

MANIMAL

"PILOT"

Written by

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TEASER

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

An elderly man with a thin but tough frame, EDUARDO (70s), addresses a small congregation inside a rough adobe chapel. English is not his mother tongue, but he pronounces it with the clarity of an advanced education.

EDUARDO

The Lord gave man dominion over
animals, but we, in our infinite
wisdom, form powers to rule over
us.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A large man with cannonball deltoids sits on a throne.

Moonlight cuts through the pillars of his marble coliseum in thin slivers to break up the near-dark of the chamber. Only the man's outline can be seen.

A large carnivorous cat slinks on the thick marble armrests and back of the throne. Its sharp yellow eyes and piercing glances give the impression the man is a servant to the beast and not the other way around.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

A Marine Corps squad with fifteen MEN AND WOMEN patrols slowly in tactical formation through a thick, EERIE BROWN FOG.

EDUARDO (V.O.)

Only humans could be so arrogant,
so foolish.

The Marines hold their rifles at the ready. If it weren't for the modern uniforms and weapons, we'd think they were in Vietnam.

Their eyes shift constantly to burn through the trees for any foes. Their mouths tighten with the tense anticipation of a fight.

The dense foliage CLOSES AROUND JACKSON, a fighter with paranoid eyes and a southern twang.

A bird in a tree branch WHISTLES.

Jackson whips his rifle up at the noise and jerks the trigger of his rifle. Two shots CHIRP from the suppressed barrel.

The bird flies away unharmed. HINSLOW, the female squad leader--with an extensive scar across her face--grabs his collar.

HINSLOW
Why'd you break fire discipline?

JACKSON
I saw one of them. I'm sure of it.

GUNSHOTS BREAK OUT from the silence on all sides. Ambush. Fireballs from rifle barrels LIGHT-STAMP the mist in a disorienting circle.

Jackson hits the dirt to never rise again.

Guttural SNARLS AND ANIMAL HOWLS CRESCENDO amidst the CHATTERING MACHINE GUNS and give way to...

EXT. WASHINGTON DC STREETS - DAY

...THE GROWL OF A TORQUED UP TRUCK.

JIN SOON-BOK (22), a chiseled warrior drawn to chaos, sports a messy bob for function, not style--probably her life motto.

She jerks the wheel of the TESLA CYBERTRUCK she is driving and narrowly misses one of ten thousand ABANDONED VEHICLES on DC's Pennsylvania Avenue.

CLOSE ON HER FACE: Something scary this way comes.

Soon-Bok CRANKS the e-brake and swerves to a halt. She leaps to the back of the truck where the tonneau is already rolling to reveal...

An array of four 12-gauge shotguns bolted to the truck like a HOMEMADE FLAK CANNON. Soon-Bok takes the gunner's seat.

A crowd of screaming survivors rips past, pursued by SOMETHING. Soon-Bok fires over their heads at the so-far-unseen force.

The weapons cease firing. Smoke rises from all four barrels. Soon-Bok checks the scene: the people seem saved until...

A MASSIVE SHADOW covers Soon-Bok. The sound of every animal noise ever recorded LIFTS IN A HORRIBLE CACOPHONY.

Soon-Bok jumps to the truck's pass-through and guns the vehicle away. She watches as people in the mob are PULLED DOWN by something she CAN'T SEE.

SOON-BOK'S POV: A scrawny kid named DARIN (8) runs on the fringes of the crowd.

Soon-Bok turns from him and accelerates away. The kid stops to gasp for breath--pale skin shows he's not well.

Soon-Bok looks away and keeps driving, but she knows she can't leave him. She punches the ceiling of her truck and SWERVES back.

SOON-BOK

Get in!

Darin changes direction and runs toward the truck but he SNAGS his green DUFFLE BAG (which we'll see later) on a crumpled car fender.

SOON-BOK (CONT'D)

Leave it!

A middle-aged white woman runs near Darin. Something PULLS HER DOWN.

DARIN

(to Soon-Bok)

Wait!

Darin yanks the duffel free and collapses into the passenger seat. Other survivors mob the truck, shouting that they need to get away. They CLAW at the windows.

SOON-BOK

We have to leave them. It's the only way we'll survive.

Darin nods his blood-drained face.

Soon-Bok speeds away.

The horrible animal SHRIEKS continue as someone's HEAVY BREATHING IS HEARD, SOMEONE SPRINTING...

EXT. ARLINGTON STREETS - DAY

It's RUST CANASSATEGO (37), an odd solo figure running through the quaint abandoned streets. Although he has a tall lean body making him look like a track star, he wears the blazer of an academic. Dirt and blood mar his face, but he's not panicked...he's angry.

He looks back as he runs through a downtown shopping section and CRASHES into a street sign.

He collects himself on the pavement, sits up, and holds his head. He sees a military gear store nearby.

INT. MILITARY STORE - DAY

Rust BREAKS the glass door and steps through. He shoves MRE rations and medical supplies into a nearby backpack. He stops in his tracks and sees...

A display poster advertising a Tactical Baby Carrier. The rock-muscled military model wears the contraption--outfitted with nylon webbed straps but padded on the inside--everything the fighting father wants in a baby carrier.

Rust stands to his full height, and his face reflects on top of the man. Rust looks with a distant, wistful smile at the plastic baby...what would have been part of his life in another world.

The ROAR of a carnivore SHATTERS THE PEACEFUL MOMENT. Rust snaps his head up.

The SOUND of padded animal paws running on tarmac APPROACHES.

Rust slips his backpack over a shoulder and takes off running.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

A bridge lined with abandoned cars crosses the Potomac River. Beneath the bridge, the water boils in a violent flood.

The sound of the hunting animal continues as Rust sprints to the middle of the bridge and spins to look for his pursuer.

He sees nothing: only abandoned cars and distant smoke.

Something SNARLS behind him! Savage jaws SNAP ON RUST'S SHOULDER and twist him to the ground. We hear horrible FERAL SOUNDS but can't get a good look at the assailant.

Rust slams his attacker against a car door and kicks himself backward into the churning river.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

We see an overhead view of the Marines' bodies against the bright green leaves. Hinslow lies dead at the center.

Slowly, horribly, the ground COMES ALIVE. It's not leaves--but TEN THOUSAND BOOMSLANG SNAKES.

CLOSE ON ONE SNAKE: it uncurls itself from an AK-47 that's painted green to match the reptile. It slithers away from the rifle...did the snake use it on the Marines?

EDUARDO (V.O.)
How could we have been so wrong?
The war taught us three truths:
humans are good, animals are
food...

CUT TO BLACK.

EDUARDO (V.O.)
...and manimals are evil.

The title of the show, "MANIMAL," appears in a primal, feral font while a pair of INTELLIGENT PANTHER EYES fades up from the blackness--eyes like the ones behind the man in the throne.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. SAPPORO CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Professionals in suits and lab coats flash credentials to the ticketing table and hurry inside.

SUPER: 14th annual Bio-Ethics Symposium

SUPER: Sapporo, Japan

SUPER: Several years earlier

INT. SAPPORO CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

A Japanese MODERATOR stands at the lectern between two debaters. The screen behind the stage announces "Debate on the Ethics of Human-Animal Cellular Hybridization."

The dashing Rust Canassatego stands on one side of the stage. He is younger and more arrogant than in the teaser--this is the peak of his career.

His opponent stands at the other end of the stage: a much older African scientist: DOCTOR SMOLLET (60s).

Enthusiastic university students, scientific peers, and journalists fill the stadium seating. One particularly eager student is HIRO ISHII (23). Rounded glasses sit on his serious, sincere face.

Doctor Smollet is reading from his notes in a monotone exciting enough to cure an insomniac.

DR. SMOLLET

Every cell in the human body has the genetic information to build any other cell type. If you insert human DNA into an animal, it's only a matter of time before human cognition--a human brain and self-awareness--develops in the animal...this new hybrid "manimal" would be the ultimate abomination. Who knows what atrocities a creature with the strategic mind of a man and the strength of a gorilla could bring about. How could you ever consider this ethical?

The moderator holds up her hand.

MODERATOR

Now wait just a minute, Dr. Smollet. Before I let Dr. Canassatego give his closing remarks, I have to address that last claim. The major researchers assure us every procedure will be in place to prevent that kind of hybrid from ever existing. If an animal develops more than 30% human brain cells, that organism will be terminated immediately.

Members of the audience nod their approval. The moderator smiles at Rust.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

Dr. Canassatego, you have one minute.

Rust waves his hand but barely looks at his opponent.

RUST

Tell me, Dr. Smollet, do you have children?

DR. SMOLLET

No.

Hiro's eyes light up like a fanboy every time Rust speaks.

RUST

Neither do I, but I want them. And I want them to grow up in a world free from disease. Consider a grandfather needing a new heart. A mother with liver cancer. A child whose kidneys shut down from diabetes. They can't afford new organs, and your solution is what, let them die? In conventional healthcare systems, a new liver costs half a million dollars. We are on the verge of synthesizing a new liver for ten thousand-- comparative pennies on the pound. We will build it from the host's own cells, so their bodies will virtually never reject new organs. Millions will be saved for a fraction of the economical burden.

The audience starts clapping. Rust lifts his hands to settle them.

RUST (CONT'D)

Personally, I think you are suffering from a disease, Dr. Smollet--it's called the fear of change, and it can kill you. You asked me a moment ago how it is ethical to put human cells into animals. I ask you, how is it ethical not to?

The audience launches to their feet with a thunderous ovation. Hiro cheers the loudest.

A SPECTATOR in the front livestreams to YouTube with the title "Bio-ethicist trounces opponent in human/animal hybrids debate." It has 15 million viewers: Rust is viral.

