# The Cluster

by

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1 EXT. SUORE DI GUIDITTA CONVENT, ITALY, 1697 - DAY 1

SUPERIMPOSED: Umbrian Mountains, Italy, 1697 AD

We're hovering above a smouldering stone abbey on top of a mountain in Italy. The sky is slate gray and fog shrouds the valley below. We follow a colorful troop of 25 heavy cavalry baring banners: a red cross on a white field. They're racing up a steep rocky mountain road towards what was a very recent battle. They get to the ruined Abbey on the mountain top to find a gruesome killing field of dead soldiers wearing livery as the approaching cavalry. Rivers of blood, broken lances and other weapons, hacked bodies and a cloud of crows and vultures building above. In the middle of this field of corpses is an old man tending a small fire. He wears monks robes. The wild-haired captain of the cavalry troop, DI RISIO, signals his men to spread out to the perimeter of the abbey courtyard. Di Risio rides up to the OLD MONK. We see that the monk is blind. They speak in Italian.

DI RISIO
Old man, what happened here?

The blind old monk snorts. He plays with the small fire with a broken rapier.

OLD MONK
What does it smell like? A slaughter. Who are you?

DI RISIO
I am Captain di Risio. A Poor Fellow-Soldier of Christ and of the Temple of Solomon.

The monk's insouciant attitude drops. He stops playing with the fire. The Old Monk spits.

OLD MONK
Do not jest with an old monk, Signor Captain di Risio. The Knights Templar are long disbanded. And they were heretics.

Di Risio draws his sword and presses it to the Old Monk's cheek.

DI RISIO
You watch your tongue, Friar, or I'll show you just how *disbanded* we are.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

The monk brushes the sword off his cheek and again snickers.

OLD MONK
Well, if this host of dead cowards on the Abbey field are Knights Templar, they are indeed disbanded!

Furious, Captain di Risio raises his sword, but not before the Old Monk, showing himself to be quite spry, lashes out with his own broken rapier, slashing the horses leg. The horse rears, but the Captain stays mounted. When he comes down di Risio draws his pistol and shoots the monk in the chest. Upon hearing the report of the pistol, several of his mounted soldiers gallop toward their Captain. The monk drops the broken sword and sinks to his knees.

OLD MONK (CONT'D)
(croaking)
You're too late, Captain. The Sisters of Judith have slain your host of cowards and receded into the mountains. Perhaps forever.

The monk crumples against an empty powder keg.

OLD MONK (CONT'D)
Mark my words! The Papacy will answer for this treachery, Signore Captain!

Blood bubbles between the monk's lips. The Captain draws his other pistol and shoots the Old Monk between the eyes. The monk falls dead. The Captain dismounts and checks his horse's leg. It's bleeding. His LIEUTENANT dismounts.

LIEUTENANT
Captain, the entire abbey is empty. We did not find one Sister of Judith. They have fled.

The lieutenant pauses and looks at the dead old monk.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
What transpired here, my Lord?

DI RISIO
This old Monk said we didn't exist. Then he slashed at Floratina.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2) 1

LIEUTENANT
Ah, two grave mistakes, my lord.
(pause)
What orders?

Captain di Risio dresses his horse's small wound.

DI RISIO
Send ten men to find the Sisters' trail.

Di Risio stops and looks around at the carnage.

DI RISIO (CONT'D)
No, twenty men. Lead them yourself. I'll send word to Rome of what has transpired with Corporeal Sangiovese. The rest of us will make camp and find out what we can.

LIEUTENANT
Very good, Captain.
(pause)
Captain...how could this have happened?

Di Risio smiles grimly.

DI RISIO
It happened like all defeats, Lieutenant Moretti. We underestimated our opponent. It will not happen again. Now, make haste!

Di Risio kneels over the corpse of the monk. He spits.

2 INT. SISTER SARAH'S REHABILITATION CENTER - DAY 2

SUPERIMPOSED: Somewhere in California, 1980

We're in what seems to be an ordinary hospital room. Bright morning light filters through the windows. Two women, PREGNANT WOMAN 1 and PREGNANT WOMAN 2, lie in separate beds side by side. A female doctor, CLUSTER DOC 1 and a CLUSTER NURSE 1, both in scrubs, enter with two gurgling newborns, both swathed in pink. They gently give each woman a baby to hold.

2 CONTINUED: 2

CLUSTER DOC 1 / CLUSTER NURSE 1
(unison)
Congratulations…here is your little baby girl.

