugs flicker faintly,

Casting an eerie glow.

The tunnel descends deeper-

A path into the earth's depths.

Everywhere—ants move in perfect coordination,

Some carry eggs,

Others transport food.

The camera lingers, highlighting their flawless order-

No collisions, no mistakes—just absolute precision.

As the camera sinks lower, the expansive chambers appear-

THE STORAGE ROOM-

Rotting fruit, torn leaves, and small animal corpses piled high.

THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER-

A vast, dome-like space, its ceilings towering.

Hundreds of worker ants move in synchronized motion,

Tending to the Queen.

She is massive,

Her pulse-like movements unsettling.

As she lays her eggs,

The workers rush to transport them.

There is no silence—

Only a continuous hiss, the rustling of soil, the crawling mass of insect bodies.

INT. ANT NEST - TUNNEL - DAY

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH THE PASSAGEWAY—

At first—

Something blurred, indistinct in the distance.

Then—

The focus clears—revealing an ant's massive head.

The camera tilts upward—tracking it from below.

Then—

FULL FRAME REVEAL—

Carlos.

An ant carries him forward.

He is conscious now—eyes alert.

CARLOS (V.O.)

(thinking)

Where the hell are they taking me?

ANTS EVERYWHERE—

A dense mass, bodies piled and shifting.

Carlos is dragged into the food storage.

Surrounding him—decaying plants and lifeless creatures,

The stench is overwhelming—

He covers his nose instinctively.

CARLOS (V.O.)  
(grim realization)  
I need to get out.  
But how?

Above—

He spots a sliver of sunlight—

A possible exit, but unreachable.

He hides behind corpses, observing.

Then—

He moves quietly, scanning for an escape route—

But the ants notice.

Several close in.

Carlos stops, tense.

The closest ant moves toward him—

Carlos throws a punch, full force.

The ant jerks back,

But barely reacts—

More ants approach, surrounding him.

CARLOS (V.O.)  
(accepting fate)  
This is it.  
Looks like my time's up.

He lights a cigarette,

Then—

Begins singing softly.

The ants pause, watching.

Their antennae twitch—

Analyzing.

Carlos' voice rises, louder, stronger—

Echoing through the chamber.

The ants move in closer.

CARLOS  
(grinning)  
Never thought I'd go out like this.  
He laughs.

CARLOS  
(mocking them)  
You stupid little beasts..  
I won't be your meal.

He keeps singing,

Smoke drifting from his lips—hands free.

Then—

He reaches for his grenades—

Pulls the pins, holding one in each hand—

Arms stretched forward.

He keeps singing—

Until the explosion erases everything.

Dust erupts, chaos spreads—

The ants scatter, thrown into disarray.

EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST - DAY

Beyond the forest—

A stretch of sandy terrain, followed by the ocean and a distant ship.

The group halts their Humvees, staring at the vessel.

DWAYNE  
(serious)  
We go full speed—no stopping.  
Can you handle it?

SOLDIER  
(nods)  
I'll drive at maximum speed.

DWAYNE

I'll take the other Humvee.  
Mateo—get in.

Dwayne, Mateo, and one soldier board one Humvee.

Luis and the other soldiers climb into the second.

They accelerate, charging toward the shoreline.

Then—

The sand begins shifting beneath them.

The Humvees rise and fall over the dunes,

Their movement rolling like waves.

A giant roach emerges—

One Humvee leaps over it, crashing back onto the sand.

The other Humvee's wheel lands atop another roach,

It tilts dangerously,

But steadies, continuing forward.

They race directly into the water—

First—Dwayne's Humvee submerges.

They leap out, swimming toward the ship.

Then—

The second Humvee's team follows suit.

CAMERA STAYS PARALLEL TO THE WAVES.

Showing the violent water ripples as they swim.

In the distance, roaches crawl onto the shoreline.

Near the ship, ropes drop from above.

Crew members signal to them—

They grab the ropes, climbing aboard.

THE OLD CAPTAIN

We were expecting you—  
Had reports of your presence on the  
island.

SOLDIER

Thanks for the rescue.

CAPTAIN

(calmly)

It's over now.

DWAYNE

(flatly)

I doubt that.

They step inside.

EXT. ISLAND - DAY

Planes circle overhead,

Spraying chemicals across the island.

The liquid coats the soil,

Dripping onto leaves, soaking the grass.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THE AIRCRAFT,

Tracking them as they return for another pass.

CAMERA ASCENDS, RISING HIGHER.

Until—

The island's full shape emerges,

Revealed as completely surrounded by water.

INT. CAFE - DAY

People sit, chatting quietly.

A soft romantic song plays—

Only the music is audible,

Dialogue is muted.

Behind the bar—

A young woman prepares drinks, focused on her work.

Then—

Mateo steps inside slowly.  
From the doorway, he smiles slightly, watching her.  
She doesn't notice.  
He approaches—greeting her.  
She smiles back, responding—  
But only her lips move—  
The music continues, covering their words.  
They talk,  
Mateo hands her flowers.  
She thanks him—  
Again, only visually clear through lip movement.  
Their conversation carries on.  
Mateo says something—  
She laughs openly.  
A few moments later—  
Mateo speaks again,  
He places his hand atop hers on the bar.  
Her smile fades slightly,  
A gentle expression remains.  
They lock eyes—  
The exchange is wordless, filled with emotion.

INT. HOME - DAY

Dwayne sits in his house.  
His wife smiles, placing tea on the table.  
Dwayne kneels before his daughter, Jasmin.

DWAYNE  
Well, princess... your father's been

through quite a lot lately.  
But, as I promised - I'm back.

JASMIN

Dad, you never answered my question  
about the ants...  
Can I be their friend?

DWAYNE

(gentle)

If you want to be a friend,  
It doesn't matter how they respond,  
sweetheart.  
What matters—is that you give your  
kindness freely.

Dwayne picks up an old picture frame from the table, gazing at  
the faded photograph of his home.

In the image, the house sits amidst a lush forest, surrounded  
by towering trees.

Then—

CAMERA REVEALS THE REALITY.

Now, the house is boxed in by concrete buildings,

Only a few thin, struggling trees remain.

A stark contrast—

A reminder of what once was.

He lifts her into his arms,

Looking out the open window.

Sunlight fills the sky,

The land stretches peacefully beyond.

DWAYNE

(softly)

Because love, in one form or another,  
Always comes back to you, sweet girl.  
Love the ants,  
Love the animals,  
Love the flowers,  
Love the trees—  
Love nature itself.  
Protect it.  
We must never harm it.

Because—  
Nature can survive without us.  
But we can't survive without it.

THE CAMERA FOCUSES ON THE SCENERY.

Capturing the beauty of the nature.

Then—

The frame tilts upward,

Focusing on the vast blue sky.

FADE OUT.