

North Star: If you could alter humanity without firing a shot, how would you do it? Why?

FISHING FOR LIGHT

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Based on the novel, Fishing for Light

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FADE IN.

EXT. FOREST LAIR, ALCOVE - NIGHT

PROFESSOR QUAN, 60s, Asian descent, diminutive, gazes up into the heavens. A starry, starry night. The stars and planets travel fast across the sky. He connects the Zodiac with the coming Age of Aquarius. A shooting star streaks overhead.

Professor Quan notes his watch. The exact time. The position of the stars. He sits in the lotus position in front of an ancient Acacia bush. He closes his eyes.

The bush begins to glow. A flame without being a flame engulfs the plant. Many yellow orbs emerge from the plant. Yellow orbs begin to emerge from Professor Quan. The orbs become one with each other encasing Professor Quan within a large orb. He hums. He visualizes within the orb a modest neighborhood. A mother places a baby into a crib. The mother and father exhausted from caring for their newborn. Professor Quan floats inside the room watching them learn what it means to care for a helpless human life. All life.

Professor Quan opens his eyes. The orbs vanish. He gets up. He retreats along a well worn path toward an elevator protected by a large boulder, trees, and flora and fauna. He steps inside the elevator.

INT. FOREST LAIR - DAY

As the elevator opens, Professor Quan acknowledges CAPTAIN LOVINS, 50s, a sturdy former Navy SEAL. He gets inside a white panel van on the driver side. He stares at Professor Quan seeking last minute instructions.

PROFESSOR QUAN

The child was born three days ago within the shift toward the Age of Aquarius. If my calculations are correct, she'll be quite remarkable.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Did you see any trouble inside the house?

PROFESSOR QUAN

A guard dog. German Shepherd.

Professor Quan hesitates. Captain Lovins notices.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

What?

PROFESSOR QUAN

As we expected, Mr. Oppenheimer
will be in the neighborhood.
Watching. She's returning soon.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Thanks.

Captain Lovins nods. He starts the van. A large door opens,
he drives the van into a rock tunnel. The door closes.

EXT. THE HOME, MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - 3AM

Captain Lovins exits the van. He steps near a tree and waits
outside studying the house. He reveals a low-tech piece of
paper that he reviews with a headlamp. A schematic of the
interior. He checks his weapons and double checks a packet.

INT. THE HOME, MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - 3AM

Captain Lovins, wearing night vision goggles, creeps through
the back patio area. Tricks the backdoor lock.

Within the darkness he evades furniture, a bassinet, opened
boxes with baby gifts. He vectors toward a hallway. He steps
down the hallway toward a half-opened door. He sprays the
hinges, waits, and pushes it inwards. After the door opens,
in the shadows, a bassinet at the end of the double bed. A
couple sleeps. The outline of a large DOG staring at him.

The Dog growls. The Dog has Captain Lovins full attention. He
hunkers down in the doorway, looks down, twists side-ways,
and waits for the Dog to step over to sniff him.

The Dog steps over and starts sniffing him. He holds out a
treat. The Dog sniffs the treat. Dog eats the treat. In a few
seconds, it gets drossy. Captain Lovins scratches the Dog
behind its ears. The Dog goes back to its hut and snuggles.

Captain Lovins waits a moment. He moves farther into the
bedroom. He focuses on the bassinet. But from the bed the
MOTHER, 22, wakes up. She leans up, groggily looking around
the room. She shifts forward to touch the bassinet. Captain
Lovins watches her, crouching down, hiding underneath the
bassinet. He turns away from her into darkness. The Mother
yawns. He flops back into the bed. He covers her head with a
blanket. Captain Lovins turns around, he pops up to watch the
couple. He inspects over at the Dog. All quiet.

Captain Lovins leans over to gaze down into the bassinet.

A baby. She opens her eyes. She smiles at Captain Lovins. Captain Lovins takes out the packet. A white powder inside. He sprinkles the powder across her lips. She accepts the powder by licking her lips. She blinks and fades away into innocent sleep. Captain Lovins leaves. He vanishes.

WE PROBE DEEP INTO THE BABY'S DNA STRUCTURE. THE DOUBLE HELIX SPINS, SPINS, AND IT SPINS. AS IF AN INTERGALACTIC BATTLE BEGINS ALONG THE STRUCTURE. A FIERY BATTLE HAPPENS ALONG THE STRANDS. GENETIC INSTRUCTIONS GLOSSED AND RECODED WITH A WHITE POWDER THAT EXPLODES. THE DNA STRANDS WARM FROM WITHIN, THEY VIBRATE. THEY REVEAL A GOLDEN GLOW FROM WITHIN DARKNESS. YELLOWS ORBS EMERGE. THE BATTLE HAS ENDED.

The innocent baby sleeps. She becomes encased in a yellow orb cocoon.

EXT. THE HOME, MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - 4AM

Captain Lovins gets inside the van. He looks across the street. He drives away. From behind a large tree, MR. OPPENHEIMER, 30s, dead eyes. He observes the house. He steps closer to the house. He reveals a weapon with a silencer. He breaths in, he breaths out. He places a smartphone near his ear.

MS. PROSPERINA(O.S.)

Where are you?

MR. OPPENHEIMER

Nashville. A city in the Tennessee state. Quite unremarkable. I am certain they sprinkled a baby. Shall I kill the baby?

MS. PROSPERINA(O.S.)

Let me consider. No. Leave. Stay in Nashville for now. He might be nearby, perhaps I should come to Nashville? I do like country music.

MR. OPPENHEIMER.

Yes, Madam.

Mr. Oppenheimer ends the call. He stares into the night.

INT. CUSTOM OFFICE, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - DAY

MS. PROSPERINA, 50'S, a diminutive, Germanic grandmother appearing woman wearing dark lens with black frame glasses. Outside her tall glass doorway an expansive view. A large family gathering. Ms. Prosperina steps back, walks into a side office within her office. A dusky room. She flicks on an infrared camera. She stands in front of the lens.

MS. PROSPERINA
Hello, father?

INT. FOREST LAIR, LABORATORY - DAY

Professor Quan examines a specimen under a powerful microscope. He takes the specimen out and slides it back inside a protective casing. He looks around the lab. Instinctive. Curious. Behind him the grainy hologram of Ms. Prosperina. Professor Quan turns to observe the hologram. He takes off his glasses. He strolls over, picks up a coffee mug. He grasps the warm mug.

MS. PROSPERINA
Father? I know you can see me.

Professor Quan strolls around the hologram drinking from his mug. He shrugs. He sits down. He crosses his legs.

MS. PROSPERINA
We are entangled, you know this.
But what you don't know, your good
Captain sprinkled a baby. Her name
is Laina? Ya?

Ms. Prosperina has Professor Quan's attention.

MS. PROSPERINA
What shall I do with this
information? Terminate? Such a
delicious question, don't you think
father?

Ms. Prosperina looks around the room but sees nothing.

MS. PROSPERINA
I wonder father what your
laboratory looks like? The place I
was conceived. I thought you were
dead. But you and your man servant
have reappeared, why?

But the hologram crackles. It goes dark. Professor Quan waves at the now empty spot where the hologram once floated. He grabs a walkie-talkie.

PROFESSOR QUAN
Captain Lovins? You there?

A crackling sound. A beep.

CAPTAIN LOVINS (O.S.)
Copy, what's up?

Traffic. Car HORNS. Car BRAKES.

PROFESSOR QUAN
We have a problem. She's been working on her quantum knowledge. She appeared in the lab, it was a hologram. She couldn't see inside or see me, but it was her.

CAPTAIN LOVINS (O.S.)
Do we need to evacuate?

PROFESSOR QUAN
Not yet. I need to think.

CAPTAIN LOVINS(O.S.)
I have a request for a heart muscle. A middle-east genetic code, so forth like always. Keep the order or send it back?

PROFESSOR QUAN
Reliable client?

CAPTAIN LOVINS (O.S.)
Yes. I know them. The broker's an old school partner, Colonel Archibald.

PROFESSOR QUAN
This a pure genetic modification?