Rust smiles at the acclaim and exits the stage into...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

...the hallway leading to the green room. Although Rust walks with purpose, Hiro overtakes him.

HIRO

Mister Canassatego--

RUST

It's doctor, actually.

HIRO

Of course, I am so sorry. Would you please sign this, Doctor Canassatego?

Hiro holds up the event program.

HIRO (CONT'D)

I have been a fan of yours ever since I read your first thesis on the question whether clones could have souls.

Rust takes the paper and signs it as he walks.

RUST

(barely interested)

Is that what brings you to the symposium?

HIRO

That and I'm a junior researcher getting my Masters at the University of Tokyo.

(MORE)

HIRO (CONT'D)

I had to hear you speak. I was selected to be the one combining human and animal cells for the live demonstration.

Rust stops.

RUST

They're doing that here? I thought practical application was years away.

HIRO

I've been developing a new technique. Please don't say anything, it's supposed to be a surprise.

This time Rust is actually engaged.

RUST

Fascinating.

A Korean-American woman with clever eyes approaches and takes Rust's arm: HEE-YOUNG (32) is dressed in the latest styles, and they are a custom fit for her.

As she walks up, she extends her hand to Hiro. He shakes it.

HEE-YOUNG

Hello, Hee-Young Canassatego.

HIRO

Hiro Ishii.

Hee-Young's charming eyes sparkle.

HEE-YOUNG

Pleased to meet you, Hiro. I'm sorry, but I have to pull my husband away.

Rust smiles and shrugs half-apologetically.

RUST

Duty calls.

HEE-YOUNG

If I didn't intervene, he would stay and talk hybridization all day.

HIRO

Of course. It was a pleasure to
meet you, Doctor Canassatego. And
you, Mrs. Canassatego.

He bows slightly to Hee-Young. She bows back.

RUST

I'll be watching your career. And
that demonstration. Good luck, kid.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The room is luxurious. The guests of this suite must be doing
pretty well.

Rust and Hee-Young share the bed. They look into each other's
eyes intimately.

HEE-YOUNG

Close your eyes.

Rust does.

Hee-young moves her hand to the room service tray and hovers
over an array of beautiful sashimi. She passes over and
chooses raw edamame instead. She lifts it to Rust's mouth.

He gags on it.

RUST

That's horrible.

Hee-Young laughs.

HEE-YOUNG

It's like I knew you wouldn't like
it.

RUST

Oh you did, did you?

He grabs her and pulls her close. They laugh.

RUST (CONT'D)

Tell me again.

HEE-YOUNG

You did really well at the debate.

RUST

How well?

She caresses his face.

HEE-YOUNG
You crushed it.

RUST
Did you like the part about having
kids?

Hee-Young pulls away.

HEE-YOUNG
Oh, Rust.

RUST
Come on, don't be like that.

HEE-YOUNG
I love that you're getting all this
attention, but my career is just
taking off. We can wait a couple
years until it's a good time, can't
we?

RUST
There's never a good time to start
a family...there's never a bad time
either.

HEE-YOUNG
I'm not sure that's true. Please
don't use your debating skills
against me.

RUST
Forget it. This suddenly feels like
a bad time.

Rust rolls over away from her. The heavy silence hangs for a
moment.

HEE-YOUNG
Rust.

He gets out of bed and walks into the next room.

INT. SAPPORO CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

Hiro stands on the raised platform with a surgical mask and
gloves. He is in a sterile transparent cube working at a
plexiglass table.

In the center is a test tube holding a late-stage monkey
fetus with clearly developed tail, appendages, and thumbs on
its feet. A small life support machine is attached.

The moderator from the debate narrates to the breathless audience.

MODERATOR

For those of you tuning into our
livestream, Mister Ishii is
attempting to seed human cells into
a colobus monkey fetus.

Sweat lines Hiro's brow. He dabs it with his sleeve. He takes a syringe and pushes the steely point into a small bottle.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

Mister Ishii has taken these cells
from a medical cadaver, deemed an
ethical bridging step toward
inserting full living human DNA
into animals, which is years away.

Hiro removes the full syringe from the bottle. His hand is shaking.

The monkey embryo's tiny heart beats. It moves slightly in its surrounding fluid.

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON: Hiro's deeply concentrating, serious eyes.

He moves the sharp point of the needle closer to the animal. You could hear a pin drop. Even the moderator is too involved to narrate.

Hiro looks through a microscope and presses the syringe into the monkey's tiny arm.

At first, nothing happens. Then, the TAIL DISSOLVES. The audience gasps. The monkey's precious feet lose their thumbs and grow into tiny HUMAN FEET.

Mumbles of shock and wonder move through the crowd.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Hee-Young sleeps soundly in the bed of the penthouse suite.

Rust watches Hiro's livestream on a laptop, deeply engaged.

RUST

Come on, kid.

INT. SAPPORO CONVENTION CENTRE - NIGHT

Hiro watches the transformation of his experiment without breathing.

The embryo starts thrashing. SOMETHING IS WRONG. The life support machine beeps wildly.

Hiro turns dials and monitors the animal's erratic vital. The fluid TURNS BLACK and the monkey STOPS MOVING.

Hiro lifts the fetus and holds it against his chest. He's a pitiful sight.

MODERATOR

Unfortunately, we have just
witnessed a failure. Mister Ishii's
dream and our dream, to combine
human and animal DNA, remains out
of reach.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Rust looks compassionately at the screen like he's been in a similar situation himself.

RUST

How are you gonna handle it?

We hear human FLESH COLLIDING WITH HUMAN BONE.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Quick cuts of the city:

Super: Los Angeles, California.

Vandalism tags marr the buildings.

A homeless man walks with porcelain plates sewn into his shirt like armor.

INT. TRAINING HALL - DAY

A thin sheet of pine wood is suspended in the air. It is suddenly shattered. Bits and pieces go flying through the air in ultra slow motion.

Soon-Bok lands on the ground of the dojo. She is wearing a Taekwondo uniform and is barefoot.

A small crowd watches.

While the assistants set up for her next demonstration, Soon-Bok sits quietly on the sideline. Her posture is peaceful, but her eyes are not. She is thinking of something deep, something troubling. She has fire in her eyes that hints she can never be at rest.

An elderly coach, a SABOM, nods at her to begin.

Soon-Bok launches into the air. One of the assistants holds his hands together so she can jump off them. She spins at 10,000 frames per second, ROCKETING OFF THE LAUNCH PERSON and floating through the air--flipping to kick through THREE BOARDS BEFORE SHE LANDS.

She sticks the landing. The small audience applauds enthusiastically--very impressed.

Soon-Bok doesn't notice them because the typical flame burns in her eyes.

EXT. TRAINING HALL - DAY

Soon-Bok is in regular clothes now, walking to her car.

A sparkling sedan careens into the parking lot and screeches to a halt. A woman in a classic newscaster pantsuit jumps out. She's VASHTI CHABRA (22), a glamorous Indian-heritage reporter.

VASHTI

Soon-Bok!

Soon-Bok keeps walking without acknowledging her.

VASHTI (CONT'D)

When does your test began?

SOON-BOK

I think you know you missed it already.

VASHTI

Traffic was terrible this morning.
We can still conduct the interview.

Vashti whips out a recorder.

VASHTI (CONT'D)

By winning your fifth degree black belt in Taekwondo--

SOON-BOK

I earned it.

VASHTI

What?

SOON-BOK

Winning is by chance. Earning is by strength of will.

Soon-Bok gets in her car.

VASHTI

In any case, you just achieved something few women--and fewer American women--have done. In what way do you see yourself as a pioneer for women in male-dominated arenas?

SOON-BOK

What does being a woman have to do with it? I just did something amazing. Me. Keep it on that.

Vashti should be flustered, but she isn't. She keeps up the line of questions in a way that either makes her good at her job or completely insufferable.

VASHTI

How many hours a day do you train?

SOON-BOK

Eleven.

VASHTI

And what keeps you so consistent? Is it so no one can hurt the ones you love again?

Soon-Bok glares at her friend.

SOON-BOK

You know better than to ask that, Vashti.

Soon-Bok slams the car door and drives away angrily.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Hiro sits in a cramped airplane. He's in the window seat, face smeared against the glass balefully.

A young Chinese BOY (10) is watching videos on his tablet.

Hiro looks over.

This particular clip is a fail compilation. Hiro is shocked to see his own face on the screen! It is a recording from the convention where Hiro is clutching the dead monkey fetus and weeping.

The kid looks up at Hiro and giggles.

Hiro sets his jaw and stares back out the window.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Hiro sits at his desk looking completely haggard and unkempt. He alternates between reading research texts and dripping liquids into petri dishes.

TIME LAPSE: Hiro works feverishly. The day crew leaves. Outside the window the world darkens. Researchers return with coffee in the morning. The sequence repeats several times.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Hiro watches as the lab's DIRECTOR leaves his office and swipes a keycard to lock it. He looks at Hiro with concern.

Everything they say to each other is subtitled Japanese.

DIRECTOR
Going home, Hiro?

HIRO
Have to wrap up a couple things
first.

Hiro watches until the director exits the lab. He rushes to the director's office and pulls the door open. White resin was jammed into lock to prevent the bolt from engaging.

Hiro goes to the director's desk and opens a drawer. He removes a set of keys from it.

INT. SPECIMEN FREEZER - NIGHT

At a special room marked "specimens," Hiro unlocks the door and pulls out a new colobus embryo. He sets it on his desk lovingly.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hiro returns to the director's office, replaces the keys, and pulls the resin from the lock on his way out. The door clicks closed.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Hiro swabs his inner cheek and scrapes the cells into a solution. He transfers it to a vile and prepares a syringe over the little monkey.

