

THE POWERBROKER

by
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CUT IN:

BEGIN CREDIT SEQUENCE:

Credits roll over a broken timeline slideshow pieced together from news footage, camcorder footage, and conspiracy blogs:

EXT. ROTHMAN AIR FORCE SPACE COMMAND BASE - OVERLORD DATAFEED

Secret surveillance camcorder footage reveals Air Force soldiers opening fire on a semi truck running down the gated barricade -

- and then BZZT! A massive electromagnetic wave shuts down the base, the truck... the camera...

INT. NEWS DESK

In the year 2000, a well-dressed anchor presents the national evening news:

NEWS ANCHOR

Today in Cole, Montana, the Air Force Space Command's Rothman Missile Base began evacuating surrounding Bart County in response to a crisis that ended just as quickly and mysteriously as it began...

INSERT: CONSPIRACY WEBSITE - OVERLORD DATAFEED

Searching the internet and finding conspiracy websites, a surveillance program called Overlord flags a few key phrases:

"...government superhuman forces..."

"...the Rothman Two..."

"...THE SARGE, apparently a middle-aged female, seems to exhibit the ability to split and fuse subatomic bonds..."

"...codename BREAKER, known to be a government teleporter..."

"...killed in action..."

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - OVERLORD DATAFEED

From a distance, a camcorder video on the internet follows a girl standing in the playing fields... blasting off into the sky and breaking the sound barrier.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - OVERLORD DATAFEED

Security cameras catch a kid telekinetically smashing down the door, breaking the windows, and throwing the cash register and everything else behind the counter into the parking lot.

INT. NEWS DESK

Now in 2003...

NEWS ANCHOR

...an explosion of superhuman activity, particularly among teenagers and particularly throughout the Pacific Northwest. Authorities are racing to find a potential cause...

INSERT: FBI REPORTS - OVERLORD DATAFEED

Overlord is digging through government files: "...none of the meteorite activity or detectable radiation that would typically explain..."

EXT. ANOTHER HIGH SCHOOL - OVERLORD DATAFEED

Military helicopter footage catches a kid rampaging through an outdoor high school, blowing things up with beams from his hands.

BIRD'S NEST

(on radio)

Bird's Nest to Cricket, you are go to eliminate tango as soon as you're in position.

CRICKET

(on radio)

Roger go, Bird's Nest.

Running across the roof of a school building, a sniper drops into position, sets up the shot, and blows the kid's head all over the schoolyard.

INSERT. DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE AGENCY REPORTS - OVERLORD
DATAFEED

"...statistically unlikely to be naturally occurring..."

"...suggests the involvement of an individual or group of
individuals..."

INSERT: CONSPIRACY WEBSITE - OVERLORD DATAFEED

"...called 'THE POWERBROKER'..."

END CREDIT SEQUENCE

SECURITY CAMERA FEED: RIO DE JANEIRO - OVERLORD DATAFEED

SUPER: "Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Present Day."

Seen from a distance and through a window, a security camera
picks up a lady in a suit stepping across the street to a
table at a sidewalk cafe.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE, RIO DE JANEIRO - DAY

Leaning in, a young and attractive agent for the United
States Defense Intelligence Agency - AGENT CARLY TRUESDEED -
commands the attention of her grim supervisor and handler,
AGENT JULIUS BOOK. He lowers the file.

TRUESDEED

I think The Powerbroker is Craig
Kriegmacher.

AGENT BOOK

Son of the Rothman Two.

TRUESDEED

I think he's responsible for the
accident that gave them their
powers.

AGENT BOOK

He was nine years old, Truesdeed.

TRUESDEED

He was! This gets right to the
core of my profile. I think he
blames himself for their deaths.

AGENT BOOK

You think he might be open to the idea of working for the government?

TRUESDEED

That's more than I'm prepared to say. His motivations are one thing, but I think his powers themselves effect his behavior in ways that makes prediction a gamble at best.

AGENT BOOK

How does a nine year old boy set off experimental weapons in a secure air force facility?

TRUESDEED

I think he sees quantum entanglement.

AGENT BOOK

You have to give it to me in English.

TRUESDEED

For him, the relationship between cause and effect is actual... observable. His power gives him the ability to see how simple actions will - or at least can - set off a complex chain of events. I'm oversimplifying, but imagine if saying the one right thing at one the right place at the one right time to start world war three or end global pollution was as simple as opening a door or pouring a glass of wine. This is all a theory at this point, but if we run with it then he doesn't give these people powers. Not directly. He creates the accidents, under exactly the right conditions, that on any other day would kill these people instantly and instead turn them into superhumans. And I don't think he was a terrorist back in the 2000's, I think he was just a kid who liked superheroes. And I'll tell you something else, I think he's getting better at it. Remember when you said he must have some kind of mole in the agency?

(MORE)

TRUESDEED (cont'd)

I don't think he's getting information from us directly. I think he knows which of his own actions are going to result in his capture, and he's seeing those actions coming from farther and farther away.

AGENT BOOK

Like you said, it's a theory.

TRUESDEED

I said that because I don't want you accusing me of being overconfident. This is a solid working profile, it's the only one we have, and we should act on it.

AGENT BOOK

That's not your call to make.

TRUESDEED

Is this my case or is it not?

Book smiles.

AGENT BOOK

You've come a long way since I pulled you out of Marine Force Recon.

TRUESDEED

Are you proud of me, Agent Book?

AGENT BOOK

I am. Craig Kriegmacher, is it?

TRUESDEED

That's what I'm telling you.

AGENT BOOK

How can we catch a tango with powers like these.

TRUESDEED

If you help me find him, he'll see you coming. Wherever The Powerbroker is, the chain of events that leads me to his door needs to be entirely exclusive to the means and motivations of my cover story. So, Phase One is I find Kriegmacher on my own. Phase Two, we verify the Powerbroker is real.

(MORE)

TRUESDEED (cont'd)
Phase Three is we bring him in and
the rest is up to you.

AGENT BOOK
My job here is done. Let us know
when you're ready for Phase Two.
We'll keep a team ready.

TRUESDEED
I've got some leads. I'll call it
in.

AGENT BOOK
You do that.

TRUESDEED
I will do that.

AGENT BOOK
Good.

EXT. EXPAT'S PUB, DUBLIN - NIGHT

SUPER: "Dublin, Ireland Six Months Later"

Walking down a darkened, rainy street, Agent Truesdeed
glances down the street at a shitty urban pub called
Expat's... before ducking behind a van.

EXT. EXPAT'S PUB, DUBLIN - OVERLORD DATAFEED

Opening the door of the van, Agent Book lets her in out of
the rain.

INT. DIA SURVEILLANCE VAN

Carly squeezes in next to a surveillance technician -
MACKENROE - surrounded by gear.

TRUESDEED
Welcome to Dublin, gentlemen.

AGENT BOOK
Here's your earbud, here's your
sidearm.

It's a cool, near-future gun - a magnetic railpistol.
Quiet, with a laser sight.

TRUESDEED

I think guns are a bad idea on this one.

AGENT BOOK

If he can shoot you with your own bullet I'll be very impressed.

TRUESDEED

I'm worried the equipment will create possibilities that he'll sniff out and make us with.

AGENT BOOK

It's your operation.

TRUESDEED

I won't let you down.

AGENT BOOK

The codeword for breach is "Goose."

TRUESDEED

Goose.

AGENT BOOK

Take a bug and get out of here.

TRUESDEED

OK boss.

AGENT BOOK

Be careful.

TRUESDEED

OK, boss.

EXT. EXPAT'S PUB, DUBLIN - NIGHT

Stepping back out into the rain, Truesdeed slips the bug into her ear straightens her coat as she makes her way towards the pub.

INT. EXPAT'S PUB, DUBLIN

Inside, the lighting is dark and invitingly warm. Behind the bar, a young and intense man in a black shirt and jeans - CRAIG KRIEGMACHER - is performing juggling tricks with the glasses for an appreciative audience of three drunk tourists.

As the door opens, he lets himself get distracted and drops one. All three drunks at the bar clap as Carly Truesdeed makes her way in to a barstool.

DRUNK TOURIST 1

Again!

KRIEGMACHER

I've broken enough glasses for one night.

DRUNK TOURIST 2

Like hell. I'm on holiday. What do those bloody things cost?

KRIEGMACHER

Two euros.

DRUNK TOURIST 2

Here's...

Too drunk to be bothered counting, the tourist slides a big bill across the counter.

KRIEGMACHER

You guys want anything else to drink with that?

DRUNK TOURIST 2

Does a dog piss...piss?

Everyone in the group laughs.

DRUNK TOURIST 1

One more round.

KRIEGMACHER

I'll have those for you in ninety seconds. Good evening.

TRUESDEED

Good evening. Nice to hear a voice from home.

KRIEGMACHER

You're from the States.

TRUESDEED

I haven't been back in a few years.

KRIEGMACHER

Can I get you a drink?

TRUESDEED
Got any vodka?

DRUNK TOURIST 1
I should think not!

TRUESDEED
I'll have the chef's special.

KRIEGMACHER
Scotch whiskey with a splash of
water.

DRUNK TOURISTS
Ha hah!!

KRIEGMACHER
Hand picked.

TRUESDEED
Yes please.

Kriegmacher chops a glass and flips it over right as the
scotch starts to pour.

DRUNK TOURISTS
Huzzah!

Slides it across the bar.

TRUESDEED
What happened to the water?

A drop of water drips off her hair, right into the center of
the pool of liquor filling her glass. She smiles.

Smiling, Kriegmacher pours a splash of bottled water in the
glass.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)
What do I owe you?

KRIEGMACHER
(quietly)
That depends on what you came here
for. And now is not the time to
have that conversation.

TRUESDEED
When's the time?

KRIEGMACHER
You don't have to worry about that.

Turning back to the tourists, Kriegmacher flips a bunch of glasses and pours another round.

DRUNK TOURISTS

Heeey!

INT. DIA SURVEILLANCE VAN - OVERLORD DATAFEED

Agent Book wipes his mouth.

AGENT BOOK

Just sit tight, agent. He may not know any more than he's telling you.

Book gets a look from Mackenroe.

AGENT BOOK (cont'd)

Stay focused, Mackenroe.

MACKENROE

Yes sir.

INT. EXPAT'S PUB, DUBLIN

Drunken Tourist number two slaps a hundred euro bill on the counter.

DRUNK TOURIST 1

Keep the change, mate.

DRUNK TOURIST 2

That's my money!

DRUNK TOURIST 1

He can keep the change.

KRIEGMACHER

Thank you, gentlemen. Watch your step leaving the bar.

DRUNK TOURIST 2

Don't break anything!

KRIEGMACHER

Don't worry, I'm a professional.

As the drunk tourists trundle out of the bar... SLAM.

DRUNK TOURIST 1

He said watch your step.

DRUNK TOURIST 2
I'm watching it!

Finally, Agent Truesdeed is alone with Craig Kriegmacher.
He refills her glass.

TRUESDEED
Can I ask you a direct question?

KRIEGMACHER
You're going to.

TRUESDEED
Are you The Powerbroker?

KRIEGMACHER
Why in the world would a person ask
a man a question like that?

TRUESDEED
I want to help people. And I'm not
afraid of getting hurt.

KRIEGMACHER
So long as doing so won't keep you
from being useful.

TRUESDEED
How do you know that?

KRIEGMACHER
Not everything that fails to kill
you will make you stronger. What's
your name.

TRUESDEED
Carly Truesdeed.

KRIEGMACHER
I'm Craig Kriegmacher.

TRUESDEED
I've been trying to find you for
the last five years.

KRIEGMACHER
You were in Rio.

TRUESDEED
Recently, in fact. So how does
this work?

KRIEGMACHER
You do what I tell you. Someone
out there is waiting for you to
come home, Carly Truesdeed.

TRUESDEED
Yeah, I know.

KRIEGMACHER
If you do what I tell you to do,
it's going to change your
relationship with them.

TRUESDEED
I'll take the risk.

INT. DIA SURVEILLANCE VAN

Hands pursed over his mouth, Agent Book listens.

KRIEGMACHER
I'm not telling you there's a risk.
I'm telling you the consequences of
your actions. Most of the time I'm
right about things like this.

TRUESDEED
Is that how you do what you do?

KRIEGMACHER
Being right?

TRUESDEED
Yeah.

KRIEGMACHER
More or less.

With a sigh, Agent Book makes the call.

AGENT BOOK
Green light for Phase Two.

INT. EXPAT'S PUB, DUBLIN

Kriegmacher is leaning in, making heavy eye contact.

KRIEGMACHER
Meet me for dinner.

TRUESDEED
Like a date?

KRIEGMACHER
Yes, like a date.

TRUESDEED
In exchange for superpowers.

KRIEGMACHER
Yes.

TRUESDEED
Isn't that a little...

KRIEGMACHER
What.

TRUESDEED
Unprofessional?

KRIEGMACHER
Have a good night, Carly Truesdeed.

TRUESDEED
When? Where?

KRIEGMACHER
Tomorrow night at 8. Akbar's, just
off St. John's Square. I'll be
three minutes late, but you must be
on time.

TRUESDEED
I will be.

KRIEGMACHER
Good.

Taking out his cell phone, Kriegmacher takes a picture of Truesdeed. She smiles awkwardly, not knowing what to make of it. He smiles back.

EXT. STREETS OF DUBLIN - AFTERNOON

Walking down the street, Kriegmacher buys himself a cup of coffee from a street vendor and descends into the subway.

INT. DUBLIN SUBWAY STATION - OVERLORD DATAFEED

Standing on the platform, Kriegmacher waits for a train, sipping his coffee and looking around...

KRIEGMACHER
Can I borrow that paper?

SUBWAY PERSON WITH NEWSPAPER
Sure, mate.

...and borrows a paper from a stranger. When the train finally comes, Kriegmacher...

INT. DUBLIN SUBWAY CAR

...tosses the paper on an empty seat and helps himself to another seat half a car down. With a deep breath, he sips his coffee and waits out the ride and observes the people around him...

...until Carly boards the train one stop down the line. Picking up the paper, she has a seat and starts to read - missing him in the distraction, or so it seems. When she gets up to leave, he follows out another door.

EXT. ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST SQUARE - EVENING

Standing in an alcove, Kriegmacher watches Truesdeed step into the Indian restaurant.

INT. AKBAR'S RESTAURANT - EVENING

Sitting at the table, Carly Truesdeed observes her watch. At exactly 8:03pm, Kriegmacher pulls out a chair.

KRIEGMACHER
Sorry I'm late.

TRUESDEED
You told me you would be.

KRIEGMACHER
Apologizing is something people do.

INDIAN WAITER
Can I get you something to drink this evening?

TRUESDEED
Yes. Can I have a glass of wine? Cabernet Sauvignon? And chicken masala, please.

INDIAN WAITER
Are you ready to order, sir?

KRIEGMACHER
I'll have the same. Thank you.

TRUESDEED

Can I ask you about... work?

KRIEGMACHER

We can talk about anything you want.

TRUESDEED

How do you decide what kinds of powers someone gets.

KRIEGMACHER

There is a possibility that over the next six months you will be subjected to a concentrated field of Hawking radiation and that it will make you hyperdense. Practically indestructible.

TRUESDEED

You can make me indestructible.

KRIEGMACHER

No, I can't. It's possible. You also have a natural aptitude for telepathy which can be triggered and developed. Earlier today, you read an article in the newspaper about violent crime which got you thinking about the practical applications of being able to read another person's thoughts.