CAPTAIN LOVINS(O.S.)
Family history. Father had a bad ticker. You saved his life. They're good for the revenue.

PROFESSOR QUAN
Fine. The light wants us all to live a full life. I'll make the heart. But we need to be careful.

Professor Quan sets the walkie-talkie down. He strolls over to glass doors outside a cold chamber. He drapes himself inside a hazmat suite. He enters to reveal his organ bank. It has organs for different regions and subregions. He grasps a container. Within the container the 3D organic structure for a heart muscle.

INT. CUSTOM OFFICE, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - DAY

A LITTLE GIRL, 7, has invaded inside. She knocks on the side door where Ms. Prosperina faces a camera. She knocks again. Ms. Prosperina stops the camera session. She opens the door.

LITTLE GIRL
Grandma, ma, come outside.

The Little Girl reaches her arms open. But Ms. Prosperina shape-shifts into a Alien being. She sneers at the Little Girl. The Little Girl screams. She runs away. Ms. Prosperina regroups into her composed self. She stares outside. The family makes an effort to look away from her.

Ms. Prosperina steps over to her ornate desk. She finds a cigarette. She flicks a lighter. She takes in a drag and allows the smoke to slither from her lips.

I/E. CAPTAIN LOVINS VAN - DAY

Captain Lovins drives his van in heavy, downtown Nashville traffic. He sets down the walkie-talkie on the dash. He observes a young man, EDDIE, 22, driving along next to the van. Eddie keeps looking at his smartphone. Eddie drives the car with his knees. Eddie texts.

Captain Lovins realizes everyone in their cars are staring down at their smartphones, with some texting, some watching videos on their screens.

But Captain Lovins returns his gaze on Eddie from the open driver side window. Curious. Eddie glances over at Captain Lovins. Captain Lovins' stare spooks Eddie. Captain Lovins slows down the van. He maneuvers it behind Eddie's car. He takes a snapshot of Eddie's license plate.

I/E. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

Eddie drives his car within the traffic. He watches the van pull behind his car. He stops texting. But he has to slam on the brakes almost rear ending the car in front. The van pulls back around his car, the scary man inside stares at him.

The man shifts the van across the lanes, and exits. Eddie leans back. He calls his friend, JIM BOB, 22, a bumpkin.

JIM BOB (O.S.)
You comin' over tonight?

EDDIE
Hey, yeah, I guess. What's this all about?

JIM BOB (O.S.)
Not sayin' on this phone, might be ears listening in... get me?

Eddie shakes his head. He stares forward.

EDDIE
All right, I'll be there.

Eddie ends the call. He continues driving.

INT. MS. PROSPERINA'S HOME, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - DAY

Ms. Prosperina sits down at a table near the birthday party with a ideal view of Lake Geneva. There are LAWYERS seated that greet her. Ms. Prosperina pulls out a cigarette and lights it. She takes a drag.

MS. PROSPERINA
Do you have good news for me?

The OLD LAWYER, 60s, hesitates. He looks around at the party. The people milling about the grounds. Ms. Prosperina smirks.

MS. PROSPERINA
Speak freely. They are my family.
This property has been secured from
any pesky attempt at surveillance.

The Old Lawyer nods. He looks over at the YOUNG LAWYER, 40s. The Young Lawyer opens a notebook. He has a modest stack of papers clipped together.

YOUNG LAWYER
I've brought the land agreements
for your review. Once you are
satisfied, you'll need to execute
them. We'll file them in Nashville.

The Young Lawyer hands the documents over to Ms. Prosperina. She looks down at them but does not touch them. A MAN SERVANT steps over. He picks up the documents.

MS. PROSPERINA

Take these to my office. Scan each page into the DMS for an Ai review. Keep the originals on my desk.

MAN SERVANT

Yes, madam.

The Man Servant steps away with the documents.

OLD LAWYER

Our firm appreciates your trust and confidence. We look forward to providing you our services for any future needs.

MS. PROSPERINA

Oh, I do need your assistance. I agreed to buy the building your firms offices reside.

OLD LAWYER

Ah, I was not aware. But, ah, we'll protect your interests. Can I ask why the Bat Man Building, as we call it?

MS. PROSPERINA

I see. It has an ideal location for my US businesses. The farm land in your midwest. And the tobacco, in your Kentucky and North Carolina states. Nashville has an artistic vibe. I'm quite artistic.

The Young Lawyer drops his iPad into his folio.

YOUNG LAWYER

You're now the largest farm land owner in the United States. Do you plan to take your business public? If so, we'd welcome the work.

Ms. Prosperina extinguishes the cigarette without taking her gaze off the Lawyers. She breaths in, she breaths out.

OLD LAWYER

We don't mean to pry, we're humbled to have you as a client. Our firm has specialty divisions at your convenience.

The Man Servant returns. He sets a bourbon neat in front of Ms. Prosperina. She encourages the Lawyers to consider a cocktail. They each beg off.

MS. PROSPERINA

Perhaps I should provide you with answers to your questions. My genetics were formed in Kentucky. My father lives in Kentucky. I think? We have been estranged for many years. I hope to reacquaint. Maybe we can investigate the bourbon business?

The Lawyers glance at each other. They sense more business.

YOUNG LAWYER

Your name, Prosperina? Sorry, it's quite unique.

Ms. Prosperina smirks. She sips the drink. She enjoys the aroma, she savors the taste.

MS. PROSPERINA

My father, its a derivation off, Proserpina, Roman Queen of the Underworld, goddess of agriculture and springtime. He has a twisted sense of humor.

OLD LAWYER

It's always our parents. Your father sounds quite erudite.

YOUNG LAWYER

I'm curious, given your business, what are your thoughts on climate change? GMOs?

The Old Lawyer frowns over at the Young Lawyer. Ms. Prosperina notes the interaction. She smirks.

MS. PROSPERINA

Erudite? Yes. He's a old scientist. I thought he was dead. But I've learned he's not past into the light. An idealist, bleeding heart liberal, trying to save the world from the evil government, or something like that...

Ms. Prosperina takes in a sip. She licks her lips.

MS. PROSPERINA

Climate change? In a sense, I am climate change. To your question concerning Genetically Modified Organisms, to be clear, its what I do. We create efficient crop production. I'm saving the world by slowly altering humanity.

The Lawyers get their cue, it's time to leave. They get up. Ms. Prosperina remains seated. She lifts her drink.

MS. PROSPERINA

Good day. He will see you out.

The Man Servant encourages the Lawyers to follow him. Ms. Prosperina sips her drink. She contemplates. She picks up her smartphone to make a call.

MR. OPPENHEIMER (O.S.)

Madam?

MS. PROSPERINA

I have decided to visit Nashville. And I'll need a service.

MR. OPPENHEIMER (O.S.)

Yes, Madam.

MS. PROSPERINA

I have two lawyers that need to be terminated. The old one, maybe an aggressive cancer or something creative. You're call. The younger one, immediately. Something clean that doesn't create questions.

MR. OPPENHEIMER (O.S.)

Yes, Madam. I'll take care of it. When do you plan to visit?

MS. PROSPERINA

Find me a fancy hotel. Take the upper floor suites, sweep it, I need solitude. Perhaps prepay for a month or two, whatever it takes for hotel manager to feel secure and ensure they keep quiet. I'll notify you when I'm in flight.

Ms. Prosperina ends the call. She stares over at her petrified granddaughter who evades her gaze. Ms. Prosperina gets up and strolls toward her family.

INT. FOREST LAIR - DAY

Captain Lovins searches through volumes of names, dates, and locations. He looks over page after page until he finds a photograph of Eddie. He stops. He looks over at Professor Quan who waits for Captain Lovins to share his concerns.

PROFESSOR QUAN
Did you find the child?

CAPTAIN LOVINS
I think so.

Captain Lovins points down at an old photo of Eddie.

PROFESSOR QUAN
Do we have a name?

CAPTAIN LOVINS
Edward Tiberius Wilcox. He's twenty-two, now. I visited him literally twenty-two years ago. He was a three day old baby.

PROFESSOR QUAN
You said he looked lost?

