

ANIMALYPSE

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN, PHILADELPHIA - DAWN

Downtown Philadelphia is a battleground, darkened by smoke and dust clouds.

There are fires, explosions, sirens, gunfire, rumbling, demolitions, shouting and roaring everywhere.

Grass, bushes, and trees grow hasty and gigantic, moving like a tsunami that sprouts crowds of branches and roots as giant angry snakes.

Colossal vines wind up around the tall buildings, squeezing, piercing and tearing them down. Giant roots break up the streets and sidewalks opening wide and deep gaps.

Exposed underground pipes release powerful jets of water and gas on fire as immense blowtorches. Electrical wires rustle out of the cracks sizzling and sparkling, setting fire everywhere.

Amongst the ruins and the clouds of smoke and dust, military detachments shoot at massive herds of giant bulls and goats, bigger than elephants, with large and powerful muscles and jars.

Behind the combatants' lines, police officers and rescuers organize the evacuation of terrified crowds of civilians and wounded.

Despite the heavy fire of the military, the flock of colossal beasts mows down furiously the defense lines, ramming and overturning buses, trucks, cars and tanks.

The OFFICER IN CHARGE (35) yells out for help on the radio.

OFFICER IN CHARGE

Blue Sky, Blue Sky! We need reinforcements, now!

Military and civilian are mowed down by the beasts' stampede and are buried under the collapsing buildings.

Thick dust and smoke clouds devour everything, leaving only a deep darkness broken by explosions, gunfire, shouting, roaring and crashes.

DISSOLVE TO:

CREDITS

INT. YASUDA AMPHITHEATER, STEINBERG CONFERENCE CENTER, PHILADELPHIA - DAY

SUPER: "A week earlier."

Attendees pack out the Yasuda Amphitheater of the Steinberg Conference Center of the University of Pennsylvania in

Philadelphia.

The big screen shows the words: "EMERGING TECHNOLOGIES AND ECOLOGY."

A HOSTESS (50), with glasses and academic demeanor and attire, approaches the podium speaking to the public.

PRESENTER

And now, Professor Rhonda Wilkinson, the scientific director of our nanotechnology center, will talk about the dangers of the corporate monopoly over GMOs.

The audience applauds enthusiastically.

DOCTOR RHONDA WILKINSON (60), a respected scholar with great sympathy, enters and greets the public. The presenter gives her the floor.

CHANDRA WILKISON (26), Dr. Wilkinson's daughter, a beautiful and fitted young FBI agent, is among the audience, applauding with joy and proud.

On one wing of the auditorium, DR. HEINRICH FORSETER (45), a classic scientist unconcerned about his appearance, applauds formally. On the opposite side, AIZIK MOLOTOV (40), a strongman with a violent activist look, crosses his arms sullenly.

DR. WILKISON

Twenty years ago, the advances in genetically modified organisms or GMOs promised to end hunger in the world.

ON THE LARGE SCREEN BEHIND THE TRIBUNE:

Saint Mount Corporation's facilities in Saint Louis, Missouri. A block of marble has engraved "Saint Mount, LLC" in gold letters with a logo representing a DNA sequence.

DR. WILKISON (CONT'D)

But the greed of certain companies has taken this dream away turning GMOs into a threat to humanity and the environment.

ON THE SCREEN: Aerial view of the impressive Saint Mount corporation's headquarters facilities.

DR. WILKISON (CONT'D)

Let's take the Saint Mount Genetic Engineering Corporation as an example.

ON THE SCREEN: Packages, bottles, syringes and glass vials with the MUTANEX label and the Saint Mount logo.

DR. WILKISON (CONT'D)

Mutanex is its primary product, with which they can genetically engineer adult plants and animals.

MONTAGE: ON THE BIG SCREEN BEHIND THE TRIBUNE:

- A GMOs industry employee operates a seed chipper.
- Microscopic view: an animal ovum gets fertilized in vitro.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Before Mutanex, it was only possible to manipulate seeds and animal embryos.

- MONTAGE of the most advanced irrigation systems over vast plantations of different products.
- MONTAGE of animal feeding in several farms of cows, poultry, pigs, etc.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now, it is easier to genetically manipulate adult plants and animals providing Mutanex in the water and food.

- Microscopic view: viruses flow through the circulatory system among red and white cells, and other blood elements.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mutanex works through TRANSFECTION, in other words, gene transfers by a virus.

- Microscopic view: viruses reach body cells, adhering to them and releasing their genetic material into the cells.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mutanex virus carriers reproduce at high speed and in large numbers in every cell, infecting all surrounding cells.

-Microscopic view montage:

- Viruses reproduce at high speed in cells, getting out of them and sticking to the surrounding cells.
- Viruses download enzymes into cells' nuclei.
- Enzymes get to the DNA strands, cutting and editing them.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mutanex is based on Ochratoxin Triple-A, a potent carcinogenic that triggers a violent cell reproduction.

-Microscopic view: cells reproduce at high speed.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Thanks to NC8-methyladenine restriction enzymes, Mutanex prevents the cell reproduction of becoming into cancerous tumors.

-Microscopic view: restriction enzymes divide DNA of cells.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Thus, Mutanex produces a growth up to three hundred percent in plants and animals.

-An extensive cornfield grows at a glance. The ears sprout in greater quantity and size.

-In a barn, pigs grow as big as cows with hypertrophied muscles.

END OF MONTAGE.

Among the audience, ATTENDANT 1 (20), a young student, raises her hand. Professor Wilkison nods.

ATTENDANT 1

Professor Wilkison, don't you think that Mutanex is the solution to a future food crisis created by the hasty growth of world population?

DR. WILKISON

Apparently, yes. However, Saint Mont took advantage of this purpose to become the single world's monopoly on agricultural production.

MONTAGE

IN THE BIG SCREEN BEHIND THE TRIBUNE:

Over a wire fence, a FARMER (55) stares at the adjoining field, sown with giant plants. He turns around, watching with sadness his cultivated field with common plants.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The competition will crush those who don't buy Saint Mount's products competition. Everyone is compelled to purchase Mutanex.

-An aerial view of cultivated fields over the United States, The image zooms back to a satellite view, hovering over different agricultural areas around the globe.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Another problem is that the GMOs apparently resistant to diseases could cause the emergence of new mutant bacteria resistant to antibiotics and the GMOs as well.

-Under the microscope, a bacteria culture reproduces rapidly.

-Several large cultivated fields devastated by pests.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The use of Mutanex worldwide can trigger the onset of diseases that humanity is not prepared to face.

-Several vast cultivated fields of similar plants and pastures full of cattle that look the same as clones.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

To make matters worse, Mutanex creates a genetic code equivalent for all species of plants and animals, drastically reducing the biodiversity of the world's agricultural production.

-Vast crops ravaged by pests.

-Large paddocks with sick and dying animals.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A single mutant bacterium could infect all plants and animals treated with Mutanex on the planet, which will be the whole world agricultural production in a few years.

-An apocalyptic scene of vast and packed refugee camps afflicted with famine, disease, and violence.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Such a plague could wipe out the entire global agricultural production, causing the worst famine in history with incalculable consequences.

BACK TO SCENE

All attendees applaud Dr. Wilkinson cheerfully.

MOLOTOV RISES ABRUPTLY. He interrupts Dr. Wilkinson, talking loudly and frantically.

MOLOTOV

That's why we must make common cause

against Saint Mount and the governments
that let them do such atrocities!

Molotov's outrageous attitude makes the attendees fret and murmur.

MOLOTOV (CONT'D)

We must boycott farmers who buy their
products, set fire to Saint Mount stores
and their customers', and block their
transportation routes!

Dr. Wilkinson replies sternly.

DR. WILKISON

I am against both the Saint Mount world
monopoly and violent activism as well.
Both are against the law and the peaceful
solution of conflicts.

Attendees applaud. Chandra applauds proudly, though watching
Molotov's reaction cautiously.

Molotov stands up angrily, pushing his neighbors and
shouting on his way to the hallway.

MOLOTOV

People like you are accomplices of
corporate greed and the government
controlled by the rich and powerful!

Molotov walks aggressively to the podium.

Chandra stands up with her hand on her service weapon,
lifting her jacket, and revealing her FBI badge on her
waistline. But she doesn't need to move.

A couple of security guards intercept Molotov, forcing him
to leave the amphitheater.

While heading to the exit, Molotov shouts in anger, trying
to shed the hands of the security guards, who manage to get
him out of the room.

MOLOTOV

Get off me! Let go of me!

Dr. Forster watches Molotov, Chandra and Dr. Wilkinson with
close attention.

INT. STEINBERG CONFERENCE CENTER RECEPTION ROOM - DAY
(LATER)

Chandra enters the reception hall of the Steinberg
Conference Center. Attendants crowd it talking, eating and
drinking excitedly.

She sees Dr. Wilkinson at the back, surrounded by those who have come to congratulate her. Chandra approaches her through the crowd.

CHANDRA

Hi, mom! Congratulations!

The professor greets her with joy, hugging her with love.

DR. WILKISON

Thank you, darling! I was wondering if you could make it! Are you staying at home tonight?

CHANDRA

I must go back to Washington.

DR. WILKISON

That's the work of an FBI special agent. Your father would be very proud of you. Will you get that new promotion?

CHANDRA

I hope so. Who was that, who made such a scandal?

DR. WILKISON

He calls himself Molotov, beautiful name for a violent eco-activist. He has been in prison several times for destroying properties and attacking people.

CHANDRA

He looked like he was going to attack you! I was about to arrest him.

DR. WILKISON

Fortunately, the security guards took him away without major problems.

CHANDRA

Incidentally, this madman is not far off. I was researching what you told me about the influences of Saint Mount in Washington.

DR. WILKISON

Have you investigated it?

CHANDRA

Yes, in my spare time I have been investigating Saint Mount's political donations, and I even have talked to some lobbyists.

DR. WILKISON

Did you find anything?

CHANDRA

Indeed, Senator Arthur Kotchner, chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Nutrition, has dark relations with Saint Mount and some farmers' associations' lobbyists.

DR. WILKISON

Be careful, dear, these people are very powerful. Remember what your father used to say...

CHANDRA

(interrupting her)

Yes, mom, "only face your enemies in your own battlefield." Don't worry; I can take care of myself. Bye, Mom!

Dr. Wilkinson kisses her goodbye, and Chandra leaves.

From one end of the room through the crowd, Dr. Forseter watches Chandra and her mother in silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

At one of the busy agent's office at the Herbert Hoover building, the FBI headquarters in Washington D.C., Chandra types on her computer, absorbed on an intense search.

Her desk neighbor, SPECIAL AGENT MANUEL MORA (28), a young light-hearted Cuban-American, sits like a bomb next to her sneaking on what she is doing.

MORA

What are you up to? Did they give you a new assignment?

CHANDRA

Nope, I'm looking for the relations of the Saint Mount corporation on the Hill. I

think I have talked to you about it.

MORA

Woah, that's heavy stuff!

CHANDRA

Saint Mount's products could be dangerous for the environment and the economy, but it seems that nobody is taking notes on the government.

Mora himself began typing on his computer.

MORA

Hum, they have an army of lobbyist on the Capitol Hill."

CANDRA

Let me see!

MORA

Yes, look, here is a photo of a meeting between one of Saint Mount's Lobbyist, Khaxandra Ougunele, Senator Kotchner's chief of staff and several representatives from some farmers' associations.

CHANDRA

What they could be talking about?

MORA

Kotchner is the chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Nutrition, says here. So, probably, Saint Mount is oiling their relationships with a lot of money.

CHANDRA

I need to know more about that.

MORA

Let's have lunch, let's go to Capital Grill around the corner.

CHANDRA

That's expensive.

MORA

You only get a single chance to live. On the other hand, mi cousin Cusita works

there, and I get a significant discount from her.

INT. CAPITAL GRILL RESTAURANT - DAY

The Capital Grill restaurant very busy at lunch time. Chandra and Mora are at a table, she looks around.

CHANDRA

Well, you need to be a big businessman or a lawyer to have lunch regularly here.

Mora makes a discrete gesture toward KHAXANDRA OUGUNELE (40) a distinguished Afro-American lady, who is sited in a nearby table having lunch alone.

MORA

If you continue studying at the law school, you could have lunch here every day as her.

Chandra turns around to look at the woman turning quickly back to Mora lowering her voice.

CHANDRA

It's her!

MORA

Who?

CHANDRA

The lobbyist from Saint Mount, Khaxandra...

MORA

Ukelele?

CHANDRA

Ougenele, don't be such an ass...!

MORA

Oh, yeah, what a coincidence!

Chandra stands up determined.

CHANDRA

Gotcha!

Mora tries to stop her whispering but she has just approached the woman's table

MORA

Wait, wait!

Chandra addresses Khaxandra.

CHANDRA

Excuse me, are you Mrs. Ougenele from
Saint Mount LLC?

The woman raises her eyes from her plate scrutinizing
Chandra severely.

KHAXANDRA

With whom I have the pleasure?

Chandra sits down at her table without asking permission.

CHANDRA

I'm Special Agent Wilkison from the FBI.

Khaxandra drops the cutlery on her plate surprised.

CHANDRA (CONT'D)

Don't worry, this is not official. I only
wanted to ask you about the relations
between your company and Senator Kotchner.

Khaxandra freeze for a second, pointing outside of the
restaurant.

KHAXANDRA

I've got to go now, sorry.

Khaxandra drops some money on the table leaving in a hurry
without finishing her lunch.

Chandra go back to their table confused.

Mora puts his hand on his head whispering at her.

MORA

What have you done? Are you out of your
mind?

CHANDRA

I'm sorry, I've got carried away by my
enthusiasm. I didn't want to upset her.

MORA

Well, that's exactly what you've got. The
only thing left was pointing your gun at
her face!

CHANDRA

Don't be so exaggerated, please!

MORA

Let's hope things stay right here without any further consequences.

INT. FBI ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

FBI ASSISTANT DIRECTOR EARL WRIGHT (60), a typical law enforcement bureaucrat, is seated at his desk, typing on the computer. SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE (SAC) ARTHUR DEKKER (55), a grouchy tough veteran, sits on an armchair in a corner watching his shoes visibly upset.

Someone knocks at the door.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

(while typing)

Come in!

Chandra pokes her head through the door.

CHANDRA

Did you send for me, chief?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

(rough, while typing)

Come in, Wilkison!

Chandra enters and stands in front Wright's desk for several uneasy seconds. He stops typing and looks at her angrily.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

What were you thinking, agent? You can't harass a federal Senator!

CHANDRA

I was just investigating certain irregularities in Saint Mount corporation's political donations.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

Did someone tell you to?

CHANDRA

(hesitates)

No one. I received an anonymous tip and just made some inquiries.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

Why didn't you make your superiors aware of that information?

CHANDRA

I just wanted to check them out before doing so.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

You shouldn't ever act without authorization. Senator Kotchner is asking for our heads now.

CHANDRA

Is it forbidden to make an inquiry about any politician who is allegedly taking bribes?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

Do you have any evidence that incriminates senator Kotchner?

CHANDRA

(lowering her head, thwarted)

Not yet, but I was up to...

Wright hits the desk with a hand, snorting in anger.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

Being the first time, you'll only receive a non-adverse action.

CHANDRA

But, Assistant Director, I just made a couple of inquiries, I haven't even presented the report!

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

This way you'll learn where your limits are. You're dismissed, special agent!

Wright gets to review some papers. Chandra freezes for a second. She hesitates and leaves troubled.

Wright looks up at the door and shakes his head with pity.

SAC DEKKER

Weren't you rather harsh with her?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

I'm protecting her. I don't want anyone to think that the daughter of the late chief Wilkinson has any privilege.

SAC DEKKER

Wilkinson is a good agent, but... a non-adverse action...?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

I know... I have my reasons.

SAC DEKKER

I don't want to know them. What should I do with her now?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

Get her doing anything that doesn't get her into troubles.

Dekker stands up and walks to the door.

SAC DEKKER

Anything that prevents her from getting you into troubles, you should say.

Dekker steps out. Wright waves his hand as saying: "get out of here!" and continues typing.

INT. FBI AGENTS' OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

The agents' office is as busy as usual.

Chandra is seated at her station, staring depressed at the picture of her father on the honor wall along with photos of other officers, dead in the line of duty.

INSERT: Photo in a frame of an experienced agent with an intelligent and kind expression. Underneath the picture, it says: A.D. PHILIP WILKINSON

BACK TO SCENE.

Mora, sitting beside Chandra, stops his work for a moment and watches her.

MORA

(italics in Spanish)

¿Qué pasó, chica? You look as if you've been hit by a car.

CHANDRA

(evasive)

It's nothing.

MORA

Didn't you get the promotion?

Chandra stares at him.

CHANDRA

Promotion? I've earned a non-adverse action.

MORA

But, why?

CHANDRA

Senator Kotchner and Saint Mount.

MORA

Don't tell me more.

CHANDRA

Probably, they're going to send me to Alaska or Hawaii.

MORA

(jokingly, to cheer her up,)

Hawaii is not so bad.

Chandra stares at him with killer eyes. Mora tries to mend things up.

MORA (CONT'D)

But, don't worry. They won't do so.

SAC Dekker approaches with a cart full of old files. He stacks them all on Chandra's desk blocking the computer screen.

CHANDRA

(confused)

What I'm supposed to do with all this?

SAC DEKKER

You must write a report on animal attacks. Those of the past two decades are on the server.

Dekker moves away. Chandra watches him go, stunned and stares back at the stack of files in front of her. Mora leans toward her whispering.

MORA

(*italics* in Spanish)

As my people uses to say, blood didn't get to the river. You've just lost your ticket to Hawaii. ¡Dale!

Without a word, Chandra takes a deep breath, grabs a file and begins thumbing it through disgustingly.

Time goes by. Chandra browses the files reluctantly and makes casual notes on the computer.

One after another, the records of animal attacks pass in front her eyes.

MONTAGE:

-Classic typewritten police reports, full of erasures, almost illegible handwritten notes, poorly photocopied maps, and old disturbing photos of people and animals severely injured or killed.

-Countless reports of dog attacks on mail carriers, children, and innocent bystanders.

- Reports of bears, wolves, crocodiles and snakes' attacks in rural, wooded areas, swamps, and deserts.

-Chandra spends days and nights reviewing the old files. Boredom and sleepiness overwhelmed her.

-The stack of files gets lower every day. When Chandra finished reviewing the last folder, she starts to search the files on the computer.

-Countless files, documents, forms, photos, images, and maps pass by the computer screen. Some files include amateur videos.

-The files include killer bees, wasps, scorpions and spiders' attacks again and again.

-There are more and more reports about dogs, bears, crocodiles, snakes and rats' attacks.

-A video of a squirrel biting the nose of an old man makes her laugh, but, when briefly looking up, she stumbles with Dekker's inquisitive eyes and, quickly, she lowers her eyes gloomily.

-Mora brings Chandra coffee and donuts to compensate her. She thanks him with an awkward nod.

- Days and nights pass by in an increasingly accelerated overview of the agents' office, focused on Chandra.
- Amid the flurry of fast movements, the expression of Chandra continues being burdened and bored until something on the screen awake her from her slumber, grabbing her attention.
- The fast motion stops, and we approach Chandra's eyes.

END OF MONTAGE. BACK TO SCENE.

CHANDRA'S P.O.V. - COMPUTER SCREEN

Chandra reads a report on the computer screen. The header says: "Cats' attack on their owner. Medford, Jackson County, Oregon."

Chandra clicks on the link to the attached forensic video.

VIDEO INSERT: INT. DEAD OLD WOMAN APARTMENT - DAY

AMATEUR VIDEO: POLICE OFFICER 1 carries the camera. He shoots POLICE OFFICER 2 (40), an obese Hispanic police officer, who lights with a flashlight the dark inside of a miserable apartment.

The CONDOMINIUM MANAGER (60), bald, pot-bellied and with a dirty t-shirt guide them. Both cover their noses with their hands at the stench.