TRUESDEED

Was that a coincidence?

KRIEGMACHER

It doesn't matter. It's also irrelevant that your telepathic aptitude will likely push your abilities far beyond passive mental surveillance techniques. You've made up your mind.

TRUESDEED

Can I have both?

KRIEGMACHER

Theoretically, but once you've experienced one of these possibilities you will refuse to experience the other.

TRUESDEED
How do you know all this?

Quietly, the waiter places two glasses of wine on the table.

INDIAN WAITER
Your wine, ma'am.

TRUESDEED
Thank you.

Eagerly, she sips.

INT. DIA SURVEILLANCE VAN - OVERLORD DATAFEED

Sipping coffee, Book pushes his headset back into position.

AGENT BOOK
It's your call.

INT. AKBAR'S RESTAURANT

KRIEGMACHER
The truth is that you're probably
going to find out how I know all
this all on your own.

TRUESDEED
Because I'm going to be a telepath.

KRIEGMACHER
Probably.

TRUESDEED
What do we do?

KRIEGMACHER
We'll meet at the Portuguese Air
terminal tomorrow at 10:15 am.

TRUESDEED
Where are we going?

KRIEGMACHER
Probably Lisbon. I'll see it more
clearly when we get there.
Remember the warning I gave you.

TRUESDEED
I do. I'll be there.

KRIEGMACHER
Hold on a moment.

TRUESDEED
For what?

KRIEGMACHER
I chose this place for the masala.

INT. DIA SURVEILLANCE VAN

Agent Book pulls off his headset.

AGENT BOOK
OK. Let's get ready to move.

INT. AKBAR'S RESTAURANT

The waiter delivers two steaming plates of chicken masala and rice. Truesdeed inhales.

TRUESDEED
Yes.

Putting on a smile, Kriegmacher scoops up the perfect amount of masala with the perfect amount of rice, chews the perfect amount of times... and then waits for the perfect moment to sip his wine.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)
It's all math to you, isn't it.

KRIEGMACHER
Not yet.

EXT. DUBLIN AIRPORT - MORNING

Stepping out of a cab onto the curb, Truesdeed has just enough time to pull her luggage out of the trunk, pay the cabbie -

DUBLIN CABBIE
Thank you.

- and extend the handle on her travel case -

KRIEGMACHER
Good morning.

TRUESDEED

What makes this a good morning for you?

KRIEGMACHER

It's something people say. We go this way.

- before Kriegmacher leads her into the terminal.

INT. DUBLIN AIRPORT

Standing there, Kriegmacher takes in the scene.

KRIEGMACHER

It's Lisbon.

TRUESDEED

You really didn't know?

As Kriegmacher approaches the kiosk...

AIRLINE REPRESENTATIVE

Welcome to Portuguese Airlines.
How can I help you today?

KRIEGMACHER

Two first-class tickets on your next flight to Lisbon.

AIRLINE REPRESENTATIVE

I think it might be a full flight, but let me just check on that for -
No, we've just had two cancellations! Will you be checking any luggage with us today?

KRIEGMACHER

Not today, thank you.

EXT. DUBLIN AIRPORT

Roaring off the tarmac, a Portuguese Air plane pulls itself into the sky...

INT. AIRPLANE

...as Carly Truesdeed watches the ground disappear beneath her.

TRUESDEED

What happens when we get there?

KRIEGMACHER

If I tell you, you will hesitate.

TRUESDEED

OK.

INT. LISBON AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Walking purposefully out of the terminal towards the curb, Kriegmacher lets Truesdeed get the slightest bit ahead of him before...

KRIEGMACHER

Ready?

Stopping to turn around, Truesdeed gets slammed into by a man with a suitcase rushing towards the ticket counter.

In the distraction, Kriegmacher palms her wallet, her passport, her phone -

- and as she turns to find him, he slips around her and plucks her earbud right out of her ear.

TRUESDEED

Hey!

CLUMSY PASSENGER

(in Portuguese)

I am so sorry, Miss.

TRUESDEED

(in Portuguese)

Someone just took my...

Making use of the last few seconds it takes her to turn around and look, Kriegmacher slips around the other travellers and disappears out of sight.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)

Fuck!

CLUMSY PASSENGER

(in Portuguese)

Ma'am, I'm terribly sorry but I am running late. If you'd like to meet for dinner while you're in Lisbon, I can -

Truesdeed pats his sleeves, chest, and pockets down real quick before -

CLUMSY PASSENGER (cont'd)
(in Portuguese)
Miss!

TRUESDEED
(in Portuguese)
It's all right. Thank you.

CLUMSY PASSENGER
(in Portuguese)
About that dinner? At least a smile!

INT. LISBON AIRPORT - OVERLORD DATAFEED

Stepping towards the baggage claim, and into the view of a security camera, Kriegmacher wraps Truesdeed's earpiece in his fist and pulls out his phone.

KRIEGMACHER
Olga, what's the contact password for the cartel spotter fifteen meters to my four o'clock and twelve minutes?

Kriegmacher gets a text on his phone.

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
Thank you, Olga. Please unlock Truesdeed's phone, if you don't mind.

Putting Truesdeed's bud in his hear, he makes his way towards his four o'clock and 15 minutes towards a hyped up piece of Eurotrash who is trying a little too hard to look like he doesn't have a drug problem.

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
(in Portuguese)
Christmas. No family, no friends in town, arrivals terminal.

PORTUGUESE CARTEL SPOTTER
Here.

The man pays Kriegmacher a roll of euros, and Kriegmacher passes him Truesdeed's wallet and phone. As Kriegmacher walks away, the little creep starts pouring through her data...

INT. LISBON CAB

Driving by the terminal, a cabbie reaches for his ringing phone.

LISBON CAB DRIVER
(in Portuguese)
Yes.

Listening to the other end of the phone for a moment, the cabbie checks his texts and finds Kriegmacher's picture of Truesdeed. Scanning the crowd at the terminal...

LISBON CAB DRIVER (cont'd)
(in Portuguese)
Yes, I see her. I'll be at the
warehouse in 40 minutes.

With that, the cab driver pulls over.

EXT. LISBON AIRPORT - DAY

Pulling over, the cabbie rolls down his window for Truesdeed.

TRUESDEED
Hi. Um... (in Portuguese) Hi. I
don't have any money with me now,
but I swear I have some at my
Uncle's apartment. If you could
just help me out -

LISBON CAB DRIVER
No need to worry. I've been there
myself.

Stepping out of the cab, the driver puts Truesdeed's bags in the back and holds the door for her.

TRUESDEED
Thank you so much.

LISBON CAB DRIVER
Welcome to Portugal.

Truesdeed gets in the cab, and the cabbie pulls away.

EXT. SECURITY CAMERA: LISBON AIRPORT - OVERLORD DATAFEED

Stepping out of the terminal onto the curb, Kriegmacher addresses Book:

KRIEGMACHER

This is The Powerbroker. Your agent is going dark for thirty-six hours, at which point she will be in Manila.

INT. DIA SAFE HOUSE

Sitting in a small control room with Mackenroe and a team of black ops soldiers, Book leans into the microphone.

AGENT BOOK

Who is this?

KRIEGMACHER

(on radio)

Do not attempt to acquire her for the next thirty-six hours or your operation will have been a complete waste of time.

AGENT BOOK

Do you know who you I am?

KRIEGMACHER

I don't need to know who you are. Acquire her in Manila. That's where you'll acquire me.

Book covers his microphone.

AGENT BOOK

Do you have the transponder?

MACKENROE

Yes sir.

AGENT BOOK

Pick him up. Cocky motherfucker.

EXT. LISBON AIRPORT

As Truesdeed's cab pulls onto the road, he stuffs her earpiece into the roll of money...

...and sets it smack in the center of a curbside cross-walk ramp as he walks away. Behind him, a mother is dragged into the crosswalk by her little son. She pulls him back to the curb as she bends down for the roll of euros, just as a car blasts blindly through the crosswalk.

EXT. STREETS OF LISBON - AFTERNOON

Pulling off a main thoroughfare, Truesdeed's cab pulls into a sidestreet - and then into an alley. Driving right up alongside a big loading door, the cabbie honks once.

Throwing the loading door open, men in masks rush up to the side of the cab. Opening the door from the outside, they grab Truesdeed and start pulling her into the building.

Kicking and screaming as loudly as she can, Truesdeed struggles to stay in the cab long enough for someone to notice. Against five of these guys, there's just no way she can win.

Torn from the cab, she gets a gag in her mouth and a black bag over her head before she's pulled back through the loading door. Closing the gate, one of the goons hands the cabbie a big stack of cash.

Without a word, the cabbie drives back out into the city.

EXT. STREETS OF MANILA - DAY

SUPER: Manila, Philippines. 34 Hours Later

Pushing through crowded streets which bustle with vendors, shantytown structures against older buildings and traffic of all description, Kriegmacher stands out in clean jeans, a dark sportscoat and a t-shirt.

Show the photo he took of Truesdeed at dinner back in Dublin on his cell, he's canvassing everyone he can find - in English.

KRIEGMACHER

Excuse me, have you seen this girl?
Excuse me, can you help me? Will
somebody help me? Have you seen
this girl?

INT. SLAVE CARTEL CELLAR

Unlocking a massive metal door, two big Filipino dudes - CARTEL GOON 1 and ERNESTO - slide it aside to reveal several girls drugged and chained to the floor, sitting against the far wall.

Stepping up behind them, a Dutch man in a suit points to Truesdeed.

DUTCH MAN IN SUIT
(in Tagalog)
That one.

Moving in, the goons unshackle her and pick her up between them. Truesdeed's head is lolling under the influence of whatever drugs she's been given.

Dragging her out, the goons close and lock the door.

INT. SLAVE CARTEL INTERROGATION ROOM

CLICK. The man in the suit turns on a light, revealing a reinforced torture chair. Truesdeed into it, the goons strap her down tight and hard before stepping back.

TRUESDEED
Tell me where I am.

DUTCH MAN IN SUIT
(in Tagalog)
What can I use that cuts through
the heroin?

ERNESTO
(in Tagalog)
Just adrenaline, sir.

DUTCH MAN IN SUIT
Adrenaline.

Ignoring her mumbling, the man in the cartel suit sets up some electrodes on her body for purposes of electrocution.

TRUESDEED
Oh, fuck me.

Slapping her hard across the face and holding her jaw, the man in the suit forces Truesdeed to focus on a picture... of Kriegsmacher, on the streets of Manila.

DUTCH MAN IN SUIT
(in English)
Do you see this man? I need you to
tell me. Who is this man, and how
does he know where to find you?

TRUESDEED
The fucking Powerbroker.

DUTCH MAN IN SUIT

What does this mean, Powerbroker?
How does this man know to find you
in Manila?

TRUESDEED

He just knows.

Cranking the electricity, the man in the suit burns
Truesdeed from the inside out. Right away, she SCREAMS and
wets herself.

DUTCH MAN IN SUIT

Now. Who is this man.

TRUESDEED

You're going to kill me!

DUTCH MAN IN SUIT

Yes. And then I will kill him.
But how long does this take? That,
you can decide for yourself. Who
is the Powerbroker?

TRUESDEED

You're not going to believe me.

DUTCH MAN IN SUIT

How does he find you here in
Manila?

TRUESDEED

I really don't know. I work for
the US Defense department, and I'm
pursuing him as an asset. You're
caught in something you don't want
to be. You should let me go.

DUTCH MAN IN SUIT

OK.

Cranking up the electricity, the cartel boss cooks Truesdeed
until her bowels empty. Her thrashing alone is enough to
exhaust a person.

TRUESDEED

He has powers! I don't know how
they fucking work! I'm not a
fucking biophysicist!

DUTCH MAN IN SUIT

(in Tagalog)

Ernesto, is this the heroine
talking?

ERNESTO
 (in Tagalog)
 Fucked if I know.

DUTCH MAN IN SUIT
 (in Tagalog)
 You know where to find this man?

CARTEL GOON 1
 (in Tagalog)
 Men are watching him in the Market District.

DUTCH MAN IN SUIT
 (in Tagalog)
 Tell them to find out everything they can and then kill him. Don't bring him back here.

While Goon 1 pulls out his cell phone and starts talking in Tagalog, the man in suit reaches for the electricity...

TRUESDEED
 No!

...and dials it up. Truesdeed SCREAMS... and SCREAMING, she slips outside of the pain... focuses her mind on the man in the suit...

...until she can see through his eyes. Suddenly she sees herself on the table, SCREAMING.

In a moment, the Dutch Man in Suit SCREAMS too. Blood gushes out of his eyes. Blood explodes out his nose. The Dutch Man in Suit drops dead. Stunned, Goon #1 stops talking into his phone...

STILL SCREAMING, Truesdeed focuses on Ernesto.

ERNESTO
 (in Tagalog)
 Christ, boss! What the fuck! Why won't this bitch die! What's -

Staring him down through the pain, she forces him to walk towards the electricity...

CARTEL GOON 1
 What the fuck are you doing, Ernesto?

...and shuts it down. Her head suddenly clear, she stares into him even harder...

...as Ernesto pulls out his piece, blows away his partner, and unstraps the table. Clearly, Ernesto is not in control of his actions. Beneath his struggle to regain himself, he looks terrified.

TRUESDEED

Ernesto, help me the fuck up.

EXT. STREETS OF MANILA - DAY

Sweaty and tired, Kriegmacher sips a bottle of water on his way down the street.

Approaching an alley, the Powerbroker throws away the water bottle and discretely slips a mouthguard between his teeth. Getting his breathing down with the hunk of plastic in his mouth...

...he passes the alleyway and lets a pack of STREET THUGS slip a bag over his head, pull his shirt over his wrists, and quickly drag him back into the side door of a crappy foreign minivan.

INT. FOREIGN MINIVAN - ALLEYS OF MANILA

Everyone piles into the car, and the guy jumping into the passenger's seat takes command.

STREET THUG 1

(in Tagalog)

Go, man! Go!

As the minivan speeds down the alley, Kriegmacher slips his head between his knees and braces himself.

STREET THUG 2

(in Tagalog)

Fuck are you doing, man?

EXT. CARTEL HIDEOUT - DAY

Supported by Ernesto, Agent Truesdeed steps out of an unassuming, dumpy building into the light of day and the bustle of Manila.

There's people everywhere. Truesdeed's pupils dilate as she takes in a city full of minds, all at once.

Everyone - literally everyone on the street - simultaneously turns to look at Truesdeed with an expression of shock, surprise, or horror.

Suddenly, Truesdeed can see herself through everyone's eyes.
Truesdeed's experience of:

INT. SLAVE CARTEL INTERROGATION ROOM

- her torture -

EXT. CARTEL HIDEOUT

- slams through the minds and faces of -

INT. FOREIGN MINIVAN

- literally everyone in Manila. The thug driving the minivan screams, and the guy sitting in the passenger seat bites so hard his teeth explode. As the driver loses control...

EXT. MANILA SIDESTREET

...the car slams through a wall and into a residential apartment where people are scrambling away from the sudden wreckage.

INT. FOREIGN MINIVAN

Inside a van full of injured people, Kriegmacher kicks the side door until someone from inside the home opens it for him.

INT. SMASHED MANILA APARTMENT

Still blindfolded and unable to see the stunned family around him, Kriegmacher rolls himself out of the car to his feet and slowly, calmly step blindly into the kitchen and lay hands on a knife.