CAPTAIN LOVINS
Correct. It was in his eyes. He's not a loser. He's just average. He's not supposed to be average.

Professor Quan steps over to examine the file. He glosses his hand over the photo.

PROFESSOR QUAN
Vernal equinox, he was born March twenty, at three in the morning. An ideal candidate.

CAPTAIN LOVINS
Should I go investigate him?
Average will get him killed.

Professor Quan steps away. He contemplates the question.

PROFESSOR QUAN
Perhaps we will lure him to us. If he's average, he needs money. Think you can get a DNA sample from him?

Captain Lovins shrugs. He contemplates.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

These on-line ancestry DNA banks might have a sample? People just give it away freely.

PROFESSOR QUAN

No good. The light is way to smart to get caught up in that mess. Besides, she's behind all those companies. All those samples are cataloged and analyzed. No. We need a fresh sample from him. Something hidden inside his DNA that I missed or something worse?

CAPTAIN LOVINS

You lost me.

PROFESSOR QUAN

Trauma. He experienced a trauma so terrible it altered his genetic code. The scars that hide. PTSD? I can find him with an old specimen. Remote into his life. But a fresh sample, that will show us answers.

Captain Lovins nods. He steps across the laboratory to seek another file folder. He removes a list.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

I'll present him with a genetic target list. He'll get curious. I can figure out a DNA extraction after.

Professor Quan strolls in a circle. He stops. He examines a large device with a platform and a stretched spiderweb like netting hangs between the posts. He looks over at a cold room full of genetic samples floor to ceiling with a library like sliding ladder.

PROFESSOR QUAN

Maybe I should pay him a visit?

CAPTAIN LOVINS

I don't like that, you'd be exposed. I can't protect you.

PROFESSOR QUAN

Getting old sucks. But I'll not cheat the light. I swore an oath to never share what I know.

CAPTAIN LOVINS
It might take some time?

PROFESSOR QUAN
That's our problem. We don't have a lot of time. I can feel her thoughts.

CAPTAIN LOVINS
I don't want any part of that... sorry.

PROFESSOR QUAN
Quantum world, my friend. I stupidly mixed in my own DNA with NAZI DNA, and the genetic material off a meteorite. I was a dumb scientist with an huge ego. My ego humbled me.

CAPTAIN LOVINS
I swore an oath to the cause. I don't regret it.

Professor Quan searches through his laboratory. He turns to focus on Captain Lovins.

PROFESSOR QUAN
If Eddie's defective, they all might be defective. Go, go find him, we need to figure this out.

Captain Lovins nods. Professor Quan waves over at Captain Lovins. He points at a packaged box.

PROFESSOR QUAN
I made the heart muscle. It matches with the former genetic material.

CAPTAIN LOVINS
Oh, cool. They'll be delighted. I'll let them know.

Professor Quan grins over at Captain Lovins.

PROFESSOR QUAN
This Colonel Archibald? Didn't you and her have a little fling?

CAPTAIN LOVINS
Ah, she's a great girl. We're not the marrying types.

Captain Lovins leaves the laboratory. Professor Quan contemplates the situation. He flicks a glass beaker across the laboratory.

INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE CUBE - DAY

Eddie sits behind his computer screen. He types in. He opens a folder. He types in. He closes a folder. He opens another folder. He types in. RD, 22, attractive Southern girl. She strolls near the cube opening.

RD
Why are you here?

EDDIE
What?

RD
What are you doing here?

EDDIE
Ah, It's a job, pays my bills.

RD
You know what I mean. This is insurance, ten years from now no one will care what we did. It's stupid. You can do better.

EDDIE
I suppose.

RD
Maybe get a drink, after work?

Eddie stops typing. He glances at RD. She smiles at him.

EDDIE
I promised Jim Bob, he's got something 'important' he wants to tell me. Maybe next time?

RD
Jim Bob?

RD taps her shoe. She shrugs and walks away from the cube.

EXT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

Eddie pulls his car in front of a trailer within a quiet trailer park. He parks. He gets out. He steps over and taps on the metal door. JIM BOB, 22, opens the door.

INT. JIM BOB'S TRAILER - DAY

Eddie walks into the well lit living space. A giant flat screen television dominates the room. The furniture new. The sound system shakes the trailer.

EDDIE

What'd you do?

Jim Bob shakes his hips. He smirks at Eddie.

JIM BOB

This here redneck, well, I done hit the gold.

EDDIE

The gold?

JIM BOB

A new business I discovered. It might be a bit contra... contri... oh, you know what I mean.

EDDIE

Controversial?

JIM BOB

That's it. Trying to upgrade my words. But you get me. My brother from another mother. Jim Bob's a new man.

Eddie steps over near the television. He scans the modest room with the oversized interior furniture.

EDDIE

We're not talking drugs?

JIM BOB

Oh know, I ain't like that, you know that. Now, this is super secret. I think the people I've partnered with are way into that Ai stuff, but I'm just a foot solider. But when I get them specimens, they pay me well, in cash.

EDDIE

What are you talking about?

JIM BOB

Well, I was at that outdoor concert for the NFL draft. Chris Stapleton shows up and does some tunes.

EDDIE

He's awesome. Sorry I missed it.

JIM BOB

He's one of those special people. You know, something magical in his DNA. Well, Chris Stapleton looks down at me. He grins at me. He took the guitar pick out of his mouth and flicks it to me.

Jim Bob pours a bourbon. He laughs. He drinks.

EDDIE

This is getting weird.

JIM BOB

Oh, it gets weirder. This scary looking dude walks up to me during a break before the fifth round pick. I'm an NFL lifer. Anyways, he asked if I'd sell him the pick?

EDDIE

So what? Memorabilia hound.

JIM BOB

No. He offered me twenty-five thousand, cash, on the spot. He said to meet him after the show.

EDDIE

Why would anyone offer you that kind of money for a guitar pick?

JIM BOB

No idea. But after the draft, I met him outside. Sure enough, he was waiting for me.

EDDIE

You're lucky you didn't get beat up. Not smart.

JIM BOB

No, he was real professional like. He took a look at the pick, got out a jeweler eyeball thingy. I think?

EDDIE

Jewelers loop.

JIM BOB

Okay. He had gloves on, examined the hairs from the pick, real close. Dropped everything into fancy plastic bag, packed it into a cooler.

EDDIE

So, he paid you in cash? For flipping guitar pick?

JIM BOB

Yep. He gave two certified checks for nine-thousand dollars and one for seven thousand dollars. Said cash them over three to six months, to be safe.

EDDIE

You didn't cash them all at once?

JIM BOB

Of course. Their not real money until I put them in my bank account, silly.

Eddie sits down. He breaths in, he breaths out.

EDDIE

You need...

A rapid knock on Jim Bob's trailer door. Jim Bob glances over at Eddie. He shrugs. He opens the door. A US Marshall waits. The US Marshal places her badge in Jim Bob's face.

US MARSHAL

Jim Bob Calhoun?

JIM BOB

Ah, yeah.

US MARSHAL

Can I come inside?

JIM BOB

I guess so...

The US Marshal enters. Another US Marshal stands behind her. He looks over at Eddie.

US MARSHAL

Mr. Calhoun, I have a federal warrant for your arrest.

Jim Bob stands frozen to the carpet. The US Marshal reads him his Miranda Rights, cuffs him, and leads him outside. Eddie gets up. He skips over near Jim Bob.

JIM BOB

I'm way over my waders. Any ideas?

EDDIE

No.

Eddie waves at the US Marshals. He coughs.

EDDIE

A, surely, twenty five thousand dollars is not going to get Jim Bob arrested? It's an innocent mistake.

US MARSHAL

Twenty-five thousand? Ah, try three hundred and fifty thousand. Move along, or are you involved? Tell me now so I don't have to track you down.

EDDIE

No way, ma'am.

Eddie backs away with his hands up. Jim Bob looks at Eddie.

JIM BOB

You're my only friend. I don't know what to do. Help me?

The US Marshal's maneuver Jim Bob into the back of their cruiser. They speed away. Eddie's left alone.