INT. LABRATORY - NIGHT

The director is leaving his office again. He looks at Hiro and smiles.

DIRECTOR
You're looking better. Getting more sleep?

HIRO
Yes, exactly that.

The director is content with the answer. He exits the lab.

Hiro rushes to his desk and pulls an adorable INFANT COLOBUS MONKEY from a drawer. It is swaddled in a blue blanket and is half-albino, including one eye that is pink and another that is black.

Hiro takes the monkey in his arms like a tender father and paces the lab. He addresses the monkey only in English.

HIRO (CONT'D)
You're my little thinker, aren't you?

He walks by the laboratory's bookshelves. The adorable monkey reaches out for the copy of Hesiod's *Theogony*.

Hiro brings his little monkey closer. Tiny fingers trace the book's tooled leather cover.

HIRO (CONT'D)
You will be Protoplastos from Hellenic mythology, first of many.

INT. LABRATORY - DAY

PROTOPLASTOS, now an adolescent, sits inside a cramped drawer inside Hiro's desk and reads Darwin's *Origin of Species* by flashlight. He writes notes in three columns: English, Japanese, and Ancient Greek.

Protoplastos highlights a passage and reads it aloud thoughtfully.

PROTOPLASTOS
(mumbling)
"Let the strongest live and the weakest die..."

As the monkey writes notes, he pronounces the words out loud.

PROTOPLASTOS (CONT'D)
Next phase of evolution...must
naturally mean...the end of
humanity.

INT. LABRATORY - NIGHT

The director leaves his office. Protoplastos DROPS from the ceiling into the office. He's now a fully-grown adult colobus.

He looks out the window. Hiro is working with his back to the office. Protoplastos sneaks to the director's desk and takes his keys.

INT. LABRATORY - NIGHT

Protoplastos feverishly mixes DNA cultures in petri dishes. He swabs his own cheek and inserts the DNA into a WOLF FETUS.

Hiro storms in. He holds the notebook like a condemnation.

HIRO
What is this?

PROTOPLASTOS
(evenly)
You know what that is, father. You gave me the book. It contains my notes.

HIRO
End of humanity? Let the weak die?

PROTOPLASTOS
If you have an issue with the idea, take it up with Charlie Darwin.

HIRO
What are you doing?

PROTOPLASTOS
I'm busy.

Hiro comes over and recoils at the fetal wolf.

HIRO
We are not ready to expand the experiments. The ethics have not been fleshed out--

PROTOPLASTOS
So it's fine when you do it, but not for me?

HIRO
What if the director finds this?

PROTOPLASTOS
If he's smart he'll fund it.

HIRO
No. Destroy it, that's an order.

PROTOPLASTOS
Don't be absurd.

Hiro grabs the vial with the wolf fetus.

HIRO
If you won't, I will.

PROTOPLASTOS
Don't be a hypocrite. You made me,
father.

HIRO
Perhaps that was a mistake.

Bitter, angry tears sting Protoplastos' eyes.

PROTOPLASTOS
Don't you say that.

Hiro lifts the vial above his head.

PROTOPLASTOS (CONT'D)
If you try to destroy my research,
I will kill you, father.

Hiro's eyes are filled with the sadness of failing his son.

HIRO
I can't let you do this.

He lifts the vial a little higher and SMASHES it on the floor. Protoplastos looks up with a Kubrick-like glare. He LUNGES FORWARD with a SNARL.

LIGHTNING FLASHES.

Protoplastos stands with a STREAK OF BLOOD on his white fur. His eyes speak volumes of hate and murder.

Thunder ROARS and lightning CUTS the sky as the murderous man-minded colobus places HIRO'S GLASSES on his own face.

The monkey CRASHES through a window and swings into the night, leaving Hiro's blood-stained lab coat motionless on the floor.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FIELD COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

SUPER: 2023. The First War Against Humans

A tough Marine Corps officer, LIEUTENANT COLONEL LIBB, addresses a camcorder inside a dark tent bustling with military activity. It's his command post in the middle of a raging battle.

Artillery THUMPS irregularly outside.

COLONEL LIBB

I record this message with the hope
that future generations will avoid
another fall.

Colonel Libb's voice continues over flashback.

INT. LABRATORY - DAY

Japanese scientists work with test tubes and computer models.

COLONEL LIBB (V.O.)

In 2019, Japan overturned a law
forbidding inter-species
hybridization and seeded human
cells into animals.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Hiro's body lays lifeless on the floor.

COLONEL LIBB (V.O.)

Mister Ishii's death was ruled a
random murder. But some think
otherwise.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Protoplastos is surrounded by stacks of paper. He hand writes letters.

COLONEL LIBB (V.O.)

His monkey secured grants
anonymously to fund its work.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Protoplastos and a HUGE GORILLA BODYGUARD grab and carry off first a scientist in a lab coat...

COLONEL LIBB (V.O.)
He captured those of us with the
best and brightest minds and
replicated their cells into
animals.

Then an elderly man in a suit with a briefcase...

...Then an army general.

COLONEL LIBB (V.O.)
Then disposed of them.

END MONTAGE.

INT. MODERN LABRATORY - DAY

Protoplastos oversees APES in lab coats conducting
experiments. The computer screens show models of bears,
horses, dogs, lions, and snakes. Huge timber wolves in
tactical vests patrol as security.

COLONEL LIBB (V.O.)
He built thousands of weaponized,
self-aware species. Imagine the
mind of Bobby Fisher in a 5-meter
anaconda. A shark strategizing like
Patton. A golden retriever hunting
children. This is the modern world.

QUICK FLASHES to black & white pictures made to look like WWI
classics:

-A chimpanzee with a thousand yard-stare smoking a cigarette.

-A lion in body armor standing bi-pedally over human victims.

-Antiaircraft explosions BURSTING amongst a tight formation
of dive-bombing ravens strapped with small missiles.

INT. FIELD COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

The Colonel recalls painful memories to his camera.

COLONEL LIBB
Next they destabilized our command
structure.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

-A POLITICAL LEADER with flanking security walks through a
private hanger draped with the Russian flag. A detail of
soldiers and bomb-sniffing dogs passes.

One of the canines has INSIDIOUS EYES. It LAUNCHES itself at the leader's throat.

COLONEL LIBB (V.O.)
As few as ten surgical
assassinations in ten choice
countries was enough to destabilize
the entire globe.

-The AMERICAN PRESIDENT stands on a stage, addressing a crowd. A PIGEON strapped with a SUICIDE BOMB dives towards the lectern.

-A GREY-HAIRED CHINESE OFFICIAL sleeps under silk sheets. A snake SLITHERS into the bed.

COLONEL LIBB (V.O.)
Then the ground troops moved in.

END MONTAGE.

INT. FIELD COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Colonel Libb again addresses the camera.

COLONEL LIBB
--Endless columns of bloodlust
leopards.

QUICK FLASH of leopards passing a reviewing booth occupied by Protoplastos. The troops march in step by the thousands like SS troops.

COLONEL LIBB (CONT'D)
Pit bulls bred to track errant
humans. Swarms of suicide-bomber
sparrows outnumbering Rome's
legions ten thousand to one. What
could our modern military do
against that?

The Colonel sets his jaw with unflinching resolve.

COLONEL LIBB (CONT'D)
All we can do is fight back.

A mortar STRIKES just outside the tent, showering the Colonel and his Marines with dirt and shrapnel. Several are wounded from the blast. Others are less lucky.

The sound of small arms and ANIMAL SNARLS approaches the tent. The Colonel racks a round into his rifle.

COLONEL LIBB (CONT'D)
They are coming. This could be the
end. God help us all.

The Colonel runs towards the gunfire.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. ARLINGTON - DAY

A column of amphibious assault vehicles operated by German
Shepherds rolls past.

Vultures circle the sky to warn what we already sense: we're
in a world of death.

Bears with rifles breach front doors of suburban homes.
Pythons and tactical wolves take prisoners.

A MAN fires from his roof. The rounds impact the ground near
a group of manimal soldiers. Three suicide pigeons dive in
quick succession, exploding him.

The hybrids cordon human survivors into the open areas of
Arlington's Clarendon Neighborhood.

We track with the soft footfalls of a large feline plodding
beside...the size-eighteen boots of SERGEI, an angry man the
size of a commercial fridge with a tight jaw and Ivan Drago
haircut. He is the ONLY FREE HUMAN walking around. As he
passes manimals, they shrink back to salute. He's not just
free--he's IN CHARGE.

A semi-truck painted with military camouflage and flanked by
four Humvees SPEEDS INTO A STOP. Whispers of awe and worry
run through the manimal soldiers--this arrival is a big deal.

Sergei strides to the truck along with his second in command:
a musclebound jaguar with CLOUDED LEOPARD STRIPES named
ZAYON. They are the same man and cat from the teaser.

A stocky SUN BEAR in tactical gear rushes from the passenger
seat and rolls the rear door up. The truck's interior is
completely black. An eery humid SLOSHING sound emanates from
the darkness.

Sergei squints.

Very slowly, IMPOSSIBLY LARGE reptilian eyes and a pale white
snout appear. They belong to BASILEUS HANNIBAL, an albino
saltwater crocodile. This thing is massive--thirty feet long
at least--like if Jabba the Hut could snap a bull femur like
a matchstick.

HANNIBAL
Your strategy worked.

Sergei bows his head to accept the praise.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
How are the prisoners?

The jaguar speaks up.

ZAYON
Giving little resistance, my
Basileus.

Hannibal smiles evilly. He looks back at Sergei.

HANNIBAL
Divide them.

Sergei nods to affirm his obedience.