The house looks ransacked. Furniture is overturned and broken. Tapestries are ragged with their fillings out, stained with blood.

The camera follows the Manager and the Police Officer 2 toward the kitchen. Behind the counter there is movement. A strange growl makes the Manager stop taking a step back in fear.

MANAGER

Mrs. Morris..., Mrs. Morris...!

Police Officer 2 pulls out his gun and makes a warning.

POLICE OFFICER 2

Police! Get out with your hands up!

A huge cat jumps on the counter. It has the colors of a common cat but the size and jaws of a large mountain lion. Its nose is bloody.

A second feline with the same size leans out by the side of the counter. Both growl menacingly.

POLICE OFFICER 1 (O.S.)

What breed are these cats? What is that behind the counter?

The camera moves cautiously sideward, revealing the remains of a human skeleton still with traces of meat in a pool of blood and fluids behind the counter.

POLICE OFFICER 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here and call reinforcements!

Police Officer 2 the Manager walks back cautiously.

The cats roar like mountain lions and jump on them.

Police Officer 2 shoots at them.

The camera moves violently preventing to see what's happening. Gunfire, screams, and roars are heard.

END OF VIDEO INSERT. BACK TO THE SCENE

Chandra opens her eyes in amazement. She moves the mouse of the computer and type to see another report.

Mora has been sneaking Chandra's screen and gets interested in what she has found.

MORA

(*italics* in Spanish)

¡Coño! What the heck was that?

CHANDRA

Something from the X-Files. Let's see the next video.

Both watch the next video at the:

COMPUTER SCREEN

VIDEO INSERT: INT. DOG POUND - DAY.

Amateur video.

At a local kennel, ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER 1 shoots a video at ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER 2 (40) -muscular and tattooed- and ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER 3 (60), skinny and bald. They walk cautiously down a corridor of a kennel full of cyclone fence cages.

Both carry animal control poles.

There is a racket of barking dogs, meowing and grunting sounds. The noise is so loud that the men should shout and make signs to each other.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER 1 (O.S.)

Watch out! That animal looks dangerous!

At the end of the hall, a GIANT PITBULL with huge muscles and jaws growls in a cage. It throws itself fiercely against the wire fence, threatening to tear it down.

Animal Control Officer 2 and Animal Control Officer 3 try to restrain the huge Pitbull, pulling their poles through the fence.

The Pitbull bites the poles and takes them away from the men's hands.

The dog gets even more enraged and throws itself again and again against the fence until it pulls it down.

The men scream and try to escape, but the animal jumps on them. The huge open dog's jaws approach swiftly to the camera. The video ends abruptly.

END OF VIDEO INSERT: BACK TO SCENE

Chandra and Mora look at each other in awe.

MORA

Where did they've got those animals!

CHANDRA

There are more.

Chandra types into her computer and moves the mouse.

COMPUTER SCREEN

VIDEO INSERT: INT. TV NEWS IN THE SCREEN - DAY

It is a video from an Arkansas local news channel

REPORTER 1, an artificial blond trying to hide her age with heavy makeup, covers the news of attacks on dairy farms.

A line at the bottom of the screen says: "Veronica Browning, FPF News, Arkansas."

In the background of Reporter 1, there are several patrol cars and ambulances with flashing lights in front of a dairy facility where the mooing of hundreds of cows is heard.

REPORTER 1

(facing the camera)

A cow attacked three workers in this dairy, located southeast of Fayetteville, Arkansas, with the result of one dead and two injured.

The camera pans the dairy facilities.

A couple of POLICE OFFICERS interrogate a group of WORKERS while a pair of RESCUERS carries an injured worker on a stretcher to an ambulance.

REPORTER 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This is the fifth incident reported in this area, where three fatalities and half a dozen injured were reported last week.

END OF VIDEO INSERT: BACK TO SCENE.

Mora leans back in his seat looking at Chandra.

MORA

(*italics* in Spanish)

Bueno, muchacha, you've got a compelling case in your hands.

CHANDRA

I don't want more troubles. I've had enough.

MORA

If the chief gives you the authorization, you'll be covered. If you find anything interesting, you could even get that promotion.

Chandra doubts.

CHANDRA

Thanks, Mora, I'll think about it.

MORA

Call me Manny, dammit! How many times do I need to tell you?

(open his arms showing the long table where they are)

We are at the same galley bench!

Chandra smiles with caution.

CHANDRA

Okay, Manny.

MORA

(*italics* in Spanish)

¡Esa es la cosa, dale!

Chandra intends to focus on her work. Mora watches her a few seconds with a friendly smile and goes back to work.

INT. ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

Assistant Director Wright reads a file with curiosity. He reviews pages, back and forth, checking figures in the tables.

SAC Dekker enters.

SAC DEKKER

Did you call me?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

It's about this report on animals' attacks.

SAC DEKKER

Yep, what about it?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

Where did you get all this info?

SAC DEKKER

You order me to put Wilkinson to do anything to keep her busy. That's her report.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

Are you thinking of sending her to the field?

SAC DEKKER

She has discovered interesting things. I just want her to confirm them.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

She has never been in the field on her own.

SAC DEKKER

So, she should start from scratch. Anyway, she shouldn't stay too long on her desk so that she won't go after another senator.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

(with a shrug)

Okay, whatever.

Wright returned to his affairs. Dekker leaves.

INT. FBI AGENTS' OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

Dekker enters the FBI agent's office, which is bustling as usual. Chandra gets tense seeing him approaching. Dekker throws some papers over her desk.

SAC DEKKER

Okay, Special Agent, you've got your assignment. You've got a week to make something clear. Report your progress to me daily.

Chandra reads the papers surprised and hesitates.

CHANDRA

Wouldn't it be better to send someone more experienced?

SAC DEKKER

(walking away)

Good luck, agent.

Chandra stays stunned.

Mora leans toward Chandra, whispering.

MORA

Dale, muchacha, this is your chance!

CHANDRA

I don't know; I've never worked so far and alone. Arkansas!

MORA

Don't you worry, call me if you need anything. I'll be twenty-four-seven available for you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHANDRA'S CAR ON 136 HIGHWAY IN ARKANSAS- DAY.

Chandra drives a rental car through the 136 Highway in Arkansas. Unusual sized cows graze behind the fences

bordering the road. She watches them puzzled.

Chandra feels lost, looking at the GPS. When she looks up, a tractor comes suddenly out from a side road. She almost collides with it.

She startles, making a tight turn. Her car almost falls into the ditch while the tractor passes by almost grazing her car.

TRACTOR DRIVER (O.S.)

Asshole!

Chandra leans on the wheel to calm down.

When she looks up, she sees the dairy farm in the distance. She gets the car back on the road driving toward the farm.

EXT. DAIRY FARM - DAY

Chandra follows COWBOY 1 (55) and COWBOY 2 (50) through the dairy farm. The first looks like taken out from a movie, bow-legs covered with chaps, cowboy boots with spurs, and a ten-gallon hat. The second one uses a plain old baseball cap, jeans, t-shirt and yellow work boots.

Chandra cannot hide her displeasure for the mud and cow dung on her city trousers and shoes. She doesn't know if she rather put her hands on her nose because of the smell or to shoo flies over and over.

In the pastures, next to the facilities, two cowboys have lassoed a cow, huge as a large hippopotamus, having troubles to control it.

All cows have significantly disproportionated sizes and musculature. Their movements are abrupt, almost violent.

COWBOY 1

As you can see, everything is in order,
except for the recent incident.

Chandra watches the huge animals in awe.

CHANDRA

What variety of cows are these? I had
never seen such large animals.

COWBOY 1

(proudly)

My cows are the envy of the state. They
give five times more milk than regular
cows.

CHANDRA

Are they GMOs? Which company supplies them?

COWBOY 2

We treat our animals with a product called Mutanex, and we have done very well.

CHANDRA

Mutanex, huh? How did the attacks happen?

COWBOY 2

Poor Andrews was taking off the pipes from that cow's udders. She suddenly broke loose goring his head off.

COWBOY 1

There was no way to approach her. Several men lassoed her, but she dragged and threw them into the air.

COWBOY 2

There were several injured. She left the barn and started destroying everything.

COWBOY 1

I had no choice but to put her down even though she was a hundred-thousand-dollar specimen.

CHANDRA

There are reports of more workers wounded.

COWBOY 2

A few weeks earlier, another animal attacked one of the cowboys in the corral. It passed over him, busting the horse and crushing the rider.

COWBOY 1

(proudly)

There was also no way to control her, so I had to shot her in the head.

CHANDRA

Don't you blame these attacks on Mutanex?

COWBOY 1

No way! There were only a couple of isolated cases. The rest of my hundred thousand heads are doing great.

CHANDRA

However, you have two dead and five wounded.

COWBOY 1

(laughing)

Cowboy's life is not easy. We all have scars and broken bones, and a family member or a friend killed in the business.

Chandra shuts up. Giving in, she follows them, downhearted.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ARKANSAS ROADSIDE CAFETERIA - DAY

Chandra drinks coffee gloomily on a table at the back of an Arkansas country road cafeteria.

A soft country music tune floats lazily in the air.

PATRON 1 (45), a tough trucker with a baseball hat and plaid shirt eats at the counter. PATRON 2 (50), a salesman in a cheap suit, pudgy, and balding at the top of his head drinks coffee and reads a newspaper at a table.

Behind the counter, WAITRESS 1 (40), a thick woman with excessive makeup, whispers to WAITRESS 2 (21), a withered young girl looking as she has just fled home.

Through the wide glass windows, there could be seen a couple of cars and a semi-truck parked next to Chandra's rented car.

Chandra's phone rings. Everybody in the cafeteria looks at her. She hesitates and takes the call.

INTERCUT: TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

Hi dear! How are you? You had me worried for days! I've called you and sent you messages, but you didn't answer.

CHANDRA

(apathetic)

Hi, Mom, don't worry, I'm fine.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

You sound as if you have the flu.

CHANDRA

I'm making a routine trip to Arkansas farms.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

Arkansas? You? Don't tell me about it, knowing how much you love the countryside! There was never a way to make you stay in a summer camp!

CHANDRA

(nostalgic)

Now, I don't have mom or dad to take me back home.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

You should grow up, sugar! Why do you sound so depressed? I'm sure it's not about that trip.

CHANDRA

Some things have come up that I can't talk about it.

Both waitresses look simultaneously at Chandra as if they had caught some piece of the conversation. Chandra awkwardly tries to pretend that she hasn't noticed their move.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

But I do. What are you talking about?

CHANDRA

(whispering)

They've applied me a non-adverse action.

Waitresses whisper again to each other and laugh. The older one stares sneakily at Chandra.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

Who reprimanded you? Wright?

CHANDRA

Let's forget about it.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

Wright has always been more of a bureaucrat than an agent. Your father saved his ass a couple of times. Excuse my French.

CHANDRA

(whispering)

It seems that Senator Kotchner pressed the Bureau. He found out that I was investigating his relations with Saint Mount.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

They didn't even give you the benefit of the doubt.

CHANDRA

Wright is also afraid of being accused of giving me any privilege as the daughter of his former boss.

Now, both Patrons look at Chandra, as well. She gets up and steps out of the cafeteria.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

(getting angry)

Wright has always been such a coward!

CHANDRA

I'll never get ahead at the Bureau. I'm considering seeking another career.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

You'll find conflicts of interest and hurdles everywhere. You must learn to deal with them. Otherwise, you'll never find a place in this world for you, sweetie.

CHANDRA

Wright will never let me make any progress. He has sent me on this mission to prevent me from creating him further problems. And, problems haunt me.

Chandra walks towards a corner of the cafeteria, finding Waitress 1 at the back-door smoking. She looks at Chandra smiling. Seeing her, Chandra takes a sharp turn and goes back.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

What problems are you talking about?

CHANDRA

There have been several deaths from animal attacks on these farms, and no one seems to care.

Walking back, Chandra nearly runs into Patron 1 stepping out of the cafeteria. He stares bitterly at her, standing at the entrance and lighting a cigarette.

Chandra walks away toward the parking lot to avoid being heard.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

(puzzled)

What kind of attacks? Wild animals?

CHANDRA

No, GMOs. They have grown disproportionately and have become very aggressive since they started using Mutanex.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

Mutanex? Are you sure?

CHANDRA

The animals I've seen are many times larger and much stronger than normal. Above all, they are highly aggressive.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

I've never thought that Mutanex had such effects.

CHANDRA

The point is that everyone is making huge profits. Nobody wants to condemn Saint Mount for the animal attacks.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

I think you should take advantage of it.

Chandra walks through the parking lot and leans on a car whispering and looking around to see if someone hears.

CHANDRA

Take advantage of what? I'm about to lose

my security clearance and my job for investigating Saint Mount, and it pops up where I least expected it.

Chandra hears a car door opening.

She turns back and sees Patron 2, which has opened the car where she's leaning, staring at her with animosity.

Chandra walks rapidly toward the cafeteria.

Patron 1 had climbed to the semi-truck, and he has started its engine.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

Your father faced the very Secretary of State and the Director of the CIA. They defamed him, pressing on the Secretary of Justice and the Bureau's Director. But, your father prevailed and became the most respected FBI executive assistant director until his heart failed.

CHANDRA

Unfortunately, I'm not him.

Chandra should raise her voice to be heard above the noise of the truck engine.

Looking up, she sees Patron 1 looking at her with hostility throughout the windshield.

Chandra gets fed up with the mouse and cat game. She stares back at him and takes her hand to her waist, lifting her jacket and letting him see her badge and gun.

Patron 1 looks away, starting the truck and leaving the parking lot backward without looking back at her.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

You're wrong; you're exactly like him. Don't you remember how much you confronted us to join the Bureau?

CHANDRA

Was I wrong?

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

I didn't want you to have that life, but you convinced me otherwise and not with words. I've seen you thriving as a woman in it. Now, I'm very proud of you.

CHANDRA

Career on which I'm about to fail.

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

This is the opportunity to vindicate yourself! Facts aren't leaving much room to Saint Mount and its allies.

Chandra ponders for a moment.

She enters the cafeteria approaching the counter and handling a credit card to Waitress 2.

With a smile, Waitress 2 takes the card and swipes it on the POS. Waitress 1 enters, smiling at Chandra.

CHANDRA

(*italics* in Latin)

It seems that this country tour has more consequences than I expected. *Alea iacta est.*

DR. WILKISON (O.S.)

That's my girl! Remember what your father said.

CHANDRA

(determined)

Yes, I know, I should choose my weapons and my battlefield. Bye, Mom, I'll call you. Thanks for everything.

END OF INTERCUT.

Chandra gets her receipt and walks out of the cafeteria.

Both Waitresses wave their hands saying goodbye to her smiling. Chandra smiles and says goodbye back to them, leaving with confidence.

INT/EXT. CHANDRA'S CAR ON ARKANSAS HIGHWAY- DAY.

Chandra drives her car along a road in Arkansas. Her phone rings. She answers through the car's Bluetooth.

INTERCUT: TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

CHANDRA

Wilkison speaking.

MORA (O.S.)

Hey! It's Manny, how are you doing?

CHANDRA

Hi, Mora, what's up?

MORA (O.S.)

Call me Manny, damn it! Tell me about your whereabouts.

CHANDRA

Well, I've visited several farms. Eight dead, scores wounded, but nobody cares.

MORA (O.S.)

Where are you heading now?

CHANDRA

To Viola, fifty miles from here. I'm going to check some complaints in a rabbits' farms.

MORA (O.S.)

That's weird, gone are Easter.

CHANDRA

(pretending)

Ha-ha, very funny.

MORA (O.S.)

(whispering)

Some people here are getting nervous with the dust cloud you are raising over there.

CHANDRA

I've only made a few questions. I haven't found anything that could bother anyone.

MORA (O.S.)

Anyway, they are up to call you back home.

In a pasture, next to the road, Chandra sees hundreds of ewes and rams the size of large horses.

A couple of the farmer try to link them, but the rams rear up and run away dragging them by the ropes. Chandra watches in awe.

MORA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Are you there?

CHANDRA

(coming to her senses)

Yes, yes! What were you saying?

MORA (O.S.)

There is a poultry farm in Charleston where strange things are happening.

CHANDRA

What could happen in a poultry farm?

MORA (O.S.)

(whispering)

Chicken attacks!

CHANDRA

Since when chicken attack people? How serious could it be?

MORA (O.S.)

Enough to make them admit you might have caught onto something. Go directly over there!

CHANDRA

Thanks, Mora! Send me a text with the address!

MORA (O.S.)

Call me Manny, dammit! I'll text it to you ASAP!

INT. CHANDRA'S RENT CAR IN AN ARKANSAS HIGHWAY- NIGHT

CHANDRA'S POV: Chandra, drives at night on a country road toward the flashes of patrol cars, ambulances and firefighters' trucks in the poultry farm.

As she approaches, she sees crowds of people, farm workers' families, police officers, rescuers, TV reporters, and onlookers. The tumult of voices mixes with the raucous clucking of thousands of chickens.

EXT. POULTRY FARM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Chandra stops and gets out of her car.

She sees SHERIFF HANSEN (50), tall, gaunt, with an imposing but friendly presence, and several of his DEPUTIES trying to

hold reporters, onlookers and the families of the farm workers.

Chandra approaches Sheriff Hansen showing her ID. She must shout over the deafening clatter of voices and the chickens' clucking.

CHANDRA

FBI! Special Agent Wilkison!

The Sheriff lets her pass, amazed.

SHERIFF HANSEN

I'm Sheriff Hansen! You, people, really arrived quickly!

CHANDRA

I was in the area when I heard the news. What exactly has happened?

Sheriff Hansen leads Chandra to the broiler houses. There are ambulances, patrol cars and firefighters' trucks all over the place with their lights flashing.

SHERIFF HANSEN

The farm manager called 911 for help. We arrived together with the ambulances. Several employees had been attacked by chickens.

CHANDRA

I haven't ever heard of chicken attacking humans before.

They approach a group of employees, rescuers, and police. Sheriff Hansen points TIM FLOYD (45), short, fat, bald, with a populated mustache and kind eyes.

Chickens' clucking is deafening. Chandra puts her hands over her ears.

SHERIFF HANSEN

(to Chandra)

Me neither. Mr. Floyd may inform you better than me.

(to Mr. Floyd)

Mr. Floyd, this is agent Wilkison from the FBI.

Floyd holds out his hand to Chandra. She shakes it.

FLOYD

Welcome, agent, my name is Tim Floyd, I am the manager of this farm.

CHANDRA

Thank you, Mr. Floyd, let's catch up with the facts.

FLOYD

With pleasure. Today at sunset, as usual, several employees entered the broiler houses for the last inspection of the day. The birds attacked them massively.

CHANDRA

Is this common on these farms?

FLOYD

On the contrary, this is the first time in my twenty years of being here that such thing happens.

CHANDRA

And were there any injured?

FLOYD

We think there are several dead! Only a few workers escaped. We fear the worst for the rest. We couldn't get into the broilers houses to rescue them.

CHANDRA

(without understanding)

Excuse me?

SHERIFF HANSEN

(sternly)

We tried to enter, losing a man in the attempt and getting several injured!

CHANDRA

Are you telling me that you couldn't control a bunch of chickens?

SHERIFF HANSEN

There are a thousand birds per house. All state police don't have enough bullets to control a single broiler house.

FLOYD

Besides, there are unique birds.

CHANDRA

(with suspicion)

How special?

SHERIFF HANSEN

Let me show you.

The Sheriff guides her to one of the broiler houses. They pass between workers, police, and paramedics in a couple of ambulances, taking care of injured workers. Everyone watch them passing by.

In front of one of the broiler houses, there are a couple of dead birds. They are bigger than ostriches. They lay dead with their large white feathers stained with blood.

Chandra is stunned. She checks out the chickens, pulling out her phone and taking pictures.