EXT. FOREST OUTSIDE THE LAIR - NIGHT

Professor Quan opens his genetic library. He shifts back and forth looking for a name. He finds it. Written in black ink, Edward T. Wilcox. A date. A time. A zodiac reference. He inspects the cold specimen. He snips out a strand of hair. He places the hair in a modest bowl. He puts the specimen back. He takes the bowl over to the elevator.

Professor Quan strolls out of the elevator into the forest. He gazes up into the starry night sky. A full moon. He observes the speed light travels across the universe and his relative position. He continues to stroll along a well worn path, finding within a rocky alcove, protected by a natural bridge and shear rock walls.

Within the alcove a lone ancient plant. Professor Quan sits on the ground in the lotus position in front of the plant. He sets the bowl in front of him. After a few moments a hum builds to a specific frequency. The plant begins to catch a false flame. The flame grows and grows until small yellow orbs begin to emerge. The plant produces no true flame or smoke. But the orbs begin to multiply and multiply filling the alcove with bright light.

From Professor Quan the identical yellow orbs emerge from him. They begin to multiply and multiply. His orbs begin to merge with the plants orbs into a single yellow orb that encapsulates Professor Quan. He begins to float within the orb. The bowl gives off steam. The steam spreads within the orb. The orb travels through space without leaving the alcove. The orb arrives near Jim Bob's trailer.

Within the orb Professor Quan observes Eddie leaving Jim Bob's trailer. He observes Jim Bob being led away by the US Marshals. He floats closer and closer to Eddie merging the orb light inside Eddie's brain. Professor Quan begins to travel along Eddie's DNA strands. But his orb suddenly evaporates. The ancient plant remains as before, unharmed, but no longer flaming. Professor Quan aware his moment interrupted by some outside force. He gets up. Unruffled. He strolls back toward the lair. He observes the forest aware the stillness and quiet, unusual.

Until a lone white wolf appears near the lair. It howls. It stares at Professor Quan with red eyes before it turns and strides into the darkness. A black wolf reveals itself from behind a massive tree. It sits back on its hind legs. It stares at Professor Quan for a moment before it too strides away. Professor Quan ponders the moment.

At the crest of a hill, the full moon casts the wolves shadows. The silence pierced by a Great Horned Owls hoot. It stares down at Professor Quan devouring an unlucky squirrel. The forest returns to its normal sounds. The full moon disappears behind clouds. Professor Quan steps inside the elevator.

EXT. NASHVILLE EXECUTIVE AIRPORT - DAY

A common Gulfstream jet lands. It taxis toward a private hanger. Captain Lovins has parked his van inside the hanger. The jet briefly parks near the hangar, but does not turn down its engines. COLONEL ARCHIBALD, 50s, exits the jet. She marches over to Captain Lovins. The jet rolls forward and turns back toward the exit runway.

COLONEL ARCHIBALD
Well, old friend, it's been a bit.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

It has.

Captain Lovins hands over the box to Colonel Archibald.

COLONEL ARCHIBALD

Never thought I'd bounce out of the
SAS to secretly save lives. Odd
life we have chosen.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

These days doing the right thing
can get you killed.

Colonel Archibald grips the box. She checks all the seals.

COLONEL ARCHIBALD

You would think making human organs
would get you a Nobel prize. But
power and money trump the truth.
Same payment method?

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Yes.

COLONEL ARCHIBALD

How's our scientist doing?

CAPTAIN LOVINS

He's getting old. So am I.

Colonel Archibald nods. She huffs.

COLONEL ARCHIBALD

I'll need to get this to the
kingdom straight away. Sorry for
the quick exit. A young man may not
survive the next few days.

Colonel Archibald pats Captain Lovins on his forearm.

COLONEL ARCHIBALD

It was good seeing you. Be well.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

You too. You're looking good. But
you know that. Be safe.

Colonel Archibald acknowledges the comment. She turns. She
steps over to the jet. She waves back at Captain Lovins. She
gets back inside. The jet engines gear up. It taxis down the
runway. It takes flight. It glides into the clouds.

Captain Lovins grips the van's driver side door handle. He stops. He looks back down the runway to notice a sleek Gulfstream descending. Curious. It taxis toward the hangar. It has no tail numbers. Painted black.

The black jet rolls toward a black SUV. A man in a dark suit exits the SUV. Captain Lovins gets inside the van. He locks the doors. He watches the jet park. The door hatch opens. Captain Lovins grips the steering wheel. Ms. Prosperina exits the jet. A man servant carries her bags. But she stops walking. She stares over at Captain Lovins for an uncomfortable moment. She smirks at him. Captain Lovins starts the van. He drives it in the opposite direction from Ms. Prosperina.

EXT. NASHVILLE EXECUTIVE AIRPORT - DAY

Ms. Prosperina watches the white van drive away. Mr. Oppenheimer greets her. He directs the Man Servant to load her bags. The Man Servant nods. He retreats to the jet. The jet taxis away. It gears up and ascends back into the sky. It disappears into the clouds.

MS. PROSPERINA

I love springtime, so lovely, so alive. Tell me, how did you terminate the young lawyer? I've been wondering.

Mr. Oppenheimer nods. He grins.

MR. OPPENHEIMER

Oh, I enjoyed you allowing me to be creative. I hope you will be pleased. It emerged that he enjoyed being a kinky fellow.

MS. PROSPERINA

Kinky? Oh, do tell...

MR. OPPENHEIMER

On the outside he portrayed the loving husband, father of two children. A partner at the firm.

Ms. Prosperina walks over to get into the SUV. Mr. Oppenheimer opens the door.

MS. PROSPERINA

And?

MR. OPPENHEIMER

A regular at an S&M shop. A basement in a common neighborhood. I found him blindfolded, handcuffed to a metal post. A vibrator was inserted into his anus. The dominatrix was whipping him. I injected him with a lethal dose of fentanyl between his thumb and forefinger. Sad overdose.

MS. PROSPERINA

The dominatrix?

MR. OPPENHEIMER

Oh, snorting cocaine laced with fentanyl, a deadly practice. Sadly, the house caught fire, old electrical wiring issue.

Ms. Prosperina smiles.

MS. PROSPERINA

You please me. I am proud I created you. My father will be impressed.

Ms. Prosperina gets into the SUV. But she leaves the door open.

MS. PROSPERINA

Can you acquire me a unique plant. I believe it's an Acacia plant or a tree?

MR. OPPENHEIMER

I'm certain I can find them. For your residence?

MS. PROSPERINA

Yes. My father was remote viewing with it. I must learn his practice.

MR. OPPENHEIMER

Ah, you have been learning about my grandfather. I welcome the knowledge.

MS. PROSPERINA

He's full of knowledge. And he possesses all our genetic history. We will need to pay him a visit to collect what is ours.

Mr. Oppenheimer nods. He gets into the SUV. He drives it away from the airport and toward downtown Nashville.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eddie opens his door. He flicks on the lights. He walks over and picks up a photo of his father and mother. He sets it down. He steps over, opens the refrigerator. He grabs a beverage. He sits down on a couch. He stares at the photo. The spartan environment quiet and still.

Eddie clutches a folded American flag encased in a wooden frame. His father's name stenciled across the glass top. He lets out a long breath. He sets the flag down. He makes sure it sets at the same spot. Eddie pulls out his smartphone. PEDRO, 50s, answers the call to Christopher Clayton Originals. He has Pedro on speakerphone.

PEDRO (O.S.)
Hello, Edward. We miss you.

EDDIE
Hey, Pedro. Ah, Chris got time for me. I know he's busy.

PEDRO (O.S.)
Come. You don't need to ask. You are loved, Edward. Come.

EDDIE
Oh great. I'll get over right away.

INT. FOREST LAIR, LABORATORY - DAY

Professor Quan has retrieved a lead box. He opens the box. A box within a box. He places on latex gloves, goggles over his eyes. A respirator over his mouth. Captain Lovins does the exact same process.

Professor Quan carefully removes one of the meteorites. He examines it. He places it back inside the box. The box interior cushioned with rubber membrane. He closes the boxes.

PROFESSOR QUAN
I have a challenge for you old friend. It will be quite difficult.