Cutting his bonds, removing the mask, and taking out the mouth guard, he makes his way out the back door before the thugs in the car even know what happened.

EXT. MANILA SIDESTREET

Stepping out into the light, Kriegmacher notices people starting to recover from the explosion of mental trauma.

It's still apparent from the direction everyone is looking where the psychic wave came from, and Kriegmacher starts running.

EXT. CARTEL HIDEOUT

Coming around the corner, Kriegmacher sees Truesdeed standing in the street, completely overwhelmed.

KRIEGMACHER
Carly Truesdeed!

As she looks at him, Ernesto drops to the ground as a drooling, bleeding mess.

Grabbing Truesdeed, Kriegmacher pulls her back inside.

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
Don't look at them, Carly
Truesdeed. Don't think about them.
Look at me. Think about dinner in
Dublin. Think about the masala.
Your agency is coming to get you
now. You're all done. The hard
part is done.

TRUESDEED
Masala is my favorite.

KRIEGMACHER
I thought it might be.

Truesdeed opens her eyes, and looks at Kriegmacher...

TRUESDEED
You sold me to a slave cartel.

KRIEGMACHER
Think about the masala.

...and she starts to cry.

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
OK. OK. Good. Good. Chicken
masala and nice French wine.

INT. HELICOPTER OVER MANILA

Looking into the back of a small, rented helicopter, Book takes stock of his special ops teams. Some of the guys have nosebleeds, but nobody seems too messed up. Mackenroe works a laptop...

Agent Book looks down at the ground. All throughout the streets, the citizens of Manila are eerily arrayed around the Cartel Hideout.

AGENT BOOK

Let's get our girl out of there.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

SUPER: Undisclosed Location. Six Months Later.

WHOOSH. A guard, DAVIS, pulls a black bag from off of Kriegmacher's head. The Powerbroker's forearms are cuffed atop a steel table in electronically locked bracers, giving his hands absolutely nowhere to go.

Overall, the design of this room is imposing and sophisticated. Lighting is modern, from within panels all along the ceiling. White walls, floors, and furniture make it easy to see any objects that don't belong here.

The wall directly in front of Kriegmacher frames a one-way window, which doubles as a screen from which to display information into the interrogation room.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

Standing behind the one-way mirror, Book turns to Mackenroe. Screens all over the room are measuring his pace of breathing, pupil dilation, heart rate... There's no electrodes on Kriegmacher, which suggests that the technology is highly advanced.

Behind Book, Truesdeed watches Kriegmacher waiting patiently in the interrogation room.

AGENT BOOK

First time out of his cell since he got here, and his heart is steady as a metronome.

TRUESDEED

He's relying on his sense of what he needs to do. He also knows that displays of smugness get under your skin.

Kriegmacher looks into the eye monitor and smiles.

AGENT BOOK

Is he testing my patience because he wants a specific result, or is he just being a prick?

TRUESDEED

I wouldn't take chances either way. I'll have to work him to find out more.

AGENT BOOK

You ready for that?

TRUESDEED

Ready as I can be.

AGENT BOOK

We can't risk destroying the asset.

TRUESDEED

You're going to have to trust me with him just like you trusted him with me.

AGENT BOOK

Should I be worried?

TRUESDEED

I'm just pointing out the risks.

AGENT BOOK

Your results have been looking better, but there's no project if his mind can't -

TRUESDEED

You're not worried about the asset, you're worried about what he said in Dublin about you and me. Now you've got a telepath. I'm a good soldier, I believe in the project, and if you want more superhumans on the government payroll you're going to have to trust me.

AGENT BOOK

You're not just a good soldier, Truesdeed. You're one of the best I've ever known.

TRUESDEED

Then with respect sir, it's time we stop fucking around.

AGENT BOOK

That's all I needed to hear.

Truesdeed opens the door and lets herself out of the room.

TRUESDEED

Be careful, I know.

Book smiles uneasily.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM

Slapping her hand down on a palm reader, Truesdeed waits as a flash of light exposes all the veins in her hand.

TRUESDEED

Truesdeed.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

Opening the door, Truesdeed breaks the smoothness of the featureless white wall before sealing it up behind her.

KRIEGMACHER

How are you feeling?

TRUESDEED

I don't want you speaking unless
it's a direct response to a
question I've asked.

Kriegmacher smiles and nods impishly.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)

Why do you think I'd make a demand
like this?

KRIEGMACHER

To reduce my control over what
events my words will set in motion.

TRUESDEED

That's right. Can you tell me the
consequences of disobeying my
orders?

KRIEGMACHER

These cuffs can pass electrical
current through my body and into
the chair, which is grounded.

(MORE)

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
That man - Davis - will shoot me if asked, or if it appears I might be an escape risk. Nerve gas can be pumped into this room, and there are shape charges in the walls as a last resort security measure. Both systems are connected to a panic button which is controlled by the man standing in that room over there.

Truesdeed settles uncomfortably into her chair.

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
You knew this room was a kill box before you walked into it, but your employer never told you specifics.

TRUESDEED
Direct responses only, please.

KRIEGMACHER
This conversation gives you the means to bring up his lack of transparency, but things will go easier if you let it go.

TRUESDEED
Don't make me remind you again.

Kriegmacher nods.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)
Can you see that I mean that?

KRIEGMACHER
I used my freebie.

TRUESDEED
Good. Do you know how this facility is intended to be used?

KRIEGMACHER
I'm going to set events in motion leading directly to the establishment of a military superhuman operations group, and offer consultation on the subject of superhuman training. These facilities are designed to mitigate the risks of safety and security such work might entail.

TRUESDEED

You say you're going to do these things. Do you know that for a fact.

KRIEGMACHER

I am going to do these things, yes. That's a fact.

TRUESDEED

Did you know this was the intention of the United States Military when we met?

KRIEGMACHER

Not with clarity, but I recognized that helping you was essential to some objectives of my own.

TRUESDEED

Did you let me find you?

KRIEGMACHER

A colleague of mine deliberately fed you intelligence enabling you to find me at the time and place you did.

TRUESDEED

You have colleagues?

KRIEGMACHER

I have a colleague.

TRUESDEED

Who is this colleague?

KRIEGMACHER

I'm going to make you interrogate me for that information.

TRUESDEED

Why not just tell me?

KRIEGMACHER

Doing so does nothing to advance my interests.

TRUESDEED

How do you know we won't torture you for the information?

KRIEGMACHER
You can't afford to put me in a
room with that many variables.

TRUESDEED
Tell me about these objectives of
yours.

KRIEGMACHER
If you want the information, you're
going to have to take it from me.

TRUESDEED
You realize these interrogations
will be conducted telepathically,
and that you are my first hostile
interrogation subject.

KRIEGMACHER
I'll take the risk.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

TRUESDEED
Book?

Book speaks into his headset.

AGENT BOOK
It's your room, Truesdeed.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

TRUESDEED
Because this is our first session,
I'm going to start by establishing
background and baseline.

Kriegmacher closes his eyes...

TRUESDEED (cont'd)
I strongly suggest you make no
attempt to resist me...

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - THE POWERBROKER'S MIND

SUPER: September 26, 2000. Cole, Montana.

Stepping into a 4th grade classroom in the year 2000,
Truesdeed immediately puts her hand on the wall and reels -

- as she is smacked in the face with an overwhelming amount of information all at once.

At least five different "quantum" versions of the teacher, all superimposed over one another, give five subtly different lessons. Her class responds with any number of different reactions, questions, and misbehaviors... all at once.

Altogether, the mess creates a hazy cacophony that is hard to see or hear through - a noisy fog of cause and effect. Standing up from his seat, a nine-year-old Kriegmacher tries to get Truesdeed's attention.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
(echoing)
Agent Truesdeed! Agent Truesdeed!

As Truesdeed struggles to spot him through the din, her nose starts bleeding. Feeling the blood on her face, she wipes it away... and her hand creates ripples.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
(echoing)
Come towards me! Walk towards me!

Putting one foot in front of the other, Truesdeed focuses herself against the chaos. One "version" of her disintegrates into the chaos.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
(echoing)
Agent Truesdeed, follow my voice!

Another Truesdeed falls away... and another... until finally, the remaining "Truesdeeds" step into a gradually more stable bubble around Young Kriegmacher and coalesce into a solid, cogent woman.

Staring at her with calculating eyes, nine-year-old Kriegmacher is the calm eye of a storm of quantum possibilities. Reaching into the shelf under his desk, he produces a Kleenex pouch and offers it to her.

TRUESDEED
My nose isn't really bleeding.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
It's not really a tissue. Your
mind has been exposed to -

Agent Truesdeed takes the tissue.

TRUESDEED

Thank you.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

You're welcome.

TRUESDEED

I've gotten used to being in control of other people's psyches.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

You can be in control. You can also lose yourself. Try to stay close.

TRUESDEED

That's very accommodating.

Truesdeed looks into Kriegmacher's face.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

What do you want to see?

TRUESDEED

What am I looking at right now?

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

This is the day I killed my parents. Miss Coulton is too busy to notice everything that's happening in the classroom. Donald, his last name I forget, made sure the other kids don't let me play with them at recess because I play weird. Because I was by myself, I started noticing more things about my environment. See that?

Kriegmacher points at the wall, but Truesdeed can't see what he's pointing at.

TRUESDEED

I can't see it.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

It's OK. Come with me.

Taking her hand, Kriegmacher leads her through the classroom...

...as several iterations of the teacher start demanding that Craig return to his seat, and the class erupts in echoing chaotic laughter...

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - THE POWERBROKER'S MIND

...and into the hall. On the wall, a fire alarm is shifting with potential energy, sending ripples all over the place.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

See?

TRUESDEED

What do you see?

Behind them, several iterations of Craig's teacher begin yelling at him to return to his seat.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

It's connected to my Mom at work.
Or it will be.

Reaching out in frustration, one or two versions of the teacher grab Craig's arm.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)

Now.

Kriegmacher pulls the fire alarm. Suddenly, the hallway is full of multi-phase students shuffling out of the building. His teacher is yanking him back into the classroom to gather her students.

TRUESDEED

I'm not seeing it. I need your
help.

Young Kriegmacher looks up at Agent Truesdeed, and suddenly...

INT. SEMI-TRUCK - THE POWERBROKER'S MIND

Several versions of a man drive a truck. Because the scene inside is less related to Kriegmacher's immediate experience, the image is even "fuzzier" than the classroom. For example, the truck is in several places on the road at one time. The outside of the windows is a quantum blur.

Kriegmacher and Truesdeed sit next to him.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

I can't see him clearly, but that's
my Dad. The principal knows he's
not going to catch my Dad on the
house phone so he doesn't even try.

(MORE)

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
 At this particular moment, he actually should have left a message. Dad is on the highway coming home, just fifteen minutes away. He's moving at 60 miles per hour. He has no load and no trailer. Principal Sousa knows he's not supposed to contact my Mom at work, but at some point he tracked down her number for days like today.

INT. AIR FORCE DEMOLITIONS BUNKER - THE POWERBROKER'S MIND

As Kriegmacher and Truesdeed watch:

Deep in an underground bunker under the base, JOSIE KRIEGMACHER works to diffuse a bomb.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
 That's my Mom. She works at the Air Force decommissioning nuclear ordinance. That's not something I understood at the time, but I could see how she provided the catalyst for a reaction I could set off by pulling the fire alarm outside Mrs. Coulton's room.

Mounted on the wall, there is a loudspeaker in the room.

AIR FORCE TECHNICIAN
 (on loudspeaker)
 Sergeant Kriegmacher?

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER
 I'm in the middle of something, Jonesey!

AIR FORCE TECHNICIAN
 I'm obliged to tell you that there was a disturbance at your son's school.

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER
 What kind of disturbance?

AIR FORCE TECHNICIAN
 He pulled a fire alarm.

Tech Sergeant Kriegmacher drops her tool into the bomb.
 CLANK. BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER

Crap.

Reaching into the bomb casing for the thing she dropped...

AIR FORCE TECHNICIAN

Come again, Tech Sergeant?

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER

Private Jones, evacuate the county.

AIR FORCE TECHNICIAN

Ma'am, I -

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER

Jones, I'm telling you to put all evacuation protocols into effect right now.

AIR FORCE TECHNICIAN

We're sending down the elevator.

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER

Don't bother. Let me see if I can fix this thing.

AIR FORCE TECHNICIAN

Sergeant -

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER

Do not think, Jones! Move!

INT. SEMI-TRUCK - THE POWERBROKER'S MIND

Kriegmacher looks at Truesdeed.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

Can you hear the radio?

It's not quite audible.

TRUESDEED

Not quite.

Swinging the wheel around hard, HANK KRIEGMACHER swings the truck across the highway divider and lays on the horn.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

They're telling everyone to leave because of the Air Force Base. They're not saying anything about the bomb.

(MORE)

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
 Even though he's not supposed to,
 my Dad knows what Mom's job is at
 the base.

INT. SEMI-TRUCK - THE POWERBROKER'S MIND - LATER

Focusing hard, Kriegmacher tries to clear up the image for Truesdeed.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
 He also knows she's not just going
 to let a bunch of people die if she
 can save them.

Up ahead, she can just make out a striped gate, a booth,
 sandbags, machine guns - the Air Force base, and they're
 firing on the truck!

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
 See that? That's when the bomb
 armed itself. It's called an
 electromagnetic -

TRUESDEED
 An EMP. I know how nuclear weapons
 work.

As a MASSIVE WAVE of electromagnetic energy washes through,
 the truck dies and freezes up. Gunfire rips the cab apart
 as it tumbles towards the gate. Blue electricity crackles
 over everything...

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
 Whatever makes me this way came
 from inside my parents. When the
 electromagnetic pulse hit my Dad...
 Hang on. The variables get rough.

All that blue crackling lightning coalesces around Hank as
 he flies through the windshield and over his suddenly
 locked-up engine...

Holding onto young Kriegmacher, Truesdeed struggles not to
 let her mind be torn apart by the sheer improbability of
 what happens next...

BAMF! Mr. Kriegmacher disappears!

INT. AIR FORCE DEMOLITIONS WORKSHOP - THE POWERBROKER'S MIND

In a room lit only by the mechanisms of the bomb itself and a lighter she found, Josie Kriegmacher is dead focused on the thermonuclear device when -

- CHOOM! Her husband appears!

HANK KRIEGMACHER
Josie, we're getting of here!

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER
What the fuck, Hank!

HANK KRIEGMACHER
One thing at a time, Josie!

The clock is counting down it's last few seconds.

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER
I'm doing my job!

HANK KRIEGMACHER
We gotta go!

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER
Do not dare touch me, Hank
Kriegmacher -

Bleep. Out of time.

Right as Josie pulls apart the firing mechanism, her husband tries to teleport her away. There's a reaction, and the bomb goes off. At the very same time, there is no reaction as Hank embraces Josie and teleports away. This is where Kriegmacher stops the image.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
My Mom got caught in a moment of
quantum flux. The bomb went off,
and at the same time the bomb
didn't go off... and in that moment
the only thing separating those two
possibilities was her choice. Her
choice is the only thing containing
the power of atomic fusion. Because
I pulled a fire alarm.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

Opening her eyes, Truesdeed looks at Kriegmacher.

KRIEGMACHER

Bringing you to the moment when
your powers of telepathy were
realized took more of a hands-on
approach -

Truesdeed's face reflects her rage at Kriegmacher's abuses,
but he doesn't seem to notice.