CHANDRA

Do you use a particular product, Mr. Floyd?

FLOYD

We are using Mutanex, with which we have increased our performance considerably.

CHANDRA

Yeah, right! Since when have you been using it?

FLOYD

Since last October.

The birds' noise becomes deafening. Chandra covers her ears with her hands.

FLOYD

Broiler houses have got quite agitated. They have not been fed or given water since the incident. No one dares to enter!

The SHERIFF DEPUTY 1 (30), a short thin young, comes running, speaking choked to Sheriff Hansen.

SHERIFF DEPUTY 1

There is a survivor in the broiler house number four, Sheriff!

SHERIFF HANSEN

Bring everyone over there! And, bring all
the artillery we've got!

SHERIFF DEPUTY 1

Right away, Sheriff!

Sheriff Deputy 1 runs away.

Sheriff Hansen, Chandra, and Floyd hurry to the Broiler
House number four.

Upon arrival, the chickens' tumult threatens to bring down
the broiler house.

Behind them, four Sheriff Deputies arrive carrying assault
rifles and high-caliber guns. Some farm workers come too.

Sheriff Deputy 1 handles a shotgun to Sheriff Hansen.

Floyd peeks into the front door's transom. Among the excited
crowd of giant chickens, some birds peck on a skeleton,
almost clean of flesh.

FLOYD

(contrite)

We couldn't do anything for them!

Floyd cannot hold back the tears. Chandra puts a supportive
hand on his shoulder and looks through the door's transom.

From inside, a huge chicken manages to grab Chandra's
jacket's lapel with its great hooked beak pulling her inward
with strength.

CHANDRA struggles in vain to break free.

A SHOT BOOMS LIKE AN EXPLOSION. Sheriff Hansen has blown the
head the bird with his shotgun, deafening Chandra, who put
her hands over her ears in pain.

The clamor of the birds suddenly gets silent throughout the
farm. The atmosphere freezes heavily. Everybody is startled.

Floyd points through the transom at the ceiling of the nave.

FLOYD

There she is!

Chandra looks over Floyd's shoulder into the broiler house.

WORKER 1 (21), a modest country girl, small and thin, holds
with difficulty on a beam under the roof. She is bloody,
dirty, sore and scared. Floyd yells at her.

FLOYD

Hold on, girl, we're getting you out of there!

The lugubrious warble of one of the birds is heard over the heavy silence of the farm.

Time freezes in the silent tension.

SUDDENLY, THE CRY OF THOUSANDS OF BIRDS EXPLODES IN A BIG MASSIVE SHRIEK.

The stridency makes everyone cover their ears. The walls and the wire mesh shake violently. It seems they will not be able to contain the birds for too long.

INSIDE THE BROILER HOUSE FOUR:

Some birds flap and jump trying to reach Worker 1 with their sharp beaks. She attempts to kick those that manage to get close enough

OUTSIDE THE BROILER HOUSE FOUR:

Chandra, Hansen, and Floyd talk in a circle.

SHERIFF HANSEN

(loading his gun with grit)

Let's rush in, fully armed and take her out of there!

FLOYD

I've got a better idea.

Floyd turns to WORKER 2 (21), small and thin, and the WORKER 3 (35), tall and burly.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Bring ladders and tools, quickly, please!

Both workers run away.

The noise and the shudder of the broilers house look like if it is going to come down.

Floyd beckons Chandra and Sheriff Hansen to follow him.

FLOYD

This way!

Everyone runs after Floyd between two broiler houses, intimidated by the ruckus of thousand giant chickens.

Some birds managed to get their heads through the wire mesh trying to peck them stretching their necks.

Sheriff Hansen and his Deputies shoot at the chickens that try to get out through the holes in the wire mesh.

Dead animals' heads hang off from the holes in the wire mesh.

Floyd stops at the side of the Broiler House number four pointing to the roof.

FLOYD

Right here!

Chickens crowd in where they have stopped, threatening to bring down the walls and the wire mesh of the broiler house.

The birds from the contiguous broiler house do the same. Humans are threatened from both sides.

Some deputies lose control and start shooting at the chickens. These become even more violent. Sheriff Hansen tries to calm his men.

SHERIFF HANSEN

Ceasefire! Ceasefire!

Worker 2 and Worker 3 arrive with other workers, bringing a ladder and tools.

Chandra looks Worker 1 through the wire. She can't keep clinging from the beam much longer.

Floyd gives orders to his men.

FLOYD

Put the ladder right here! We must lift the tile above her and pull her out of there!

WORKER 3

Boss, this roof won't hold much weight!

CHANDRA

(to Floyd)

Do you think that it could hold my weight?

WORKER 2

I can go, too. I just weight less than a hundred pounds.

Floyd ponders Chandra and Worker, and nods. He turns to the other workers.

FLOYD

Stand the ladder right here and hold it tight!

The birds get angrier seeing them rising the ladder.

A huge bird manages to get its head through a hole in the wire mesh casting a powerful sting to Worker 3 while holding the stairs. He is severely wounded, falling to the floor screaming and bloody.

Sheriff Hansen and his assistants' fire at the bird, killing it.

Another worker replaces him under the ladder. A couple of workers take the injured away.

The crowd of birds of both birdhouses reacts more furiously. The wire mesh looks as if it won't resist them any longer.

Sheriff Hansen and his men shoot at both broiler houses.

The farm workers hold the ladder. Chandra climbs it with Worker 2 following her.

When Chandra reaches the middle of the ladder, a chicken stretches its neck through the wire mesh and reaches her pant with its beak, making her almost fall.

Chandra gets scared at first, but she overcomes her fears, drawing her gun and shooting the bird in the head.

Chandra finally gets to the roof followed by the shaky Worker 2.

AT THE ROOF OF THE BROILER HOUSE

Chandra and Worker 2 carefully walk over the metal tiles of the pitched roof.

From below, Sheriff Hansen and Floyd warn them.

SHERIFF HANSEN

The girl is exactly under you!

ON THE ROOF Worker 2 kneels and detaches the metal tile with a pliers, lifting it.

Chandra peeks at the roof opening. Worker 1 has a hard time clinging from the beam.

INSIDE THE BROILER HOUSE

Chandra holds out a hand to her.

CHANDRA

Take my hand!

Worker 1 looks down.

The birds jump furiously one over the other, making a pile and almost reaching her.

Worker 1 shouts scared and takes Chandra's hand.

ON THE ROOF

Chandra and Worker 2 help Worker 1, trying to pull her up through the opening.

CHANDRA'S POV: Chandra peeks down into the broiler house. The birds pile up massively, almost reaching the beam where Worker 1 is. Chandra draws her gun and shoots at the birds. Worker 1 shouts, scared.

Finally, both manage to pull out Worker 1 to the roof.

The birds pile up and bang the roof angrily underneath them. The metal tiles shake.

Chandra and Worker 2 help the almost fainting Worker 1 to walk over the roof.

THE BIRDS UNDERNEATH MANAGE TO TAKE DOWN THE METAL TILE where they are standing. Worker 2 falls inside the broiler house yelling.

Worker 1 and Chandra almost fall too. Worker 1 clings from the roof. Chandra grabs her hand and tries desperately to help her.

CHANDRA'S POV: looking down into the broiler house, Chandra sees Worker 2 struggling and shouting among dozens of giant chickens that attack him tearing him into pieces.

Other birds pile up, trying to reach Worker 1.

With great difficulty, Chandra pulls up Worker 1 just before the birds could reach her.

As soon as Chandra gets her hands free, she draws her gun and shoots the birds that are attacking Worker 2. But she soon runs out of ammo and can't stop the slaughter.

The crowd of giant birds rapidly rip apart Worker 2 skin, limbs, eyes, ears, muscles, guts. He dies instantly becoming a bloody mass that quickly becomes a clean skeleton under the wild birds pecking.

Next to the roof opening, the birds have piled up, threatening to get out. They beat the metal tiles from beneath, shaking the roof.

Chandra takes down Worker 1 to the ladder over the shaky roof.

DOWN, BETWEEN THE BROILER HOUSES

Floyd and his Workers help Chandra and Worker 1 descend the

ladder. A couple of PARAMEDICS arrives, helping Worker 1 to get to their nearby ambulance.

Sheriff Hansen and his Deputies shoot any bird that tries to get out by the roof and the wire mesh holes, which get wider and wider with the pressure of the bird's pounding.

SHERIFF HANSEN

(through the radio)

We are running out of ammo!

When Chandra climbs down the ladder, she embraces Sheriff Hansen crying, exhausted.

CHANDRA

I couldn't save him!

Sheriff Hansen pats her shoulder, affectionate.

SHERIFF HANSEN

You did all you could! And you have just saved that poor girl!

At the entrance to the farm, a large movement of vehicles of rescuers, firefighters, SWAT team, the press and TV rush in.

FLOYD

If they get out, all those people are in danger!

SHERIFF HANSEN (CONT'D)

(through the radio)

Bring that SWAT team transport over here!
We have just run out of ammo!

BUT FLOYD'S WORSE NIGHTMARES COME TRUE.

The birds of the Broiler House number four breakout through the roof and the wire-mesh holes.

HUNDREDS OF ANGRY GIANT CHICKENS RUN BETWEEN THE BROILER HOUSES TOWARD THEM AND THE CROWD OF PEOPLE AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE FARM.

HANSEN AND HIS DEPUTIES SHOOT AT THE MASSIVE BIRDS' FLOCK. They must run for their lives when they run out of ammo.

The birds reach them, attacking a couple of farm workers and a Sheriff Deputy which fall and are dismembered by the bird's fury in seconds.

The rest of the birds chase them.

Sheriff Hansen drags Chandra by the arm into the ambulance.

Floyd and three other Sheriff's deputies enter through the back of the ambulance, too. The paramedics manage to close the door on time. A group of birds hit the doors hard, shaking the vehicle.

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE,

Chandra, Sheriff Hansen, his Assistants, the paramedics and Worker 1 are crowded together.

A crowd of birds surrounds and attacks the ambulance, shaking it violently. They peck the glasses of the windows furiously, splintering them.

Through the ambulance windows, they watch with concern the enormous and ferocious birds running into the crowd of onlookers at the entrance to the farm.

OUT OF THE AMBULANCE,

Sheriff Deputies and State Troopers shoot at the flock of huge birds but fail to stop them. They get in droves to where the crowd is.

THE crowd flees in terror.

THE BIRDS CHASE THEM.

Victims are attacked simultaneously by large groups of birds that dismember them and clean their skeletons in seconds

SWAT TEAM MEMBERS JUMP FROM THEIR CARS AND SHOOT AGAINST THE FLOCK OF BIRDS.

On the SWAT trucks, AGENTS install heavy machine guns, strafing the flock of birds.

FIREFIGHTERS BRING OUT THEIR HOSES and throw powerful jets of water against the birds.

Other SWAT team and police cars arrive and help the fight.

News and police helicopters fly over the place, illuminating the farm with their spotlight. Police officers shoot at the birds from the helicopters.

FROM A POLICE CHOPPER,

an agent sees the full extension of the farm at night under the choppers lights and fires his machine gun against the chickens.

There are hundreds of birds running loose over the place attacking people.

AT THE BROILER HOUSE NUMBER FOUR,

one of the SWAT team tanks approaches to where the birds are escaping and fire against them.

An AGENT takes out a flamethrower and sets fire to the

Broiler House number four.

FROM A POLICE CHOPPER,

An agent sees hundreds of giant birds turned into living torches running maddeningly around the farm.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POULTRY FARM - DAWN (LATER THAT SAME NIGHT)

The sun rises over the poultry farm. It looks like a battlefield in the aftermath. It is full of patrol cars, SWAT team tanks, ambulances, rescue team and firefighter's cars with their multicolored lights flashing.

There are also several TV news stations' trucks at the farm and helicopters flying overhead.

A couple of broiler houses are still burning. Giant dead birds' carcasses, human remains, along with the fire wreckage cover the whole place.

Firefighters try to put the fires out. Paramedics, rescuers, and coroners carry the injured and corpses. A police cordon prevents the crowd from trespassing the perimeter.

Sitting on the back of an ambulance, Chandra drinks coffee from a paper cup with a blanket over her shoulders. She looks exhausted, shocked and full of scratches and bruises. A young PARAMEDIC attends her solicitously.

Sheriff Hansen approaches her.

SHERIFF HANSEN

Well, agent Wilkinson, we had a great adventure. Had you seen something like this before?

CHANDRA

(shaking of cold and shock)

I'm considering my transfer to the fight against terrorism. It should be safer.

The Sheriff laughs, patting her shoulder.

The view raises, showing the poultry farm wreckage in the aftermath. The sun rises over Arkansas' fields.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FBI AGENTS' OFFICE - DAY.

Chandra enters the offices of the FBI agents with bruises and scratches on her face and a bandaged hand.

AGENT 1 (35), a young strongman, AGENT 2 (45), a beautiful mature woman, and Mora stand up applauding at Chandra.

Most agents imitate the clapping and cheering. Mora makes a great fanfare.

MORA

(in Spanish)

¡Dale, chiquita, dale!

Other agents remain on the sidelines.

Chandra is surprised and doesn't know what to do, flattered.

AGENT 1

Bravo, Wilkison!

AGENT 2

We've got a hero! Congratulations, kiddo!

Chandra makes clumsy gestures of thanks and goes to her desk.

CHANDRA

Thank you...! Thank you...!

Arriving at her desk, Mora is standing and clapping at her.

MORA

You really showed what you're made of.

CHANDRA

Thanks to you in part, though, I almost got turned into chicken food.

Mora laughs. Everyone goes back to work.

Mora leans toward Chandra.

MORA

You have come back as a hero. That's what matters.

Chandra smiles at him opening her mouth to reply, flattered, but Agent 2 stands up, grab a TV remote and boosts the volume of one of the TV sets.

Everybody stops their affairs paying attention to the news.

ON THE TV SCREEN

The TV ANCHOR 1 appears giving the news.

TV ANCHOR 1

More information on the events at a poultry farm near Charleston, Arkansas.

MONTAGE AT THE TV SCREEN:

-Aerial view of the poultry farm in Arkansas. Multicolored flashing lights of patrol cars, SWAT, firefighters, and paramedics are all over the farm.

TV ANCHOR 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Last Tuesday night, there was chaos at a poultry farm near Charleston, Arkansas.

-TV ANCHOR 1 talks to the camera the night of the event at the poultry farm.

-In the background, there is a stampede of people chased by the giant birds' break. She also must run as some birds chase her and the cameraman.

TV ANCHOR 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Police, SWAT teams, and paramedics were needed at the scene to restore order and help victims.

-Police and SWAT agents shoot at thousands of giant birds who were in disarray on the farm. The scene is chaotic.

-Paramedics carry wounded to ambulances. Terrified people runs around them.

TV ANCHOR 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Witnesses statements point to the responsible for these events.

-At dawn, after the events at the poultry farm, Tim Floyd is shown speaking to the camera with the farm in ruins in the background.

-A group of reporters with microphones, cell phones, and recorders surround him. At the bottom of the screen, one line says:

"Tim Floyd, manager of the Poultry Farm 'Healthy Birds,' Charleston, Arkansas."

TIM FLOYD

GMOs companies should be regulated and investigated to avoid events like these.

-At dawn, after the events at the poultry farm, Sheriff Hansen makes statements, surrounded by reporters who tend microphones and mobile phones.

TV ANCHOR 1 (O.S.)

Heroes are also pointed out.

SHERIFF HANSEN

The heroine of this evening was the FBI agent Chandra Wilkinson, who saved a worker's life risking her own.

-On the screen, there are shown pictures of Chandra sitting on the back of an ambulance with a blanket over her shoulders, full of wounds, disheveled and dirty, with a funny look of being caught by surprise by the photographer.

Off screen, FBI agents cheer and clap when Chandra appears on the screen.

-Cut to TV Anchor 1 at the TV studio.

TV ANCHOR 1

But, the National Poultry Association is accusing the FBI of causing last night tragedy.

-ASHTON DAWSON (60), an old demagogue with an old-fashion farmer look speaks angrily to a crowd of journalists, who point their microphones and video cameras at him.

At the bottom of the screen says: "Ashton Dawson, Chairman of the National Poultry Association (NPA)."

ASHTON DAWSON

Last night tragic events in Arkansas were caused by an illegal intrusion of the FBI in the private property of one of our members.

Off screen, some voices at the FBI office boo.

TV ANCHOR 1 (O.S.)

In Washington, Senator Kotchner denounced those events as part of an FBI plot against him.

-SENATOR ARTHUR KOTCHNER (60), a classic "old boys club" member, speaks at the Senate. In the bottom of the image reads: "SENATOR ARTHUR KOTCHNER, ARKANSAS."

SENATOR KOTCHNER

What a coincidence: the same FBI agent who harassed me here in Washington with false accusations, appeared in Arkansas, causing serious incidents among my constituents!

Off screen, the voices booing the senator are lesser this time.

-Cut to the TV Anchor at the TV Studio.

TV ANCHOR 1

Senator Kotchner accuses the current administration of using federal agencies to violate civil rights.

-Senator Kotchner continues speaking on the Senate floor.

SENATOR KOTCHNER

This is another demonstration that the current administration uses the FBI to establish a police state that violates civil rights and free enterprise!

END OF MONTAGE. BACK TO THE SCENE

Agent 1 and Agent 2 show their discontent.

AGENT 1

This is incredible!

AGENT 2

And, for this, we should risk our lives!

Most of the agents lower their heads, pretending to focus on their work.

SAC Dekker enters and approaches Chandra's desk sternly. The office freeze.

SAC DEKKER

Special Agent Wilkinson, to the Assistant Director Wright's office! Now!

Dekker leaves. Chandra stands up troubled and follows Dekker. Mora leans toward her, whispering.

MORA

Keep your mouth shut, the events will unfold by themselves!

Chandra walks toward Wright's office. Agent 3 addresses her.

AGENT 2

Wright is a sycophant! Don't back down, kiddo!

INT. ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Chandra walks into Wright's office.

Wright is waiting for her with annoyance, standing in the middle of the room. Dekker stands in a corner staring at his shoes.

Wright throws a folder on the desk with anger.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

What do you intend, agent Wilkinson? This report has rhyme or reason neither making unfounded accusations.

CHANDRA

Everything is documented with testimonies of witnesses and scientific references..

Wright interrupts her.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

Just remember what had happened recently. Your harassment over Senator Kotchner cannot continue.

CHANDRA

None of this has anything to do with the senator. A real catastrophe is going on in those farms...

Wright faces Chandra in anger.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

You have just got a non-adverse action. Don't make me take extra measures against you.

CHANDRA

(struggling to restrain herself)

Look, Assistant Director, yesterday, there were dozens of deaths and injured..

Wright stops her with a slap on the desk.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WRIGHT

From this very moment, agent Wilkinson, you are suspended and under investigation by the Office of the Inspector General!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHANDRA'S APARTMENT - DAY.

At her apartment in a house robe, Chandra collects her belongings, throwing them furiously in suitcases, bags, and boxes.

The TV is on a news channel, and she freezes hearing TV REPORTER 2 on the screen.

REPORTER 2 (O.S.)

Out of a horror movie, this cornfield
grows as a green tsunami.

Chandra turns to the:

TV SCREEN:

REPORTER 2 (40), a seasoned news professional, talks to the camera. At her background, a vast cornfield with giant plants agitates as a rough sea. The line below the screen says: "Johanna Rios, Reporter, UNC News Bloomington, Illinois."

REPORTER 2

This green tsunami moves relentlessly,
swallowing houses, farms, and roads in a
few hours.

AERIAL VIEW OF A CORNFIELD.

Aerial view of a vast cornfield. A highway cuts it in half. It looks as if it is shaken by a hurricane, but it is actually growing at a glance.

Corn plants grow as tall as bamboo trees, rising and pushing each other, making the whole field to move like a massive sea.

The camera zooms to the highway.

The field overflows it, breaking the asphalt and the concrete in slow motion.