CAPTAIN LOVINS
I haven't set eyes on those things in decades. This is not good.

PROFESSOR QUAN

No.

Professor Quan pauses. He backs away from the table. He ponders the box. He nods at Captain Lovins.

PROFESSOR QUAN

She's been reading my mind. She saw you at the airport?

Captain Lovins nods. He grunts.

PROFESSOR QUAN

In her own way, she let me know. It's a bit like being an identical twin, I think. Did you notice her man servant and Mr. Oppenheimer are identical?

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Clones? I think I understand. This task you're asking, it'll be within the mind?

PROFESSOR QUAN

You know me well. I am ashamed. I made a Frankenstein's monster from a genetic soup. A soup I created. Now, she's learned much of the secrets. She's been making babies, but her genetic structure cannot be replicated.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Her man servants? Makes sense now. I looked at them, but didn't pick up on them being identical.

PROFESSOR QUAN

She has a desire to clone herself. We don't want anymore Ms. Prosperina's. If she gets these, well, innocent human beings will suffer.

Captain Lovins pulls the box over. He lifts it to sense its weight, its dimensions.

PROFESSOR QUAN

If I thought it wise to kill her. I'd have already done so. But I'm certain we cannot kill her through any normal approach. Shoot her.

(MORE)

PROFESSOR QUAN (CONT'D)

Her body regenerates like a common flatworm. I created a perfect chimeric organism. Now, do you understand what I'm asking you?

Captain Lovins nods. He takes the box over to his van. He sits it on the passenger side.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

This secret stays with me. I think I'll be creative.

PROFESSOR QUAN

As I've told you many times, godspeed. Do not contact me in any form for at least a week. You can get anywhere on this earth in a week.

Captain Lovins gets into the van. He engages the door. It opens. He waves back at Professor Quan. He drives the van out of the lair. The door closes behind the van.

INT. MS. PROSPERINA'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Mr. Oppenheimer brings inside a plant. Ms. Prosperina directs him to place it near the fireplace. He removes the fireplace screen and nearby implements. He sets it into the fireplace. Ms. Prosperina steps over to study it.

MS. PROSPERINA

Acacia?

MR. OPPENHEIMER

Yes, Madam. I arranged for a local expert to obtain the plant. It's genuine Acacia.

MS. PROSPERINA

Good. I must study this plant. My father seems to gain energy from it. Do you know how to meditate?

MR. OPPENHEIMER

No madam. I do not connect with the spiritual world.

MS. PROSPERINA

Our father has a scientific mind that taps into a spiritual dimension. I must learn his secret.

Ms. Prosperina waves for Mr. Oppenheimer to leave. He does so. Ms. Prosperina takes off her glasses. She has heterochromatic eyes. A wolf's eye shape. Her right side eye amber colored, the left side golden-yellow.

Ms. Prosperina strolls back and forth studying the plant. She steps over to touch the foliage but glides her fingers across the sharp thorns. She brings over a chair in front of the plant. She closes her eyes and begins to hum. Nothing. She closes her eyes. She hums. The plant remains stoic. Ms. Prosperina closes her eyes, she hums, she squints out trying to catch the plant giving off orbs. It does nothing.

Ms. Prosperina scowls at the plant. She transforms into a alien life form. A king cobra head with horse like body. Her feet turn into thick hooves. She spits at the plant. She shape shifts back into the diminutive woman. She replaces her glasses.

She sets the plant on fire. It burns up. She kicks the smoldering plant into the back of the fireplace.

MS. PROSPERINA
Mr. Oppenheimer?!

Mr. Oppenheimer returns to the suites main room. Ms. Prosperina points at the plant.

MS. PROSPERINA
This one doesn't work. Clear it from my sight. I'll need another one, but ask your expert for a slightly different genetic structure? Wait. What would my father do?

MR. OPPENHEIMER
I believe he would learn the organism's DNA code. He studies from the inside out. Correct?

MS. PROSPERINA
You please me. If you control the Code, the Gnome, you control the organism. Simple. I want total control. Find me locations, farms, and any land we can obtain. If I understand this plant, I can find my father.

MR. OPPENHEIMER
Yes, Madam. I'll take care of this.

Ms. Prosperina pulls out a cigarette. She lights it. She takes a deep drag.

MS. PROSPERINA

Good. I think we need two of your brothers. Bring them to Nashville. This project will require we spread out. Have them reside in other parts of Nashville. We need more eyes watching and waiting.

Mr. Oppenheimer nods.

MS. PROSPERINA

Send a brother to find Captain Lovins. Follow him.

MR. OPPENHEIMER

He's quite dangerous?

MS. PROSPERINA

If he kills one of you, simply get another brother. It's why I created you. Let's test this approach.

Mr. Oppenheimer nods. Ms. Prosperina continues smoking. She stops. She flicks the cigarette into the fireplace.

MS. PROSPERINA

He's moving the meteorites. I can feel their vibrations, their frequency. My father has decided to prepare for battle. Good. Let your brothers know, Captain Lovins likely has the meteorites in his possession. Go.

Mr. Oppenheimer leaves the suite. Ms. Prosperina takes off her glasses. He eyes stare across downtown Nashville.

EXT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eddie hops down the stairs. He walks over toward his car. A white panel van has parked next to his car. Captain Lovins gets out of the van. Eddie freezes.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Hello, Edward.

Eddie does not move. He stares at Captain Lovins.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

I'll not harm you. You're perfectly safe. Did I injure your friend?

EDDIE

I don't want to get mixed up with you. Jim Bob's in big trouble.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

I know. You know I told him how to manage his money?

Eddie nods. He contemplates Captain Lovins' comment. Eddie walks to the driver side of his car. Captain Lovins remains standing on the passenger side.

EDDIE

Well, keep me out of this mess. I, I don't want any part of you.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Do you want to help your friend?

EDDIE

Stupid question, of course I want to help him.

Captain Lovins removes an envelope. He holds it out.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Can I hand this to you?

Eddie looks over at the envelope. He nods. Captain Lovins steps over. He hands Eddie the envelope.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

This is my current target list.
It's similar to the one I gave your friend. Open it, go on...

Eddie grasps the envelope. He backs away from Captain Lovins.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Edward. I'll not harm you. I am a man of my word. Breathe. Open it.

Eddie opens the envelope. It has a list of famous names. The names are for actors, athletes, scientists, authors, and a number of lesser known humans that impact culture.

EDDIE

This is nuts. I don't know any of these people. And, I'm not a stalker, that's creepy.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

It is creepy if you have the intent to harm or deceive. We don't harm the innocent.

EDDIE

We?

Captain Lovins leans back against his van. He grins.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Smart. Yes, we, I don't work alone. Are you interested in helping your friend? Maybe bail him out of jail?

EDDIE

Yeah, but I'm in your world. And like I said, I don't know any of these people. And what do want?

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Sorry, I thought Jim Bob explained.
I want anything with fresh genetic
material. Basic stuff, saliva,
hair, blood, or even tissue. I
don't fully understand it but the
samples degrade quickly.

Eddie hands the envelope back to Captain Lovins.

EDDIE

I can't help you. I can't risk
losing my job. It's all I have.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

I expected your response. I do
understand taking risks can make
life uncomfortable. Got it.

Captain Lovins grabs the envelope back. He stuffs it into his
pants pocket. Eddie opens his car door prepared to drive
away.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

What if I offered you enough money
to get Jim Bob out of jail? All I'd
ask for in return would be you
keeping an object in safekeeping?

Eddie grips the door handle. He looks at Captain Lovins.

EDDIE

Go on...

Captain Lovins opens the side panel door. Inside the van
cargo bay nothing appears out of order. A carpeted floor. But
nothing else but empty space. He waves Eddie over. Eddie
steps over to near the van. He stands close by, but not too
close to Captain Lovins.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Let me show you.

Captain Lovins places a key into a locking mechanism
underneath the carpeted section. A large rectangular section
of the carpet lifts up off the floor. Beneath the floor a
storage space. Captain Lovins lifts out a square box. He sets
it down on van floor. He unlocks it, opens it to reveal the
irregular shaped meteorites. He removes one of them. He
places it inside a smaller box. He hands to open box over to
Eddie.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Do you know what these are?