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)

- but I might not know how to look
for those moments that if I'd
missed that fire alarm. Maybe if
Donald had been a little less
scared, we wouldn't be here.

TRUESDEED

You told me this was the day you
killed your parents.

KRIEGMACHER

Working for the government as
super-powered soldiers is what got
my parents killed, and I made that
decision for them when I pulled
that fire alarm.

TRUESDEED

I'm not sure it's that simple.

KRIEGMACHER

Of course it's not that simple. If
they hadn't been who they were and
made the choices they did, that
moment would never have happened.
Choice works both ways.

Once again, Kriegmacher's words cut into Truesdeed.

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)

But that doesn't mean it's not my
responsibility. Nobody but me had
the ability to see what the
consequences of those actions would
be.

TRUESDEED

You were ten years old.

KRIEGMACHER

We're not talking about the things
I did when I was ten years old.

TRUESDEED

Nobody here believes you are blind to the consequences of joining this project.

KRIEGMACHER

Not being blind doesn't mean I can see everything, but you're correct. Being here is a calculation.

TRUESDEED

They call you the Powerbroker. We can't negotiate with you unless you tell us what you want.

KRIEGMACHER

I need your help.

TRUESDEED

Then tell us what you want.

KRIEGMACHER

No Carly Truesdeed, I need your help. The world has never seen a telepath with your potential, and I have need of that potential.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

Leaning into the microphone, Book hits his button.

AGENT BOOK

Agent Truesdeed, step in here a moment.

TRUESDEED

No, hang on a second. You're saying you did what you did to me because you expect me to turn around and invest in you personally.

KRIEGMACHER

There's no guarantees.

TRUESDEED

No guarantees. Listen -

AGENT BOOK (O.C.)

(on loudspeaker)

Agent Truesdeed, come in here please.

SLAM. Truesdeed puts her hand on the table.

AGENT BOOK

Truesdeed.

Getting up, Truesdeed walks over to the wall scanner. Scans her hand.

TRUESDEED

Truesdeed.

Kriegmacher watches her leave, and doesn't shift his vision as the hole in the wall seals itself back up.

As Truesdeed opens the door into the Interrogation Booth, Book stands up.

AGENT BOOK

What the fuck are you doing?

TRUESDEED

He's trying to get me off guard.

AGENT BOOK

He got you off guard.

TRUESDEED

I think he's trying to make me an asset.

AGENT BOOK

Are you?

TRUESDEED

Am I his asset?

AGENT BOOK

Are you OK?

TRUESDEED

I'm not going to pretend I'm the same person I was ten minutes ago, but I am not an agent for the fucking Powerbroker.

Book pats her on the shoulder.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - DETENTION CELL

Lights turn on, revealing a room with as few features as possible. There's a latrine, there's a padded bench for sleeping, and Kriegmacher is in white cotton clothes with no buttons or hard objects for him to take advantage of.

Kriegmacher sits up, expecting the door to open. In comes FREDERICKS, a female guard.

KRIEGMACHER
Good morning, Fredericks.

FREDERICKS
Hands behind your back,
observations to yourself.

Standing up, Kriegmacher puts his hands behind his back and allows his forearms to get shackled in giant, electronic bracer-cuffs.

FREDERICKS (cont'd)
You've been good. Don't fuck it up
now.

Fredericks leads Kriegmacher out of the room...

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

...and locks his arms back into the desk. Stepping back, Fredericks stands at attention.

With a hiss, the security panel lights up - Kriegmacher pays special attention to this - and the wall-door opens. In comes Agent Book, who sits opposite Kriegmacher.

AGENT BOOK
You know who I am?

KRIEGMACHER
You're the man who knows what this
place is for. You probably
designed it - the program, if not
the facility.

AGENT BOOK
If you've got questions, now's the
time.

KRIEGMACHER
I'll let you speak.

AGENT BOOK
Do you know why we've kept you so
carefully detained and isolated?

KRIEGMACHER
 You don't know which of my actions
 are designed to facilitate my
 escape or to further some motive
 you can't predict.

AGENT BOOK
 Do you know why you're here?

KRIEGMACHER
 I'm here because I need Agent
 Truesdeed's help.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

Watching through the one-way mirror, Truesdeed hits her
 microphone.

TRUESDEED
 That's true.

AGENT BOOK
 Do you know why we're keeping you
 here.

KRIEGMACHER
 I see two possibilities. I believe
 both are probably true

AGENT BOOK
 Tell me.

KRIEGMACHER
 You've deemed me too dangerous to
 be allowed my personal freedom, and
 you want me to trigger superhuman
 abilities in people who are loyal
 to your cause.

TRUESDEED
 That's true.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

AGENT BOOK
 How do you feel about your
 treatment here?

KRIEGMACHER
 I find it rational.

AGENT BOOK

How would you feel about doing work for the United States Government?

KRIEGMACHER

Under the circumstances, your only alternative would be to destroy me.

AGENT BOOK

Seems like "under the circumstances" is pretty much your area of expertise.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

AGENT BOOK

I'm going to be as forthright as I can be, Mr. Kriegmacher. We value your skills very highly. I, personally, value your skills very highly. At the same time, those skills pose an obvious threat to our national security and the fact is, your abilities may negate any need you would otherwise have to earn or maintain our trust as a measure towards realizing your own, personal objectives.

KRIEGMACHER

Your observations are correct, and they are the reason I've allowed us to make contact with one another.

AGENT BOOK

I'm going to need you to explain yourself.

KRIEGMACHER

Unless I improve my relationships with world powers, my actions will bring the combined military might of those superpowers to bear against me. Your own reservations are a proving ground for the work to come.

AGENT BOOK

Tell me about "the work to come."

KRIEGMACHER

No.

AGENT BOOK

I don't see that you have any other choice. "Under the circumstances."

KRIEGMACHER

You come from the intelligence community. None of your professional relationships are built on long-term transparency. You don't need a reason to trust my ideology, you just need a reason to believe I will give you what you're asking for right now.

AGENT BOOK

Assuming that's true, can you offer me a reason to extend that trust? Better yet, give me three.

KRIEGMACHER

First, I've been very transparent about my motives for being here. I've willingly made myself predictable, which is not something I've done for anyone in the past.

TRUESDEED

True.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

KRIEGMACHER

I've allowed myself to be detained for six months.

AGENT BOOK

Allowed yourself.

KRIEGMACHER

That's right. And I love my country.

AGENT BOOK

What possible reason could we have to believe that?

KRIEGMACHER

You can believe it because I don't blame you for the death of my parents.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

TRUESDEED

True.

AGENT BOOK

Will you work with me to develop a superhuman soldier program for the United States government?

KRIEGMACHER

For the immediate future, yes I will.

AGENT BOOK

Agent Fredericks, uncuff Mr. Kriegmacher.

Agent Fredericks does so, and the Powerbroker stands up. Agent Book shakes his hand, and Kriegmacher shakes back.

AGENT BOOK (cont'd)

Call me Agent Book.

KRIEGMACHER

Agent Book, if you bring me ten test subjects at least one of them will be the subject you're looking for.

AGENT BOOK

What criteria are we using to select -

KRIEGMACHER

Bring me whatever you've already prepared. At least one of them will work. I know you need the data to replicate my results independently, and I suggest using every resource at your disposal to observe my work. You can devote all the resources you need to reverse-engineering my results after the fact.

AGENT BOOK

Fredericks, keep the Powerbroker restrained in all public areas, and take him back to his room.

KRIEGMACHER

What are we calling this project?

AGENT BOOK
This is Project Guardian.

KRIEGMACHER
In your recruitment pitch, be sure
to mention we are the people
responsible for the Rothman Two.

AGENT BOOK
Any particular reason?

KRIEGMACHER
Because it'll work.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - REINFORCED TESTING CHAMBER 1

Rolling through a blast-door in an advanced automatic wheelchair that keeps his arms and legs secured, Kriegmacher rolls into a super-reinforced room where a line of ten soldiers, -

- all strong men and women, all in "Guardian Program" fatigues, -

- stand in line. At the door, Davis and Fredericks stand watch.

Rolling in a circle around them and sizing them up, the Powerbroker nods towards one of the potentials: an eager-looking female soldier with golden, Middle-Eastern skin named Gunnery Sergeant KAMALI.

KRIEGMACHER
That one can go.

As Davis comes up to escort Kamali out, Kriegmacher names a second, lean Hispanic soldier named Sergeant CASTRO.

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
Him too. Wash them out.

Castro blinks briefly in disappointment, but maintains his military composure.

DAVIS
Kamali, Castro, come with me.

Both soldiers step forward and fall in line behind Davis as he leaves the room. As soon as they're gone, Kriegmacher turns around.

KRIEGMACHER
Bring me to Agent Book. Quickly.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TESTING ROOM

Fredericks and Kriegmacher wait outside the closed blast door to the testing chamber while Agent Book storms down the hall.

KRIEGMACHER

I'm assuming that once I wash out a candidate, you get them off site as soon as possible.

AGENT BOOK

We're loading them onto a plane right now.

KRIEGMACHER

Launch the plane. Wait until the plane reaches altitude and then blow it out of the sky. Use the cobalt ordinance.

AGENT BOOK

How do you know that code word?

KRIEGMACHER

I don't. What I know is that telling you to use it and convincing you to do so will -

AGENT BOOK

Those are the candidates.

KRIEGMACHER

Don't give your guardians any warning. Time is short. Move fast.

AGENT BOOK

Fredericks, secure the Powerbroker to the white room. Have Mackenroe and Truesdeed meet me in the booth.

Pulling out his radiophone, Book starts giving orders. Fredericks starts escorting the Powerbroker to the interrogation room...

AGENT BOOK (cont'd)

Feed everything from the C-17 into the interrogation booth. Get me satellite feeds along the flightpath...

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

While Fredericks locks his arms into the desk chair, Kriegmacher looks up at the one-way mirror.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

KRIEGMACHER
Permission to speak?

Truesdeed looks up at Book, who nods.

TRUESDEED
Granted.

KRIEGMACHER
Can you get me the satellite feeds
and aircraft security Book was
requesting?

Book shakes his head.

TRUESDEED
No.

KRIEGMACHER
I'm obviously in Utah or Wyoming.
If you're nervous about me seeing
satellite imagery of high desert,
you can all relax.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

For a moment, there's no response.

KRIEGMACHER
If I'm not advising you on this in
realtime, you risk losing two good
soldiers.

Windows come to life on the screen. Kriegmacher smiles and nods calmly.

INT. C-17 CARGO BAY - DAY

Stowing gunney sacks and settling into jumpseats on a massive military cargo plane, Castro smirks at Kamali.

CASTRO
Can't have a brown superhero.

KAMALI
It's amazing we made it this far.

WHEEEEEEEEEEEE!!! Jet engines drown out the soldiers as...

EXT. DESERT AIRBASE - DAY

...the C-17 leaps off the runway and into the air.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

Bringing up the projected flightpath over the satellite images, Book smashes a glass seal over a keyhole in the console and produces a key from around his neck...

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

Watching dispassionately, The Powerbroker inhales.

KRIEGMACHER
Agent Book, I want you to initiate
on my mark. Mark one is for the
pilots to evacuate the cockpit.
Mark two is for weapons launch.

On the screen, Kriegmacher watches Castro and Kamali socialize...

CASTRO
Where'd they find you?

KAMALI
What?

CASTRO
(louder)
Where'd they find you? What branch
of service?

KAMALI
Sorry soldier, I'm not into
sympathy fucks.

Castro winces at being caught red-handed.

KRIEGMACHER
Go for crew evacuation on my mark.

KAMALI
I'm in the Marines.

CASTRO
I fucking knew it!

KRIEGMACHER
Mark.

INT. C-17 COCKPIT - DAY

Switching on the autopilot, the TWO PILOT CREW switches on the autopilot -

C-17 CO-PILOT
Autopilot?

C-17 PILOT
Check.

- straps on their parachutes...

C-17 CO-PILOT
Last thing I wanted from this program is a downed C-17 on my record.

C-17 PILOT
Nothing about this is going on our record.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

Pulling his hands away from his mouth...

KRIEGMACHER
Go for launch on my mark.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

Book places his key in the keyhole.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

KRIEGMACHER
Mark.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

Book twists the key.

EXT. DESERT AIRBASE - DAY

Two futuristic-looking surface to air missiles let fly.

INT. C-17 CARGO BAY - DAY

Opening the door from the cockpit into the cargo bay, the C-17 pilot sees the two soldiers in conversation. Motioning to the co-pilot, he steps quickly to the door and opens it -

KAMALI

What the fuck are they doing?

- instantly depressurizing the cabin, as -

EXT. DESERT SKIES - DAY

- the pilots tumble out of the plane, as two roaring missiles close in.

INT. C-17 CARGO BAY - DAY

Grabbing Castro, Kamali shouts over the SCREAMING air.

KAMALI

Our pilots just jumped out of the
fucking plane! We have to -

KROOOOOM! Ripping through the hull of the plane with a quick blast of blue energy, the missiles -

EXT. DESERT SKIES - DAY

- briefly explode the plane outwards, before sucking everything instantly into a tiny glowing sphere like some kind of miniature black hole.

But for that brilliant glowing marble of light, everything is eerily quiet for a moment.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

Watching this on satellite, The Powerbroker wipes his mouth.

AGENT BOOK

Where are they?

KRIEGMACHER
I'm not an astrophysicist, Agent
Book.

Suddenly, the plane explosion and debris flickers back on to the screen. Flickering in and out of existence...

INT. DESERT SKIES - DAY

...the plane parts fly apart and disappear, almost as if the reality of the crash is flickering with static. As the image is clarified, and plane wreckage rains down onto the desert.

So do Kamali and Castro, only something is wrong.

Both of them can fly, but not at the same time. Kamali is suddenly shot away from the crash at incredible speed, and Castro is frozen in mid-air.

Literally stopped cold without falling, Castro is all potential energy even as Kamali is expressing massive amounts of kinetic energy. Wreckage slams into Castro, and it breaks apart on him as he tries to force himself out of the way. Shocked by this, he succeeds - and suddenly it's Kamali that's frozen.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

Agent Book is trying to take in whatever it is his eyes are seeing.

AGENT BOOK
What the hell is happening?

KRIEGMACHER
I have no idea.

EXT. DESERT SKIES - DAY

Flickering back and forth like this, fighting one another for the power of flight, the first two guardians make their way to the ground.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

KRIEGMACHER
One of them can project energy to exactly the extent that the other one absorbs it.

INT. DESERT - DAY

Walking towards one another, Castro and Kamali make eye contact - and for a moment, Castro starts absorbing all light while Kamali becomes... almost a human star.

For just a moment, this effect flickers on and off...

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

Agent Book and everyone else in the booth is trying to make heads or tails of what the hell is happening out there.

AGENT BOOK
What's happening?

KRIEGMACHER
They're deciding whether or not to
consume one another. Give them a
second. If they stabilize -

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Kamali stretches her arm towards Castro.

KAMALI
Calm down, Castro!

CASTRO
Calm down?

KAMALI
Yeah! Calm down! We didn't wash
out! Don't you get it? We're the
weapon! You're a fucking
Guardian!

For a moment, Castro stops.

CASTRO
Oh, hell yes.

BOOM. Exploding in flame, Castro SCORCHES the EARTH around him - and Kamali FREEZES everything in sight. Suddenly, a vortex of heat is pouring from Castro into Kamali.