REPORTER 2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Plants grow incredibly fast and have
invaded the road like a green flood.

Cars and trucks hit the brakes and collide between them or with the waves of plants.

In other footage, a large tanker loses control, crashing into other vehicles and exploding.

The fire devours nearby cars and extends through the rough green sea of plants. The line at the bottom of the screen says: "I-55 Shirley, Illinois."

REPORTER 2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Our news helicopter caught this tragic
accident on the I-55 highway worsening the
chaos already caused by the green flood.

BACK TO SCENE

Chandra loses her temper and throws everything on a dresser to the floor. She sits down, holding her head with her

hands.

Her phone rings. She takes it.

INSERT: TELEPHONE SCREEN: CALLER ID: "MOM"

INTERCUT: TELEPHONE CALL.

CHANDRA

Hi, mom, how are you?

DR. WILKISON

Hello, sweetheart. You didn't call me last night. I saw you on the news. My girl, a heroine! What did your bosses say?

CHANDRA

They suspended me, period!

DR. WILKISON

Oh, my God! What a dirty trick! It was logical. Kotchner charged again, this time publicly. What are you up to?

CHANDRA

Nothing at all! I'm done, they won!

DR. WILKISON

Don't give in, you must redeem yourself. Otherwise, they'll get away with it.

CHANDRA

What could I do?

DR. WILKISON

The situation with the GMOs treated Mutanex has become critical! This is your chance!

CHANDRA

My hands and feet are tied. They are waiting for any reason to take away my security clearance and lay me off from the Bureau.

DR. WILKISON

That's why you should find hard evidence,

expose them, bring them to justice.

CHANDRA

(desperate)

Where can I find such evidence?

DR. WILKISON

That's why I'm calling you. I have just received a letter from a former student of mine, Dr. Heinrich Forseter, who was the scientist chief of Saint Mount.

CHANDRA

Is he still working with them?

DR. WILKISON

No. He objected Saint Mount decision of taking Mutanex out to the market before passing the test's period.

CHANDRA

What happened to him?

DR. WILKISON

Saint Mount launched Mutanex to the market and Forester denounced them publicly. They accused him of violating his confidentiality agreement.

CHANDRA

They crucified him, I assume.

DR. WILKISON

He went to prison, and Saint Mount pressed some academic institutions to rip him off from all his titles and scientific grades.

CHANDRA

That's how it is.

DR. WILKISON

A rather sad story. I have just received his letter saying that he has got some evidence on Saint Mounts responsibility on the present GMOs crisis.

CHANDRA

Do you have its sender address?

DR. WILKISON

It only has a Nebraska PO Box.

CHANDRA

Don't worry, I'll find it. Send me a text message with the envelope's photo. Thanks, mom, you have been a great help!

DR. WILKISON

Bye, sweetheart, take care. Think carefully what you're going to do.

CHANDRA

Don't worry, mom, call you soon, bye!

END OF INTERCUT.

Chandra hangs her phone up. Ashe walks around her room, determined, waiting. Her phone sounds announcing a new message. She looks at the:

INSERT: TELEPHONE SCREEN: PHOTO OF A MAIL ENVELOP:

Return Address: PO Box 67093. Lincoln, NE 68506.

Recipient Address: Dr. Rhonda Wilkison, Scientific Director.
Krishna P. Singh Center for Nanotechnology, 3205 Walnut St
Philadelphia, PA 19104

BACK TO SCENE.

She dials a number on her phone while looking for some clothes throughout the mess in her room.

INTERCUT: TELEPHONE CALL

(NOTE: In this scene, dialogs in *italics* are in Spanish)

Mora answers the phone call.

MORA

My favorite agent! I'm glad you called me.
I had called you a lot and send you tons
of texts.

Chandra talks while dressing up and picking for some personal stuff to put them in a bag.

CHANDRA

Hi, Mora! How's everything?

MORA

Call me Manny, damn it! How've you been?

CHANDRA

Fine, thanks! I know I shouldn't ask you this and I could implicate you...

MORA

Don't think about it! What can I do for you?

Chandra is almost dressed and puts on some makeup in front of a mirror.

CHANDRA

I've got a PO box number... I know it isn't legal but...

MORA

(whispering jokingly)

If you don't tell anyone...

CHANDRA

I'll send you a photo. Thanks, Mora, I owe you one.

MORA

How many times do I must tell you to call me Manny, *carajo!*

CHANDRA

I'm sorry, Manny, it's the habit.

Chandra looks for her purse, look over her credit cards and puts the purse in her bag.

MORA

Okay, *sin lío*. You owe me a dinner. Take care. *Dale!*

Chandra has just finished dressing and putting some personal stuff in a bag.

CHANDRA

I'll invite you as soon as I could get my salary back again, bye.

END OF INTERCUT.

Chandra takes a final look at the mirror, picks up her bag and leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RONALD REAGAN WASHINGTON NATIONAL AIRPORT STRIP - DAY

A passenger plane takes off from the Ronald Reagan Washington National Airport airstrip bound for Lincoln, Nebraska

EXT. LINCOLN AIRPORT STRIP, NEBRASKA - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The same airliner lands at the Lincoln Airport airstrip, Nebraska four hours later.

INT. CHANDRA'S RENT CAR ON A NEBRASKA COUNTRY DIRT ROAD - NIGHT (LATER)

Chandra drives a rental car on a dirt road bordered by endless cornfields. The headlights only let her see the road in front of her.

She tries to orientate herself with the GPS, but she feels lost. Finally, in the darkness, she sees a few lights ahead in the distance. She heads toward them.

EXT/INT. FORSETER'S FARM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Chandra's car arrives at a farm in the middle of the night. Dogs bark. Chandra stops the engine and gets out of the car.

SHE HEARS DAUNTING BELLOWS FROM A NEARBY BARN.

Chandra takes out her gun and a flashlight and walks toward the barn.

She hesitates, opens painstakingly the barn's door, which makes a long creepy creak. She hesitates again and enters the darkness.

The barn is in shadows. Some beating, kicking, shrieks and raucous roars are heard. Chandra covers her nose with her hand. The stench is horrible.

The noise gets louder. She walks aiming the flashlight and her gun into darkness.

Suddenly, she lights up a cage of strong steel bars.

INSIDE, A MONSTROUS BODY THROWS ITSELF AGAINST THE BARS WITH A BLOODCURDLING SHRIEK.

Chandra gets scared losing her step, falling to the floor.

Inside the large cage, the bulky animal's muscles are revealed under a thick fur. Huge incisors and claws attack the steel; its shriek is deafening.

IT'S A GIANT RABBIT the size of a cow, looking at her with terrible red eyes.

A horrible roar makes her turn around. A huge monkey hand tries to reach her through the bars of another cage. It's a macaque twice the size of the biggest gorilla trying to grab her through the bars.

Chandra freaks out. She jumps back yelling.

She aims her flashlight further, discovering a large alley of cages with all type of experimentation animals in them.

There are different types of giant monkeys as marmosets, spider monkeys, squirrel monkeys, baboons, and chimpanzees. All jump and roar, hitting their cages' bars furiously.

There are also lots of rodents as rabbits, hamsters and white mice the size of bulls.

All animals are huge and monstrous. Some have tubes and instruments connected to them. The noise they make is unbearable.

SUDDENLY, A HAND LANDS ON HER SHOULDER.

By pure reflex, Chandra turns over and throws the hand's owner over her shoulder with a jiu-jitsu movement.

A man in a lab coat hits the floor face up, moaning.

Chandra aims her flashlight and gun at him.

CHANDRA

Don't move! Hands on your neck, now!

DR. FORSETER

(whining in pain)

Okay, okay! I just wanted to help you!

CHANDRA

Doctor Forseter?

Dr. Forster sits on the floor with one hand protecting his eyes from the flashlight. He has the classic look of a scientist disconnected from the world.

DR. FORSETER

With whom I have the pleasure?

Chandra puts away the gun and runs solicitous to help the scientist getting up. The noise of the animals is so intense that they should speak shouting at each other.

CHANDRA

I'm so sorry! I was shocked by everything you've got here! I'm so sorry!

Chandra helps Dr. Forseter to stand up, who grabs his back with his hands in pain.

DR. FORSETER

I'm sorrier. You have the police type.

Chandra, embarrassed, searches for her ID and shows it to the scientist.

CHANDRA

Oh, yes, I'm sorry, I'm special agent Wilkison from the FBI.

DR. FORSETER

I hope I haven't broken any law. This laboratory is licensed and approved by ...

Chandra hurries to calm Forrester.

CHANDRA

No, no, no! It's nothing like that! I just wanted your help.

DR. FORSETER

My help? Wait, I know you. I saw you at the Professor Wilkinson's conference. Wilkinson, right? You are her daughter!

CHANDRA

Yes, I'm her daughter.

The noise from the animals makes them yell and cover their ears with their hands. Forseter needs to shout to be heard.

DR. FORSETER

We better go to the house!

They leave the barn, walking toward the nearby house and going inside it.

It is a solitary scientist's home. More than a living room and a kitchen it looks like a laboratory, crammed with books, papers, computers, laboratory equipment, retorts, microscopes, etc.

DR. FORSETER (CONT'D)

Excuse the mess, I wasn't expecting visitors.

CHANDRA

Don't worry, I couldn't find your phone number to call you.

DR FORSETER

I don't have a phone so anybody could interrupt me. I've got a tablet and a hotspot with me. How can I help you?

CHANDRA

I was investigating some irregularities of Saint Mount, and I knew about the injustice they did to you.

Dr. Forster removes some laboratory stuff from the range.

He fills a kettle with water and put it on the stove.

DR. FORSETER

Injustice is an elegant understatement. Do you like some coffee, tea, anything to drink or eat?

CHANDRA

Tea will be great, thank you. Could you illustrate me on what I've just seen there in the barn?

DR. FORSETER

(laughing)

Oh, that! It must have looked to you like Doctor Moreau's Island. They are part of my last research.

CHANDRA

Have you been researching about GMOs? Does it have anything to do with Saint Mount and its Mutanex product.

DR. FORSETER

I devoted my best years developing Mutanex and, now, I'm looking for a way to neutralize it.

CHANDRA

You wrote to my mother that you have evidence implicating Saint Mount.

DR. FORSETER

Exactly! I have proofs that Saint Mount knew beforehand about Mutanex's side effects.

CHANDRA

That's a serious accusation. Why haven't you gone to the authorities?

DR. FORSETER

I'm still under a confidentiality agreement with Saint Mount. I'm also an ex-con, and I've been stripped off from all my scientific degrees.

CHANDRA

Look, I need cogent evidence to take the fight against Saint Mount.

DR. FORSETER

Well, the professor's last week conference prompted me to write her.

CHANDRA

Now is the best time to take it on Saint Mount, given the GMOs crisis.

DR. FORSETER

I have followed the news about animal attacks closely. I'm convinced that everything is related to the use of Mutanex.

CHANDRA

Is there anything new?

Forseter goes to the computer.

DR. FORSETER

Come, I'll show you. There is a pattern in all these cases.

Dr. Forseter types into his computer.

DR. FORSETER (CONT'D)

Look at this YouTube video!

Chandra lean next to him to watch the:

PC SCREEN

YOUTUBE VIDEO: REPORTER 3 (40), with a professional look and attire, speaks to the camera.

In his background, there are lots of patrol cars, ambulances, and firefighter's vehicles with their lights flashing along with some pork-transporting semi-trucks at

the main entrance of a large meat processing plant.

The line at the bottom of the screen says: "Colin Dern, NCC Reporter, Tar Heel, North Carolina."

REPORTER 3

Today at six p.m., a fatal incident caused the death of three workers in the Loinco Packing Company meat-processing plant in Tar Heel, North Carolina.

MONTAGE:

SECURITY CAMERA VIDEOS: INT. MEAT-PROCESSING PLANT - DAY

-Meatpacking plant interior: vast indoor stables where hundreds of pigs are housed prior to slaughter.

There is a great stir among pigs which are as big as buffalos with bulky muscles.

REPORTER 3 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This videos from security cameras show pigs jumping out of the pigsties and attacking the workers at the site.

-The huge animals emit shrieks, rearing up and jumping the fences of the pens, which are unable to contain them.

-The pigs' flock runs through the aisles of the pens. They crush and attack workers in their path. Two pigs dismember a worker.

SECURITY CAMERA VIDEO: EXT. MEAT PROCESSING PLANT - DAY

-Meat-packing workers flee through the exterior door of the facility trying to hide or climb where the pigs won't get them.

REPORTER 3 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This security video shows when pigs escape from the plant destroying everything in their path.

-The giant pigs flee in droves from the plant, taking down its fence and getting into the surrounding cornfields.

REPORTER 3 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There have been reported half a dozen killed and dozens injured, many critically.

BACK TO SCENE

CHANDRA

Obviously, they cannot put a cloak of

silence over all this for much longer.

DR. FORSETER

Saint Mount has powerful influences in the media and in the government.

CHANDRA

Indeed, I have come here investigating its connections in the Senate. Also, you could help me with your knowledge.

(embarrassed)

Could I use your bathroom?

DR. FORSETER

Sure! Just go through that door to the right. You could take a shower if you like.

CHANDRA

I don't want to bother you.

DR. FORSETER

It's a pleasure! You have made a long trip and have a real adventure at my barn! There are clean towels in the bathroom.

CHANDRA

Thanks.

Chandra goes to the bathroom. It appears to be the only really clean and organized place in the house. She takes her clothes off and takes a shower.

When drying herself with a towel, she finds a hairdryer. While drying her hair, she hears over the hairdryer noise that Dr. Forseter is talking by phone.

She set off the hairdryer, but the conversation stops. She doesn't give much attention and continue drying her hair.

Chandra goes back to the living room. Dr. Forseter handles her a cup of tea.

CHANDRA

Thanks!

DR. FORSETER

Sugar?

CHANDRA

No, thanks.

DR. FORSETER

Saint Mount and those who use the Mutanex don't want my work or any other research coming to light.

CHANDRA

You don't need to convince me. I have been subject to harassment myself for the only reason of going around asking questions.

DR. FORSETER

You?

CHANDRA

Actually, I haven't come in an official assignment. They have accused me of provoking some events on a poultry farm and for harassing a senator.

Forseter steps back as taking distance from Chandra.

DR. FORSETER

I can't help you. If anyone knows what I'm doing without any authorization, I can go back to jail.

CHANDRA

Look, there is a global catastrophe going on and only you can stop it. It's our opportunity to exonerate ourselves.

Forseter goes around the room thinking.

CHANDRA (CONT'D)

What about the evidence you mention in your letter? Your research on neutralizing Mutanex would also be a weapon against Saint Mount.

Dr. Forseter stops and looks at her.

DR. FORSETER

Come with me. I want to show you something.

Chandra follows him outside. They leave the house by a side door and walk a hundred feet to a nearby hill covered by trees and bushes.

Suddenly, they see the lights of three large black SUVs coming through the road in the countryside night. They stop to watch the SUVs coming.

The vehicles hit the brakes at the front of the house producing a cloud of dust. A dozen men in tactical attires, ski masks and with assault rifles jump out of them.

THE INVADERS SHOOT AT THE HOUSE.

CHANDRA draws her gun dragging Dr. Forseter to a nearby bush.

From their hideout, they see one of the Attackers going back to an SUV. He opens its back door, pulling out an RPG. He aims and shoots the RPG at the house.

THE HOUSE BLOWS UP IN A GREAT BLAST.

Another Attacker takes out a flame-thrower from other vehicle and sets fire to the house in ruins.

From their hideout, Chandra and Forseter watch everything in awe.

The Attackers split in couples and began searching the surroundings. The one with the flame-thrower goes around the barn setting it on fire.

The big barn is completely on fire. Terrible roars and screeches are heard from inside while the animals in the barn are burned alive.

They also set fire to Forseter and Chandra's cars.

A couple of Attackers search around where Chandra and Forseter are hiding.

CHANDRA forces Dr. Forseter to lay down tight to the dirt when the Attackers pass by their hideout.

Finally, the Attackers jump into the SUVs and leave, screeching tires, leaving a dust cloud.

Chandra and Forseter get out of their hideout.

DR. FORSETER

(troubled)

But...! Why have they done this?

CHANDRA

Who knew I was coming? Who did you call while I was in the shower? You told me you had no phone.

DR. FORSETER

I called through Skype to order pizza.

It's untraceable.

Chandra hits her forehead with the palm of her hand.

CHANDRA

It has to be Mora! He was the only one who knew where I was! I shouldn't trust him!

DR. FORSETER

(upset)

Why do they want to kill us? What's happening?

CHANDRA

I've opened Pandora's box. They will do everything possible to prevent being unmasked.

DR. FORSETER

What could we do now?

CHANDRA

I shall call my boss in Washington. He was my father's partner. I'm sure he will help us.

DR. FORSETER

I don't think that's a smart thing to do. They could track us by your phone. You should put it off and look for another way.

Chandra turns off her phone and removes its battery.

CHANDRA

You're right! What were you going to show me before the attack?

DR. FORSETER

Luckily, the attackers probably didn't know about the facilities back there. Follow me, please.

Chandra follows Dr. Forster down a path through a forest in the dark to a hidden building that looks like a bunker among trees and shrubs.

Dr. Forster opens a large iron door and turns the light on. It is a large lab, equipped with the ultimate high-tech.

CHANDRA

This facility must have cost millions!

DR. FORSETER

It is the Ecoloverse lab, an environmental nonprofit organization. I contributed with the land.

Chandra reviews permits and certificates in a notice board next to the door. Forseter stares at her.

CHANDRA

I'm sorry. It's a habit. Everything seems to be in order.

DR. FORSETER

The Ecoloverse's board has been kind enough to use my services, which allowed me to continue my research.

Forseter takes Chandra to a corridor with large recessed refrigerators.

Forester opens the door of the first refrigerator and pulls out a stretcher covered by a nylon sheet.

When lifting the plastic cover, a misshapen creature the size of a large pig appears covered with clear plastic.

IT'S A GIANT GUINEA PIG, FULL OF REPUGNANT SWELLINGS AND PUSTULES.

Chandra backs off in disgust.

CHANDRA

WHAT THE HECK IS THAT THING!

DR. FORSETER

This was one of my first attempts to counteract Mutanex's effects.

CHANDRA

But it seems to have become seriously ill.

DR. FORSETER

The first experiments neutralized the effects of Mutanex's restrictive enzymes that prevent organisms from developing cancer.

CHANDRA

So, you haven't found the way to counter

Mutanex's effects yet.

DR. FORSETER

On the contrary.

Forester goes all the way to the end of the corridor opening refrigerators doors. Each refrigerator has a stretcher with a body of a similar specimen in it, covered by a clear plastic sheet.

Chandra follows Forrester watching each specimen with apprehension.

DR. FORSETER

Science is a long and tedious process of trial and error.

CHANDRA

That's what my mother has told me.

The row of stretchers displays a collection of evolving experiments.

DR. FORSETER

The first attempts failed again and again.

The first guinea pigs have monstrous sizes with tumorous deformations.

DR. FORSETER

When it just seemed that all was lost and useless, something happened.

Forester points at a smaller corpse of a guinea pig, though still with tumors.

DR. FORSETER

Gradually, we were able to control Mutanex's carcinogenic effects.

Forseter shows various specimens which are smaller and have fewer tumors.

DR. FORSETER

Until we got this repeatedly!

Forseter shows a rack of dozens of small cages full of healthy and normal guinea pigs.

Chandra is amazed.

CHANDRA

You really did it!

DR. FORSETER

(with modest pride)

We have developed a restrictive enzyme, which nullifies the effect of Mutanex. We call it HYPERGENEX. It could also be the actual cancer cure for humans!

CHANDRA

I'm sorry for how these animals should have suffered, but this is amazing!

DR. FORSETER

The problem is that the bacteria and virus carriers of Hypergenex could only be inoculated individually to each animal and plant.