EDDIE

They're shiny, so they're not granite. Maybe quartz? No, these are crystals. I'm guessing, meteorites?

CAPTAIN LOVINS

I knew your gifted brain still works. Yes. They need to be hidden. They need to be hidden apart from each other. It's a safer risk management method.

EDDIE

What do you want from me?

Eddie hands the box back to Captain Lovins.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Nothing. Can you take this back to your apartment, hide it? Stuff it inside a drawer and for now, forget you have it. It's that simple.

Captain Lovins closes the box. He hands it back to Eddie.

EDDIE

It's a lot heavier than it looks.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Part of the weight comes from the box, it's pure lead. It blocks frequency waves, so forth.

Eddie grips the box. He considers the situation.

EDDIE

I'm not going to get like arrested or killed for having this thing?

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Unlikely. You're a perfect average Eddie. Nobody will notice you. But it gets you paid. How about I pay you monthly, you know, for storage?

Eddie shrugs.

EDDIE

Okay, I guess.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Would five thousand a month, cash, work for you?

EDDIE

Ah, yeah, I'm in. I guess.

Captain Lovins grunts. He turns to open another storage bin inside his van floor. He removes a stack of twenty dollar bills. He hands them to Eddie.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

Count it if you like. It's unmarked bills. Dirty money is the best money to use. You know what not to do?

EDDIE

Don't go on a buying spree. I get it.

Captain Lovins turns toward the van. He locks everything up. He closes the van panel door.

CAPTAIN LOVINS

I have one last request. Can you show me where inside your apartment you'll store the meteorite? And, don't get weird, but can you give me the pair of socks you're wearing? The genetic material, it's how we can verify you are being authentic.

Eddie's slow to react. He stares down at the box. He nods.

EDDIE

All right. You didn't hurt Jim Bob. I'll play along. But I'm not getting anything from those people off that list?

CAPTAIN LOVINS

That's fine. But you're helping us in your own way. Let's get this wrapped up. I need to get moving.

Eddie directs Captain Lovins toward his apartment.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eddie sits down. He takes off his socks. He drops them into a plastic bag that Captain Lovins holds open. Captain Lovins seals the bag. Captain Lovins observes the small space. He investigates the kitchenette. He pulls back the storage drawer underneath the stove.

CAPTAIN LOVINS
Drop the box into here. It's hidden
in plain site.

Eddie steps over in his bare feet. He sets the box inside the storage drawer. He pushes the drawer back, closing it.

EDDIE
That's it?

CAPTAIN LOVINS
That's it. I'll pay you first of
each month. I'll drop by, verify
its here, leave you the money.

EDDIE
How much will I need to get Jim Bob
out of jail? I mean, that's why I'm
doing this, I don't have any money.

CAPTAIN LOVINS
I know. Simple. Go find out from
Jim Bob. Here's another business
card. Text me. We'll figure
something out. In the meantime, if
you just get lucky and come across
someone off my list?

Eddie stares at Captain Lovins. He gulps.

EDDIE
Are you hurting people? I don't
want to hurt people.

Captain Lovins steps over toward the door. He stops. He notices setting on a side table a triangle folded American flag. He steps back into the apartment. He examines the triangle folded flag. He looks over at Eddie.

EDDIE
My father's. He was a veteran.

Captain Lovins replaces the flag. He places his right hand over his chest above his heart.

CAPTAIN LOVINS
We're searchers, too. We're
searching for a way to stop evil.
We don't harm the innocent. It
would be against our oath or code.

Captain Lovins opens the door. He leaves. Eddie stands bare footed in his kitchenette wondering what he gotten into.

But his smartphone rings. Eddie picks it up. CHRISTOPHER CLAYTON, 22, a childhood friend and famous hair stylist.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)
Where are you?

EDDIE
Oh, sorry, I got distracted.

CHRISTOPHER
Get over here. I need to examine your thick hair. Tell me how your mother's doing. Get over here...

EDDIE
Okay, okay... sorry, I need to make a quick stop to check on Jim Bob. He's in jail.

Christopher goes silent for a few seconds.

CHRISTOPHER
Fine. Tell Mr. Jim Bob hello. I'll bite, what did he do this time?

EDDIE
I don't understand it. He was trading, ah, stuff from famous people. Feds took notice he was making a lot of money.

CHRISTOPHER
Famous? He's been 'thick' since we were kids. Okay, be over soon, I do have a special guest tonight. We're so excited. I'll spill my guts when you get here. Chow.

Eddie stuffs the smartphone into a pocket. He almost forgets to put on another pair of socks. A pair of clean socks evades his grasp after investigating his sock drawer. He settles on an old pair that he flips inside out. He leaves.

EXT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Captain Lovins races over to his van. He drops the bag into a cold storage box set on the passenger side. He opens a tool box set next to the cold storage. Inside the tool box he retrieves a tiny magnetized disk with a tiny wire. He steps over to the driver side, opens the door, but he kneels to stick the device underneath Eddie's car's passenger side wheel well. He stands up. He gets into the van. He drives away.

I/E. BLACK SUV - DAY

Ms. Prosperina's in the back seat smoking. She flicks ashes.
Mr. Oppenheimer drives. He parks at the street level in front
of a all skyscraper.

MS. PROSPERINA
This is the building?

MR. OPPENHEIMER
Yes. I followed your instructions.
It has a superior location to the
airport, highways, and has a
significant view.

MS. PROSPERINA
Good. Who waits for me?

MR. OPPENHEIMER
The property manager. I advised her
to meet on the top floor.

MS. PROSPERINA
Good.

Mr. Oppenheimer exits the SUV. He opens the door for Ms.
Prosperina. She flicks the cigarette on the concrete.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Ms. Prosperina exits a private elevator. The commercial space
open and unfinished. PROPERTY MANAGER, 30s, stands next to a
concrete column. Mr. Oppenheimer nods at her.

PROPERTY MANAGER
I guess this is congratulations. We
love this building. We look forward
to continuing to manager the
building. Ms. Prosperina?

MS. PROSPERINA
Correct. Tell me about this space.
Why has it not been utilized?

The Property Manager points up.

PROPERTY MANAGER
The architect had a miscalculation.
We shared that information prior to
your company closing on the
property.

MS. PROSPERINA
I know. Continue.

PROPERTY MANAGER
Well, as you can see, we have not been able to figure out the ceiling. Or better, we never found a tenant that wanted the space. It's quite large, but it does offer a magnificent view of Nashville and the surrounding area.

MS. PROSPERINA
Perfect. Mr. Oppenheimer, will you please work with this woman to have plans drawn to build this out.

Ms. Prosperina strolls about the concrete and steel space.

MS. PROSPERINA
What is the building occupancy?

PROPERTY MANAGER
Except for the space, we are leased up. As you are aware, the building cashflows quite well.

MS. PROSPERINA
I want this space to be built out without sparing any expense. This will be my offices.

PROPERTY MANAGER
Yes. Ms. Prosperina. Sorry, you have an unusual name. A family name? Southerners like to name our children with family names. You know.

Ms. Prosperina stares at the Property Manager for a few ponderous moments. She looks at Mr. Oppenheimer.

MS. PROSPERINA
My father's sense of humor. My name comes from Greek mythology, goddess of agriculture. Mr. Oppenheimer, please assist this woman.

Ms. Prosperina ignores the Property Manager. She looks out through the vast window space. She turns. She leaves. Mr. Oppenheimer follows. They leave the Property Manager behind.

EXT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

Eddie drives his car from the apartment complex. He turns down a road. A comfortable distance behind him Captain Lovins follows him. Captain Lovins testing his tracking device. Eddie turns into a federal building parking lot. Captain Lovins drives on past.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

Jim Bob's has his hands cuffed. He stumbles over. He sits down across from Eddie who sits behind a thick glass partition. The GUARD uncuffs him. The Guard steps back. Jim Bob picks up the telephone receiver.

JIM BOB

Thanks for coming.

EDDIE

Of course. You all right?