KAMALI
EASE DOWN, SOLDIER!

CASTRO
THIS IS AMAZING!

KAMALI
HOLD YOUR FUCKING FIRE! FRIENDLY
FIRE!

CASTRO
Oh shit!

Castro's out of control!

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

Watching the satellite images, Kriegmacher can see one huge white blip swallowing one huge black blip...

KRIEGMACHER
Agent Book, that weaponry is too dangerous to use again. Show this footage to your congressman.

AGENT BOOK
I believe I will.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

...and on the ground, Kamali and Castro fight for balance.

KAMALI
Ease up, soldier!

CASTRO
HOW?!!

KAMALI
BREATHE! FOCUS! PUT IT SOMEWHERE ELSE!

SLOWLY, the energy arc between Castro and Kamali bends upwards.

Slowly, the blast of heat thins out and separates from the blast of cold... until both Guardians are blasting their power straight into the sky. With the arc between them broken, Kamali and Castro can dial their power back...

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - DAY

Closing her eyes, Agent Truesdeed reaches out with her mind -

TRUESDEED
Sir?

AGENT BOOK
Not now, Truesdeed!

TRUESDEED
Sir, I've got them. I can talk
them down.

KRIEGMACHER
Truesdeed can keep them stable for
transport and training. I'd say
we're in the clear.

EXT. DESERT

Breathing deep, Castro slumps to the ground. Kamali eases
herself down.

CASTRO
What the fuck.

Kamali LAUGHS.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

Finally, The Powerbroker is breathing a little easier.

KRIEGMACHER
Agent Book, you can go pick up your
soldiers. And take your time with
them. One strongly worded
suggestion:

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

Everyone is only just now catching their breath.

KRIEGMACHER
Bunk them together. Keeping them
apart will just make them more
attracted to each other.

TRUESDEED
Did you just make a fucking joke?

KRIEGMACHER
No.

Truesdeed laughs in spite of the terror.

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
 Sorry about the plane. That was a
 joke.

Agent Book LAUGHS.

TRUESDEED
 He just knows how to make us laugh.
 He's not actually funny.

Book laughs even harder.

EXT. PAKISTANI HIGH DESERT - KRIEGMACHER'S DREAM

Warping into the Pakistani high desert, Breaker drops himself and the Sarge - Kriegmacher's parents - into a covered position where special forces are illegally engaged with Taliban forces.

Much of the scene is obscured by the fact that Kriegmacher was never here personally. Most of what Kriegmacher sees here is drowned in so many superimpositions of reality to be clear.

SPEC OPS SOLDIER
 We have visual on the Sarge and
 Breaker, sir.

RADIO TECH
 (on speaker)
 Ten four, Weevils. Hold position
 and call targets to our specialist
 units.

SPEC OPS SOLDIER
 Ugh. Specialist units.

RADIO TECH
 (on speaker)
 Cut the chatter and drop them
 attack coordinates, or get your ass
 in there and gut those caves
 yourself.

SPEC OPS SOLDIER
 (on radio)
 That's a roger, Hive. Specialist
 Sarge, you see that cave at three-
 o'clock?

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER
 I see it.

SPEC OPS SOLDIER
 Something in there doesn't like
 bullets the way it should.

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER
 That's why they pay us the big
 bucks.

Putting her hand on the ground, Josie pumps some kind of
 energy into it -

- and the cave blows apart like it was a fist wrapped around
 a stick dynamite. Her explosion rips the earth open like a
 meteor.

SPEC OPS SOLDIER
 I should not be talking so much
 shit.

RADIO TECH
 (on radio)
 Cut the chatter and stay on
 mission.

SPEC OPS SOLDIER
 Roger hive. Weevils, move in and
 confirm kill.

TRUESDEED
 You saw all this?

As it turns out, Truesdeed is standing right in the middle
 of this dream. So is...

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
 You shouldn't be in my dreams.

TRUESDEED
 The stakes are getting high,
 Kriegmacher. We need to know we
 can trust you.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
 I'm doing everything you ask me to.

TRUESDEED
 We've asked you repeatedly to tell
 us who is working with you on the
 outside. Do you think you're
 protecting someone?

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
 I'm protecting everyone. And I
 can't protect you in here.
 (MORE)

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
Not without my conscious mind. You
should leave.

TRUESDEED
I'm getting better at taking care
of myself, and I need that
information.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
You do, but not yet. I intend to
show you, Truesdeed. Just not until
you've got a better sense of the
big picture.

TRUESDEED
What big picture?

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
Shh. This is where I lose control.

Splitting the ground with the force of his ascent, a man in
desert robes leaps into the air... high above the
battlefield...

...and hovers there, pouring focused beams of the sun's
radioactive power out of his hands and down upon the enemy
soldiers. From the ground, Weevil Squad opens fire.
Bullets literally melt against his skin.

Everything about Kriegmacher's grip on this scene is
unstable. Even Kriegmacher himself is in danger of being
torn apart and becoming lost to the quantum flux of it all.

As the superhuman turns the force of his attack to Sarge,
Breaker tackles her and teleports to a mountainside a mile
away.

Watching him from the sudden distance, the Sarge turns to
Breaker.

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER
You've got to put me right on top
of him.

HANK KRIEGMACHER
Babe, that guy could kill you in an
instant.

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER
He's killing those soldiers right
now.

HANK KRIEGMACHER
That's not -

JOSIE KRIEGMACHER

Now, Hank!

Without any further hesitation, Hank grabs his wife...

...and literally teleports right on top of the enemy superhuman. Dropping out of the sky on top of him, the Sarge wraps her arms around the enemy...

...and even as the heat of his body burns through her, even as her husband falls away and teleports himself back up to grab her again on the way back down...

HANK KRIEGMACHER

I'm coming!

...she pumps him full of atomic energy and blows him up using his own atoms. The sky is full of fire, and there is no trace of Breaker, the Sarge, or the enemy superhuman.

SPEC OPS SOLDIER

Hive, this is Weevil three. Area secure.

Looking around, Kriegmacher can see no trace of his parents. Not even in the quantum flow. They're gone.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - DETENTION CELL

Waking up with a start, Kriegmacher wipes a little sweat off his face and sits up.

KRIEGMACHER

Can I have some water?

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

Following The Powerbroker's automated wheelchair into the room, Fredericks straps him into his table seat. Truesdeed is waiting for him.

TRUESDEED

Sure we can't have some surveillance measures in there?

KRIEGMACHER

They'll just get destroyed.

TRUESDEED

Fair enough.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - REINFORCED TESTING CHAMBER 1

Kamali and Castro walk into the room with the blast shields -

DAVIS
Good luck!

- and Davis seals them inside.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

Book settles in for a day's work.

KRIEGMACHER
We start with something simple.

TRUESDEED
What's simple?

AGENT BOOK
Positive and negative charge.

TRUESDEED
What do you know about -

AGENT BOOK
Don't get sloppy. You have your orders.

TRUESDEED
Yes, sir.

Truesdeed closes her eyes.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - REINFORCED TESTING CHAMBER 1

Snapping out of "psychic listening mode", Kamali focuses on Castro.

KAMALI
I'll be positive, you be negative.

CASTRO
You be negative.

KAMALI
Positive is where the current flows to. Negative does the shooting.

CASTRO
Well call it something else then.

KAMALI
You be Alpha. I'll be Omega.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

KRIEGMACHER
Stop thinking. Just do it.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - REINFORCED TESTING CHAMBER 1

KAMALI
Every bad decision of my life began
with that advice.

Turning towards the wall, Kamali puts her hands palms out.
Castro stretches one strong hand at the opposite wall.

Just like one of those mad-science toys with the glass ball
of lighting, Kamali's wall starts crackling with electricity
and shooting thin, flickering tendrils of electricity into
Kamali's outstretched hands...

...and after a second or two, one giant steady electric bolt
pours out of Castro's hand into his wall. For a moment, the
system seems to stay in balance...

Until Castro starts to supercharge his end of things.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

TRUESDEED
They're losing it.

KRIEGMACHER
Tell them to focus.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - REINFORCED TESTING CHAMBER 1

Castro is fighting it, but his giant beam of electricity is
getting pulled into the wall... fueling a massive lightning
storm on Kamali's side of the room that pours into her like
a lightning experiment gone awry.

KAMALI
Dial it back, Castro!

CASTRO
I'm trying!

KAMALI
Stop trying and fucking do it!

CASTRO
You're pulling me in!

BAM. He can't keep his arm from giving into the pull, and Castro pours the massive lighting beam directly into Kamali. She swings around to catch the awesome energy stream in both hands.

CHOOM! MASSIVE BLUE LIGHTNING pours from Castro into Kamali, scorching their clothes and the walls.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

AGENT BOOK
Agent Truesdeed, it's time for you
to step in

TRUESDEED
They've got this.

AGENT BOOK
I'm not convinced. Get in there
while you can still control this
and shut them down.

TRUESDEED
I'm telling you, they're working on
it!

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - REINFORCED TESTING CHAMBER 1

Castro is struggling to pull his arc away from Kamali.

KAMALI
You can fucking do it, Castro!

CASTRO
Alpha!

KAMALI
You can fucking do it, Alpha!

CASTRO
Yes I fucking can.

Castro puts his arc squarely back into the wall. As the lighting storm pouring into her dies down, Kamali can handle it with one hand.

Looking back at Castro, her clothes totally scorched, she smiles. The room around them is destroyed and crackling with heat.

KAMALI
Alpha and Omega.

CASTRO
Fuckin' A, Guardian.

KAMALI
Amp it up a little.

CASTRO
Fuck yeah.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

KRIEGMACHER
Tomorrow you can install monitoring equipment. Just the electrical stuff.

Kriegmacher smiles.

TRUESDEED
Get him out of here.

FREDERICKS
Ma'am.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

Book switches on his mike.

AGENT BOOK
Agent Truesdeed, a word.

TRUESDEED
Coming, sir.

As Kriegmacher wheels himself out under guard, Book turns to Mackenroe.

AGENT BOOK
Mackenroe, I'd like you to get the team started compiling candidates for the next round.

MACKENROE
Sir, I'd like to submit myself.

AGENT BOOK

No.

MACKENROE

Sir -

AGENT BOOK

Under no circumstances.

MACKENROE

Sir, Truesdeed -

AGENT BOOK

Mackenroe, how many people can multitask like you can? I'm not putting you at risk.

MACKENROE

Right. Yes sir.

Book gives Mackenroe a sideways look.

MACKENROE (cont'd)

Yes sir.

The door slides open, and Truesdeed steps into the room.

AGENT BOOK

Truesdeed, my office.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DETENTION CELL

Wheeling up to his door, Kriegmacher stops for Fredericks to set his hand on the scanner.

KRIEGMACHER

Fredericks?

FREDERICKS

Hmm.

The hand scanner FLASHES through Fredericks' palm

KRIEGMACHER

May I have a box of chalk?

For a second, Fredericks blanks out.

FREDERICKS

I'm sorry?

SECURITY PANEL
Security voiceprint has timed out.
Please enter Tier 2 security
protocols.

FREDERICKS
Shit. Hang on a second,
Powerbroker.

Kriegmacher watches the panel, seeing something that
Fredericks doesn't. For his part, Fredericks slips his card
through a reader and submits for retinal scan.

SECURITY PANEL
Authentication One.

FREDERICKS
Charlie-Romeo-Two-One-Five.

SECURITY PANEL
Authentication Two.

FREDERICKS
Drosophila

The door slides open, and Kriegmacher wheels himself into
the room.

FREDERICKS (cont'd)
What the hell do you want a box of
chalk for.

KRIEGMACHER
I want to draw on my walls.

FREDERICKS
I'll ask.

KRIEGMACHER
Thank you.

FREDERICKS
Quiet while I unlock you.

KRIEGMACHER
Of course.

Fredericks gets busy with the job of getting Kriegmacher out
of the wheelchair. Kriegmacher, for his part, complies.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - DETENTION CELL

Pulling a stick of chalk out of the box, he sets the box down and breathes deep. Reaching high, he starts to sketch...

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - DETENTION CELL - LATER

...a picture of a woman. It fills the entire wall.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - DETENTION CELL - LATER

It's Truesdeed.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - DETENTION CELL - LATER

Actually, it's coming along pretty well. Turns out, the Powerbroker isn't bad at drawing.

VWOOSH. Kriegmacher's door opens, and it's Truesdeed.

TRUESDEED

Are you going to tell me what this
is about?

Kriegmacher turns around innocently. Truesdeed catches herself looking at the likeness.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)

You're driving me nuts. You're
deliberately... You're like a bee
tapping the window of my mind,
Kriegmacher. You obviously want my
attention, so let's have it.

KRIEGMACHER

I just wanted to talk to you.

TRUESDEED

I'm having someone come and take
your chalk away.

KRIEGMACHER

I wanted to talk to you about my
reason for being here.

In the act of leaving, Truesdeed freezes.

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)

You don't know what I'm risking.

TRUESDEED
This is bullshit.

KRIEGMACHER
Look at Agent Book. How much
empathy has Book sacrificed for the
sake of expedience?

TRUESDEED
You think that's what we're doing
here?

KRIEGMACHER
I know it is. And it's harder for
Book and you than it is for me.
Today, Book asked you to take
control of Alpha and Omega.

TRUESDEED
That's not something I need to
discuss with you.

KRIEGMACHER
For Book, using you to control
others is a natural step. And from
there, at some point, people are
going to want to know if you can
remake a person completely.

TRUESDEED
How does that make him different
from you?

KRIEGMACHER
I'm asking you to help me. There's
a human being inside me. I'm not
lost completely, but I'm not good
at seeing what's around me in a
human way. Think of what I might
become if I could see more
possibilities.

TRUESDEED
You're here because you want help.

KRIEGMACHER
Before we met, there wasn't a
person on Earth qualified to help
me. Now there is exactly one.

For a second, Truesdeed is stopped short by the immensity of
that concept.

TRUESDEED

I'm going to tell all of this to Book.

KRIEGMACHER

I know that, but there will come a moment when you have to choose. Thank you for coming down to talk to me.

TRUESDEED

Thank you for trusting me.

VWOOSH. The door closes, and Truesdeed is gone. Craig is left with the chalk picture he drew on the wall.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - OFFICE OF AGENT BOOK

Pouring two whiskies, Book passes one to Truesdeed.

TRUESDEED

He's being more transparent than he knows how. He's taking risks, and he doesn't know how this is going to end. He's hoping, which honestly scares me more than the idea that he has some kind of airtight endgame.

AGENT BOOK

Like with Alpha and Omega?

TRUESDEED

He was more confident about that. This is different. He's trying to ...become a man, I think. He thinks I can help.

AGENT BOOK

But not me.

TRUESDEED

He definitely does not trust you.

AGENT BOOK

Is he playing us against each other?

TRUESDEED

It's more like he's planning on you dropping some cards that I won't like.

AGENT BOOK
I probably will.

TRUESDEED
I know that.

AGENT BOOK
Can I count on you to take orders?

TRUESDEED
Yes sir.

AGENT BOOK
Today suggests otherwise.

TRUESDEED
It's the obligation of any soldier
to disobey a wrongful command.

AGENT BOOK
You've been in intelligence far too
long to be reading me Moran Laws.

TRUESDEED
What we're building here is more
than an intelligence agency. It's a
peacekeeping force for the future,
and I believe in it. Our laws are
more important than ever, sir.