The bear slams the roll-door closed, and jumps back into the passenger seat. An emaciated MAN is chained to the steering wheel. He's laying on his folded arms across the wheel. The bear hits him, and the man jumps awake.

He starts the engine and guns the semi away.

Sergei looks to his mouthpiece Zayon and gives a quick head tilt. Zayon nods back and shouts an order to the hybrid guards.

ZAYON
Make rows of nine!

Amongst the prisoners we see Rust. He looks worse for wear than when he was in Japan. He's wearing the same muddy suit from the teaser.

Rust holds Hee-Young and an older Korean woman named RUBY (appearing in later episodes).

A CINNAMON BEAR with a machine gun STRIKES Rust with the rifle.

HEE-YOUNG
Rust!

RUST
No, baby, don't resist.

He leans in.

RUST (CONT'D)
(whispering)
We'll survive this.

The bear pulls them apart as...

Thousands of prisoners are separated. The bear SLAMS Rust to his knees. On his right kneels Eduardo, the old man from the teaser.

Eduardo explains the situation to Rust as Sergei walks to the first row of nine.

EDUARDO
That's Sergei. Rumor has it they tried reversing the process by putting an animal mind into him, but the experiment went wrong and corrupted any sense of ethics out of him. He's the monster in charge of the entire east coast--the regional Emperor.

Sergei studies the eyes of the first prisoner, an elderly FEMALE supported by a walker. He points a single finger at her. At the signal, SIMIAN GUARDS grab her. They rip her from the walker and hold her against a wall.

The walker lies in a boot-churned mud puddle.

Sergei steps to the next prisoner. He points with three fingers at this YOUNG MAN. Eduardo explains quietly to Rust.

EDUARDO (CONT'D)
Three means they'll use him for research.

The guards pull the young man to the side where APES IN LAB COATS pick at him.

He makes a move to leave, but the wolf guards bare their teeth and he stays.

The apes JAM A SYRINGE into the base of his neck. The prisoners gasp. He falls unconscious, and they load him onto a gurney and attach an IV bag.

Sergei walks to the third PRISONER. One finger. This one stands against the wall and lifts the old woman to her feet.

Sergei goes to the fourth prisoner--a middle-aged WOMAN: Sergei points at her with two fingers.

EDUARDO (CONT'D)
Two means manual labor.

The guards load the woman onto a caged truck. Her low shoulders show a resignation to her new life.

Sergei walks down the line. As he points either one, two, or three fingers at each prisoner, the guards divide them into the respective areas. Sergei approaches the last prisoner in the line, a hopelessly thin OLD MAN. Sergei points one finger and the guards pull him to the wall with the others.

RUST
(to Eduardo)
What's one?

Sergei gives a nod. The guards lower their rifles and SHOOT THE PRISONERS AGAINST THE WALL.

The other prisoners FREAK OUT! Some wail, others run. The ground in front of the runners ERUPTS in a line of machine gun fire. A panda BLASTS with his gun from a guard tower.

PANDA
All of you get down!

The prisoners obey. Sergei goes down the next line. He reaches Eduardo and gives him a two. The guards escort Eduardo to the truck. The old man collapses in a coughing fit against the transport's massive tire.

Sergei snaps his fingers. The bear lifts the still-coughing old man and throws him into the truck.

Sergei approaches Rust and lingers with his hand in the air. Finally, he looks with contempt, like he barely considers Rust a threat, and points with two fingers at him.

From two lines back Hee-Young shouts.

HEE-YOUNG
Rust!

She jumps up to grab his hand.

RUST
Hee-Young, stop. Don't! We might be together anyway!

A group of ape guards pulls her away while another four guards push Rust into the prison truck and SLAM the barred door. Hee-Young breaks free and runs to hold Rust's hand.

Sergei gestures towards the bear riding shotgun.

BEAR

Let's go.

He turns his weapon on the driver--another chained human. The man starts up the truck.

A PYTHON encircles Hee-Young's legs.

The prison transport pulls out, tearing Rust's hand away from Hee-Young's grip. Two wolves close their jaws on her wrists and pin her arms to her sides. An ape with a lab coat rushes over.

RUST'S POV: Sergei and the others surround his wife. The mute giant lifts his hand to signal her fate.

Sergei turns to Rust and leers evilly. His eyes are hungry; he loves this game.

As the truck increases the distance between them, Sergei lifts his verdict: one finger.

RUST

No!

The python's coils TIGHTEN AND SQUEEZE Hee-Young's body.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Rust slams upright.

He rubs his eyes and stands. He moves around the earthy cave.

There are two odd things about the walls: Rust has covered them in rough chalk cave paintings, and they are marked by plant roots and growing potatoes.

Rust picks up a china bowl. Its delicate blue and white detailing is out of place in the hardened dirt cave.

He picks two potatoes from the wall and rinses them in the china bowl.

Rust grabs a handful of earthworms from a bucket of water and drops them in the bowl too. He takes chopsticks from a blanket of tools and tucks into the meal. No reaction, no biggie--he's eaten it a thousand times.

INT. RANDOM HOUSE - DAY

Soon-Bok rifles through a medicine cabinet treasure trove: band-aids, peroxide, aloe vera gel. She shoves them into her scrounger bag. She should be ecstatic at the haul but...

ON HER REACTION: She's grim--something is missing.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

A community of rough log cabins sits tucked in the middle of a ferny clearing in the hilly jungles of Quantico, Virginia. The buildings have sod roofs with leafy camouflage growing on them.

The bushcraft camp is surrounded by thick trees. Its advanced construction level--pole cabins, multi-person assembly buildings, prickly-staked defenses--hint the inhabitants have been here a while. A spear-point pole wall completes the little stockade.

A guard paces atop the wall. He looks at the little clay path in front of the gate. It's empty. He turns and walks a couple steps and looks again.

Soon-Bok is standing right outside the gate.

GUARD

Soon-Bok! Didn't see you there.

The guard pulls the gate up and gives a salute without the traditional snap of the regular military but filled with as much respect.

Soon-Bok enters the camp. It bustles with every day survival activity: arrow fletching, corn planting, musket ball smelting, and flour grinding.

A twisted-face man steps in front of Soon-Bok. He is MALCOLM (30s).

MALCOLM

Did you get it?

Soon-Bok shakes her head. Malcolm announces to condemn her.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

She didn't get it!

No one makes eye contact or gives him a platform.

INT. CAMP CLINIC - DAY

The interior of the large cabin is as sterile as possible while still looking comfortable: a pioneer hospital.

Darin, once a boy but now an adolescent with a sweet and sickly countenance, lays in bed.

His chest rises and falls with labored breathing.

Soon-Bok roots through the duffel Darin retrieved in the teaser. It's full of thin white boxes that used to hold his prescription medication: INSULIN.

She feels through the contents. Most the boxes are empty. One still has a pill bottle in it. She looks inside. Only a few white pills remain.

SOON-BOK

We have a little left.

Darin smiles weakly.

DARIN

You'll find more, I know it. But you look terrible. I'll make you some soup.

He coughs roughly.

Soon-Bok doesn't say it, but she sees he might die in that bed. She turns away, not wanting to show the sadness on her face. Her eyes are practically free of tears when she turns back to him with a forced smile.

SOON-BOK

You do that.

INT. ASSEMBLY CABIN - NIGHT

Low wooden benches and tables fill the room that doubles as a meeting chamber and chow hall.

Soon-Bok worries by candlelight. She twirls her knife point into the table.

A pure-faced Irishman complete with the accent approaches. He's BRENDAN (70s).

BRENDAN

How is he?

SOON-BOK

I don't know, Brendan.

BRENDAN

We don't know it's ketoacidosis yet. Could be the flu.

SOON-BOK

Could be.

BRENDAN

What are you thinking?

Soon-Bok doesn't look up. She studies the knife blade.

SOON-BOK
I have to hit Mercy.

BRENDAN
That could be suicide.

If it's a choice between the kid and her...Soon-Bok sets her jaw.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
I'll get the truck ready.

A HEAVY ENGINE RUMBLES...

INT. PRISON TRANSPORT - DAY

Rust screams and attacks the bars in the back of the truck.

RUST
Hee-Young!

Eduardo puts a conciliatory hand on Rust's shoulder.

Rust flexes and pulls at the bars.

RUST (CONT'D)
Where are they taking us?

EDUARDO
Manimals don't farm, but they're no
fools. To survive in this world you
have to grow food. We'll work the
fields.

Rust struggles against the bars. They're bolted with small hex nuts. Rust grips one and turns it in desperation. All he gets are bloody fingers.

Eduardo opens his palm revealing a METAL TIRE VALVE CAP.

RUST
Your cough?

Eduardo nods.

Rust grabs it and tries it on the hex nut. IT MOVES. Rust cranks the bolt loose. The new open space is enough for him to fit through.

RUST (CONT'D)
Who's coming with me?

The woman who was chosen by Sergei first speaks without meeting Rust's eyes.

WOMAN

We'll survive a little longer in
the fields.

Most of the other prisoners shrink back.

Eduardo reaches out to shake his new friend's hand.

EDUARDO

Remember, animals are food. Humans
are good. Manimals are evil.

Rust nods slowly and accepts the motto.

RUST

Manimals are evil. Pastor, why is
this happening?

EDUARDO

Grandma didn't have any trouble so
she bought herself a little pig.

Rust looks confused.

EDUARDO (CONT'D)

Life gets too quiet, we make
problems.

RUST

You coming?

EDUARDO

And ruin your chances?

RUST

I'm gonna bury her.

EDUARDO

No, they'll have already removed
her body. You survive. For her.

Rust wipes his wet eyes and JUMPS...landing on street. A second PRISONER BARRELS DOWN but Rust ROLLS just in time. He leaps to his feet. The other prisoner is an overweight man with panicked eyes. He runs past Rust.