JIM BOB

Not really. But I'll get by...

EDDIE

I wish my dad was here, he'd know what to do.

JIM BOB

Yeah. You're dad always knew how things worked. I'm scared. They been putting me through a lot of questions.

EDDIE

Did they appoint you a lawyer? I think they are supposed to do that... but I don't really know.

JIM BOB

Not so far. They been real serious with me. Tell me they'll through me in a jail and forget the key.

EDDIE

I'll try to get you help. I'll ask around see if anybody knows anybody, you know.

JIM BOB

Don't want to talk much, I get that these walls have ears, if you get me?

Eddie sits back. He looks around the concrete room. The cameras obvious. The Guards professionals.

EDDIE

Yeah, I think so. Do you know what's next?

JIM BOB

I think I'm getting to see a judge. But I'm not real sure. That man, you know, the scary looking one. I think they want to catch him real bad. Asked me if I know a name, I don't.

EDDIE

What name did they use? I'm curious, that's all.

Eddie searches Jim Bob's eyes for answers.

JIM BOB

A Captain Lovins. He's some sort of big time criminal. Works for some guy, let me think...

Jim Bob glances back over his shoulder. He looks back at Eddie.

JIM BOB

A Professor Quan? Something like that...

EDDIE

They in the mob? I don't what to ask you. I promise I'll try to help. Maybe they'll offer you bail? I think that's what the judge will do...

JIM BOB

Don't know.

The Guard faux coughs. Jim Bob acknowledges him.

JIM BOB

I guess I got to go back. Thanks for coming. Don't forget me... please.

EDDIE

No way. I'll be back. I'll figure something. Just don't lose heart.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Remember, that's what dad always
said, don't lose heart.

EXT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

Eddie drives out of the federal building parking lot. He turns onto the road.

EXT. CAPTAIN LOVINS VAN - DAY

Captain Lovins watches him leaving. He starts the van. He begins to follow Eddie.

EXT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

Eddie drives into a fancy shopping area. There are boutiques. He parks near a boutique with signage, Christopher Clayton Originals.

EXT. CAPTAIN LOVINS VAN - DAY

Captain Lovins pulls past the shopping area. He takes a quick photo of Eddie going inside.

EXT. MR. OPPENHEIMER'S BROTHERS' CAR - DAY

A man appearing quite similar to Mr. Oppenheimer sits inside watching Eddie and Captain Lovins. MR. OPPENHEIMERS' BROTHER, dead eyes. He keeps a safe distance from Captain Lovins' van. He takes a photo with his smartphone of Eddie getting out of his car. He takes a photo of the boutique. He places a call to Mr. Oppenheimer.

MR. OPPENHEIMERS' BROTHER
Brother?

MR. OPPENHEIMER
Yes. Tell me.

MR. OPPENHEIMERS' BROTHER
I located the van. The plates
match. Sloppy by this man.

MR. OPPENHEIMER
Do not be fooled. He's old, but
still quite dangerous. You've
learned information?

MR. OPPENHEIMERS' BROTHER

Yes. He follows a young man, quite unremarkable. The young man has entered a salon? Yes. I think it a salon. Haircut, nothing special. But Captain Lovins took great interest in him. What are my instructions?

MR. OPPENHEIMER

Good. Keep a catalog of Captain Lovins activities. We can circle back if warranted. But continue to follow the Captain. He's are primary target.

MR. OPPENHEIMERS' BROTHER

Understood. Yes, brother.

EXT. CAPTAIN LOVINS VAN - DAY

Captain Lovins pulls his van forward. At the red light he glances into his rearview mirror. He detects a man who resembles Mr. Oppenheimer. He considers his options.

Captain Lovins drives his van into the next parking lot. He gets out. He glares over at Mr. Oppenheimer's Brother who follows a bit to close to Captain Lovins. Captain Lovins pulls out a loaded 9mm Glock. He closes the space between him and Mr. Oppenheimer's Brother.

Captain Lovins shoots Mr. Oppenheimer's Brother through the car windows. He marches over. He smashes the window. He makes certain Mr. Oppenheimer's Brother dead. He reaches inside the car. He takes the smartphone. He leaves.

He scampers back to his van. He opens the side panel. He retrieves an explosive device. He takes it back to the car, dropping it onto the dead man's lap.

Captain Lovins steps away. He gets into his van. He drives forward looking into his rearview mirror making sure no one has come near the car. He clicks a switch. The car with the dead man inside explodes. Captain Lovins drives away.

INT. MS. PROSPERINA'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Ms. Prosperina stops strolling. She stares out the windows. She pulls out a smartphone. She places a call to Mr. Oppenheimer.

MR. OPPENHEIMER (O.S.)
Yes, Madam?

MS. PROSPERINA
You need to quickly collect your
dead brothers body. Captain Lovins
took him.

MR. OPPENHEIMER (O.S.)
Ah, yes, madam. Sorry for our
failure.

MS. PROSPERINA
No. It's a worthy sacrifice. We
know Captain Lovins has valuable
cargo. Don't we?

MR. OPPENHEIMER (O.S.)
I'm not sure.

MS. PROSPERINA
I know the Captain. He would never
kill without a reason. He's
protecting something.

MR. OPPENHEIMER (O.S.)
I understand. I warned him Captain
Lovins' is quite dangerous.

MS. PROSPERINA
People don't always listen.
Immediately, have your brother
cremated. Destroy the car. I don't
want any potential exposure.

MR. OPPENHEIMER
I'll take care of it.

MS. PROSPERINA
Collect another brother. Bring him
to us. Give him the same
instructions.

Ms. Prosperina turns from the windows.

MS. PROSPERINA
Trace your dead brothers steps. He
might have stumbled onto one of
Captain Lovins' projects. You know
his silly target list for my
father. The list they think will
help them spread love.

MR. OPPENHEIMER

Yes, Madam.

MS. PROSPERINA

We have a problem. My mind tells me
father has separated the
meteorites. He knows I need them
both. He's preparing for war.

INT. CHRISTOPHER CLAYTON ORIGINALS BOUTIQUE- DAY

Eddie steps inside the salon. It has a single patron chair.
Pedro steps from behind a curtain. Christopher follows close
behind him.

CHRISTOPHER

Well, look Pedro, we have a
heterosexual in our house.

PEDRO

Hallo, Edward. You stay so cute.
Can I get you a drink?

EDDIE

I'm fine.

Eddie glides his fingers through his hair.

EDDIE

You're sure I'm not bothering you?

CHRISTOPHER

Please. You're my favorite client.

Christopher steps over to hug Eddie. He starts examining
Eddie's hair. He stops.

CHRISTOPHER

You've been cheating on me.

PEDRO

Oh, Edward. You're a bad boy.

EDDIE

What?

CHRISTOPHER

Who else cut your hair? I can tell,
they butchered you. I'll need to
fix this right away. Don't ever
cheat on me again. Never.

PEDRO

Come with me, Edward. I will wash your hair.

Pedro leads Eddie over to the cushioned chair set at the center of the room. He adjusts the chair. He sets up a washing bowl that he places Eddie's head inside.

CHRISTOPHER

You like my new chair? I designed myself. With Pedro's help, of course. It's a squeal.

Eddie grins at Christopher.

EDDIE

It's wild. It's super comfortable.

Pedro begins to wash Eddie's hair.

CHRISTOPHER

It's patented. I want my clients to feel complete trust in me. They only need to walk inside, sit on this chair, and we'll do the rest.

PEDRO

The water temperature okay?

EDDIE

Yeah. I might fall asleep.

CHRISTOPHER

That's the point. Total emersion into the Christopher Clayton experience.

Pedro finishes washing Eddie's hair. He repositions Eddie in front of a tall mirror. Christopher stands behind him looking at Eddie through the mirror. Christopher starts to examine Eddie's hair.

CHRISTOPHER

Why do people try to fashion hair without any passion? It's obvious, your hair needs my attention.

EDDIE

Thanks, Chris. Why are you so kind to me?

CHRISTOPHER

You're my best friend. Don't take that personally Pedro.

PEDRO
We love you, Edward.

CHRISTOPHER
How's mom?