After a minute, they lift the newborns from each mothers' arms and switch the babies to opposite mothers.

CLUSTER DOC 1 / CLUSTER NURSE 1 (CONT'D)
(unison)
Congratulations…here is your new baby.

All the women are quite (generically) beautiful and all wear a plain purple string bracelet (a la popular Kabbalah bracelets worn by celebrities) on their right wrists.

3 INT. CENTERFOLDS - NIGHT 3

SUPERIMPOSED: San Francisco, 2007

We're at Centerfolds, a popular North Beach strip joint. Drunk young men fill the place. The STRIP BAR DJ welcomes the throng.

STRIP BAR DJ
And now for a real treat…fresh blood to Centerfolds-put your hands together for Lil Evie.

A gorgeous you stripper takes the stage and bumps and grinds on the pole to a techno beat. At the end of the dance, one of the young men, a Japanese tourist, buys a lap dance from this Lil Evie (EVE STENO). She undulates for him on the table. Steno leans over to the man and speaks into his ear.

STENO
You know we're not supposed to do this, but for forty bucks I'll give you a big wet French kiss.

Drunkenly tourist coughs up the cash, and as they make out, we notice she wears a purple string bracelet.

4 INT. UNITARIAN CHURCH - EVENING 4

At a Unitarian Church in San Francisco, we are at a world peace rally in which the guests are greeted by men and women acolytes who are hugging and kissing (chastely) for peace. It's the Kiss of Peace event designed to bring awareness of strife to the community, and a feeling of loving solidarity. The congregation are blessed by a Minister, PASTOR DAN, then file past the kissing acolytes. The last woman in the line-up (African-American), EVE SWAMMER, wears the tell-tale purple bracelet.

5 EXT. COUNTY FAIR - DAY 5

We're in a small town in central California at a county fair with all of its livestock, contests, games and fun-house trappings. We follow a group of beer-guzzling young men from a roller coaster to a shoot 'em up game to finally a kissing booth for a local charity, Girls Against Guns. One of the young men, HICK 1, a corn-fed football-playing collegiate, approaches one of the women, a curvy raven-haired woman, EVE GRAAF.

HICK 1

Hey, baby. I'm thinking you should be paying me!

GRAAF

That'll be two bucks, Junior. But I'm sure you're a real lady-killer.

Graaf lays a sloppy one on him and takes the money.

HICK 1

Dudes! Kiss this one…she's got mad talent.

They young men all fall in line behind him. As she continues her charity work, we notice the purple string bracelet on her wrist.

6 INT. HICK 1'S BODY - VARIOUS 6

Hick 1 and his friends are walking away from the kissing booth. CLOSE UP of saliva on Hick 1's lips, he licks it. We ARE the molecules as they travel in Hick 1's esophagus. We are absorbed into Hick 1's blood stream.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

We travel through the young man's blood stream and finally into a single cell and into a strand of DNA. We HOLD on this strand and suddenly it bursts. Backing up, the cell itself bursts, and backing up some more, more cells burst, like a cellular fireworks show. We keep backing up and finally out of HICK 1's nose, which starts to bleed.

7 INT. MUSCLE CAR - NIGHT 7

The beer-guzzling young men are on the way home from the fair. His friend, HICK 2, notices blood dripping down HICK 1's lip.

HICK 2
Dude, you fully got a nose bleed.

HICK 1
Must be the meth.

Laughing, they high-five.

ROLL CREDITS

8 INT./EXT. VARIOUS 8

We're treated to a montage of headlines and news segments of a new kissing retrovirus that has a 100% kill rate of those effected: men. A panic ensues. We see video clips of quarantines, long lines to clinics, crowded hospitals, a march by angry religious groups. Both women and men are quarantined. We're live in Lodi, California.

REPORTER 1
We're in the small central valley California town of Lodi where yet another community is gripped by the fears of the so-called Man Killer Virus. As you know, in most or all of the quarantine situations that have developed in California and parts of Nevada, those quarantined are men. As you might have guessed, the economic impact of a male-centered quarantine can devastate a local economy.
(MORE)

8 CONTINUED: 8

REPORTER 1 (CONT'D)
Here in Lodi, California, the local government has decided to essentially put all women under house arrest until health officials have determined that Lodi is deemed a virus-free community.

Superimposed: REVEREND MAYOR JAMES LICKEY

REVEREND MAYOR JAMES LICKEY
We're just doing what's best for the town. In Corinthians 15:3 it sayeth that the woman shall taketh her bread at home and at home only and waiteth for the man upon the barley field. The Lodi business community depends on healthy men to keep money in the till.