RUST'S POV: The truck pulls away as the old pastor looks back with solemn eyes. He gives a small wave to Rust.

Rust nods then sprints away.

The bear in the passenger seat sees the escapees in the side mirror. He keys his radio.

EXT. ARLINGTON STREETS - DAY

Rust runs through the abandoned streets as in the teaser. WOLF HOWLS and FERAL BARKS rise behind him.

INT. MILITARY STORE

Rust shoves items into the backpack. The animal ROARS.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Rust sprints to the middle of the bridge and spins to spot any pursuers, but all he sees are abandoned cars and smoke.

This time we see his attacker: A HUGE TIMBER WOLF. It climbs atop an abandoned car behind Rust. The animal wears a flak jacket and has a left eye that's dead like milky glass. His name is HONN. He has grotesque yellow teeth and matted, thick gray fur under his tactical vest.

The hybrid leaps and his savage jaws SNAP ON RUST'S SHOULDER. Rust screams in pain. Honn twists him to the ground and the backpack strap TEARS OFF.

Rust shoulder-checks the animal into a car then kicks himself into the river.

He flails underwater, struggling to find where up is. He follows the bubbles to reach the surface.

Back on the bridge his backpack lays at the animal's feet. The wolf glares and growls with raised hackles then SCREAMS:

HONN
I will find you!

Rust moves rapidly downstream with the current.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Rust walks out of the water. He's a wreck. Wolves howl in the distance.

An old desire to survive wakes in Rust. He jogs toward the treeline.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Honn and three other wolves sniff the river bank. They pick up the scent and wet tracks where Rust exited the water. They follow the scent to the same treeline.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Rust kicks through the door of some stranger's house. Like everything else, it's abandoned.

He runs to the bathroom and whips a towel around his bleeding shoulder. He moans in pain.

Now he's in the home office. He grabs duct tape from the desk and wraps it around the towel a few times.

Now he's in the kitchen. A netting bag of half-rotten potatoes sits on the counter. Fruit flies buzz around it.

Rust rips the shelves open. They're empty except two cans of Spaghetti-Os. He tucks them in the pockets of his blazer. He fills a huge Tupperware with tap water, wraps a few rounds of tape around it, and slings it over his good shoulder along with the potato bag.

WOLVES HOWL nearby.

Rust takes a step towards the back door but notices a display of ANTIQUE ARROWHEADS. He smashes the glass and grabs the arrowheads then jogs out the back.

We hold on the arrowheads in his hand and DISSOLVE TO...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A rough stone about the size of the arrowheads held in a much smaller hand. The hand belongs to YOUNG RUST (8). He squats on the ground looking at the stone quizzically.

YOUNG RUST

Why do I have to do this, Grandpa?
I don't like being outside, I'm
gonna be a biologist.

His GRANDPA (75), a worn man with wisdom in his eyes, looks at the boy kindly.

GRANDPA

To stay rooted. To learn, before
you any other thing, first who you
are. Once you master this, I will
teach you fires and shelters.

The grandpa takes the little stone and holds a much larger stone to it. He naps the large one against the small one to create a cutting edge: half an arrowhead.

He hands the stones to Young Rust.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

You do the other half. Learn to switch between the hunted and hunter, then you will be able to flow without leaving a trace. That's what it means to be one with nature.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Honn sniffs up to the entrance of the house Rust just left. The other wolves follow him. A bloody handprint is on the door. Honn sniffs it and leaps through the door. He smells around and charges out the back.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A pet WHITE RABBIT that some frustrated parent probably released in the park nibbles on tender grass shoots. Rust LEAPS from hiding and pins the rabbit with his good hand.

WOLVES HOWL. Rust holds the rabbit against his chest and runs for all he's worth as we...

Zoom out to reveal a thousand white grave markers. Rust runs past and we hold on a sign showing it's not just any park, but ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY.

Honn sees Rust a few hills away and bounds toward him in a frenzy of barks and snarls. Rust dips out of sight several times, but the predator closes the distance!

In one of the hidden dips, Rust stops at a CRYPT to catch his breath. He smears his blood on the white rabbit.

RUST

Go!

The animal stays still, shivering in fear. As the howls increase in ferocity and volume, the rabbit wakes up and hops away.

Rust closes himself inside the crypt.

The wolves arrive, sniffing the area. Rust hears them through the wall.

WOLF 1 (O.S.)

Where'd he run to?

HONN (O.S.)

He's close.

Rust hears the SHARP SNUFFLES through the door. On the opposite side of the wall the wolf sniffs the crypt.

HONN (CONT'D)

I have him.

WOLF 1

Can we get out of here? The smell
of death makes me sick.

Rust grits his teeth. A wave of pain rushes over him. He holds his badly-dressed wound and grimaces.

Honn suddenly SNAPS towards the rabbit's scent trail. The other wolf picks it up at the same time.

WOLF 1 (CONT'D)

He went this way.

He rushes off. Honn and the other wolves follow.

Rust drops his head back against the wall. He breathes out with a soft sob.

Our perspective pulls back slowly as the solitary man contemplates the lonely predicament. He is perhaps the last free man alive. Except for the one who killed his wife.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. FOREST - DAY

An old Ford 350 truck chugs over gravel trails through walls of green on either side of the thick Virginian woods.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Soon-Bok drives. Brendan sits in the passenger seat. He has several maps spread across his lap.

SOON-BOK

Do you think Darin is gonna make it?

Soon-Bok's voice carries more emotion than her stoic exterior suggests.

Brendan looks up at first with surprise then with empathy.

BRENDAN

If anyone can save him, it's you.
That's what makes you the leader we need, by the way.

(on her quizzical look)

It's cause you care. That's why everyone has flocked to you these last few years.

SOON-BOK

Not cause they have nowhere else to go?

BRENDAN

You're a great leader, but truly awful at taking compliments.

Soon-Bok cracks a smile for the first time.

INT. CRYPT - DAY

Rust assembles his typical meal in the fancy bowl: potatoes and earthworms.

He takes a bite and recoils.

He examines the potato: it's black inside. He breaks the second one open. It's also rotted through.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Brendan and Soon-Bok lay prone on a hill looking down on MERCY HOSPITAL. They aim their binoculars at the windows of the third floor.

It's been converted into a barracks holding all sorts of dog soldiers. As they move their binos to the second floor, they see large bears and cats roaming amongst bunks there.

Lowering their lenses to the first floor, they see a sort of giant terrarium where thousands of reptilian guards--snakes, lizards, and Komodo dragons live.

A heavy check point guarded by military apes blocks off the entrance. A dog approaches. The guards scan his collar and let him in.

BRENDAN

They've turned the hospital into a barracks. We can't attack it, not with a thousand guns.

SOON-BOK

No, you're right. All-out assault would never work.

Soon-Bok trains her binos on the fourth floor. She zooms in on a small glass-encased room: the sign and contents show the last vestige of a working infirmary: the hospital's pharmacy. An ape with an M-4 rifle stands guard.

BRENDAN

The hybrids inherited our impulse to use controlled substances. They guard it just like we'd keep our own troops from it. We'll have a rough time getting to it.

SOON-BOK

Me, not we. I'll need you ready with the truck.

BRENDAN

I knew you'd say that. How will you do it?

Soon-Bok snaps the binos to a half-finished building next to the hospital.

She brings her eyeline back to the hospital's fifth and top floor. It's a squad bay filled with all kinds of primates: chimps, apes, a couple orangutans, and a clump of lemurs.

SOON-BOK

Primates have the worst sense of
smell.

Brendan nods.

BRENDAN

Make it the middle of the night
when they're least vigilant.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

A chain link fence covered with green netting surrounds the site. The netting is shredded and faded from the elements-- construction has long since ceased.

A skeleton of a building--once a grand skyscraper in the process of being built but now doomed to be half-finished forever--sits in the middle of the site.

A spotlight from a nearby guard tower swings through the yard and passes.

Soon-Bok creeps from the shadows. She tip-toes into the half-building.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

She takes out her pistol and checks the chamber. A brass bullet shines from it.

She steps carefully up the unfinished stairs. The spotlight cuts through the ribs of the building. Soon-Bok flattens herself against a wall. Her breathing quickens, but the light continues past her.

Soon-Bok sprints up the stairs...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE ROOF - NIGHT

...And reaches the top. She runs out of stairs before she knows it. She windmills her arms to keep from falling off the edge and stabilizes herself just in time to hide as the spotlight comes back.

When the beam passes, it lights up a stack of aluminum pipes. The light goes away.

Soon-Bok takes a pole from the pile and passes it over the gap between buildings. The half-finished structure is higher than the hospital roof, so the pole is at a downward angle.

She secures it by wrapping a rope around an exposed joist. She sits on the edge and lowers herself down so she's hanging off the pole.

She climbs down hand-over-hand. The unsecured end on the hospital side SLIDES. Soon-Bok's breath catches. She moves her arm forward. The pole slips again. With every small advance of her hands, the pole wiggles CLOSER TO THE EDGE.

She stops. If she goes any farther, the pole will fall and drop her fifty feet.

Soon-bok takes a couple breaths and swings forward violently. The pole FALLS. She grips the building with one hand and catches the pole with the other.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - NIGHT

Soon-Bok secures the pole to a chimney.

An access door sits in the middle of the roof. Soon-Bok makes her way over.

She wedges a pry bar against the door and cracks it open. She enters and creeps through.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

She steps through the halls carefully. Footsteps approach.

She ducks into a room. The ape-ish guard passes. Soft BREATHING rises and falls. She turns to see THOUSANDS OF SLEEPING PRIMATES.