CHANDRA

So, this catastrophe has no quick solution.

DR. FORSETER

It does. That's why I've been trying to contact Professor Wilkinson. The professor has developed microscopic robots from bacteria and viruses.

CHANDRA

Exactly, her nanobots are the ultimate in nanotechnology.

DR. FORSETER

I think that the Wilkinson's nanobots could be a radical solution to the problem.

CHANDRA

How can they help?

DR. FORSETER

Simply, spreading the nanobots charged with Hypergenex in the water used for plants and animals' consumption.

CHANDRA

Is that easy?

DR. FORSETER

As soon as the water is absorbed by the body of animals and plants, which are made mostly of water, the nanobots could reach each cell rapidly, downloading the Hypergenex.

CHANDRA

So, the cure could work almost immediately!

DR. FORSETER

Exactly, but the professor wouldn't ever accept doing anything illegal.

CHANDRA

My mother has been an environmental activist since the 60s. She knows the urgency of stopping this catastrophe.

DR. FORSETER

Do you believe that she will help us?

CHANDRA

I know her better than anyone. How can we get out of here?

DR. FORSETER

The lab has a truck we could use. It will take about twenty hours to get to Philadelphia.

CHANDRA

We must do it in a record time!

Dr. Forster takes out a set of keys from a drawer and walks out. Chandra follows him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FORSETER'S TRUCK ON THE PENNSYLVANIA I-80 EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Dr. Forester drives the lab truck on Pennsylvania I-80 highway eastbound. Chandra goes in the passenger seat.

CHANDRA

What is your actual plan to control all these animals and plants?

DR. FORSETER

Your mother has done an extraordinary job turning the Escherichia coli bacteria into nanobots.

MONTAGE:

-Under the microscope, a small Escherichia coli bacteria crop is mixed with the Hypergenex compound.

DR. FORSETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A small crop of them could be easily contaminated with Hypergenex in a lab.

-The crop is thrown in water, reproducing itself at high speed.

DR. FORSETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Then, in an aqueous medium, we could make them reproduce at fantastic speeds.

-In an airstrip, a group of technicians fills the fumigation tanks of several fumigation aircraft from a tanker truck.

DR. FORSETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We just need to spray Wilkinson nanobots from fumigation airplanes over the main sources of water in the world.

-A squadron of fumigation planes fires clouds of spray over vast territories covered by rivers and lakes.

DR. FORSETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Nanobots will multiply at incredible speeds in those waters.

-Microscopic view of the spray droplets filled with the nanobots falling on the water. The nanobots disperse in water, multiplying much faster than a normal bacteria crop.

DR. FORSETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Within weeks, we can cover all agricultural water supplies of the world.

BACK TO SCENE:

CHANDRA

Wouldn't it be harmful to humans and the environment?

DR. FORSETER

The beauty of Wilkinson nanobots is that they are harmless to humans and the rest

of the biosphere. Furthermore, they are biodegradable. They won't leave a trace in a few weeks.

BACK TO MONTAGE:

- Microscopic view of millions of Nanobots being carried by rivers and groundwater.

DR. FORSETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But, before they disappear, a great deal of them will access to most of the producers who have used Mutanex.

-Irrigation systems of large plantations of maize, rice, and wheat in various parts of the world.

-Several large farms in several regions of the world with cattle, pigs and poultry drinking water.

DR. FORSETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The nanobots will reach crops and the animals through the water.

-Under the microscope, the water with nanobots is absorbed by the roots of plants and circulate the plant tissues.

-Under the microscope, nanobots flow through the animals' blood systems.

DR. FORSETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Nanobots will circulate through the plant capillaries and the animals blood systems.

-Under the microscope, nanobots reach plants' cells.

-Under the microscope, nanobots enter animals' cells.

DR. FORSETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

When they reach every cell of every plant and animal, they'll download NOBOTS. These are another Professor Wilkinson's robots made from viruses.

- The nanobots discharged nobots in the membrane of cells. The virus type robots download enzymes in the host cells' nucleus.

DR. FORSETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And the nobots will take our Hypergenex enzymes to the DNA of each treated Mutanex plant and animal cell, editing their genetic code.

-The Hypergenex enzymes mix with the Mutanex enzymes, cutting and editing the DNA strands of the cell.

END OF MONTAGE: BACK TO SCENE

DR. FORSETER (CONT'D)

Hypergenex acts exclusively on organisms treated with Mutanex, reversing its effects.

CHANDRA

I hope you're right.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT/EXT. FORSETER'S TRUCK ON PENNSYLVANIA I-76 EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT (LATER)

Chandra drives Forster's truck on I-76. The doctor sleeps in the passenger seat.

Suddenly, the highway shakes. Forseter wakes up.

DR. FORSETER

What's that?

CHANDRA

It looks like a mild earth quake.

DR. FORSTER

Let me drive. You should be tired.

CHANDRA

It's okay, we are a few hours from Philly.

SUDDENLY, ANOTHER SHOCK SHAKES THE ROAD, THIS TIME, TWICE AS POWERFUL.

Chandra struggles to keep the truck straight.

In the dark, the woods seem to move as a sea toward the road.

CHANDRA

What's that?

DR. FORSETER

Probably, some idiot had the great idea to use Mutanex in the nearby woods.

EXT. FORSETER'S TRUCK ON I-76 EXPRESSWAY (CONTINUOUS)

The trees surrounding the road grow at a high speed surpassing the heights of the giant sequoias of California. Their trunks and branches grow enormously and get thicker and thicker.

They push each other, plowing the earth in slow motion and knocking down the huge trees at the edge of the vast forest.

The giant forest grows and advances towards the road pushing fallen trees, crumbling houses and buildings, and mounds of dirt and debris.

Reaching the road, the slow-motion flood of trees brakes the concrete and falls like an avalanche of timber, debris, and dirt.

The roots seem huge snakes emerging from the asphalt and concrete.

Cars and trucks on the road hit the brakes or turn abruptly.

Some collide with other vehicles or against the massive trunks, branches, roots, or the dirt and debris mounds.

Some cars fall into the deep cracks opened by the roots on the road.

A couple of vehicles explode. The fire rapidly expands through the moving forest.

INT. FORSETER'S TRUCK (CONTINUOUS)

Chandra makes sharp turns to avoid obstacles.

She mustn't stop, crossing under huge branches and bunches of broad leaves. Passing to the other side, she almost hit a truck that had turned over. Forseter yells at her side.

DR. FORSETER

Look out! There!

EXT. FORSETER'S TRUCK ON I-76 EXPRESSWAY (CONTINUOUS)

The huge logs and debris fall on the road, crushing cars and trucks. There are some more explosions.

INT. FORSETER'S TRUCK (CONTINUOUS)

CHANDRA'S POV: Chandra sees through the windshield the entrance of the Kittatinny tunnel and hits the accelerator.

EXT. FORSETER'S TRUCK ON I-76 EXPRESSWAY (CONTINUOUS)

Forester truck runs at full speed, turning violently to avoid the huge trunks, debris mounds, the wide cracks in the road and other vehicles.

INT. EXT. FORSETER'S TRUCK (CONTINUOUS)

Chandra goes faster and faster, making sharp turns. Dr. Forseter hangs on, withstanding the shaking of the vehicle.

EXT. FORSETER'S TRUCK ON I-76 EXPRESSWAY (CONTINUOUS)

Chandra manages to drive into the tunnel just before the

avalanche, saving the truck from getting smashed.

INT. FORSETER'S TRUCK (CONTINUOUS)

Chandra breathes.

CHANDRA

We're safe!

DR. FORSETER

I'm not so sure of that!

INT. FORSETER'S TRUCK IN THE KITTATINNY TUNNEL (CONTINUOUS)

An earthquake rumble is heard. The tunnel begins to shake. Tiles and large pieces of concrete fall from the ceiling.

Massive roots emerge from the cracks, smashing vehicles. Some cars explode, setting fire to the meandering roots.

INT. INSIDE FORSETER'S TRUCK (CONTINUOUS)

Chandra accelerates grazing the tunnel walls, other vehicles and the roots that grow in the way, rushing toward the end of the tunnel.

EXT. FORSETER'S TRUCK ON I-76 EXPRESSWAY (CONTINUOUS)

The truck gets out of the tunnel, rushing toward the entrance of another tunnel, the Blue Mountain, where it enters.

INT. FORSETER'S TRUCK IN THE BLUE MOUNTAIN TUNNEL
(CONTINUOUS)

Upon entering the Blue Mountain Tunnel, everything seems calm. The few vehicles left speed towards the exit of the tunnel, Forseter's truck among them.

INT. INSIDE FORSETER'S TRUCK (CONTINUOUS)

Inside the truck, Forseter looks worried, talking to himself.

DR. FORSETER

(upset)

This is getting out of hand!

Chandra watches him for a moment somehow confused.

EXT. FORSETER'S TRUCK AT THE I-76 EXPRESSWAY (CONTINUOUS)

Finally, the truck drives through of the second tunnel and rushes down the I-76 Highway.

They don't travel much further when the land and the road starts to shake again.

INT. FORSETER'S TRUCK (CONTINUOUS)

Through the windshield, in the middle of the night, Chandra and Forster see a wave of black giants galloping through the field on the side of the road.

CHANDRA

What's now?

They are bulky animals, larger than elephants running madly toward them.

Chandra speeds but the flock reach the truck.

It's a crowd of giant turkeys running scared, stepping and pecking the vehicles that get in their way.

Chandra makes brutal turns zigzagging between the sturdy legs and beaks, avoiding being crushed.

Animals raised dirt and asphalt with their feet producing a thick cloud of dust.

The flock runs away, disappearing into the night. Chandra stops the truck at the roadside, leaning on the wheel, stressed.

DR. FORSETER

Are you okay?

Chandra looks up. Threatening noises approach everywhere.

CHANDRA

Let's get out of here. I can't imagine what could come now.

EXT. FORSETER'S TRUCK AT THE I-76 EXPRESSWAY (CONTINUOUS)

The truck starts. It goes back to the road, speeding away.

INT. FORSETER'S TRUCK. (CONTINUOUS)

Through the windshield, in a nearby suburban area, they see lots of flashes of police, firefighters and rescue vehicles.

CHANDRA

We are approaching Philadelphia's suburbs. What's happening over there?

There are several fires and thick clouds of smoke. They hear shots and see people fleeing.

Suddenly, a flock of shadows crosses the highway. They look like giant turtles, but they run faster.

SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS OF THE TRUCK LIGHT UP A GROUP OF MASSIVE COCKROACHES.

Chandra scares up making tight turns to avoid them, but she hits one. The huge cockroach falls on its back over the hood of the truck, smashing it.

Chandra yells scared while the animal kicks over the hood.

Chandra makes a sudden turn making the cockroach fall from the truck.

The other cars on the highway hit the brakes or make turns to avoid the animals. There are collisions, overturns, explosions and fires among the vehicles on the motorway.

Chandra steps on the accelerator making tight turns to avoid the animals and the other vehicles

CHANDRA

Critters also? What do they have to do with Mutanex?

DR. FORSETER

They have access to pets' food. That explains everything.

EXT. TORRESDALE, PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT (LATER)

Chandra drives the truck toward a ramp, leaving the highway into residential streets.

They hear sirens, shootings, screaming, and rumble.

In an interception, Chandra must give way to patrol cars, firefighters' trucks and ambulances that pass rushing with their sirens and flashing lights on.

In the next intersection, Chandra must jam the brakes as a colossal opossum runs with a dead body in its mouth.

A SWAT team truck chases it firing their guns at the monster.

Chandra and Forseter freeze in awe.

CHANDRA

I thought this was an environmental disaster, but it is an apocalypse!

DR. FORSETER

(amazed)

Yes, the animal apocalypse, the ANIMALYPSE!

Chandra stares at him, puzzled.

Chandra turns into a side-street which seems to be calm, driving all the way to a mansion surrounded by a wall.

EXT/INT. DR. WILKISON'S HOME - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Dr. Forster's truck arrives at the gate of Dr. Wilkinson's house.

Chandra rolls down the window and makes a call through the intercom. A ringing tone is heard. ALICIA, Dr. Wilkinson's maid, answers with a strong Spanish accent.

ALICIA (O.S.)

Hello, who's this?

CHANDRA

Hi, Alicia, this is Chandra, could you let me in, please?

ALICIA (O.S.)

(*italics* in Spanish)

Sure, *señorita* Chandra, come in, *por favor!*

The gate opens automatically. Chandra drives the truck in through the driveway to the mansion's front.

Dr. Wilkinson opens the front door of her house with joy and runs out to greet Chandra. ALICIA (60), a middle-aged Hispanic maid, stays in the doorway with a smile.

DRA. WILKISON

Why didn't you tell me you were coming?
You shouldn't be out there in this chaos!

Chandra steps out of the truck and gives a hug to her mother.

CHANDRA

Mom! Are you okay? I couldn't call you.
I've found Dr. Forster!

Dr. Wilkison is surprised. Dr. Forster steps out of the truck and approaches her with an ironic smile.

DR. FORSTER

Hello, professor.

DRA. WILKISON

(startled)

Heinrich?

THEY HEAR A SCREAM AND TURN TO THE DOOR.

The ATTACKER 1, a strongman in black fatigues and ski mask,

armed with an assault rifle, has taken Alicia by the back putting a knife to her neck.

Chandra draws her gun aiming Attacker 1.

CHANDRA

STOP, FBI! LET HER GO AND THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPON!

She hears a laugh and turns back.

ATTACKER 2, another strongman in black fatigues and ski mask, armed with an assault rifle, holds the clip of her gun. A dozen ATTACKERS surround them.

DRA. WILKISON

Who are you? What do you want?

ATTACKER 2

SHUT THE FUCK UP! GET INTO THE HOUSE, NOW!

Some attackers take off their ski masks.

ATTACKER 2 (30), thin, strong and of Asian descent, tries to take Dr. Wilkinson's arm. Chandra intercedes and gives him a karate chop to his throat, knocking him down.

The ATTACKER 3 (40), tall, of African descent, with bulky muscles, tries to catch Chandra but she throws him over her shoulder with a jiu-jitsu move.

The defeated men whine and scurf with anger. The rest of the ATTACKERS laugh at them.

ATTACKER 4 (30), a Goliath with criminal face and a shaved head, mocks the downed.

ATTACKER 4

This girl surely has kicked your asses!

ATTACKER 5 and ATTACKER 6 take Dr. Wilkinson and drag her into the house.

DRA. WILKISON

CHANDRA, RUN!

Chandra tries to go after her mother, but the rest of the Attackers surrounds her and play to attack her, laughing.

Chandra throws punches with hands and feet, keeping them at bay.

ATTACKER 7 (40), a tall blond beast, wants to make fun at Chandra attacking her with a martial arts' scream.

CHANDRA KICKS HIM IN THE BALLS. He falls screaming in pain.

The rest of the Attackers laugh at the fallen and surround Chandra.

Molotov takes off his ski mask with anger and approaches her from behind to hit her head with the butt of his rifle.

CHANDRA'S POV: CHANDRA TURNS BACK AND SEES THE BUTT OF A GUN RUSHING AGAINST HER FACE.

THERE IS A BLOW. EVERYTHING DOES A SOMERSAULT AND GOES DARK.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DR. WILKISON'S HOME CELLAR - NIGHT (LATER)

CHANDRA'S POV: In the darkness, Chandra hears voices as if she were underwater. She opens her eyes with difficulty. Her vision is blurry and unfocused.

Something blocks her view. She groans.

BACK TO SCENE

Chandra has awakened. She is tied, hanging by her hands from a pipe at Dr. Wilkinson's basement. She shakes trying to break free.

Dr. Wilkison is curing her face injuries and speaks to her in a low, warm voice.

DR. WILKISON

Be calm, I'm only healing these wounds.
Don't move.

Chandra moans. Her broken nose oozes blood. She has a black eye and cuts on her face.

MOLOTOV

No talking, bitches!

CHANDRA

Let me go, you bastard! I'm an FBI agent!

Molotov slaps Chandra. Dr. Wilkison faces him.

DR. WILKISON

You, coward! You surely love hitting handcuffed women!

Molotov gives Dr. Wilkison a hard push, throwing her to the floor.

CHANDRA

SON OF A BITCH!

MOLOTOV

(to Dr. Wilkison)

Fuck you, hag!

(facing Chandra)

You are no FBI, no anything! You're out of the game, bitch!

Dr. Forseter approaches and helps Dr. Wilkison to stand up. He turns to Chandra.

DR. FORSETER

This has been very unfortunate. We didn't want to hurt you, but you react irrationally.

CHANDRA

(surprised)

You...! Are you part of this? But, why?

MOLOTOV

(angry, at Forseter)

I don't understand why you insist on being so considerate with these bitches.

DR. FORSETER

Take it easy, Aizik, we need to keep calm.

Chandra calms down and studies everything around her.

Dr. Wilkinson's basement is part study, library, and laboratory.

Besides Forseter and Molotov, there are half a dozen Attackers in fatigues, masks, and assault rifles.

Molotov takes a remote control, turns the TV set on and searches channels to find the news. Dr. Forseter and other attackers follow the news with interest.

TV SCREEN:

MONTAGE:

-Philadelphia's vegetation grows at a glance massively. Trees, shrubs and grass lawns grow uncontrollably

-The vegetation rises the asphalt and sidewalks of the street, breaking the pipes of water, sewer, gas, and power lines. It pierces walls and demolishes buildings.

TV ANCHOR 2 narrates the latest developments with an alarmed

voice.

TV ANCHOR 2 (O.S.)

Chaos has taken over the main cities in Pennsylvania with massive attacks of animals and the impetuous growth of vegetation.

-In the middle of the vegetation's chaos, a stampede of giant bulls and sheep with huge jars and disproportionate muscles under the thick wool sweeps downtown Philadelphia, crushing cars, trampling and attacking escaping passersby.

TV ANCHOR 2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Family pets and farm animals have become aggressive monsters, attacking and razing everything in their path

-SECURITY CAMERA VIEW: A pack of cats bigger than lions, with heavy musculatures and terrible jaws and claws, chase people throughout a mall, attacking and destroying everything and everyone.

-Police officers try in vain to stop the cats shooting at them. The cats attack the police officers, dismembering them.

TV ANCHOR 2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Crowds of criminals take advantage of the chaos to create disorder and vandalizing properties.

-MONTAGE: IMAGES FROM SEVERAL SECURITY CAMERAS:

-Vandals shatter windows, breaking into different stores and stealing appliances, clothing, etc.

TV ANCHOR 2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

However, vandals are also victims of plants and animals' ferocity.

-A security camera captures a group of vandals crushed by the collapse of a building caused by the growth of plants.

-Another surveillance camera films a group of thieves breaking a window of a Pet-Shop. Suddenly, the vandals try to flee, but some couldn't make it.

-Dozens of exotic animals turned into monsters attack the vandals: there are white rats the size of large dogs and chameleons bigger than crocodiles.

-A group of vandals tries to escape in a car, but a boa constrictor the size of a train swallows the car completely.

END OF MONTAGE. BACK TO SCENE.

Molotov shuts down the TV.

MOLOTOV

There is no time to lose! Let's take the hag to the lab!

DR. WILKISON

What do you want from me?

DR. FORSETER

Short and simple: we need your nanobots.

CHANDRA

Why you treat us this way. I also wanted to stop the effects of Mutanex.

Molotov, Dr. Forseter, and the Attackers look at each other, laughing. Chandra and Dr. Wilkinson look at each other, puzzled.

CHANDRA

Have I said something funny?

DR. FORSETER

To be fair, we shouldn't give Saint Mount all the credits for this catastrophe.

CHANDRA

What do you mean?

DR. FORSETER

We have undoubtedly helped a lot.

DR. WILKISON

You... what?

DR. FORSETER

Remember what I told you about Hypergenex?

CHANDRA

Yes, you said that it is intended to neutralize Mutanex, right?