AGENT BOOK
Push him, and find out who this
accomplice is.

TRUESDEED
Sir, there's a risk involved that I
think I need to bring to your
attention.

AGENT BOOK
I'm listening.

TRUESDEED
Obviously Kriegsmacher's mind is
different from the other subjects
I'm working with. His thought
structure is a product of his
adaptation to the world he sees.
I'm relying on him to help me, in
there. If I push past him, there's
a good chance you'll lose me. I'm
not saying I won't do it, I just
need you to understand -

AGENT BOOK

You're saying it's a dangerous assignment.

TRUESDEED

Now that we've actually got assets coming out of this project, I just want to make sure we're not risking them unnecessarily.

AGENT BOOK

I don't need to tell you that Kriegmacher has been eerily calm about his detainment. If the card up his sleeve that gives him that smirk is in any way a threat to this project, this country or the safety of our soldiers -

TRUESDEED

- we need to know right away. I get it. I'm sorry I haven't -

AGENT BOOK

You're going the best work a person can do, Truesdeed.

TRUESDEED

Thank you, sir.

AGENT BOOK

Now you're a Guardian. Do better.

TRUESDEED

Yes sir.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

While Fredericks clamps Kriegmacher down to his interrogation table, Truesdeed steps into the room and takes her seat. Once Fredericks makes his exit, Kriegmacher smiles.

KRIEGMACHER

Don't worry. You'll be fine.

TRUESDEED

Whether or not you are allowed any slack, such as the right to speak to others before spoken to about anything other than the performance of your duties...

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION BOOTH

Predictably, Agent Booth is pouring over every word.

TRUESDEED

(on speaker)

...that will depend very heavily on how our interviews go today. We're going to find out who your associate is.

KRIEGMACHER

There's a reason you haven't been able to access that information.

TRUESDEED

It's because I've let you prevent me from doing so.

KRIEGMACHER

Not exactly. Who is person is, or even simply why she can be trusted, is not something a mind can grasp exclusively from within itself. Applied mathematics is a subject I take a lot of personal interest in.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - INTERROGATION ROOM

Agent Book folds his hands in discomfort.

KRIEGMACHER

There's a concept academics have been embracing recently which means a lot to me personally. The math problems we face today are so complex and full of detail that even the greatest minds can no longer understand them. Instead, we have to build software that can understand them for us and help us use and apply them. I don't always understand the things that I do, but the applications of my work are self-evident to me. My presence here is one such practical application. My work here will, I think, stabilize my work elsewhere even if I don't understand all the details.

TRUESDEED

You're saying this colleague of yours has a relationship with you that you don't understand, even if you can sense the outcome.

KRIEGMACHER

I'm saying that my relationship with this party has profoundly challenged what could be called my grip on sanity. I'm not capable of understanding what I did, and I'm asking you not to try and force me to.

TRUESDEED

What have you done?

KRIEGMACHER

I'll show you.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Kriegmacher leads Truesdeed out into the playground of his elementary school years. Sitting by herself, a girl scribbles in a notebook.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

That kid over there is Dale. With the benefit of hindsight, Dale was probably autistic.

Reaching down to touch the notebook, he sees Dale recoil...

...and forcefully yanking the notebook out of her hands, Young Kriegmacher wins himself the attention of the teacher on duty.

MRS. FENT

Craig! Craig Kriegmacher, you leave Dale alone!

As she starts to approach, Kriegmacher makes a couple of notes in the book and hands it back to Dale.

For a moment, Dale is confused.

MRS. FENT (cont'd)

Craig, go to the corner.

DALE

No, it's OK Mrs. Fent.

MRS. FENT
Dale, I will handle this.

DALE
He fixed it.

MRS. FENT
You let me handle this. Go back to
your notebook.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
It's OK, Dale. I'll be back.

Kriegmacher lets himself be led back into the school, and suddenly finds himself...

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

...in a small neighborhood library. Making his way to the Magazine section, he finds a copy of a super nerdy, pulp-paper publication called Mathematics Monthly.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
Dale was one of the first people I triggered outside of my own parents. When the government's cryptography community realized what a math prodigy she was, attempts were made to enhance her abilities through brain chemistry.

Opening it up, he pulls out a subscription card and fills it out in the name of Dale Carson.

Turning around, Kriegmacher finds...

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

...Dale back on the playground.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
Dale, want to play a game with me?

Dale, terrified and lost in a world of noise, looks up at young Kriegmacher... who puts a yellow pad in front of him full of figures. Immediately, Dale starts breathing heavy and focusing on the math.

DALE
This isn't a game.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
What is it?

DALE
It's a person.

Then, Dale starts scribbling. Kriegmacher watches patiently.

TRUESDEED
Dale isn't your accomplice, is she.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
Look at this.

INT. THE KRIEGMACHER'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Stepping down the stairs into a room that echoes with possibility, Craig finds his Mom sleeping on the couch with a ton of government documents all around her. Picking up a pen, he very carefully draws a few numbers and letters on the page. At a glance, the result appears to be notes.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
My parents were still alive, but I knew there would be a time when they weren't. These documents will be filed away and eventually scanned into a government database. I did things like this all the time, on all kinds of documents. One time I wrote a bunch of excess information on my parents tax forms. At one point, I actually hoped it would bring my parents back... but that's not what I was doing.

TRUESDEED
Are you talking about artificial intelligence?

Opening the door to the outside...

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

...Young Kriegmacher leads Truesdeed back to the playground.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
For years, I was casting out little pieces of information that would one day be connected by networks.
(MORE)

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
Proteins will eventually make amino acids if they sit in the same pond long enough. Massive amounts of that data came from Dale, but it came from thousands of other places as well. When I knew I was going to lose my parents, I knew I would need help. Dale needed help too.

TRUESDEED
Where is Dale now?

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
She died in a government program last year.

TRUESDEED
How do you know?

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
Olga.

TRUESDEED
Olga?

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
Dale named her. I never asked why. Olga and I take care of each other. You want to see the moment she was born?

TRUESDEED
Yes.

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - DAY

Sitting in front of a computer, a kid runs a benign internet search.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
I don't know who this person was, but I know the search they ran was for secret documents related to my parents. When that search was flagged, a computer in the pentagon automatically accessed the last of the files I had altered when I was ten. This was back in 2003.

TRUESDEED
There's been a rogue artificial intelligence living on the internet since 2003?

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

When you tracked me down, it was Olga who helped you. I asked her to, actually. We argued about it.

TRUESDEED

And if you wanted to disappear -

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

There would be no record of me, but I can tell you that's the least of Olga's capabilities.

TRUESDEED

What is Olga capable of?

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

I wouldn't understand if she told me. She and I make a good team. She gives me information, and I give her help. I'm here for two reasons.

TRUESDEED

Tell me.

Suddenly, Kriegmacher is standing there as his present-day self.

KRIEGMACHER

If this world is going to be everything it can be, there has to be a force in the world that represents the collective will of people. Not just their potential.

TRUESDEED

You're saying that representing their potential is your job?

KRIEGMACHER

Yes. Secondly, there has to be a human element in what we do.

TRUESDEED

You need my help.

KRIEGMACHER

I do.

TRUESDEED

So you created a telepath and -

KRIEGMACHER

You created a telepath. You created
The telepath. I just told you how
to do it.

TRUESDEED

You once told me you want me to
imagine what you could do if you
saw more possibilities.

KRIEGMACHER

That's right.

TRUESDEED

Olga is just the beginning.

KRIEGMACHER

That's right.

TRUESDEED

You want to change the world.

KRIEGMACHER

I have changed the world.

TRUESDEED

And you want Book to keep you in
check.

KRIEGMACHER

And I'm asking you to be on my side
of the equation.

TRUESDEED

Does Olga know you're here?

KRIEGMACHER

Yes. She's watching me.

TRUESDEED

How is she in our system? How much
can she do in here?

KRIEGMACHER

That's information I need to keep
to myself until I know what choice
you're going to make.

TRUESDEED

You don't know if I'm going to help
you?

Kriegmacher looks at Truesdeed with sincere vulnerability.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)
I can't keep this secret.

KRIEGMACHER
Tell Book about Olga. Tell him at this stage in her development, provoking her isn't dangerous. It's inconsequential. But I have a plan to restore the balance of power.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - OFFICE OF AGENT BOOK

Pouring herself a stiff whiskey in Book's office and slurping at it, Truesdeed pours one for Book as well.

TRUESDEED
He says that Mackenroe has the potential to be an technokinetic.

AGENT BOOK
A what?

TRUESDEED
A data whisperer. Someone with the ability to understand, read, and control electronic systems. His mind can be every bit the intelligence gathering tool that Olga is.

AGENT BOOK
We've collated hundreds of dossiers on operational candidates -

TRUESDEED
He knows.

AGENT BOOK
Does he know because his program is spying on us or because he deduced it with superpowers?

TRUESDEED
Does it matter?

AGENT BOOK
Truesdeed, you are compromised.

TRUESDEED
I'm not going to argue with that.

AGENT BOOK

The development of this program is not up to Craig Kriegmacher!

TRUESDEED

By chasing him down, we put the development of this program at least partially in his hands. If we didn't see that coming, the oversight is our responsibility. I think we need to trust him.

AGENT BOOK

Come again?

TRUESDEED

The Powerbroker is offering us a level playing field. Knowing what we know, I'd say we're much closer to a best-case-scenario than not. So what if Kriegmacher's interests are not exclusive to our own?

AGENT BOOK

Truesdeed, you'd better get on mission.

TRUESDEED

How am I not on mission? We wanted a way to control the proliferation of superpowers. What he's proposing no more or less risky than collaborating on nuclear proliferation.

AGENT BOOK

No. Those collaborations involve subcommittee after subcommittee.

TRUESDEED

And how often does that work? Sir, we have a moment in history when we have the authority to do what we need to ensure the interests of our country and our world. By coincidence or design, that authority won't get taken from us until after the job is actually done. We have that split-second moment in history when we can build the system that works, instead of building the system people die and die trying to fix.

AGENT BOOK

He's got the high ground, and he's telling us it's safe to come out from cover.

TRUESDEED

Because he needs us.

AGENT BOOK

There's no way to know that with confidence.

TRUESDEED

Sir, people cannot lie to me! When he says he wants to maintain the balance of power, he's telling the literal truth. He's working with you to keep himself in check. Which organization would you rather he be working with?

AGENT BOOK

It's too much power for one person.

TRUESDEED

Sir, I think that's his point.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - REINFORCED TESTING CHAMBER 2

Locked in his wheelchair, Kriegmacher supervises as a handful of TECHNICIANS in Guardian lab gear stick needle-like electrodes into Mackenroe all over his body. Book and Truesdeed are supervising Kriegmacher.

In the middle of the test chamber, there's an awesome-looking and transparent tank flooded with blue gel.

AGENT BOOK

Running this test without the main servers online makes us vulnerable.

KRIEGMACHER

Running these tests with the main servers online will overwhelm his senses until he fries your mainframe.

AGENT BOOK

You're hardly an engineering expert.

KRIEGMACHER

I'm also not a doctor, but you're pumping him full of hallucinogens at my suggestion.

As the techs slip intravenous needles into Mackenroe, he looks up to catch the conversation.

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)

Agent Book, this is mad science on a military-industrial scale. Nobody in this room knows how this works. Assuming our success, we'll learn a great deal more from observing it than we could possibly have learned in preparation.

Climbing a small set of iron stairs, Mackenroe descends into the tank. Technicians hook up the lines leading to his body with adapters along the inside of the tank, and then start connecting the tank to everything from dialysis machines to a bevy of computers.

TRUESDEED

He's deliberately playing your nerves. Remember, he's dispassionate.

AGENT BOOK

Does he need to be here?

TRUESDEED

He says he does, and he's not lying to us.

KRIEGMACHER

Maintain a calm tone please.
Consider the test subject.

Book looks askance at a smiling Kriegmacher.

AGENT BOOK

(in microphone)
Mackenroe?

MACKENROE

I'm feeling good, sir. I'm ready.

AGENT BOOK

Start the filter.

From a console, a technician starts Mackenroe's blood pumping into the tubes and into a machine - saturating it with hallucinogens and feeding it right back into him.

MACKENROE
(on microphone)
Fucking wow.

KRIEGMACHER
Kill the mic.

Book looks at him.

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)
The active wiring is an extra
signal for him to pick up on. Kill
the mic.

AGENT BOOK
Kill the mic.

KRIEGMACHER
Start the signal series.

AGENT BOOK
Go.

One of the techs presses a button, and the computers start running. Inside the tank, Mackenroe starts convulsing and splashing gel everywhere.

TRUESDEED
Gnuhh.

KRIEGMACHER
You gotta adjust the signal. We've
got to switch...

AGENT BOOK
Let the program run it's course.

KRIEGMACHER
We have to make micro-adjustments!
Don't make me take time to
explain -

AGENT BOOK
Is he telling the truth?

Truesdeed is watching the pain that Mackenroe is in, similar in some ways to what she went through herself.

AGENT BOOK (cont'd)
Is Powerbroker telling the truth?

TRUESDEED
Say it one more time.

KRIEGMACHER
Adjustments have to be made!

TRUESDEED
Something's missing from the
experiment.

AGENT BOOK
Tell us what to do.

KRIEGMACHER
There's no time.

AGENT BOOK
What the hell do you expect me to
do?

KRIEGMACHER
Get me out of this chair.

TRUESDEED
Do not let him out of that chair.

Book picks up his phone.

AGENT BOOK
Fredericks, get in here and take
the Powerbroker to his detention
cell. Listen, you prick. You have
exactly five seconds to -

KRIEGMACHER
Here's what you do.

AGENT BOOK
Hold that order, Fredericks.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TESTING ROOM

Fredericks has his hand on the scanner.

SECURITY PANEL
Security voiceprint has timed out.
Please enter Tier 2 security
protocols.

FREDERICKS
Dammit.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - SERVER ROOM

One small screen in the server room lights up, reading "Tier 2 Security Protocol #327 - Fredericks - Authentication..."

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TESTING ROOM

Lighting up, the security panel asks for authentication from Fredericks.

SECURITY PANEL
Security voiceprint has timed out.
Please enter Tier 2 security
protocols.

FREDERICKS
Gamma, Epsilon, five, nine...

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - REINFORCED TESTING CHAMBER 2

Inside the tank, Mackenroe's eyes open wide...

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - SERVER ROOM

...as the computer checks the code, and all the damn servers power up.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - REINFORCED TESTING CHAMBER 2

With a GASP, Mackenroe throws his arms and legs as open wide as he can.

Every damn door in the place flies open. So do Kriegmacher's restraints.

Without hesitation, Book whips out his awesome futuristic hand-cannon and trains it on Kriegmacher.

KRIEGMACHER
I said don't turn the servers on.

AGENT BOOK
Truesdeed, get that test subject
under control!

Taking advantage of the momentary distraction, Kriegmacher steps into Book's blindspot.

AGENT BOOK (cont'd)
Stop him now!

As Book spins around looking for Kriegmacher, the Powerbroker steps into Fredericks' line of fire. She pulls her weapon and fires -

- just as Kriegmacher moves out of the line of fire again and calmly closes distance to the blast door and Fredericks.

Behind him, Book fires a round - and dodging out of the way, Kriegmacher lets it hit Fredericks.

Smacking into her shoulder, the round clutches to her with little deployable spider arms and discharges a bolt of lightning that knocks her unconscious.