One particularly mean-looking ape with a mohawk rolls over in his bunk. He growls in a low voice in his sleep.

He rolls over the other way.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Soon-Bok closes herself into a closet. She removes a small utility knife from her pack and cuts the carpet away.

She slides her pry bar under a floor tile and verrrry quietly and carefully pops it up.

INT. HOSPITAL PHARMACY - DAY

From the ceiling above the pharmacy, Soon-Bok lifts the panel up. The ape guarding with his back to the pharmacy does not notice.

Soon-Bok drops into the room and squats below the counter.

The ape checks his watch and leaves to patrol the area.

Soon-Bok reads labels frantically. She follows her finger along the alphabetized shelves towards the "I" section.

SOON-BOK
Come on, come on!

She finds a box with "insulin" written on the side. She opens it excitedly.

It's empty. She crushes it in her hand.

As quietly as possible, she paws through the other medications. She shoves a bunch into her bag.

The ape is starting his return.

Soon-Bok jumps up into the hole in the ceiling and lifts herself up.

The ape guard peers into the pharmacy just as Soon-Bok places the ceiling tile in place above him.

The ape guard decides it's nothing and shakes its head.

APE GUARD
Hearing things.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Soon-Bok sneaks down the hallway as quickly as she dares.

A voice comes from the darkness.

VOICE (O.S.)
I see you.

Soon-Bok whips around and points her pistol at the sound. Two horrible green eyes glow from the lightless corner.

A swath of light angles through a window just in front of the figure. A hideous lemur named AYE-AYE steps into the light.

He speaks with the horrible monotone of a philosopher who considers eugenics the only logical course for mankind.

AYE-AYE
You shoot me and a thousand
nocturnal cousins will swarm and
smother you. Give yourself over to
me and I will guarantee you a
quicker death.
(MORE)

AYE-AYE (CONT'D)

You see, I've never killed a human--
I was created too late for that--
but I've always wondered how it
felt.

Soon-Bok looks around the hallway. Aye-Aye gestures to the barracks room with the hundreds of primates.

AYE-AYE (CONT'D)

Decide quickly. I won't wait long
to call them.

Soon-Bok holsters her pistol and steps forward. She kneels down and extends her wrists. Her little captor steps closer.

Soon-Bok leaps forward and pins his chest to the floor with her knee and wraps her hands around his neck.

Aye-Aye's scrawny arms flail against her arms, and his long, creepy fingers bat against her face.

His arms slow and go limp.

Footsteps CLOMP far down the hallway around a corner. Soon-Bok looks up. She sprints for the staircase...

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - NIGHT

...And runs onto the roof as an alarm BLARES from the building. The spotlight zips around wildly, painting spots in the night at random.

Soon-Bok leaps across the chasm and starts to hoist herself up on the other side.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Brendan sits vigilantly in the driver's seat. He sees the searchlights in the distance and hears the alarm shrieking through the night.

He asks himself rhetorically:

BRENDAN

Did you make it?

He puts his hand on the ignition. He is sweating.

He pulls his hand back. He's going to wait.

Soon-Bok's hand slaps the window.

SOON-BOK

Let's go!

Brendan fumbles with the starter. The engines coughs but won't turn over.

SOON-BOK (CONT'D)

Come on!

He tries the key again. It turns but won't engage!

BRENDAN

It's the starter!

He jumps out and grabs a tire wrench.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Hit it when I tell you!

Soon-Bok slides over and poises to turn the key.

Brendan pops the hood and hammers the wrench on the starter.

Two soldiers, a bear and an ape, hear the clanking and start running towards it. The searchlights switch to illuminating the area near the truck.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Now!

Soon-Bok turns the key and the engine STARTS. Brendan slams the hood and jumps in the back.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Let's go!

Soon-Bok shifts into first and peels out.

INT. CRYPT - NIGHT

The crypt floor moves. One of the flagstones lifts up. Rust pushes it aside and exits the hole.

EXT. CRYPT - NIGHT

He peeks out the door of the crypt into the outside. He studies the moonlit sky.

RUST (V.O.)

There's one immutable law of survival. Don't go out at night. They see better, smell better, hear. Don't. Go out. At night.

He closes himself back inside.

INT. CHOW HALL - NIGHT

Soon-Bok and Brendan sit at the table. Other survivors are standing nearby. Malcolm is berating them. This time the citizens are interested.

The pile of medicine is in front of them. It's an impressive haul...But still no insulin.

MALCOLM

How does it feel to fail him? To let us all down? We believed you could lead us better than we can lead ourselves, but I can see you can't get anything done. Well, what are you going to say to Darin this time? Sorry buddy, but you have to die because of my incompetence?

Soon-Bok is usually more than a match for Malcolm, but not in her current mental state. The fire in her eyes flickers. She hangs her head for a moment.

SOON-BOK

I'm doing my best.

MALCOLM

That stopped being good enough years ago.

BRENDAN

If you don't have a solution, Malcolm, I'd appreciate if you would shut your mouth so I don't have to stomp the respect into you.

Malcolm shoves his hands in his pockets and half-turns away.

The old Irishman leads Soon-Bok away. Malcolm follows their exit with murder in his eyes.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Brendan leads Soon-Bok inside. He looks around before closing the door and sitting her down.

BRENDAN

Malcolm's a fool. He's not right. Not by a long shot. You haven't failed us. You've given your life to lead us, and we're all grateful for it, including Darin. Do you know that?

Her voice waivers a little as she responds.

SOON-BOK

Yes.

BRENDAN

We're not out of the game yet. I ran across a hunter the other day and gave him food for information. Sergei's factories produce supplies and medications and ship them to the military distribution center in New York. The shipment goes out regularly. The next one is coming up.

SOON-BOK

Would hybrid medicine work on humans?

BRENDAN

I used to have a little corgi with diabetes. The puppy medications were so expensive I tried human insulin and it worked. Maybe the hybrids' salves will work on us too.

SOON-BOK

A mission like that would require a lot of rifles. Some might even die.

BRENDAN

There's not a fighter here who wouldn't lay down their lives for you, for Darin.

SOON-BOK

I don't know if I feel comfortable taking guards away from the camp.

BRENDAN

As our commander, it's ultimately your job to do what you can to save the lives of your team. It's up to us to follow or not. But know that we will do whatever you ask.

SOON-BOK

Even Malcolm?

BRENDAN

He squawks, but he won't ever act.
People have to have entertainment.
Some read books, others complain.

SOON-BOK

Should I bring him on the mission?

BRENDAN

Is he more dangerous standing
behind you with a rifle in a
firefight or at home where all he
can do is talk?

SOON-BOK

Then he stays. And we'll take the
supply train.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Completely contrasted from the night before, the hospital
hallways are abuzz with activity. A chalk silhouette of the
dead aye-aye is marked on the floor and taped off.

German shepherds and apes from the military police are
collecting clues and conducting interviews.

Sergei and Zayon stand over the dead aye-aye. Sergei's AID-DE-
CAMP, a large iguana with thick-rimmed spectacles, runs up.

AID-DE-CAMP

Excuse me, sir, the Basileus is
calling.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY

The aye-aye's little cadaver is on a steel gurney. Sergei and
Zayon stride in.

The aid-de-camp scurries in behind and clicks a button.

Hannibal appears on a large monitor.

HANNIBAL

I hear you took a casualty.

ZAYON

We're taking care of it, my
Basileus.

HANNIBAL

Who did it?

ZAYON

A human.

HANNIBAL

How do you know?

ZAYON

Only humans strangle like that.

Sergei nods in agreement. He's seen war before.

HANNIBAL

Did they take anything, equipment, drugs?

ZAYON

Some minor medications did go missing, but no actual narcotics. We've already sent the night guard who let it happen to...processing.

HANNIBAL

Will this affect your quarterly tribute shipment, Emperor Sergei?

Sergei shakes his head.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

It better not. Handle it.

The monstrous croc clicks off the call.

Sergei clenches his hamhock fists, and his brows lower in anger.

EXT. ABANDONED STREETS - DAY

The empty streets are patrolled by four TIMBER WOLVES in a tight formation. They are wearing tactical vests. Honn is in the lead.

SUPER: Washington, DC

A car door SLAMS. Honn lifts up its muscular arm. They all stop. He motions two of the others forward.

INT. CRYPT - DAY

Rust pushes the flagstone up from the bottom and gets out of the hole. He looks through the crack around the door to make sure the coast is clear.

EXT. CRYPT - DAY

Rust looks around paranoid. He carries a bow and arrow in his hands.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Rust studies the above-ground foliage of a potato plant. They are blighted and brown. He plies a white mottled leaf between his fingers. It crumbles away. Rust bends a stalk and snaps it: completely dead.

He turns the leaf over. Thousands of horrible little aphids creep on the underside and start to crawl up his hand.

He jumps back and drops it.

RUST (V.O.)
These bugs could be a new phase of
warfare. Or maybe I'm just
paranoid. Either way, my food is
gone.

He looks at all his crops in the area. All the plants are
WITHERED AND DEAD.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. FIRST HOUSE - DAY

Rust crawls up to the back door of a house. He inserts a crow bar between the lock and the wall and pries as quietly as possible.

INT. FIRST HOUSE - DAY

Rust steps inside the kitchen and pulls the cupboards open: completely bare.

Rips a pantry open. Pasta boxes torn open by rat teeth. Nothing left.

INT. SECOND HOUSE - DAY

Rust enters another kitchen. Checks the shelves to find nearly nothing: only one precious can of beans with bulging aluminum. Rust cuts the top with an old P-38 can opener and sees a nasty layer of mold.

RUST
Botulism.

Rust throws the can against the wall. He's going to starve. He shouts in frustration...