EDDIE
She's good. I think. I get the hint she's got a boyfriend. She's been kind of secretive.

CHRISTOPHER
Oh, wonderful. She's still a pretty lady. Why not have someone shower her with love. Love, love, love...

PEDRO
Love, love, love...

CHRISTOPHER
Don't get me wrong. We loved your dad, too.

Christopher stops cutting and styling Eddie's hair.

CHRISTOPHER
Your dad was accepting of me. Even when my family shunned me. He was there. He always told me, don't lose heart. Any who, I need to concentrate. We have big news...

PEDRO
Yes, Mr. Edward. Christopher has a new client coming tonight.

Christopher and Pedro dance.

CHRISTOPHER
Guess who? A Nashville girl...

EDDIE
I have no idea.

CHRISTOPHER
Reese Witherspoon! Her mother called Pedro. Of course, we'll open our schedule. Dear me... I'm getting flustered just thinking about her hair.

Christopher completes styling Eddie's hair, the result, perfection. Eddie gazes at his hair through the mirror.

PEDRO
You look so handsome.

CHRISTOPHER
I do amaze me. Wait?

Christopher grins over at Pedro.

PEDRO
You have that naughty look in your eyes.

CHRISTOPHER
It's my tell. Edward, can you stay?
Maybe act like your my new helper?

EDDIE
I don't know. Why?

CHRISTOPHER
You've never seen me really work.
It's my time to shine for my friend.

Eddie leans up off the chair. He nods.

EDDIE
Okay. You'll need to tell me what to do. I don't want her thinking I'm a stalker.

CHRISTOPHER
You? You even look harmless.

EXT. MR. OPPENHEIMER'S BROTHERS' CAR - DAY

Mr. Oppenheimer stands watching the car smolder. The fire department firing water on the car. Mr. Oppenheimer stares inside the car at his brother's remains. He backs away. He pulls out his smartphone.

MR. OPPENHEIMER
Madam.

MS. PROSPERINA (O.S.)
What do you know?

MR. OPPENHEIMER
We'll not need to cremate him.
Captain Lovins incinerate him and the car.

MS. PROSPERINA (O.S.)
Good. The Captain is protecting
something quite valuable. Complete
your assignment.

INT. CHRISTOPHER CLAYTON ORIGINALS BOUTIQUE - DAY

Christopher and Pedro are dancing around the salon chair.
Eddie's watching them. But REESE WITHERSPOON, famous, opens
the door. She enters the salon unsure what to think or do.

REESE
Hello? Christopher?

Eddie jumps off the salon chair. He skips behind Christopher.
Pedro snaps into professional mode.

PEDRO
Wonderful. We have been looking
forward to your visit, Ms.
Witherspoon. Can I favor you with a
cocktail? Maybe champagne?

REESE
Oh, don't be so formal. Call me
Reese. My mother raves about you
all.

CHRISTOPHER
She is such a sweetie. I'm
Christopher Clayton. Oh, look at
you. You're darling. So you met,
Pedro. He's my assistant. And...

Christopher gazes over at Eddie. He's confused.

EDDIE
I'm Eddie. I'm new. Just learning.

CHRISTOPHER
Yes. My new assistant.

REESE
What's next?

CHRISTOPHER
Well, we have a simple process. All
you need to do is enjoy our salon
chair. Breathe in the rose scented
air. Enjoy the tranquility. Allow
us to take you on a journey.

Christopher guides Reese over toward the chair. Pedro brings over a glass of champagne. He provides her a smock to wear. She sits back on the chair. Eddie steps back watching the service.

REESE

Oh my goodness. I feel like I'm floating.

CHRISTOPHER

Exactly. This is my artistic vision. When you think of Christopher Clayton - you get excited for your next journey.

REESE

Oh honey. You're good.

Christopher sits on a padded rolling chair. He slides in front of Reese. Pedro drapes Reese and tends to her. Eddie's looking at her hair. And he remembers a name on a list.

CHRISTOPHER

What are you hoping for? With your hair? My hope is that you look in the mirror feeling confident, brave, a woman with style.

REESE

I guess maybe a little change in color will be good. I need an inch off, I think. I never know what my next part will require. So, I keep it simple.

Christopher sits up. He examines her hair like a heart surgeon. His eyes entranced by each strand. He sits back down. He stares at her.

CHRISTOPHER

Before we do anything. I have a question. Do you trust me?

REESE

Well, I'm here. Right?

CHRISTOPHER

No. Do you trust my artistic consciousness. It is my sacred duty to honor my calling. I will never make exceptions with the truth.

REESE

Oh, I'm an artist too. I never thought about like that... yes, I trust you. Besides, my mother warned me you were different. I think different in a good way.

Christopher stands up. He smiles. He winks over at Eddie.

CHRISTOPHER

Pedro. Please begin the service.

Christopher steps away. He walks over to Eddie.

CHRISTOPHER

I hope you see me for who I am.
This is what I was called to do.
It's who I am down to my DNA.

EDDIE

You're just being you. My father always knew you'd turn out special. And you are...

CHRISTOPHER

Don't make me cry. Any who, stay as long as you like. You're hair looks fantastic.

Christopher walks over next to Pedro. They tend to Reese's every need. Pedro washes Reese's hair. She relaxes.

INT. CHRISTOPHER CLAYTON ORIGINALS - DAY

Reese has fallen asleep in the salon chair. She snores. Christopher has completed his hair cutting. Christopher and Pedro relax in the side room. Eddie grabs a broom. He waves for Pedro to remain seated. Pedro smiles. Eddie sweeps the hair into a dustpan. But he scoops up several handfuls of hair without hesitation. He pushes them into his pockets. He tidy's up around the chair. He acts like he through things into the garbage.

EDDIE

I think I'll head on. She's out.

CHRISTOPHER

Yes. I love it. She's comfortable. She feels safe. It's what we do. Tell you mother hello. And remind her she's always welcome. It would be my honor.

EDDIE
Sure. I'll try.

Eddie puts away the broom and dustpan. He steps around the chair. But Pedro's waiting for him near the door. Pedro touches Eddie above his heart.

PEDRO
Be careful. I feel evil energy
approaching you. I don't understand
why.

EDDIE
I'll be all right. No body notices
me. Thanks for the haircut. Take
care of Chris.

PEDRO
I will. But you listen to me.
You're life is changing. I feel it.
Promise me you'll be careful.

Eddie hugs Pedro. He leaves.

EXT. CAPTAIN LOVINS VAN - DAY

Captain Lovins has emptied out the storage. He's condensed everything into a military grade backpack. He verifies the box with the meteorite secure. The van sits parked near the outskirts of the city. He douses the van. He sets the van on fire. He pushes it into a creek bed. He marches away from the van. He stops. He clicks a switch. The van explodes. Captain Lovins turns away. He runs down the road before turning into a corn field toward mountains. He disappears.

EXT. CAPTAIN LOVINS - DAY

Captain Lovins hikes deep into the mountains. He scales up to a rock sky bridge. He crosses the bridge above the dense tree line.

He wades across a flowing river. He comes to find a wide field centered by an ancient weeping willow tree. He marks a spot behind the tree. He climbs up the side of a modest hill. At the crest of the hill, a ancient oak. Beside the oak a sapling has grown. He sets his backpack down, he pulls out a small military grade shovel. He begins to dig a hole between the sapling and the oak. He retrieves the box. He once again verifies the meteorite inside. He covers the box in a plastic bag. He drops the bag into the hole.

He covers the hole with dirt. He completes the task. He puts the backpack on. He hikes toward the dense forest.

EXT. CAPTAIN LOVINS CAMP - NIGHT

Captain Lovins has a small fire. He's cooking a meal. He has constructed a lean to beneath a rock outcropping. He sits down to eat his meal. But a white wolf appears just beyond the fires glow. From the other side, a black wolf appears. They stand studying Captain Lovins. He flicks them food from his meal. He sits back. He eats.

The white wolf and black wolf eat the food. They move closer to the fire. Captain Lovins ignores them. They begin to rest. The wolves relax near the fire, near the real Apex predator.

End.