Passing her by, Kriegmacher takes the gun out of her hands before disappearing down the hall.

AGENT BOOK (cont'd)
Alpha and Omega, intercept the
Powerbroker on the Research Level.
Lockdown protocols. Move.

TECHNICIAN 1
Computers aren't responding, sir.

AGENT BOOK
Truesdeed?

TRUESDEED
I'm working on it!

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TESTING ROOM

Running towards an intersection in the corridor, Kriegmacher fires a shot at the ground ahead. Ricocheting off the far wall of the intersecting corridor and again off the ceiling, it hits someone sneaking up to ambush Kriegmacher.

As the guard slumps forward and hits the ground, it's revealed to be Davis.

Running ahead to an open, high-tech freight elevator, Kriegmacher find it to be open. Ducking in, Kriegmacher starts climbing up the wall towards a hatch in the top -

KAMALI
Stop where you are, Powerbroker.

Kriegmacher does no such thing.

KAMALI (cont'd)
You push. I'll catch.

CASTRO

Go.

Raising his hand up, Castro telekinetically rips open the top of the elevator and sends both Kriegmacher and massive chunks of the elevator itself shooting up into the massive shaft above.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - ELEVATOR SHAFT

Kriegmacher hurtles upwards, along with the damaged flotsam from the elevator -

CRASH!

- and smashes into a force field stretching across the elevator shaft!

Far below, Kamali and Castro step into the now-open elevator. Both of them are looking up.

CASTRO

I've got him.

Kamali shoots up into the elevator shaft, and both Kriegmacher and the scrap metal start to fall. Deftly dodging the falling debris on her way up, Kamali turns around and follows it straight back down.

Massive CRASHING resounds as the elevator chunks smash harmlessly off of Castro.

Catching Kriegmacher as he falls, Castro holds him steady in an iron grip; an easy target for Kamali to pound as she comes down like a piston.

Without resisting, his arms pinned behind him, Kriegmacher shoots Castro in the foot. As Castro fights unconsciousness, Kamali loses control over her descent.

Rolling under a piece of elevator debris, Kriegmacher gets out of the way as Kamali comes down on Castro.

Shaking the giant piece of steel blocking the elevator door to make sure it's not going anywhere, Kriegmacher bends down to pick up a small scrap of sheet metal.

Then, he begins his long climb up the inside of the elevator shaft.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - HANGAR ENTRANCE

Prying open the elevator doors, Kriegmacher finds himself in a large circular room with a massive ramp running around the circumference from floor to ceiling. The ceiling is some kind of massive blast door - the floor of the hangar above, in fact.

Stepping over to a panel, Kriegmacher hits it with the butt of his gun a few times to bend it out of shape.

Then, he jams the small sheet he grabbed from the elevator into a bent-up corner and starts smacking that to pry the panel open.

INT. HANGAR - DESERT AIRBASE - DAY

In the floor, painted over with hazard stripes, a circular door draws aside to reveal the massive hole the floor of a big military hangar: the entrance to Project Guardian.

Stepping out of the ramp with his hands up, the Powerbroker sees a row of soldiers in desert camouflage lined up in the hangar bay doors.

MAJOR PAULSEN

Don't move, Guardian. We have
orders to shoot you if you move.

Out on the tarmac, behind the troops... the Powerbroker can see a handful of jet planes.

Inside the hangar, the Powerbroker spots a humvee...

MAJOR PAULSEN (cont'd)

Brigman, Gates, secure the
Guardian.

Two soldiers shoulder their rifles, pull out handcuffs, and run up to Kriegmacher. As they get close -

- he ducks behind one of them and rushes for the hummer.

BANG!

A stun-shock bullet explodes into the Powerbroker's shoulder, and he drops from the impact like a sack of potatoes. Knocking his head on the hangar floor, Kriegmacher breathes through the pain and grits his teeth.

MAJOR PAULSEN (cont'd)

You just made my day a lot more
complicated, Guardian.

(MORE)

MAJOR PAULSEN (cont'd)
My boss doesn't like it when I
shoot mission assets.

KRIEGMACHER
It hurts.

Kriegmacher's eyes start to squeeze closed.

MAJOR PAULSEN
Are you blacking out on me? You're
supposed to be a superhero! You've
got to be kidding...

INT. THE KRIEGMACHER'S LIVINGROOM - THE POWERBROKER'S MIND

Sitting in a clean but cluttered living room in 2002, young
Kriegmacher watches a news broadcast:

NEWS REPORTER #2
Today in Tel Aviv, superhuman
government agents identified as
Breaker and the Sarge disrupted a
terrorist attack on...

Turning around, young Kriegmacher sees Truesdeed standing
behind him.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
Hi Carly.

TRUESDEED
Hi, Craig.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
I take it Book sent you.

TRUESDEED
Yes.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
To convince me to cooperate on a
permanent basis.

TRUESDEED
That's putting it gently.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
I'd like you to show me how you
remember that conversation.

TRUESDEED
What you'd like has nothing to do
with what's going to happen next.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

My mother worked as a nuclear munitions technician in the airforce, dismantling weapons of mass destruction. For me, the overwhelming likelihood was that I would die in miscarriage from overexposure to neutron radiation. I learned to control minor variables to ensure my survival. The first human being I laid eyes on was my mother. To me, she was a complex accident waiting to happen. Everything is an accident waiting to happen.

TRUESDEED

What does any of this have to do with me?

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

Discovery is an accident too, Truesdeed. I want to discover people. Under the circumstances, I think I need to. You are the only person I can trust to help me.

TRUESDEED

Everything you put me through...

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

...was part of your mission. You volunteered for this.

TRUESDEED

It doesn't work like that.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

I know you can see that. Now ask yourself what I could become if I could see it too.

TRUESDEED

I assume you've asked yourself the same question.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

We could be responsible for an age of wonders.

TRUESDEED

You don't even know what wonder means.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
That's true. But I think you do.

Kriegmacher seems to dive into his shell and distance himself. Truesdeed notices.

TRUESDEED
You're asking me to do to you what
you've done to me.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER
Yes, and I'm telling you that you
are the only one who can.

Emerging from the womb of math, a projection of Truesdeed's own memories:

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - OFFICE OF AGENT BOOK

Standing in the office of Agent Book, young Kriegmacher marvels at the simplicity of the moment.

AGENT BOOK
We need to talk about the
Powerbroker.

TRUESDEED
I know.

AGENT BOOK
This is exactly the conversation he
warned you we'd be having.

TRUESDEED
I'm gathering that, sir.

AGENT BOOK
Our world's balance of power is
tipping into the hands of
individuals who are in no way
accountable to the public good.

TRUESDEED
I see that. It's why I'm here. He
sees it too, and it's why he's here
as well.

AGENT BOOK
And you see that whatever his
motivations may be, the Powerbroker
cannot be controlled by
conventional means.

TRUESDEED

I agree.

AGENT BOOK

I need to know I can count on you.

TRUESDEED

(to young Kriegmacher)

I told him yes.

KRIEGMACHER

Agent Truesdeed, I can't fight you.
All I can do now is ask for your
help.

TRUESDEED

You're too dangerous.

KRIEGMACHER

I'm aware of that. Book's mission
for you will be to find the part of
me that experiences empathy, and to
use that to create an attachment to
the goals of the Guardian Program.

TRUESDEED

Then let's get started.

Kriegmacher points...

INT. THE KRIEGMACHER'S LIVINGROOM

...at the television. At the image of his parents, working
in Tel Aviv.

YOUNG KRIEGMACHER

It's in there.

INT. YOUNG KRIEGMACHER'S BEDROOM

Everything in Kriegmacher's boyhood room has been taken
apart and sorted into components. There is no toy he has
not disassembled. His walls are covered in pages he pulled
out of books and things he's written over them.

Standing in the doorway, Mr. and Mrs. Kriegmacher look at
their son.

From his bed, he looks back at them.

Truesdeed watches this, and sits down next to the boy.

TRUESDEED
What is it you want?

EXT. ROTHMAN AIR FORCE SPACE COMMAND BASE - THE
POWERBROKER'S MIND

Walking alongside Hank Kriegmacher's truck as machine gun
fire rips through it, as the EMP washes across everything,
as Hank Kriegmacher explodes out through the windshield and
dematerializes...

INT. AIR FORCE DEMOLITIONS WORKSHOP - THE POWERBROKER'S MIND

...and slams into existence next to his wife as she tampers
with the underlying forces that hold our universe together.
In the Powerbroker's mind, her eyes glow with cosmic
understanding.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - THE POWERBROKER'S MIND

Kriegmacher is silent, confronted with the death of his
parents.

TRUESDEED
I'm in control of what happens
next.

KRIEGMACHER
Yes, I'm aware.

TRUESDEED
Can you feel that?

KRIEGMACHER
I think so.

TRUESDEED
That's fear, Kriegmacher. That's
the reason this place exists.

KRIEGMACHER
I see that.

TRUESDEED
That's what your parents died
experiencing.

KRIEGMACHER
I see.

TRUESDEED
Is that all you have to say?

For a moment, Truesdeed breathes into her hands.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)
These are basic things,
Kriegmacher. Basic human things.

KRIEGMACHER
I thought there might be.

TRUESDEED
Goddammit, you need to give me
something to work with!

KRIEGMACHER
Something like what?

TRUESDEED
Something other than fear! Show me
that you're worth saving!

Breathing deep, Craig closes his eyes:

START MONTAGE: ALTERNATE REALITIES

In quick succession, Craig exposes Truesdeed to worlds
where...

- Cities are burning.
- Kriegmacher is wealthy.
- Missiles are flying in a nuclear war.
- Kriegmacher is famous.
- Superheroes are fighting in the streets.
- The U.S. government is a fascist police state.
- Kriegmacher has a family.
- Superheroes are building nation-states.
- Space is a battleground.
- Kriegmacher has his own place in the world, quiet and
secluded, where he oversees it all.

END MONTAGE: ALTERNATE REALITIES

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - THE POWERBROKER'S MIND

TRUESDEED
What was that?

KRIEGMACHER
Those were things that were possible at one time, and are no longer.

TRUESDEED
And you chose this instead.

KRIEGMACHER
Yes.

TRUESDEED
Why?

KRIEGMACHER
I think I can do better.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - DETENTION CELL

VWOOSH! Flying open, Kriegmacher's cell door makes way for Agent Truesdeed.

Putting her arm around Kriegmacher, she helps him.

TRUESDEED
Come on. Wake up. Time to go.

INT. PROJECT GUARDIAN - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DETENTION CELL

Helping him hobble past the guards at his cell, Kriegmacher notices their indifference.

KRIEGMACHER
Can they see us?

TRUESDEED
I hope your shoulder's loose enough to climb.

KRIEGMACHER
It will be by the time we reach the elevator.

TRUESDEED
I hope you can fly an F-56.

KRIEGMACHER
I know someone who can. How do I
know this isn't all in my mind?

TRUESDEED
Ha! How do you like it?

KRIEGMACHER
I don't.

TRUESDEED
Fast learner.

EXT. COASTLINE - DAY

SUPER: United States. Western Seaboard.

Some near-futuristic looking jet-fighter with American
markings roars past the beach and out over open water.

INT. F-56 JET FIGHTER - DAY

Pulling the radio out of his helmet, Kriegmacher puts a
headset on and plugs it into the console. Then he smiles.

KRIEGMACHER
She wants to talk to you.

Truesdeed starts pulling apart a helmet as well.

TRUESDEED
Are we flying to Asia?

KRIEGMACHER
We don't have the fuel. Ditching
in the ocean will send out a big
sonar signal. If we put down in
the right place, someone will pick
us up.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

SUPER: International Waters. 40.26 Latitude. 149.29
Longitude.

Floating in the water next to the F-56, Kriegmacher and
Truesdeed tread water carefully and patiently...

...until the water explodes for a surfacing Russian
submarine.

Settling onto the surface, the sub opens up and a Russian Naval crew starts shouting and waving at the pair of guardians.

INT. RUSSIAN SUBMARINE BRIG

SLAM. Kriegmacher and Truesdeed are locked in the brig of a Russian submarine.

RUSSIAN SAILOR 1
(in Russian)
Should we interrogate them?

RUSSIAN SAILOR 2
(in Russian)
Leave it to High command. They may
just want to hand them back to the
Americans.

...and with that, the Russian sailors tap a security camera in the upper corner of the room and disappear.

KRIEGMACHER
They're going to call Murmansk.

TRUESDEED
What do you want me to do about it?

Kriegmacher shrugs.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)
What do you think I'll do about it?

KRIEGMACHER
I think you'll take control of the
submarine and let us off in
Vladivostok.

TRUESDEED
If we just keep hijacking military
resources someone is going to
figure out where we are and blow us
up.

KRIEGMACHER
We're not going to run for long.
The Guardian Project gives world
leaders the means to oppose us if
they need to.

TRUESDEED
Which means they won't hesitate.

KRIEGMACHER

Which means proving they can shut us down is unnecessary. We need to show them a better option.

TRUESDEED

How do we do that?

KRIEGMACHER

By luring them into a situation where they have no choice but to cooperate with us.

TRUESDEED

Luring them with what?

Kriegmacher smiles.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)

We're the bait.

KRIEGMACHER

Mind the crew.

TRUESDEED

Right.

Truesdeed takes a last look at Kriegmacher, and closes her eyes.

INT. SEMI-FUTURISTIC SEDAN - DAY

SUPER: Russian-Ukrainian Border.

Driving down a Russian highway, Kriegmacher and Truesdeed spot a border checkpoint ahead. Truesdeed is on a cell phone.

TRUESDEED

Just drive right through. Olga wants to know what we need in Ukraine.

KRIEGMACHER

Tell her what's on my mind.

TRUESDEED

We're heading to Reactor 4 of the Chernobyl Power Plant.

(MORE)

TRUESDEED (cont'd)

The Guardians will have to be very patient and very creative to follow us between the pockets of radiation - we won't need suits, but we will need a tactical package to repel them when they get there.

Kriegmacher drives right through the border checkpoint, smashing a gate in the process. Nobody seems to notice.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)

Olga says they had a security camera. She's corrupting the feed. Does that buy us the time we need to reason with Book?

KRIEGMACHER

We're detected.

TRUESDEED

Do we have the time we need to pull this off?

KRIEGMACHER

No.

TRUESDEED

Where do we find it?

KRIEGMACHER

I don't know.

TRUESDEED

You don't know?

KRIEGMACHER

No.

TRUESDEED

OK.

EXT. UKRANIAN HIGHWAY - DAY

Speeding along the road, Truesdeed and Kriegmacher plunge towards destiny.

EXT. CITY OF CHERNOBYL - DAY

SUPER: Chernobyl, Ukraine.

Driving towards the ghostly ruins of a modern city, Kriegmacher spots a heavy, humvee-type Russian car pulled over to the left side of the road. Supplies, equipment, and munitions are loaded into the back.

Standing out in front, there's an older-looking Slavic man with a big sign in Cyrillic.

TRUESDEED
Can you read Russian?

KRIEGMACHER
No.

TRUESDEED
It says "Powerbrokers".

Pulling over, Kriegmacher leans over to listen as Truesdeed opens her window.

YURI MIKHAELOVICH
(in Russian)
I'm here on behalf of Olga
Lyudevna.

Truesdeed laughs.

TRUESDEED
From "Olga, Daughter of the
People..." (In Russian) Did Aunt
Olga send us a care package?