EDUARDO (V.O.)
To survive in this world you have
to grow food.

Realization crosses Rust's face.

EXT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Rust approaches the garden section of a long-abandoned construction store.

INT. GARDEN SECTION - DAY

Rust finds an old display laying on the ground. It used to hold garden seeds, but the remnants of several packets have all been rat-chewed or destroyed by the elements.

He moves the stand to the side and finds a single packet of soy beans. He picks it up.

RUST
Edamame.

The memory gives him a half smile.

RUST (CONT'D)

I knew you were looking out for me.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Soon-Bok preps her ambush for the supply shipment. She and her soldiers watch from long natural berms on either side of the road.

The rebels carry an equal number of modern rifles and blackpowder weapons. Those without guns have clubs and stone spears. Like everything in their world, it's a blend of primitive technology and modern warfare.

Soon-Bok looks over to Brendan. He gives her a reassuring look.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Rust watches from behind a blue post box as four wolves in flak jackets patrol the city streets. They are moving away from him.

RUST (V.O.)

The hybrids have an order to kill
any who avoided roundup on sight.
When the odds are good, I extend
the same courtesy to them.

He has a bow and arrows in his hand but knows he is no match for the two-hundred pound timber wolves.

He waits for them to disappear before letting out his breath and crawling in the opposite direction.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Soon-Bok looks down the road. She raises her hand. All eyes go to her. She cups her ear to mime listening. Every soldier strains to hear the sound.

A rhythmic, METAL SQUEAK approaches around a blind corner. The squeaking builds and distant shouting voices join it. Around the bend comes a gut-wrenching sight:

Fifty humans CHAINED TOGETHER like harnessed horses. They are pulling a HUGE WAGON. The human beasts of burden are gaunt and rib-thin, worked past exhaustion by their heartless masters.

The wagon is an odd design: it was once a military transport truck but has had the front engine portion entirely cut away. The back is loaded to the gills with wooden supply crates.

Heavily armed apes and bears march alongside the wagon. A quartermaster RACCOON stands on top of the truck with a mean-looking whip in its hand.

He snaps the whip over the prisoners' heads.

RACCOON

Let's go!

The last four prisoners are pumping handles that turn a dynamo. We follow the wires to a battery. The quartermaster presses a button and a white electric current travels down the metal harness to shock the humans of burden.

The prisoners cry out and grimace at the pain.

INT. ALLEY - DAY

Rust sneaks down a secluded alley. Honn JUMPS OUT!

HONN

I knew I'd see you again.

Rust turns to run.

HONN (CONT'D)

Stop!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The wagon pulled by the human slaves CHUNKS into a rut, stopping the vehicle cold. The guards scream at the prisoners and beat them with their weapons.

RACCOON

Pull harder!

Soon-Bok clenches her jaw. She lifts her rifle. All the ambushers' eyes are on her.

RACCOON (CONT'D)

Come on you brutes, PULL!

The quartermaster hits the button to shock the pitiable humans again.

Soon-Bok SHOOTS the raccoon off the wagon. This triggers all the other ambushers to OPEN FIRE!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rust runs into the open street. Honn leaps at Rust's back and rips the backpack open. The soybeans spill out and teeter ON A SEWER GRATE.

RUST

No!

He moves to grab the seeds, but Honn's powerful jaws clamp on his boot. Rust shrieks in pain and KICKS the wolf in the eye. Honn falls back.

Rust jumps to grab the seeds but KNOCKS THEM INTO THE SEWER.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The ambushers struggle with the hybrid soldiers for a moment.

A couple fighters wrestle hand to hand with the manimals. The humans with firearms cut down the manimals quickly.

One BEAR gets away and makes a radio call.

BEAR

They've captured the shipment!

A random bullet cuts the bear down.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rust sees three more wolves approaching at FULL SPEED so he grabs an abandoned bicycle and coasts down a hill to safety.

Honn stands. He has open slash on his forehead and MURDER AND BLOOD IN HIS EYES.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Soon-Bok is going through the crates. She pries one open. Inside is a shipment of medicine, including...INSULIN!

Soon-Bok sighs in relief.

BRENDAN

Soon-Bok, you need to get over here.

Brendan is helping the other rebels release the prisoners. Soon-Bok jogs over to him.

SOON-BOK

What is it?

BRENDAN

Watch.

He turns to a prisoner, a handsome hispanic man.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
What's your name?

The man has a distant, unaware gaze. Brendan puts a hand on the man's shoulder. The prisoner snarls and snaps his jaws at Brendan.

Soon-Bok's fighters hold the prisoner back.

SOON-BOK
What's wrong with him?

BRENDAN
He's feral. They're all like him.
Lost the power of speech.

SOON-BOK
It's horrible. Were they bred that way or...de-humanified?

BRENDAN
Best not to think about it.

SOON-BOK
What do we do? We can't house and feed them all.

BRENDAN
Put them to work and make our life in the camp easier?

SOON-BOK
How would that be different from their captivity now?

BRENDAN
That's what I thought you'd say.
Release them into the forest?
Perhaps it will prove the kindest thing to do.

Soon-Bok nods. Her fighters cut the feral prisoners free.

The poor brutes scatter and run into the forest like so many wild animals.

EXT. ARLINGTON - DAY

Rust limps quickly. His boot and foot are chewed. The pursuing canine snarls and howls track behind him--the story of his life.

Rust sees an old whitewashed church. He stumbles inside and limps down the aisle.

He shuffles between two pews and falls to his knees. A prayer falls out of his mumbling mouth.

RUST
Please. Is this when I die, before
I become a father? I need a
miracle.

He lays back on the pew and closes his eyes.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The day changes to night rapidly. A full moon rises. When an owl hoots...

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

...Rust's eyes shoot open. Filled with panic.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Sergei sits on his throne. Zayon is perched on one of the thick marble armrests.

The grotesque head of their albino crocodile leader hovers on a projector in front of them. He is livid.

HANNIBAL
Two failures in two days! One more
and I'd happily eat you. That's how
I treat incompetence around here.

Sergei looks to his mouthpiece and gives a nod. Zayon addresses the croc.

ZAYON
We planted a man on the inside, my
Basileus. We have been waiting for
the right time to keep our
informant safe and divide the rebel
leader's forces.

HANNIBAL
I want them ended tonight. Do you
understand me, Sergei?

Sergei nods.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
I've tolerated you even though
you're one of the brutes because
you have been useful so far. Guess
what happens to those who lose
their relevance...

Hannibal slowly raises 1...2...3 finger-like claws and points them at Sergei.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Fix it.

He lingers on the screen a moment before ending the call.

Sergei grinds his teeth in rage.

Zayon slinks behind Sergei and whispers like a tempter.

ZAYON
Protoplastos' death let Hannibal
rule, but a stronger one could take
his place. It wouldn't take much to
overthrow him.

Sergei considers the idea.

ZAYON (CONT'D)
Perhaps we can use the resistance
to our advantage.

Sergei looks at the jaguar quizzically.

ZAYON (CONT'D)
We capture the woman. Resource her
and work against Hannibal. While
she keeps his troops busy on the
side, we attack from the front. If
she survives, she could make
another fine mate for you.

Zayon leans in and his whiskers brush Sergei's ear.

ZAYON (CONT'D)
You can be great. You can overthrow
the four generals. You could rule
the world.

Almost in a trance, Sergei nods hungrily.

We track away from Sergei's throne.

As the exterior of the building takes shape, it enhances the feeling that the world is completely topsy-turvy...

The form of Sergei's command center becomes horribly familiar: THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL. Sergei's throne is the empty seat where Lincoln USED TO SIT.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Rust peeks out the church door. Wolves are at the front, milling about, preparing to breach the doors.

He runs to the back door and looks out. The way looks clear.

RUST (V.O.)
Don't. Go out. At night.

He takes a deep breath and prepares to run into the darkness.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. ARLINGTON - NIGHT

Rust runs through the streets. He holds his bow and arrow at the ready.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Rust is in the home stretch but is not less vigilant. He hears a twig SNAP and wheels to see...NOTHING.

RUST (V.O.)
You're paranoid.

He creeps across the great field...

Then down a low hill.

Powerful canine shoulders hunch on the crest of the hill BEHIND HIM. It's a large GERMAN SHEPHERD in a flak jacket. The animal jumps out.

GERMAN SHEPHERD
Stop!

Rust spins and SHOOTS an arrow into the canine. The dog drops, unmoving.

Rust approaches the still body.

RUST
I've never eaten one of you...Maybe
you're the miracle I asked for.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Soon-Bok, Brendan, and their fighters make their way back to the camp. Everyone except Brendan is carrying two wooden crates on their shoulders. He is struggling with one.

They are high on the ambrosia of a combat mission with no loss of life. The thrill of the winning side comes out in their glances and laughs.

The distant chatter of gunfire breaks the jubilation.

BRENDAN
Soon-Bok...

The old man grabs her arm.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
It's coming from the camp!

Soon-Bok drops her crates and runs. The other fighters do the same.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Rust walks over the hills of the eerie graveyard. It's night and he has good cause to be nervous. Not only is he outmatched in all five senses, he is carrying the body of an enemy over his shoulders.

The full moon illuminates the thousand headstones. In the distance, a wolf lifts its wailing howl to the moon.

For a moment, Rust looks like his first nations ancestors--a hunter surviving and thriving by wits and skill alone. He looks at the dog carcass on his shoulders.

RUST (V.O.)
Desperate times call for desperate measures.

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

Soon-Bok is at an overlook studying her camp. It's full of ENEMY SOLDIERS.

Brendan catches up and drops beside her.

Fifteen apes and wolves are pillaging the camp without resistance. Dead bodies line the ground--fighters Soon-Bok used to know.