DR. FORSETER

Actually, it's quite the opposite. Mutanex produces gentle monsters while Hypergenex enhances its action.

DR. WILKISON

How do you do that?

DR. FORSETER

Hypergenex replaces the Mutanex's restrictive enzyme by another that allows an accelerated cell reproduction up to the very threshold of cancer, preventing it from becoming tumors.

DR. WILKISON

What enzyme is that?

DR. FORSETER

Methylase M-R type IV.

DR. WILKISON

A synthetic enzyme.

DR. FORSETER

Correct. Unfortunately, its side effects produce aggressive conducts in the modified organism.

CHANDRA

So, it hasn't been Saint Mount but you who caused all those deaths and destruction.

DR. FORSETER

Big problems require great solutions.

CHANDRA

And all those experiments you've shown me in your lab, were all a lie?

DR. FORSETER

Not quite. They were only part of our research. I only showed you what I wanted you to believe.

DR. WILKISON

If you have already created this crisis, why do they need me?

DR. FORSETER

What has happened so far has been only a partial test of the power of Hypergenex.

DR. WILKISON

A test? Are you planning something even worse?

DR. FORSETER

Our plans include expanding this crisis worldwide.

CHANDRA

That's why you need my mother's nanobots.

DR. FORSETER

Exactly. With her nanobots, we could genetically manipulate great amounts of organisms over vast territories in a very short period.

CHANDRA

(to Dr. Wilkison)

They are planning to spray your nanobots loaded with Hypergenex from fumigation aircraft over the primary sources of water in the world.

DR. FORSETER

Exactly, Saint Mount's monopoly over the global agricultural production will allow us to extend the Animalypse to the entire planet. Civilization will collapse in months, as you predicted, Professor.

Molotov faces Dr. Wilkinson.

MOLOTOV

Now, hag, if you don't do what we want, I won't hesitate in cutting your little bitch in pieces. I will make you hear her cries, drink her blood and eat her flesh.

Dr. Wilkinson looks at her daughter shuddering. Chandra returns her an intense look, nodding almost imperceptibly.

Dr. Wilkinson turns to Forrester and Molotov, looking down and nodding.

DR. FORSETER

Perfect, I wouldn't expect anything else from such a wise and sensitive woman. It's time to go! Come on, comrades!

Forester beckons two attackers to take care of Chandra. These unleashed her and drag her out of the cellar.

Molotov takes Dr. Wilkinson's arm and carries her out roughly.

INT. ATTACKERS' SUV ON PHILADELPHIA EXPRESSWAY AND STREETS-NIGHT

Chandra and Dr. Wilkison are taken on the back of one of the Attackers SUVs between a couple of armed men each.

Molotov drives while Forster is in the passenger seat. Both dress suits in a professional fashion.

The SUV travels on the I-95 Highway from Torresdale South to downtown Philadelphia. Other two Attackers' SUVs follow them.

CHANDRA

You surely had all figured out when you went to my mom's conference.

MOLOTOV

We had planned to kidnap the hag after the conference, but Heinrich convinced me to abort everything.

DR. FORSETER

(to Chandra)

When I saw you, I realized that you were the perfect instrument to get the professor's cooperation.

CHANDRA

And then, you drew me to your home.

DR. FORSETER

Exactly, that's why I wrote to the professor. I knew you would come to me as soon as the first phase of the Animalypse begins.

CHANDRA

Animalypse. That's the name of your operation, right?

DR. FORSETER

Cool, isn't it? Animalypse, the animal apocalypse. Everything was so easy. I couldn't believe it when you showed up at my house.

MOLOTOV

(to Forseter, laughing)

I couldn't believe it also when you called telling me that the little bitch was at your place. I had to run to get together a squad of fighters.

CHANDRA

So, you staged the attack on your own home.

DR. FORSETER

It was the only way you would take us voluntarily to the professor. Anyway, we needed to erase everything. Right now, the Ecoloverse lab has been blown up already.

Dr. Wilkinson observes Molotov and Forseter, muttering to herself scornfully.

DR. WILKISON

What kind of monsters have you become?

Forseter turns to Dr. Wilkison resentfully.

DR. FORSETER

I was a prominent scientist... and they took everything from me for only trying to make the right thing.

MOLOTOV

(exalted)

I have fought all my life in defense of the environment and ended up in jail.

Chandra looks surprised at Forseter staring at Molotov with lubricity and stroking his thigh.

DR. FORSTER

I met Aizik in prison. He saved me from hanging myself in my cell, convincing me of saving Nature by eliminating the human plague.

MOLOTOV

We both entered the ranks of the Green World Order to fight against the New World Order, the globalization which destroys the environment.

DR. WILKISON

There is always a slogan ready for weak minds.

MOLOTOV

Shut up, hag!

CHANDRA

(to Molotov)

What is that Green World Order?

DR. FORSETER

It's a worldwide organization created by a powerful benefactor who you will meet soon.

EXT. I-95 EXPRESSWAY EXIT TO BROAD ST. WESTBOUND- NIGHT
(CONTINUOUS)

The Attackers' SUVs leave the expressway through a ramp to downtown Philadelphia. The streets are in total chaos.

-There are sirens, cars rushing, shooting, explosions, rumble, and people shouting.

-Many streets are jammed with cars, some abandoned, others destroyed or on fire.

-There are buildings on fire or demolished. Thick clouds of smoke and dust cover the city.

-Groups of scared people flee.

INT. ATTACKERS' SUV (CONTINUOUS)

-On an intersection, the lights of the SUVs almost hit a couple of Rottweilers huge as horses chasing a motorcycle ridden by a couple.

-One of the beasts catches the woman riding on the motorcycle's back seat. She screams in pain and terror.

-The man stops trying to reach her, but the other dog takes him by his throat and shakes its head sharply. Both dogs dismember the couple furiously.

Dr. Wilkison screams terrified. Molotov laughs at her.

MOLOTOV

This is only the beginning, hag!

The SUVs continue their way.

EXT/INT. UPENN INSTITUTE OF NANOTECHNOLOGY. NIGHT
(CONTINUOUS)

The three SUVs arrive at an alley between the Krishna P. Singh Center for Nanotechnology and the nearby garage.

There are other two Attackers' SUVs and a large 10-wheeler tanker truck waiting for them.

Sirens, gunshots, explosions and rumble are heard around. Police cars, firefighters' trucks, and ambulances rush through Walnut Street with their sirens and flashing lights on.

A large limousine enters the alley and parks next to the SUVs. A couple of BODYGUARDS (35) in black suits, wearing earpieces and dark glasses in the middle of the night, get off the limousine and wait expectantly.

Four attackers step out of the SUVs and stand in attention position.

Forster and Molotov get out of the SUV and beckon the others to bring Dr. Wilkinson and Chandra with them.

Forseter carries a metallic briefcase.

One of the Bodyguards opens the back door of the limousine.

ANTÓNIO DA FONSECA DE MORAES (50), a Brazilian tycoon, tall, slim, wearing the most expensive suit, gets out of the limo with the arrogant and informal attitudes of a multi-billionaire.

Forster and Molotov approach the newcomer with homage.

DR. FORSETER

My dearest Da Fonseca!

Da Fonseca doesn't shake the hand that Forseter extends at him. The tycoon simply makes a big-headed gesture. Molotov addresses him with a military stance.

MOLOTOV

Comrade da Fonseca, these are our hostages, Dr. Wilkinson, and her daughter.

CHANDRA

Who is this guy, another eco-terrorist?

Molotov slaps Chandra. Dr. Wilkison complains.

DR. WILKISON

What are you doing, you brute?

MOLOTOV

Silence! More respect for comrade da Fonseca, leader of the Green World Order!

Da Fonseca nods presumptuously.

DA FONSECA

(*italics* in Portuguese)

Bem, camarada Molotov. On with the show!

Attacker 1 approaches Walnut Street, looks both ways and beckons.

Molotov, Forester, Da Fonseca and Dr. Wilkinson walk to the Nanotechnology Institute entrance.

SECURITY GUARD 1 (21), almost a teenager, watches the street from the lobby.

Molotov points at Security Guard 1 to Dr. Wilkison.

MOLOTOV

If you don't want that boy's family mourning him, smile and act naturally.

Dr. Wilkinson beckons the Security Guard, who smiles at her opening the door.

SECURITY GUARD

Good evening, Doctor!

Dr. Wilkinson doesn't have time to respond.

MOLOTOV DRAWS A SILENCED PISTOL AND SHOOTS THE SECURITY GUARD IN THE HEAD. The young man collapses with a bloody bullet hole in the forehead. Dr. Wilkinson cries

DRA. WILKISON

You promised not to hurt him!

MOLOTOV

I've lied!

(by the microphone in his wrist)

Clear!

Molotov grabs Dr. Wilkinson's arm dragging her inward. Forseter and Da Fonseca follow him.

Half a dozen Attackers enter, carrying Chandra bound and gagged.

A couple of Attackers drag the Security Guard corpse out of sight while two more clean the blood pool.

The ATTACKER 6 (25), dressed as the dead Security Guard, enters and hides his assault rifle where he can reach it

quickly, staying at the lobby.

The rest follow Molotov, Forseter, and Da Fonseca inside.

INT. INSTITUTE OF NANOTECHNOLOGY LAB - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Forester, Molotov, and Dr. Wilkinson enter the advanced lab of the Nanotechnology Institute.

The group of attackers follows them dragging Chandra to the nearest chair, where they seat and tighten her.

Attacker 3 enter with three other attackers, addressing Molotov.

ATTACKER 3

The perimeter has been secured, comrade Molotov.

Molotov makes a military salute dismissing him.

Dr. Forster open arms enthusiastically and turns around as trying to embrace the entire lab.

DR. FORSETER

At last, after so many efforts, here we are!

Meanwhile, Da Fonseca enters followed by his bodyguards. He observes everything around with disdain, approaching Dr. Wilkinson without much interest but staring at Chandra with lubricity.

Chandra looks at him with a scowl. Da Fonseca smiles at her cynically addressing Molotov.

DA FONSECA

Let's hurry up! We must take advantage of the chaos!

DR. FORSETER

Don't you worry, my dear comrade Da Fonseca, they will need a long time to control the situation.

Da Fonseca stares at Forseter with contempt. Forseter avoids him and approaches Dr. Wilkison making a mocking dance invitation gesture at her.

DR. FORSETER

Would you please, Professor?

Dr. Wilkison stares at him sternly and takes a quick glance at Chandra who is watching her intensely. She stands up and takes a lab coat from a hanger putting it on while walking away to the other end of the lab.

MOLOTOV

(with anger)

Where the fuck do you think you're going, hag?

DR. FORSETER

Calm down, Aizik, she knows what to do.

Dr. Forster takes out some glass test tubes from the metal portfolio he has brought and follows Dr. Wilkinson.

Dr. Wilkinson approaches a large metal and glass biohazard compartment with several stainless-steel hoppers inside, connected to high-tech devices by transparent and metal tubes, and cables.

Both enter the isolated lobby of the biohazard chambers, putting on biohazard suits and passing inside.

Dr. Wilkinson opens the caps of several hoppers while Forester pours the test tubes into the bins one by one.

Afterward, Dr. Wilkison seals each lid carefully.

Both leave the inner compartments, taking off the insulated suits in the chambers' lobby and stepping out to the lab.

Chandra realizes that her mother has turned inside out one of the surgical gloves used in the safe compartment, hiding it unnoticed in her lab coat pocket.

Foster comes back with triumphant enthusiasm.

DR. FORSETER

Oualá! Instant Animalypse!

Da Fonseca addresses him with some annoyance, looking at his watch. Da Fonseca speaks with a heavy accent.

DA FONSECA

How long we suppose to wait for those nano... whatever.

DR. FORSETER

Just minutes. Wilkinson's nanobots will soon become in our Hypergenex carriers.

Da Fonseca walks around the lab with impatience and skepticism.

Forseter is sickly-sweet with him.

DA FONSECA

How much of this crop will be needed?

DR. FORSETER

We'll pour the nanobots' crop in the water of the tanker truck. During the trip to the airport, the crop will grow in such proportion that we'll have more than enough to pollute the main sources of water in the whole world.

Da Fonseca gets still more skeptic and impatient, addressing Forseter roughly. Forseter answers smooth-tongued.

DA FONSECA

But it will take a very long time until the water flows throughout rivers and waterways.

DR. FORSETER

The beautiful thing about Wilkinson's nanobots is their marvelous reproduction rate and mobility in a water current.

INERT: A satellite view following all the way down the Mississippi basin from its sources to the Gulf of Mexico.

DR. FORSETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A raindrop falling in the Mississippi river sources would arrive at the Gulf of Mexico in about 90 days. Our nanobots can do it in less than 60 days.

Back to the scene.

DA FONSECA

(to Molotov)

How long will it take to distribute these nanobots among our members throughout the world?

MONTAGE:

-A man dressed in black comes down from an executive jet carrying a metal suitcase, handing it over to a couple other men in black next to a black SUV.

MOLOTOV (O.S.)

A couple of weeks, maximum, to reach every group.

-In a private airport, a group of technicians and pilots prepared a fleet of fumigation planes.

-The men in black approach the aircraft, pouring test tubes into the planes' fumigation tanks.

MOLOTOV (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And two more weeks to prepare the fumigation planes in all the airfields scattered around the planet.

-A squadron of fumigation aircraft flies high over lakes and rivers, spraying their cargoes.

-Different fleets of fumigation planes flying over various regions of the world:

-The sources of the Ganges River in India.

-Sources of the Amazon River in South America.

-The sources of the Nile River in Africa.

-The sources of the Mekong River in Indochina.

MOLOTOV (O.S.) (CONT'D)

In a month or so, we'll contaminate the main water supplies of the entire world.

-Several irrigation systems of plantations in different regions of America, Africa, Europe, and Asia.

-Several large herds of cattle, pigs, sheep and goats drinking water in several parts of the world.

DR. FORSETER (O.S.)

Once the plants and animals absorb the contaminated water...

BACK TO SCENE:

DR. FORSETER (CONT'D)

...the nanobots will carry the Hypergenex to all the cells of their bodies.

Da Fonseca doesn't hide his hatred toward Forseter, who keeps his sycophant attitude toward him.

DA FONSECA

But, viruses need an incubation period.

DR. FORSETER

The virus carried by Wilkison's nanobots just takes seventy-two hours to incubate. By then, our Hypergenex has already edited the DNA of every cell treated by Mutanex, multiplying its effects.

MOLOTOV

It can be said that, in less than three

months, the Animalypse will be unleashed across the globe.

DR. WILKISON

(shocked)

Do you actually intend to carry out such atrocity? You are worse than Nazis and Communists and terrorists altogether.

Forseter talks in an academic fashion to her although showing up to da Fonseca.

DR. FORSETER

Professor, most of human history has been devoted to the extermination of significant part of itself and, incidentally, the natural environment.

Da Fonseca turns to Dr. Wilkinson and speaks in a melodramatic tone, emphasized by his foreign accent.

DA FONSECA

As Agent Smith said in The Matrix: "Human beings are a disease, a cancer of this planet. You're a plague, and we are the cure."

DR. WILKISON

Put an end to humanity to save the planet? That's ridiculous.

MOLOTOV

Watch out on addressing our leader, hag!

Da Fonseca continues with his theatrical pose, almost operatic.

DA FONSECA

Since very young, I have devoted a great deal of my family's fortune to save the Amazon's forests.

DR. WILKISON

That's an admirable idea. What led you instead to this plan against humanity?

DA FONSECA

I soon realized that all my efforts were useless. From the most primitive indigenous cultures to the most developed

civilizations, all alike are determined to destroy Nature.

CHANDRA

Then you shifted all your wealth and effort to destroy mankind.

DA FONSECA

Yes! I recruited the most radical environmentalists (and other less interested in ecology) to create the Green World Order and save the planet's biosphere from human barbarity.

Dr. Forster, Molotov and the rest of the attackers raise both arms with clenched fists and shouting rhythmically in unison.

ATTACKERS' CHOIR

GREEN WORLD ORDER, GREEN WORLD ORDER,
GREEN WORLD ORDER!

The Attackers applaud enthusiastically.

Chandra realizes that, while Molotov has a fanatic attitude, Forseter has been veiledly ironic and the rest of the attackers showed more discipline than enthusiasm.

Chandra and Dr. Wilkinson look at each other.

Da Fonseca makes a gesture of ennui.

DA FONSECA

Everything is set, then. I leave you now, comrades so you can fulfill your transcendent mission.

Da Fonseca calls Molotov to a corner of the lab to talk in private.

DA FONSECA

What do you plan to do with the doctor and her daughter?

MOLOTOV

Heinrich says that we still need them.

DA FONSECA

And, when you don't need them anymore?

MOLOTOV

I will leave three men to guard them and the lab while they are useful and to take care of them later.

DA FONSECA

Perfect, I don't want to leave loose ends. I trust you. See you at the agreed point.

MOLOTOV

Don't worry, Comrade Da Fonseca. Everything will be done when we meet again.

DA FONSECA

(very confidentially)

Ah! Before disposing of the girl, I would like to take her for a weekend at my farm in Manaus.

MOLOTOV

(whispering)

As you wish, comrade!

DA FONSECA

(whispering at Molotov's ear)

And, please, when your unbearable scientist is no longer useful, take care also of him, as well. He's not trustworthy.

Molotov nods staring at his feet.

Da Fonseca leaves, showing off like a rock star, followed by his bodyguards.

Molotov returns to the center of the lab where he finds Forrester in the safe compartment along with Dr. Wilkinson in protective suits.

Wilkinson takes the liquid from the hopper pouring it into the test tubes.

Forester places the test tubes on foam rubber niches in his metal suitcase.

They finish the operation and leave the compartment, taking off their protection suits in the isolated chambers' lobby. Forrester carries the metal portfolio.

MOLOTOV

Is everything set?

DR. FORSETER

We should pour a test tube on each section of the tanker truck. When we get to the airstrip, the nanobots crop will be ready.

MOLOTOV

Perfect!

(al ATTACKER 2)

Comrade! Leave a couple of fighters watching the old woman and her daughter. The rest, come with me!

Chandra secretly looks at Dr. Wilkinson.

While Forester and Molotov are talking, Dr. Wilkinson walks passing a crops compartment and takes a test tube sneakily, hiding it undetected in her lab coat pocket.

Chandra shakes strongly making her chair to fall, drawing the Attackers attention while Dr. Wilkison steals the test tube.

Attacker 3 approaches Chandra, taking her up and checking her ties.

ATTACKER 3

Hey! Be quiet and stay still!

Dr. Wilkinson goes to the lab's pantry where she gets to make coffee.

Chandra realizes that Dr. Wilkinson puts her hand into her lab coat pocket where she had hidden the surgical glove and the test tube before handling the disposable cups on the shelf.

Chandra tries again to draw attention to her. The Attackers look at her with annoyance.

El Attacker 2 points at ATTACKER 3 and ATTACKER 4.

ATTACKER 2

You two! Stay to keep an eye on those bitches! They are tricky so watch out!

ATTACKER 3

Sir, yes, sir!

ATTACKER 2

I will be in contact with you for further orders.

Molotov and Forster leave carrying the metal briefcase. Attacker 2 and the rest follow them, except Attacker 3 and Attacker 4, who stay watching the prisoners.

EXT. NANOTECHNOLOGY INSTITUTE- NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Forester, Molotov, and the Attackers group step out of the Nanotechnology Institute into the alley between the Institute and the adjacent garage. The SUVs and the tanker truck are guarded by several other Attackers.

The noises of the city chaos are heard loudly: sirens, explosions, shouting, rumble, vehicles running, etc.

Attacker 2 climbs a ladder at the back of the truck to the top of the tank.

Forster follows him carrying the metal briefcase.

Attacker 2 opens the hatches of the tank compartments.

Forester puts on surgical gloves and takes out several test tubes from the briefcase. One by one, he opens them and pours them into each section of the tank.