YURI MIKHAELOVICH
(in Russian)
This depends. Can you tell me her
birthday?

Truesdeed looks at Kriegmacher.

TRUESDEED
(in Russian)
October 9, 2003.

For a moment, Yuri does the math in his head.

YURI MIKHAELOVICH
(in Russian)
Yes! As you say, a care package.
Bought and paid for - and at a high
price for such short notice. I am
to give you these keys and take
your fancy car. I am Yuri
Mikhaelovich.

TRUESDEED

(in Russian)

Very pleased, Yuri Mikhaelovich.
This is Carl Hankovich, and I am
Carly Carlyevna.

YURI MIKHAELOVICH

(in Russian)

Most pleased! Pay special
attention to the airborne
munitions. American surface to air
missiles. Heat-seeking and target
tracking software - the
instructions are in English, and
they're in the box. Also anti-
vehicle mines.

TRUESDEED

(in Russian)

Is this business as usual for you,
Yuri Mikhaelovich?

YURI MIKHAELOVICH

(in Russian)

Once, and not exclusively.
Transportation is my specialty,
there is no one better. Working
for Olga Lyudevna has brought me
out of retirement. Keys.

Kriegmacher hands over the keys. Yuri hands him a satellite
phone. Olga.

YURI MIKHAELOVICH (cont'd)

Olga says you have four hours
before Guardian is here. She
suggests you read the instructions
on your munitions -

Stepping into the sedan, Yuri closes the door and starts the
car.

TRUESDEED

Read the instructions.

KRIEGMACHER

I know how to make them work.

TRUESDEED

You should listen to Olga.

YURI MIKHAELOVICH

(in Russian)

There is rations but there is also
fresh food. "Picky Nicky!" Ha ha!
It was good to meet you,
Powerbrokers! Do not get shot or
burned alive, and I am sure we will
do more business!

Gunning the engine, Yuri pulls a half-donut and gets the
hell out of Chernobyl.

TRUESDEED

Powerbrokers.

Kriegmacher smiles.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)

Come on. Let's find a secure
position and see what Olga packed
for lunch.

Getting into the truck, the Powerbrokers drive down the
dusty, dead road into the heart of Chernobyl.

EXT. THE CHERNOBYL REACTOR - AFTERNOON

Passing back and forth a meal of cabbage soup, sausages, and
bread, Truesdeed and Kriegmacher are smiling together for
the first time.

TRUESDEED

What you don't know is the good
they did as Guardians. And you
should have seen his face when Book
realized you were the son of Hank
and Josie Kriegmacher -

Truesdeed puts his hand up.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)

It's time.

KRIEGMACHER

I'm not seeing the next step. I
don't know how this is supposed to
work.

TRUESDEED

You knew enough to bring me here.
Let me try.

Kriegmacher looks sideways at the shoulder rockets.

TRUESDCEED (cont'd)
I need you to listen to me.

INT. NEAR-FUTURE VTAL AIRCRAFT - AFTERNOON

Standing in the open cargo bay of a near-futuristic "Vertical Takeoff And Landing" troop transport, Mackenroe focuses on the machine surrounding him. Book, Alpha, and Omega are all standing up holding handrails.

MACKENROE
I can see them through the
satellites. I'm rooting the feed to
your wrist coms, but I can't get
the telescopic feeds online.

AGENT BOOK
Same problem you've been having?

MACKENROE
Yup, same problem.

AGENT BOOK
Are you able to divide your focus
between -

MACKENROE
I can handle the drones.

AGENT BOOK
Launch the Mark Ones.

EXT. SKIES OVER CHERNOBYL - AFTERNOON

Roaring through the dreary sky, a twin-rotor Osprey-style advanced troop transport jettisons a handful of "vertical fan" drones, shaped like arrowheads with giant fan ducts in the middle of them. All of these drones are armed with railguns - bigger versions of the firearms used in Project Guardian.

Book's VTAL has no cockpit. Mackenroe is flying it.

As a team of eight drones spreads out all over the city, a second team of eight drops down to the streets ahead of the aircraft. Following his second wave of drones in, Mackenroe brings the VTAL down.

EXT. STREETS OF CHERNOBYL - AFTERNOON

Dropping the VTAL down to the ground in a ring of drones,
Mackenroe jumps to the ground.

MACKENROE

This area is clear of radiation,
but I advise you to keep the team
in the drone perimeter. This place
is a maze of radiation.

AGENT BOOK

Hear that? Don't cross the
perimeter. Machine, keep that
circle as wide as possible so we -

MACKENROE

Sir, we've got them on drone six.
They're right on top of Reactor 4.

AGENT BOOK

Weapons free. Let's go.

EXT. THE CHERNOBYL REACTOR - AFTERNOON

Turning urgently towards Truesdeed, Kriegmacher starts to
run -

TRUESDEED

I see it! Let me talk to -

Unleashing a stream of ammunition, the drone spews the
area - in this case with explosive rounds instead of with
stun ammo.

Rushing ahead, Kriegmacher follows Truesdeed towards cover -
as a piece of shrapnel hits him square in the gut. Hitting
the ground, Kriegmacher looks over at the rocket launchers.
In the agony of this injury, they seem like a mile away.

Picking herself up, Truesdeed drags Kriegmacher to cover.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)

Book! We need to talk!

KRIEGMACHER

If you run now, you can grab a
launcher.

TRUESDEED

Book!

KRIEGMACHER

Run!

Truesdeed runs like hell towards the launchers, and the drone starts tracking her...

EXT. STREETS OF CHERNOBYL - AFTERNOON

Mackenroe looks at Book.

MACKENROE

They've got a whole munitions depot over there! I've got three more drones inbound, ETA fifteen seconds -

CLICK. Kamali looks up. She's standing on a vehicle mine.

CASTRO

Give it to me, Alpha.

KAMALI

Three.

CASTRO

Two.

KAMALI

One.

Lifting her foot, Kamali absorbs the blast -

- and Castro stretches out his hand and directs it into the city.

As the dust settles, and washes over the drones...

MACKENROE

My Geiger counters are going nuts!
It's in the goddamned dust!

KAMALI

Give it to me, Castro!

Stretching his arms out wide, Castro absorbs the nuclear radiation right out of the dust and the ground -

- and Kamali shoots a sickly beam of white light straight off into the sky.

MACKENROE

I'm getting no radiation, sir.

CASTRO
With respect sir, I -

AGENT BOOK
I get it. Nicely done. Change of
plan.

EXT. THE CHERNOBYL REACTOR - AFTERNOON

BADA-BADA-BADA! Truesdeed dives over the launcher cases.
Reaching in, she grabs the weapon and RUNS as the drone
LIGHTS UP THEIR WEAPONS CACHE.

Ducking behind another piece of cover, Truesdeed focuses -
- on connecting with Kriegmacher's mind -
- and seeing the launcher through his eyes, she quickly
preps and fires the weapon.

BEE-BEEP! FCHEW! Racing towards the drone, the missile
strikes! KABOOOM!

TRUESDEED
Ha!

ROOOAR! Three more drones roar into view from behind the
reactor.

TRUESDEED (cont'd)
Olga, can't you do something about
this?

KRIEGMACHER
They're closed systems. Mackenroe
is the only software they have.

TRUESDEED
That's a no?

KRIEGMACHER
That's a no.

EXT. SKIES OVER REACTOR 4 - AFTERNOON

VROOOM! Machine's VTAL soars high over the firefight.

INT. NEAR-FUTURE VTAL AIRCRAFT - AFTERNOON

Castro is strapping on a jetpack designed much like
Mackenroe's drones.

CASTRO
Put me in the heart of the hotzone.

MACKENROE
I got this.

AGENT BOOK
Go.

Jumping out of the VTAL, Castro drops right into the heart of the reactor.

EXT. THE CHERNOBYL REACTOR - AFTERNOON

With drones firing armor-piercing rounds on his position and chewing his cover to pieces, Kriegmacher sees the VTAL overhead.

KRIEGMACHER
That's your shot.

TRUESDEED
I've got it.

Tuning into Kriegmacher's mind again, Truesdeed pulls an AK-47 off her back and fires into the air without looking.

Bouncing off a piece of bent iron in the reactor building itself -

- a bullet flies straight up into the VTAL's engines and nails a bolt holding the rotor in place.

INT. THE CHERNOBYL REACTOR - AFTERNOON

Falling through the ruin of the reactor, Castro is caught by Mackenroe's jetpack - and he starts absorbing massive amounts of radiation as he is lowered into the structure.

INT. NEAR-FUTURE VTAL AIRCRAFT - AFTERNOON

Holding on to the inside of the craft, Kamali fires a white-hot beam of raging nuclear energy into the sky...

MACKENROE
Oh, fuck.

EXT. SKIES OVER REACTOR 4 - AFTERNOON

...until the force of the VTAL's engine rips the rotor blades free...

INT. NEAR-FUTURE VTAL AIRCRAFT - AFTERNOON

...and Mackenroe grabs onto the handles with both hands.

MACKENROE
Hang on, everyone!

KAMALI
Hang on?!?

MACKENROE
I'm shutting down engine two! We
are going down!

KAMALI
Don't drop Castro!

MACKENROE
Got him!

INT. THE CHERNOBYL REACTOR - AFTERNOON

As Castro is lowered to the ground, he begins to pull unstable atoms out of the building, the reactor, the very ground -

INT. NEAR-FUTURE VTAL AIRCRAFT - AFTERNOON

- as inside the VTAL, Kama fights the rapidly tipping aircraft to keep her beam of energy aimed at the open sky.

EXT. THE CHERNOBYL REACTOR - AFTERNOON

Watching the aircraft start to tumble, Truesdeed begins to understand how these events are bound to play out.

Tumbling out of the sky, the VTAL tips sideways crashes down with agonizing slowness...

TRUESDEED
NO!!!

...right down onto Kriegmacher's position.

He smiles.

INT. NEAR-FUTURE VTAL AIRCRAFT - AFTERNOON

Holding on for dear life, Mackenroe SCREAMS -

MACKENROE
COME ON, YOU FUCKING BITCH!

CRAAAASH! Suddenly, everything is twisting metal...

KAMALI
HANG ON, CASTRO!

INT. THE CHERNOBYL REACTOR - AFTERNOON

Standing in the middle of the most radioactive place on Earth, Castro looks towards the sound of the crash.

CASTRO
Kamali!!

EXT. THE CHERNOBYL REACTOR - AFTERNOON

Standing up, Truesdeed sees the beam of light pouring upwards out of the side of the crashed aircraft sputter...

INT. NEAR-FUTURE VTAL AIRCRAFT - AFTERNOON

...and die. Book watches Kamali die, with chunks of aircraft sticking right through her abdomen.

INT. THE CHERNOBYL REACTOR - AFTERNOON

With nowhere to pour the energy, Castro flash-cooks alive in the reactor. He dies SCREAMING.

INT. NEAR-FUTURE VTAL AIRCRAFT - AFTERNOON

Looking at Mackenroe, Book squints.

AGENT BOOK
Can you move, son?

MACKENROE
I don't know. I can't feel.

AGENT BOOK
OK. Sit tight right here. Let me see what I can do.

Climbing out of the wreckage, Book emerges out of the smoke and din...

EXT. THE CHERNOBYL REACTOR - AFTERNOON

...to find Truesdeed, eyes streaked with tears and soot, stumbling towards him.

Book points a pistol at her.

TRUESDEED
He saved my life!

AGENT BOOK
What?

TRUESDEED
Kriegmacher saved my life instead
of saving his own. Look around
you!

AGENT BOOK
It's a fucking mess, Truesdeed.

TRUESDEED
It almost wasn't. Look where you
are. You almost cleaned up the
single biggest technological
disaster in human history. All you
have to do is work with us.

AGENT BOOK
You aided in the escape of a known
threat to national security and you
stole a classified aircraft.

TRUESDEED
Well, it's not like you can say any
of that in a courtroom.

AGENT BOOK
Is this your version of begging for
your life?

TRUESDEED
I'm begging you to make a better
choice. I'm begging you to -

BLAM.

Book shoots Truesdeed in the head, and -

EXT. STREETS OF CHERNOBYL - JUST LIKE BEFORE

Dropping the VTAL down to the ground in a ring of drones,
Mackenroe jumps to the ground.

MACKENROE

This area is clear of radiation,
but I advise you to keep the team
in the perimeter I establish with
my drones. This place is a maze of
radiation sources.

AGENT BOOK

Hear that? Don't cross the
perimeter. Machine, keep that
circle as wide as possible so we -

KAMALI

Sir?

Book takes a moment to wrap his head around the fact that
his team is still alive, and that what he saw was in his
head.

CASTRO

Sir?

MACKENROE

Do I have weapons free?

AGENT BOOK

Hold! Everyone fucking hold!

Everything freezes but Book. Time literally goes on hold.

AGENT BOOK (cont'd)

How do I know I can trust my own
mind?

Truesdeed steps out from behind the ruins.

TRUESDEED

I left Guardian to avoid becoming
that. You can't control us, Book.
You can't stop us. But you can
build a future with us.

AGENT BOOK

I don't have the authority to -

TRUESDEED

What you can do, Julius, is save Chernobyl, Ukraine from another forty-five thousand years of suffering. One thing at a time.

For a moment, Book swallows a pit of frustration.

AGENT BOOK

OK.

Suddenly, everything is back in motion.

AGENT BOOK (cont'd)

Weapons hold, everyone. Machine, I want you to take us over the reactor. Keep us clear of radiation. We're dropping Alpha straight into the reactor core, and I want you Omega to bleed it off away from the planet until the entire landing zone is safe.

MACKENROE

What about the hostiles?

AGENT BOOK

Cease-fire. That's my order.

EXT. SKIES OVER REACTOR 4 - AFTERNOON

Roaring over the reactor and the Powerbrokers' encampment, the VTAL drops Alpha into the reactor core.

INT. THE CHERNOBYL REACTOR - AFTERNOON

Landing hard in the reactor core and absorbing all the kinetic impact as well as the radiation, Castro puts his radiation absorption into overdrive -

EXT. THE CHERNOBYL REACTOR - AFTERNOON

- while Kamali, expelling the radiation as a massive white beam of energy, soars into the sky and intensifies her own discharge.

EXT. SKIES OVER CHERNOBYL - AFTERNOON

Shooting straight up from a point above Chernobyl, the light of Kamali's discharge becomes a beacon to be seen across all of Eastern Europe.

EXT. THE CHERNOBYL REACTOR - AFTERNOON

As Machine brings the VTAL down to the landing zone, Omega lets herself drop out of the sky and absorb the landing. Using that energy, Alpha throws himself out of the reactor and hovers in mid-air.

Watching the aircraft descend, Kriegmacher relaxes into his easy, controlled self.

TRUESDEED

I know what you're thinking.

KRIEGMACHER

Good.

TRUESDEED

But I want you to say it out loud.

KRIEGMACHER

I feel surprised. You surprised me.

HMMM... It's Kriegmacher's phone.

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)

Olga, we need you on overwatch. If you can, buy us ten minutes of privacy.

HMMM...

Both Book and Mackenroe step off the aircraft as it touches down.

KRIEGMACHER (cont'd)

Welcome to Chernobyl, Agent Book.

Truesdeed smiles, knowing that Kriegmacher has calculated Book's laughter.

AGENT BOOK

What now, Powerbrokers?

TRUESDEED

Now we talk about the future.

HMMM...

CUT TO BLACK.