Zayon struts out of the hospital clinic, his paws stained with blood.

SOON-BOK
(to herself)
Darin.

She jumps up.

BRENDAN
Wait.

Brendan presses all his weight on her shoulders.

Zayon gives an order to the apes MOS. The hybrid soldiers throw incendiary grenades into several buildings. The fire invades and partially consumes the dry wooden structures. Brendan can barely restrain Soon-Bok.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
A little help.

The other fighters hold her down.

The enemy starts to stir. They get in trucks and drive off.

SOON-BOK
Get off!

The fighters obey, and she sprints towards the camp.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

The burning buildings light the once-comfortable community with an unsettling orange glow.

Soon-Bok rushes into the camp and sees...

...Malcolm's corpse staked spread-eagle in the middle of camp.

SOON-BOK
Malcolm, what did you do?

Brendan and the other fighters rush through the open gates. They are unable to move, catatonic.

Smoke billows from the little log clinic.

SOON-BOK (CONT'D)
Darin.

Soon-Bok runs towards it.

INT. CAMP CLINIC - NIGHT

Horrible purple and gold flames undulate across the ceiling like all-consuming waves.

Soon-Bok barrels inside and gasps. She runs to Darin's bunk.

A blanket covers the boy's body and face. The material is ripped and marked from blood and razor sharp panther claws.

There's no rise and fall from the boy's breathing anymore. He's dead.

Shock covers Soon-Bok's face. Then pain. Then hatred.

SHOTS RING OUT OUTSIDE.

Soon-Bok runs out.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Soon-Bok arrives in time to see Brendan shooting the last of THEIR OWN FIGHTERS.

SOON-BOK

Brendan?

He turns to face her and lowers the weapon. Zayon appears from the shadows and stands beside Brendan as forty armed hybrids materialize on all sides.

Soon-Bok stares daggers at her friend-betrayer, the soft old man.

BRENDAN

They weren't supposed to kill the kid.

SOON-BOK

Why?

BRENDAN

Perhaps it will prove the kindest thing to do.

SOON-BOK

I will kill you.

Brendan's eyes turn from murderous to weary like the cares of seventy years have stacked onto his shoulders in a single moment.

BRENDAN

I know.

INT. CRYPT - NIGHT

Rust stands over the dead dog. Torches sputter sporadically.

Rust clutches his gurgling stomach. It's been days without food. He picks up a knife and covers his mouth with the crook of his elbow as he prepares to gut the hybrid.

RUST

Doesn't seem right...but I gotta eat.

He lifts the huge knife.

RUST (CONT'D)

Manimals are evil.

As Rust brings the knife down the wounded dog STIRS and looks up with soulful eyes.

GERMAN SHEPHERD

Rust, your wife...

Rust falls back startled.

The dog grits through his pain.

GERMAN SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

She's not dead.

Rust releases the knife in shock. It falls straight down in slow motion and pierces Rust's bare wounded foot. He roars at the shock and pain.

EXT. ARLINGTON - DAY

Honn the timber wolf hears the scream and snaps his head up. We push in tight, closer and closer on his FIENDISH, BLEEDING EYES as we...

CUT TO CREDITS.

TARGET IS 60 PAGES.

Rust gets up. He is in an earthen cave (He dug it out below the crypt).

Flash back and forth between Rust surviving. He breaks into a house and finds rotting potatoes. He cuts them into quarters and shoves them into the ground back at his crypt.

Zayon asks who escaped. He is in some sort of record center. Maybe there's a famous library in DC that is used for something cool and that they can use for their record center. Honn is there.

HONN

I recognize his taste.

ZAYON

Who is he?

A chimp with bifocals runs his index finger down a list.

CHIMP

Rust Canassatego.

ZAYON

Profession?

CHIMP

Bio-ethicist.

The big cat scoffs.

ZAYON

We won't have any trouble from that one. Put his name on the list of escapees.

Wild beasts, jackals, and owls

The manimal motto: "Let the strongest live and the weakest die." You are a brute. Brutes (humans) pull wagons. Brutes work fields. Brutes die.

Need an ape with a mohawk. He'd a good character for later.

Use Roman or Greek titles for the governors and generals:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hellenic_Army_officer_rank_insignia

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Category:Military_ranks_of_ancient_Greece

The Navarch. He's a shark with a horribly strategic mind. He's the leader of all the manimal navy, including ships and water animals. He comes up later.

I assume the manimals aren't great at technology. They have incredible brains but aren't as familiar with some things. I guess they would farm out IT to us.

Vashti Thornburg is Soon-Bok's old college roommate. She is an Indian. She is insufferable. Beautiful but lets herself believe her beauty makes her worth more than other people. She'll show up later. Maybe as a temptation for Rust when he and Soon-Bok start to hit it off.

Teaser cliffhanger: the snakes slithering from AK.

Act one cliffhanger: Protoplastos swings into the night.

Act two cliffhanger: Rust collapses...the last free human.

Act three cliffhanger: Recon the hospital. Set up supply shipment. Attack hospital. Zayon hints at man on the inside? Rust's food supply goes bad. Cliffhanger is leaves to powder.

Act four: Soon-Bok knocks over the supply shipment. something about timber wolves? Rust is in the home depot garden center. He remembers the old man's worlds. Have to have a garden. He leaves. The wolves attack. Peas roll down the drain. Tense mashup of the heist and the wolves attacking him. Stuck outside at night? Rust stumbles into the chapel and falls asleep on a pew. Time passes. A wolf howls. It's night. Rust's eyes shoot open.

Act five: Soon-Bok and her fighters return. They've been betrayed. Darin is dead. The dog attacks Rust. Cliffhanger: Rust's wife is still alive.

WHAT IS Hee-Young's CAREER?

What is Soon-Bok's journey? How did she go from one person in a Tesla truck to building a whole commune? Where is the commune? In the hills of Quantico.

Hannibal is the king of the north (his base is in NYC) in Daniel 11 and Sergei is the king of the south (based in DC). Daniel 11 is the outline for seasons 1 & 2 as far as the bad guys' story. There will be a lot of in-fighting amongst the manimals.

Why should they be any different from us? All anyone wants is power.

What else is going on in the pilot?

Sergei is notably THE ONLY HUMAN on the side of the oppressors. The others are a mix of wolves in flak jackets, simians in lab coats, and an assortment of other guard animals (pythons, bobcats, and the odd elephant).

Is a potato blight interesting enough? He makes a scramble out of earthworms and potatoes.

As Protoplastos died, he divided his empire to his four generals (Protoplastos is still alive). He regrets what he did. That he killed his father. What is the greek word for general? What is the greek word for emperor? This is Protoplastos' title and the title each of his generals wants.

-Protoplastos divided his empire amongst four generals:

1. South America and Oceania. A twenty-foot female python. FERREYRA.

2. Africa, including the Middle East. An African Wild Dog. There's something off about him. The cellular treatments were good for him: he's three times larger than normal. His name is KAMAU.

3. The Asian mainland countries and Europe. A female animal. The leader of the Asian mainland countries and Europe does not give public appearances. But we know his name is CASSANDER.

4. The North American Pacific Region, including the Asian island countries. Ruled by Hannibal, a 30-foot Saltwater Crocodile. This thing is massive. Jabba the Hut if Jabba could crush a bull femur in his jaws. He has an American accent. He's the one who yells at Sergei.

The dark horse--the wild card, the Navarch--a great white shark who is in charge of the entire manimal navy.

BRENDAN IS THE MAN ON THE INSIDE. He tries to assassinate Soon-Bok later on (episode 2?). He nearly succeeds too. She gets super wounded but escapes.

But I thought oil was the reason for all the wars in the world? Oil is a stand-in. Sometimes it's gold, spice routes, land, rare rocks, and animals, but it's always merely a stand-in for power. What is a siege but someone else kicking over your sand castle? Not everyone has the will to do it.

The wolves attack. Peas roll down the drain. Tense mashup of the heist and the wolves attacking him. Stuck outside at night? Rust stumbles into the chapel and falls asleep on a pew. Time passes. A wolf howls. It's night. Rust's eyes shoot open.

The things that are happening: Soon-Bok is attacking the supply trains.

Rust and Eduardo are being prodded by the rifle of a cinnamon bear. The cinnamon bear shoves his rifle into Rust's back.

BEAR

Quiet. Keep moving.

The wolf comes back with the rabbit in his mouth and says he got away. Sergei gets so mad he HAMMER FISTS the wolf's back. The manimal is instantly dead.

The labs here regularly send medical shipments up to Hannibal to be distributed to their troops across the country. We knock over a supply convoy? It's the only way to save him. We don't know that it will save him. But we have to try. We have to try.

Zayon wants the shipment knocked over.

It will divide Soon-Bok's forces. But your own troops died!

ZAYON

What do we care for them when we
can make new ones in a moment?

What is Rust trying to do? This happens therefore this happens. BUT this happens therefore this happens.

What constantly goes wrong with Rust's plans to survive in the graveyard?

But what is Rust doing? Just brooding and moping in the cave? He must return to his house. Try to find evidence of where his wife could be. Making longer and longer excursions out to find any clue about what happened to her. He returns to the spot where they were taken on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Teaser: 5 pgs (tot 5), target 3-7

Act one: 14 pgs (tot 19), target 8-19

Act two: 16 pgs (to t 35), target 12-15

Act three: 12 pgs (tot 47), target 11-12

Act four: 8 pgs (tot 55), target 9-10

Act five: 5 pgs (tot 60), target 4-7

Vashti and Soon-Bok were college roommates. They were frenemies. They still are. Vashti survives. Soon-Bok saves her and regrets it later when Vashti turns Rust's eyes.