Attacker 2 closes the compartments' hatches. Finally, both step down from the truck.

A brief siren is heard. All the attackers turn to the entrance of the alley where a patrol car is entering from Walnut Street flashing its lights.

The police car takes a left turn and stops, blocking the alley entrance. The police officer gets out the car, using it as a barrier. He takes out his gun shouting.

POLICE OFFICER

Police! Drop your weapons and get on the ground!

The nearest attackers follow the orders but Molotov, behind of one of the SUVs, suddenly aims his gun and shoots the police officer through the patrol car window.

The officer falls back. Attacker 2 hurries around the patrol car and shoots the fallen in the head. He gets into the patrol car and drives it in reverse to Walnut street clearing the way and running back to the truck side.

He and Attacker 1 climb into the truck cab. The rest get into the SUVs. The convoy starts the engines leaving the alley through Walnut Street.

The dead officer body remains in the dark at a side of the alley.

INT. INSTITUTE OF NANOTECHNOLOGY - NIGHT (MEANWHILE)

The Attacker 3 turns to Dr. Wilkinson who is making coffee in the pantry.

ATTACKER 3

What are you doing? Come back here!

Dr. Wilkinson leaves the pantry with two paper cups.

DR. WILKISON

I've just made some coffee.

The Professor approaches Chandra and gives her coffee while she sips her cup.

ATTACKER 3

Don't you move!

DR. WILKISON

You don't need to be afraid of a sick old woman.

Attacker 4 looks at the pantry asking Dr. Wilkison.

ATTACKER 4

Is there any coffee left?

DR. WILKISON

(dryly)

It is just made. The cups are on the shelf. Don't mess with anything.

ATTACKER 4

Since when you give orders here?

(al Attacker 3)

Do you want some?

ATTACKER 3

Only water. I don't want to lose them from sight.

ATTACKER 4

Okay.

Attacker 4 goes to the pantry, takes a couple of paper cups from the shelf, pours coffee into one and water into the other from the water cooler. He gets back drinking his coffee cup and gives the cup with water to Attacker 3.

Dr. Wilkinson watches both attackers with anxiety while Chandra alternately looks at her mother and the attackers expectantly.

Within seconds, Attacker 4 drops his cup, holding his mouth and stomach.

ATTACKER 4

The bathroom! Where is the bathroom?

Dr. Wilkison points at the door and Attacker 4 runs out.

Attacker 3 watches puzzled at Attacker 4 leaving hastily.

ATTACKER 3

What is happening to you?

He looks at the dropped cup and the spilled coffee and turns angrily toward Dr. Wilkison.

ATTACKER 3 (CONT'D)

What have you done, bitch?

But he can't do anything. He folds and falls to the floor moaning. He convulses with vomiting, diarrhea, and farting until he stays still.

The professor takes her hands to her nose. Chandra complains.

CHANDRA

Ew!

Dr. Wilkinson searches the fallen attacker's clothes, finding Chandra's handcuffs keys. She hurries to uncuff Chandra who rushes to take Attacker 3's rifle.

The professor screams. Attacker 4 has arrived at the door dragging. He aims his rifle at them with difficulty.

Chandra shoots at him before he could do anything.

Attacker 4 rolls back shooting to the air. He finally lays still bleeding.

Chandra points Attacker 3, still unconscious.

CHANDRA

Is he alive?

DR. WILKISON

Yes, but we need to put him a serum soon to preventing him from dehydrating.

Chandra puts the handcuffs on Attacker 3.

Dr. Wilkison slaps her own forehead.

DR. WILKISON

There is another attacker left in the lobby!

Chandra rushes to the lab entrance. She hides behind the door while hearing someone running down the corridor.

Chandra trips Attacker 6 upon entering the door. He falls losing his rifle. Chandra points the gun at him.

Attacker 6 raises his hands from the floor surrendering.

ATTACKER 6

Don't shoot me, please!

CHANDRA

You don't sound like a fanatic extremist.

ATTACKER 6

I'm not an extremist! I'm a contractor!

CHANDRA

A mercenary, huh? So, who are those radicals who Da Fonseca was talking about?

ATTACKER 6

People well paid by him!

CHANDRA

So, he's just a super-rich with delusions of grandeur.

ATTACKER 6

He pays very well, that's the only thing that matters.

Chandra trembles in anger pointing the gun at his head.

CHANDRA

Well, my dear contractor, unless you tell me where they are going with that tanker, I have permission to blow your brains out.

ATTACKER 6

The Northeast Philadelphia Airport!

Dr. Wilkison approaches with a paper cup full of water.

DR. WILKISON

Now, you'll be a good boy and drink this medicine.

ATTACKER 6

(distrustful)

What's this?

CHANDRA

A tranquilizer. Trust her, she's a famous doctor.

Attacker 6 drinks from the cup with apprehension. Chandra looks at her mother and laughs, holding her nose.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INSTITUTE OF NANOTECHNOLOGY - NIGHT (LATER)

Chandra drags the bound and unconscious Attacker 6, dirty in vomiting and diarrhea, into a biohazard cubicle of the nanotechnology lab.

Attacker 3 is also on the floor of the cubicle, dirty and bound, too. He is conscious but very weak, moaning with little strength to fight.

Chandra takes the phones and weapons from them and steps out of the cubicle. Dr. Wilkison closes the security door and programs the electronic lock.

CHANDRA

Are you sure they won't get out of there?

DR. WILKISON

Theoretically, these cubicles are made to resist nuclear explosions. Nobody wants those viruses and bacteria on the loose. And those poor boys are so weak that I could have them anywhere unattended without any worries.

CHANDRA

(worried)

What could we do now? How could we stop them from spreading the nanobots?

DR. WILKISON

I think I found a way to stop those madmen.

Dr. Wilkinson goes to a glass panel full of tests tubes and

takes one out.

DR. WILKISON (CONT'D)

We could use this restriction enzymes inhibitor.

CHANDRA

What effect would that have?

DR. WILKISON

It would neutralize the restriction enzymes from both, Mutanex and Hypergenex, as well, preventing the organism from becoming monsters and developing accelerated cancer that would kill them quickly.

CHANDRA

We will kill two birds with one stone: both the terrorists and Saint Mount, as well! You're a genius, mom! You deserve a Nobel Prize!

DR. WILKISON

I was thinking in Saint Mount when working in this variant of Methotrexate, a new restriction enzymes inhibitor.

CHANDRA

You already knew how to stop Saint Mount! Why didn't you tell me?

DR. WILKISON

You're a law enforcement officer, and this was totally illegal.

CHANDRA

We are in a national emergency, now, we can use whatever! What could we do with this?

DR. WILKISON

We need to pour it into the tank truck, but I do not know how.

CHANDRA

Is there any car we can use?

DR. WILKISON

The poor dead security guard had a

motorcycle. It should be in the garage next door. The key should be in his pocket.

Chandra and Dr. Wilkison rush to the lobby. They look around for the Security Guard's corpse. When they find it, Chandra searches his pockets finding the keys and the garage card.

DR. WILKISON

You're not going to do what I'm thinking, right?

CHANDRA

What else can I do? I must stop that truck whatever it takes.

DR. WILKISON

Those mercenaries are professionals. You don't have any chance against them!

CHANDRA

I'll figure out something, but I must go after them. I'll call the FBI for help.

Chandra runs toward the entrance.

DR. WILKISON

At least remember what your father used to say!

CHANDRA

Yes, mom, I promise I'm gonna fight my battles in my own battlefield!

Chandra rushes out of the lab.

INT. INSTITUTE OF NANOTECHNOLOGY ENTRANCE/GARAGE - DAWN
(CONTINUOUS)

Chandra rushes out the Nanotechnology Institute toward the adjacent garage. Sirens, explosions, rumbling and shooting are heard.

On entering the alley between the Institute and the garage, she sees in the dark a crowding of what it looks like a group of black rabbits jumping one over the other at a side of the alley.

A strong bass humming is heard over the sounds of the city chaos.

She walks cautiously, taking her gun and phone out. She points the phone's flashlight to the moving pile.

Suddenly, she lights up a group of giant flies over the police officer dead body.

Some hover over the body, others secrete gastric juices with their nervous trunks over the body, sucking the melted tissues. Parts of face and chest muscles and bones are exposed, giving a terrible look to the body.

Chandra screams scared. The large flies jump into the air and go after her. Chandra runs to the garage door trying to shoot down with her gun the monsters hovering over her.

She gets to the garage door followed by the flies. She opens it with the garage card and enters still shooting at the flies.

Inside the garage, Chandra triggers the dead Security Guard's motorcycle alarm's remote. It sounds nearby. Chandra runs toward where she heard the sound.

Finally, Chandra finds the powerful sports motorcycle. The helmet is on the seat. Lifting the seat, she finds motorcyclist clothes.

While she tried to put on the gear, the group of giant flies enters the garage and goes after her. With her legs trapped in her trousers, she falls trying to shoo the flies. Her gun is on the motorbike seat, out of her reach.

Suddenly, a large sticky tongue grabs one of the flies, and the others escape rapidly.

She looks up discovering an enormous gecko, big as a crocodile, fixed at the ceiling, chewing the fly, watching her with curiosity.

Chandra gets up cautiously, rushing to put on the motorbike gear and the helmet. She climbs on the motorbike starting the engine and rushing out the garage.

Calmly, the giant gecko watches her driving away while cleaning its huge eyes with its tongue.

EXT. INSTITUTE OF NANOTECHNOLOGY GARAGE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The door of the Nanotechnology Institute garage opens automatically.

Chandra drives the motorcycle at full speed through the alley to Walnut Street, scaring the giant flies that crowd over the half-melted cop's dead body.

Chandra turns right and rushes the bike through Walnut Street toward Philadelphia's downtown.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA STREETS - DAWN (CONTINUOUS)

-Chandra stops at a corner and pulls out one of the phones taken from the attackers. She dials a number, talking by the motorcycle helmet's Bluetooth.

INTERCUT: TELEPHONE CALL:

INT. FBI CHOPPER FLYING OVER PHILADELPHIA - DAWN
(CONTINUOUS)

Mora is in a helicopter over Philadelphia with members of a SWAT team, dressing fatigues, helmet, a bulletproof vest and carrying an assault rifle.

Through the open door, the city looks like a battlefield at dawn. There are fires and explosions. Billows of smoke cover the city. Buildings collapse, plants grow uncontrollably, people are fleeing, total chaos.

Mora hears his phone ringing. He takes it out and answers.

MORA

Special Agent Mora speaking!

CHANDRA ON THE MOTORBIKE

CHANDRA

Manny! This is Chandra!

MORA (O.S.)

Chandra? Where have you been? I've been looking desperate for you! Did you call me Manny? I can't believe it!

-Chandra turns into a main street and accelerates toward the downtown Philadelphia.

CHANDRA

It's a long story. I was kidnapped by the terrorists who have created mayhem in Philadelphia.

MORA (O.S.)

What do you mean? Is this mayhem a terrorist attack? Where are you now?

-Chandra suddenly is surrounded by the city chaos.

-The city is a battlefield, overshadowed by black clouds of smoke, broken by fires, explosions, gunfire.

CHANDRA

I'm at Philadelphia's downtown. I'm after the terrorists.

-The grass, shrubs, and trees grow excessively hasty as an overwhelming sea from which massive branches and roots sprout as fabulous snakes.

INT. FBI CHOPPER (CONTINUOUS)

Mora and SWAT team members watch in horror how plants push and screw the tall buildings.

They squeeze and pierce the constructions, breaking windows, demolishing the concrete, breaking and lifting the asphalt of the streets.

MORA

We are in Philadelphia, too. It's a national emergency. Did you say, terrorists?

CHANDRA ON THE MOTORBIKE

The street is full of wrecked cars, debris and buildings' rubble.

Powerful jets of water, torches of burning gas and sparkling electric cables come out from the deep cracks on the street opened by plants' roots.

Chandra drives the motorcycle avoiding obstacles at high speed.

CHANDRA

Yes, they have created a compound that turns animals and plants in aggressive monsters.

MORA (O.S.)

Who are those freaks?

-Chandra passes military detachments fighting against waves of bulls, goats, pigs, dogs and cats the size of elephants, armed with huge jars, fangs, and claws in the middle of clouds of smoke and dust, ruins, and rubble.

CHANDRA

Their names are Heinrich Forseter, Aizik Molotov, and Antonio da Fonseca, who created an eco-terrorist organization called Green World Order.

-Chandra passes police officers, firefighters, and rescuers organize the evacuation of terrified crowds of civilians and wounded behind the military lines.

MORA (O.S.)

What are they planning?

-Despite the heavy fire of the military, the mass of beasts run over the defense lines.

CHANDRA

The animals' aggressions that I was

investigating were only the beginning of what they call operation Animalypse.

-Monstrous animals destroy everything in its path. They crush and throw people at high altitude.

-Plants continue growing overwhelmingly, demolishing buildings and tearing up streets.

MORA (O.S.)

The beginning, you said? Are they planning something worse?

-The beasts ram and overturn buses, trucks and combat vehicles.

-Chandra accelerates, escaping from the droves. She makes hasty turns with the motorcycle, avoiding obstacles, plants and the battle between men and beasts.

CHANDRA

Yes, they plan to expand this chaos worldwide.

-Chandra leaves downtown and takes the expressway towards the Northeast Philadelphia Airport.

MORA (O.S.)

How they intend to do such a thing?

-The chaos has extended to the highway.

CHANDRA

They will contaminate all the main sources of water in the world, spreading the compound from fumigation airplanes.

-Both civilian vehicles fleeing the city as the military and police arriving must avoid the growing, plants, the deep cracks and the wrecked vehicles in the road.

-Chandra makes tight turns at high speed avoiding obstacles.

MORA (O.S.)

Where are they now?

CHANDRA

They are carrying this compound in a tanker truck to the Northeast Philadelphia Airport from where they'll export it throughout the world.

-Leaving the I-676 highway toward the I-95 highway, Chandra sees in the distance a crocodile the size of a large dinosaur coming out from the Delaware River, blocking the

road ahead.

CHANDRA (CONT'D)

What the fuck! Why has anybody crocs as pets?

MORA (O.S.)

Crocodiles? What are you talking about?

-The gigantic beast takes a car with its jaws, shaking it as a toy.

CHANDRA

I'm coming out from the I-676 expressway to the I-95 and a crocodile the size of a big dinosaur is blocking the road ahead!

-The commotion stops the traffic. Gunshots are heard. The crocodile gets angrier. People leave the stalled vehicles and flee as they can.

MORA (O.S.)

A dinosaur? At the I-676 and the I-95 intersection? This is getting crazier

-Chandra realizes that the enormous crocodile is blocking the way of the tanker truck and two of the black SUVs.

CHANDRA

Wait! I see the tanker truck ahead! I'll try to catch it up!

INT. FBI CHOPPER (CONTINUOUS)

Mora poked his head into the cockpit of the helicopter and points the expressway to the pilot.

MORA

(to the phone)

Wait until we get there!

CHANDRA ON THE MOTORBIKE

-Chandra sees several attackers out of the SUVs in black fatigues and ski masks firing their weapons at the crocodile.

-The animal gets angry, takes one of the men with its mouth, shakes him and throw it away.

CHANDRA

There is no time!

-Chandra makes zigzags between the vehicles and obstacles, approaching the tanker.

-From the SUV 2, Molotov steps out with an RPG and fires against the crocodile.

MORA (O.S.)

Chandra, wait!

-The anti-tank rocket explodes on the side of the animal, wounding it. The crocodile backs off to the side of the road.

INT. FBI CHOPPER (CONTINUOUS)

Mora gets concerned when he hears the explosion by phone.

MORA

What's that? An explosion?

BACK TO CHANDRA

-The truck and the SUVs take advantage of the crocodile stepping aside to drive off at full speed.

CHANDRA

I have no time! Please, send someone to the Nanotechnology Institute. My mother has two terrorist prisoners. Bye!

-Chandra hangs up the telephone and accelerates the motorcycle.

INT. FBI CHOPPER (CONTINUOUS)

Mora gets even more astonished to hear Chandra

MORA

What? Your mother? Terrorist prisoners?
What do you mean?

Chandra hangs up, and Mora remains puzzled.

END OF INTERCUT

-When the colossal crocodile steps aside from the center of the highway some vehicles try to escape from it.

-Chandra accelerates too, chasing the Attackers.

-BUT THE WOUNDED MONSTER GETS ANGRIER, jumping to the center of the highway. It grabs the car in front of Chandra with its jaws throwing it away. Its passengers fly out its open doors.

-CHANDRA SPEEDS UP, passing under the belly of the beast, avoiding its huge legs and claws, the stream of blood

falling from its wound and the massive wagging tale that hits away some cars.

-Chandra leaves the crocodile back and rushes after the tanker truck and the escorting SUVs.

-The trees surrounding the road grow like monsters rising from the grave. Its branches spread over the road, demolishing the embankment. Its roots sprout out, breaking the pavement.

-Some vehicles collide with the large trunks and branches, exploding and setting fire the bunches of broad leaves. Other vehicles fall into the deep cracks opened by the trees.

-The tanker truck and the escorting SUVs make tight turns avoiding the trees, the cracks and the wrecked cars in flames.

-Chandra does the same in the narrowest spaces trying to reach the tanker truck.

-Suddenly, behind Chandra, a PACK OF GREYHOUNDS, taller than draft horses, jumps into the highway running at full speed.

-As soon as the dogs spot Chandra's motorcycle, they run after her as chasing an artificial lure in a greyhound racing track.

-Chandra realizes that she has become a pray as soon as she sees the nearest dog through the rear-view mirror. She must accelerate and make avoiding turns.

-The greyhounds run at high speed, hunched, with huge foamy jaws and wild eyes, like mad dogs. They dodge and jump over the other cars, the plants, and the cracks, sticking on Chandra's pursuit. The cars on the road hit the brakes and collide with each other.

INT. ATTACKERS' SUV 1 (CONTINUOUS)

-Inside the Attacker's SUV 1, Molotov goes in the passenger seat. Behind him are seated ATTACKER 7. ATTACKER 8, ATTACKER, 9 and ATTACKER 10. They watch the dogs chasing Chandra.

BACK TO CHANDRA

-When the nearest dog is up to bite Chandra, she draws her gun and shoots the dog in the head. It rolls over the pavement, squealing.

-The other dogs get angrier and speed up.

INT. ATTACKERS' SUV 1

In the SUV 1, all are surprised by the reaction of the motorcyclist.

MOLOTOV

Shoot him!

ATTACKER 7

The dogs?

MOLOTOV

I don't care about those dogs. The bike rider! I don't want him near our truck!

-Attacker 7 and Attacker 9 lower the SUV Windows and try to aim Chandra, who is riding in a lateral lane.

CHANDRA ON THE MOTORBIKE

-Chandra is paying attention to the dogs when the first burst of machine gun fire strikes the pavement next to her. Fragments of pavement burst near the motorcycle.

-Chandra makes a quick turn, getting behind the SUV 1.

-Attacker 7 and Attacker 8 poke out the windows on each side of the SUV 1 trying to aim at Chandra.

-One of the greyhounds jumps and takes Attacker 7 with its jaws dragging him out of the SUV. Attacker 7 yells and groans.

-The other dogs reach the one that had trapped Attacker 7. They fight each other trying to snatch away the pray, dismembering the man, who yells in pain and terror.

-Chandra takes advantage of the turmoil to get ahead the SUV 1 and behind the truck.

INSIDE ATTACKERS' SUV 1.

-Molotov points at Chandra through the windshield. Attacker 8 pokes out the window and shoots at Chandra. The bullets hit the back of the truck.

MOLOTOV

Cease fire, cease fire, you, moron!

(to the driver)

Run over him!

CHANDRA ON THE MOTORBIKE

-She realizes what the SUV 1 driver is trying to run over her and tries to reach the ladder in the back of the truck.

Chandra gets as near as possible to the back of the truck, grabs the ladder with a hand, putting a foot over the tank of the motorcycle, which begins to shake dangerously.

INSIDE ATTACKERS' SUV 1

-Molotov realizes what Chandra is trying to do and calls the truck's driver through the radio.

MOLOTOV

Hit the brakes, now!

(to the SUV1 driver)

Smash him!

BACK TO CHANDRA ON THE MOTORBIKE

In the very moment that the truck driver hits the brakes and the SUV approaches dangerously, Chandra jumps to the ladder and climbs to the top of the tanker.

The SUV 1 hit both, the motorcycle and the back of the truck. The motorcycle explodes, making the SUV 1 to stop on flames.

Chandra manages to get on top of the tanker. The truck speeds off making turns, avoiding the obstacles on the highway.

Chandra gets to the first hatch of the tank, turning the escape wheel handle to open the hatch. She takes out a test tube from her pocket, pouring it into the compartment and closing the hatch.

The phone rings. Chandra presses the button on the side of the motorcycle helmet and answers by the Bluetooth.

INTERCUT: PHONE CALL.

CHANDRA

Yes!

MORA (O.S.)

We could see a tanker truck on the I-95 escorted by two black SUVs. Where are you?

CHANDRA

On top of the truck!

INT. FBI CHOPPER (CONTINUOUS)

FBI helicopter flies over the Philadelphia I-95 Highway. The city looks like a war zone full of ruins, fires, columns of smoke everywhere.

Mora watches the highway with field glasses.

MORA'S POV: He focuses the lens to Chandra on the truck.

Mora is surprised and points at her to his companions.

MORA

(*italics* in Spanish)

Coño! I see you, be careful!

BACK TO CHANDRA ON THE TOP OF THE TRUCK.

Machine gun fire makes her lie down on the truck.

CHANDRA

They are shooting at me from the SUVs!

END OF INTERCUT.

Both SUVs have paired up the truck. Their occupants shoot at Chandra. SUV 1 is still smoking with its front smashed.

Machine gun fire from the FBI chopper hit both SUVs, making them deviate.

The helicopter makes a low-flying maneuver over the truck.

INT. ATTACKERS' SUV 1

Molotov and the other Attackers watch the FBI chopper.

MOLOTOV

Give me the M-240! Open the sunroof!

INT. FBI CHOPPER

Mora and the SWAT team members see Molotov appearing by the SUV 1 sunroof with a heavy machine gun. He shoots at them.

The chopper maneuvers avoiding the shooting. Some bullets hit its fuselage.

Meanwhile, the trees continue growing beneath the highway causeway, breaking it.

The trucks and the SUVs make tight turns avoiding the trees, the cracks on the pavement and the wrecked vehicles.

The abrupt turns of the truck almost throw Chandra from the truck, but she hangs on.

She manages to get to the second hatch, opening it. But the truck's movements don't let her open the second test tube, so she brakes it against the rim of the hatch.

The Attacker 2, who goes in the truck cab, steps out the cab and climbs to the tank. The zigzags and road irregularities make it difficult.

Chandra has just closed the second hatch when a bullet rebounds on the wheel of the hatch. She lays down behind the

hatch and tries to take out her gun.

Attacker 2 climbs to the top of the tank and runs toward Chandra, pointing his weapon at her.

Suddenly, a frog as big as a house jumps out from the Frankford Creek over the highway bridge, landing on the pavement as an earthquake.

The truck driver must make a quick turn to avoid the frog.

When the truck passes by the frog, the immense animal quickly stretches its long and sticky tongue, trapping Attacker 2 from the top of the tank, swallowing him completely.

MONTAGE: Chandra on the top of the truck, the Attackers on each SUV and the SWAT team on the chopper stare at the frog in awe.

INT. FBI CHOPPER

Mora and the SWAT team cheers up.

MORA

Yes! Take that, motherfucker! I love frogs!

EXT. ATTACKERS' SUVS ON THE I-95 EXPRESSWAY

SUV 1 slows down behind the truck.

SUV 2 approaches the truck's cabin.

From both SUVs' sunroofs, Molotov and Attacker 11 shoot at the chopper with high caliber machine guns. The chopper must maneuver to avoid the shooting.

Meanwhile, Attacker 8 opens the door and steps out to the SUV 1 stirrup. He climbs on the hood, jumping to the ladder on the back of the truck.

Simultaneously, Attacker 12 opens the door and stands in the SUV 2 stirrup. When the SUV 2 gets near the truck's cabin, he jumps to its cabin stirrup, climbing to the top of the tank.

EXT. ON THE TANKER TRUCK

In the meantime, Chandra has poured the third test tube on the third compartment. When closing the hatch, she realizes that Attacker 8 and Attacker 12 have climbed to the top of the tank by both sides.

She tries to take out her gun, but a sudden turn of the truck makes her lose her step, almost falling. She drops her gun when grabbing the hatch wheel.

FBI CHOPPER

Mora watches Chandra trapped between both Attackers and takes a sniper rifle.

MORA

We need to get near the truck! We must help her!

CHOPPER PILOT (O.S.)

(by the radio)

We are under attack!

A flock of ducks as big as small aircrafts passes by, almost colliding with the chopper.

The pilot must make a sharp maneuver to avoid them. The helicopter rotates on itself. Mora almost falls from the helicopter but a SWAT team member grabs him on time.

MORA

(*italics* in Spanish)

¡Coño su madre! I'm gonna shoot the first motherfucker I'll see feeding ducks!

EXT. ON THE TANKER TRUCK

Attacker 8 takes out his gun and aims at Chandra, but Attacker 12 behind her makes gestures, yelling at him.

ATTACKER 12

You gonna shoot me, you, moron! Grab her, stupid!

Chandra stands up in the middle of the tanker, opening her arms like a gymnast on the balance beam.

INT. FBI CHOPPER

The ducks' flock passed by and the chopper stabilizes, continuing the truck pursuit.

When the chopper approaches the highway, Mora leans out the door looking for the truck.

Mora gets desperate watching Chandra between the Attackers on top of the truck.

She adopts the position of a gymnast on the balance beam.

MORA

(*italics* in Spanish)

¡Mi madre! She's gonna do it!

The rest of the SWAT team watch in awe.

EXT. OVER THE TANKER TRUCK

Both Attackers move carefully toward Chandra in the middle to grab her.

Suddenly, Chandra does a somersault in the air, kicking Attacker 12 in the jaw and throwing him off the truck. With the same movement, she lands on the tank and sweeps with one leg Attacker 1s' feet, making him fall from the truck, as well.

Both fallen Attackers are run over by the SUV 1 but it doesn't stop.

INT. FBI CHOPPER

Mora and the SWAT team applaud and cheer joyfully when Chandra throws both Attackers from the truck.

EXT. ON THE TANKER TRUCK

Chandra hurries to open the last hatch.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, MOLOTOV JUMPS FROM THE SUV HOOD TO THE LADDER ON THE BACK OF THE TANKER TRUCK.

When reaching the top of the truck, Molotov draws his gun and shoots at Chandra.

Chandra has almost no time to jump into the space between the truck's cabin and its tank.

Molotov walks towards Chandra with the gun in his hand.

INT. FBI CHOOOPER

Mora and the SWAT team get worried watching Molotov on the tanker approaching Chandra. Mora aims the sniper rifle at Molotov.

MORA

Gotcha, motherfucker!

SUDDENLY, A GIANT TREE GROWS AHEAD THE TRUCK, breaking up the causeway, which falls as a ramp over the street below.

The preceding SUV 2 flies over the causeway and hits the tree trunk, exploding.

The tanker truck and the SUV 1 go down the ramp to the street below.

EXT. ON THE TANKER TRUCK

When the truck drops sharply by the falling road ramp, Chandra and Molotov must hold firmly.

Molotov almost falls, losing his gun and holding barely from a wheel of a hatch.

Ahead of the truck, another tree has just opened a huge crack in the street below the causeway.

Powerful jets of water come out the deep crack, and giant rats as big as pigs jump out of it running in all directions.

The truck's driver must make sharp turns avoiding the tree, the deep crack, and the rats.

INT. SUV 1

The SUV 1 driver sees the tree rising, the wide crack, the jet of water and the rats, getting scared and turning the wheel.

EXT. THE STREET UNDER THE CAUSEWAY

The SUV 2 jumps the wide crack, flying through the water jet and colliding against the tree trunk with a blast.

EXT. ON TOP OF THE TANKER.

Chandra peeks at Molotov who's having a hard time clinging from the middle of the tank.

INT. FBI CHOPPER

Mora and the SWAT team members can barely see the tanker truck speeding under the causeway. The growing trees and the clouds of smoke and dust make it harder to see.

EXT. ON THE TANKER TRUCK

The tanker truck finds a ramp to get again to the highway.

Although very strong, Molotov is too tall and heavy to climb easily again to the top of the tank.

Chandra takes advantage of Molotov difficulties, jumps on top of the tank, opens the last hatch and breaks the last glass test tube against the rim of the hatch. But she doesn't have time to escape.

Meanwhile, Molotov has managed to climb to the tank and jumps over Chandra. She tries to fight back, but Molotov is too strong, big and heavy, climbing on top of her.

INT. FBI CHOPPER

Mora clings to the helicopter door watching Chandra attacked by Molotov. A couple of SWAT team members grabs him by the vest to prevent him from falling from the chopper. Mora yells desperate to the pilot by the radio.

MORA

(italics in Spanish)

¡Dale, chico, dale! C'mon! Hurry up!

EXT. ON THE TANKER TRUCK

Molotov on top of Chandra tries to strangle her.

Suddenly, A TREE GROWS HASTILY IN FRONT OF THE TRUCK, breaking the pavement and extending its branches full of large leaves.

The truck makes a quick turn to avoid the collision with the tree trunk, but the branches sweep off Molotov and Chandra from the top of the tank.

Both fall off the truck rolling down the branches and the broad leaves all the way the pavement. The truck speeds away leaving them back.

On the ground, Chandra is dazed, seeing Molotov crawling toward her. She tries to get up, but she can't, trying to escape crawling. But, Molotov reaches her, grabbing her foot and pulling her back.

Chandra tries to kick Molotov, but he is stronger. Both wrestle. Molotov gets on top of her, crushing her against the ground.

Molotov takes off her helmet, recognizing her.

MOLOTOV

I knew it was you, little bitch! I'm gonna cut your head off!

He grabs her by the neck with one hand. She tries to fight back, but she can't breathe. Molotov takes out a huge combat knife and lifts it over his head.

SUDDENLY, A GIANT GREYHOUND COMES RUNNING AND BITES MOLOTOV'S RISEN HAND, DRAGGING HIM AWAY.

Molotov yells and tries to escape. Another greyhound bites his other arm, and two others take him by each leg. The rest of the greyhound pack arrives fighting between them to get a piece of Molotov, who scream in pain, rage, and horror.

A couple of greyhounds run toward Chandra, who is on the floor choked and dazed. When the dog was up to bite her, a machine gun burst stops it, killing it and making retreat the others.

The dogs escape, taking away Molotov's remains.

CHANDRA POV: Chandra hears the helicopter hovering over her. A man in SWAT fatigues descends by a rope toward her. She barely recognizes Mora under the helmet.

MORA

Are you okay?

CHANDRA

You came for me!

Chandra is bloody and almost unconscious. Mora takes her in his arms, beckoning at the helicopter.

MORA

(*italics* in Spanish)

¡Dale pa'rrriba, chico! Go, go, go!

The helicopter rises them before the dogs come back. The huge animals jump in vain trying to reach them while they are taken up by the chopper.

While hanging in the air from the rope, Chandra awakes and looks at Mora, complaining.

CHANDRA

Don't you dare to touch me!

MORA

(*italics* in Spanish)

¡No jodas, chica! I'm saving your ass, dammit!

CHANDRA

(smiles almost fainting)

Don't take advantage of my situation!

MORA

(smiling) (*italics* in Spanish)

¡Déjate de bonche, chica! We still must stop that tanker!

CHANDRA

No, no, no! Let it go!

MORA

Are you sure?

CHANDRA

Trust me! Let them believe that their plans are going smoothly! Ask my mother, she can explain everything to you!

MORA

(*italics* in Spanish)

¡Dale!

Chandra faints in Mora's arms, who has difficulties to hold on to the rope. He beckons to the helicopter with urgency.

Finally, they are hoisted. The SWAT team members help them enter the helicopter.

The chopper flies away over Philadelphia's skies. The city looks like a battlefield after the most violent confrontation.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

(NOTE: In this scene, dialogs in *italics* are in Spanish)

CHANDRA POV: Chandra opens her eyes. She hears sounds and sees images as being underwater.

She awakes completely and realizes that she is in a hospital room. The TV is on with the news.

Her mother is sitting beside her. She watches the news on the TV without noticing that Chandra has awakened.

The hospital room is full of flower bouquets, balloons, greeting cards, boxes of chocolates and some other gifts.

BACK TO SCENE

Chandra is lying in a hospital bed already awaken. She has her head and both arms bandaged, a brace in her neck, her nose broken and a black eye.

She looks at her mother and was up to open her mouth when the news in the TV catch her attention.

IN THE TV SCREEN:

TV ANCHOR 3 (50), a middle age woman with a sophisticated look, talks from a TV studio. In the line at the bottom of the screen says: "Madelaine Hartmann, DEF Global News.

TV ANCHOR 3

The later developments have made the government and scientists think that the so-called Animalypse is coming to an end.

The image shows a montage of images of the catastrophe sites:

-In Philadelphia, among the ruins of demolished buildings, broken streets and wrecked vehicles, there are lots of different monstrous animals' corpses as bulls, dogs, goats,

cats, etc. full of swellings and ulcers. Giant trees and vines have fallen to the ground rotting under the sun.

TV ANCHOR 3 (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Monstrous animals and plants that scare and threaten the whole population, destroying the city, seem to suddenly die of fulminant cancer.

-Rescuers with dogs and workers with hard hats and safety vests seek for victims among the ruins and the debris.

TV ANCHOR 3 (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Philadelphia and the rest of Pennsylvania have entered in the recuperation phase. The president has declared the state of national emergency.

-FBI agents and vehicles in front of Saint Mount facilities in Missouri.

TV ANCHOR 3 (CONT'D) (O.S.)

The FBI has announced that the responsible for catastrophe was Saint Mount's corporation, which commercializes extensively a product called Mutanex without the proper testing and government's approval.

MONTAGE: Images from different parts of the world of:

-Vast plantations of corn, wheat, rice, sugar cane, etc. devastated by diseases.

-Pastures with large herds of giant cattle and sheep dead by diseases.

-Large broiler houses filled with giant dead chicken.

-Large indoor stables filled with giant dead pigs.

TV ANCHOR 3 (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Agricultural companies and governments all over the world have accused Saint Mount of the sudden cancer disease and death of all animals and plants treated with Mutanex.

View of the Washington Senate Floor.

TV ANCHOR 3 (CONT'D) (O.S.)

In Washington, the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Nutrition has created a commission to investigate the violations of the United States antitrust law by Saint Mount corporation.

-Senator Arthur Kotchner outside the Capitol Hill descends the stairs followed by a crowd of journalists, TV Cameras and angry voters with placards saying: "Kotchner to Jail!" and "Kotchner, corrupt SOB!". The Capitol Security and police officers try to stop the mob from attacking Kotchner.

TV ANCHOR 3 (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Previously, the Senate committee for agriculture and nutrition chairman, Senator Arthur Kotchner had just resigned his seat in the Senate on accusations of bribery in connection with Saint Mount's donations to him.

Dr. Wilkison shuts down the TV.

CHANDRA

Hi, mom, it seems that everything is going well.

Dr. Wilkison jumps from her seat and hugs Chandra.

DR. WILKISON

Oh, darling, you're awake at last!

CHANDRA

How long I've been unconscious?

DR. WILKISON

Three days, love.

CHANDRA

(surprised)

Three days?

(looking at the gifts)

What's all this?

DR. WILKISON

Your colleagues have brought you all these. You are their hero!

Mora enters the room like a whirlwind, carrying more flowers, balloons, gifts and cards.

MORA

(whispering to Dr. Wilkison)

Has she awakened already, *mima*?

DR. WILKISON

Yes, Manny, look at her.

CHANDRA

(puzzled)

Mima, Manny? What's going on?

DR. WILKISON

Manny has been here all the time, day and night, concerned about you.

MORA

How do you feel, *mami*?

CHANDRA

And, *mami* also?

MORA

Don't you remember that you call me *papi* at the chopper?

CHANDRA

And *papi*, too! I've got brain concussion!

MORA

How ungrateful you are!

Chandra extends her arms at him. He hugs her, and she kisses him. Dr. Wilkinson smiles, touched.

CHANDRA

I was watching the news of what happened with Saint Mount and senator, former senator, Kotchner.

DR. WILKISON

As I'd predicted, most animals treated with Mutanex are dying from cancer worldwide.

CHANDRA

I saw that too.

MORA

Mima told me how you both made the eco-terrorists to end Saint Mount's world monopoly.

CHANDRA

What the Bureau said about that.

MORA

They agree that it was the best way to prevent the terrorist to extend the Animalypse worldwide.

CHANDRA

What happened with the attackers?

MORA

Da Fonseca was arrested before he left the country.

DR. WILKISON

Manny told me that his Ecoloverse corporation and his Green World Order Foundation were under investigation

MORA

He used his labs and organization for drug trafficking creating a mercenary army for illegal purposes and to exterminate the native population of the Amazon River.

DR. WILKISON

And that's not the only thing.

Mora and Dr. Wilkison shut up, and Chandra looks at them with expectation.

CHANDRA

What?

DR. WILKISON

They are waiting for you until you recover to decorate you and give you a promotion.

MORA

By the way, Dekker has replaced Wright, who has been sent to Alaska.

CHANDRA

Wow!

MORA

And the best part is that *Mima* has been nominated for the Nobel Prize!

They embrace together with joy and laughter.

CHANDRA

What about Forseter?

MORA

He managed to escape. He took advantage of the chaos to fly to Miami, where he took a flight to Brazil. Then, he made a transfer to Beijing. We circulate him through Interpol, but he had just taken a flight to Pyongyang.

CHANDRA

North Korea, huh? I knew it! He had everything figured out from the beginning. He used Molotov and Da Fonseca for his own plans!

EXT. SATELLITE VIEW OVER NORTH KOREA - DAY

SUPER: "Ka-Do Island, Korea Bay, North Korea, 39° 33' 23" N and 124° 39' 40" E."

Satellite view of the Ka-Do Island in the Korea Bay, Yellow Sea.

Zoom to a building complex on the Island.

EXT/INT. NORTH KOREAN SECRET COMPOUND. KA-DO ISLAND - DAY

The view approaches a North Korean luxurious buildings complex in the Ka-Do Island, heavily guarded by the North Korean military, zooming to a wide glass window on an upper floor.

Through the glass, Dr. Forster is seen explaining something in a map to a large conference table.

Getting inside the large conference room, Forseter talks lively while he points a large meteorological map.

DR. FORSTER

The first trials in the United States were quite successful.

While Forster speaks, the image zooms back and expands, showing the attendees at the meeting, very interested in what Forseter is saying.

DR. FORSTER (CONT'D)

With aircrafts at high altitude, we could spray our nanobots carrying Mutanex / Hypergenex on the clouds of great atmospheric currents and phenomena, such as hurricanes, cold fronts, monsoons, jet streams, etc.

Among the attendees, there are groups of North Korean, Iranians, Russians, Chinese and Cubans military, along with militants from ISIS, Al-Qaeda, Taliban, Boko Haram and other terrorist groups.

DR. FORSTER (CONT'D)

This way, we could easily create the Global Animalypse, gentlemen!

The listeners applaud Forseter with excitement. He stood with a triumphant smile of pride

The image leaves the room, goes out the glass windows, rises above the complex of buildings, the island, the clouds, the Korean peninsula, to encompass the whole planet Earth.

FADE OUT

THE END