PASSERBY
Amen.

NEWSANCHOR
(on TV screen)
Reverend Jimmy Swaggart went on record today saying that California and Nevada are being punished for their liberal lifestyles and their contempt for biblical law, claiming that giving too many rights to women has offended God. Radio Talk Show Host Rush Limbaugh claims that it is no wonder California has been hit with another AIDS-like lifestyle disease, proof of the evils of the quote-unquote Lech Coast. The CDC issued a statement endorsing a policy of self-control and even celibacy until the virus is identified and contained. Madame Speaker of the House, Representative Nancy Pelosi decried the criticism pointing out that, ironically, the gay population isn't affected, suggesting that it's a hetero disease.

9 INT. DINER - MORNING 9

At a diner in San Francisco, we're watching the end of the newscast on an overhead television. It's a busy breakfast hour at this South of Market eatery. We travel down the row of booths and settle on someone reading the paper. The paper also has a big headline about the "Man Killer Virus". We meet SIMON BELVEDERE who is sitting across from his partner, ROXANNE MOSS. They are FBI Special Agents, Homeland Security Unit, and they've worked together for years. Simon is Caucasian, burly but fit, inappropriately funny, slightly vain, foul-mouthed, drinks and, when on duty, prone to violence before questioning. Strangely, he's the good cop. Roxanne (ROXIE) is a lithe and very fit brunette with a dark sense of humor and prone to quoting literature and scripture. Though she's an agnostic, she earned a PhD in Theology after joining the FBI. She also likes to smoke pot and listen to classic rock.

There is definitely a sexual tension, an unrequited one. He's divorced; she's religiously single. They know each other so well they often finish each other's sentences. Roxie studies how raptly Simon is reading the paper.

ROXIE
Why, Simon…you're not actually nervous about this Man Killer Virus are you?

He peers over the top of the paper at her.

SIMON
Let's just say last Friday night was a blur.

He resumes reading, the paper between them. Roxie cocks an eyebrow.

ROXIE
What do you mean? We went out to drinks with the team and you took a cab home. You were barely buzzed.

Simon puts down the paper and sips his coffee. His grin is sheepish.

SIMON
Yes, you put me in a cab. And yes I was barely buzzed-that was the problem.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

SIMON (CONT'D)
I hate to go to bed 'barely buzzed'. So I went to the Abbey Tavern where I became very solidly buzzed. I made friendly with a group of Irish girls who were very impressed that I was Special Agent Belvedere, Homeland Security Unit. Thet's when the blur started to happen. There might've been questionable substances involved, but I'm an FBI Agent so I'm sure none of the substances were illegal.
(winks)
I vaguely remember some great house music and an Irish moonshine called Potcheen that gives off a lovely blue flame when lit on an Irish girl's kitchen counter. When I woke up- in my own bed, mind you-I couldn't explain the lipstick on my tidy-whities or the missing condom in my wallet.

Roxie is highly amused. Simon finishes his coffee.

SIMON (CONT'D)
So yeah…since there seems to be a connection between female-male contact and 'Killer Mono' (the Chronicle thinks Man Killer isn't PC), I have a tiny concern.

ROXIE
Do you feel under the weather?

SIMON
Never felt better. Did I mention there was more than one Irish girl?

Roxie snorts skeptically.

ROXIE
You wear tidy-whities?

SIMON
They're hip right now.

9 CONTINUED: (2) 9

ROXIE
How long do you think we have before Chauncey calls us to tell us about the link between Man Killer Virus and Saddam Hussein?

SIMON
Funny.

We hear the muffled sound of the first notes of Hendrix's 'Purple Haze'. Simon and Roxie share a knowing glance. Roxie reaches inside her blazer, revealing that Purple Haze is the ring tone on her phone. The caller ID on the cell phone reads "Chauncey".

10 INT. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, CITY MORGUE - MORNING 10

Simon and Roxie are led down a hallway at the S.F. Department of Health, to the city morgue. Leading them is a talkative African-American coroner named RICKY LaSalle.

RICKY
Man, you should see these motherfuckers. It's like Ebola, AIDs and the Black Death all rolled up in one.

They reach an antechamber to the morgue and Ricky opens up a wardrobe. Yellow suits are inside.

RICKY (CONT'D)
We gonna have to put on the hazmat shit fo' this one.

Ricky tosses one of the brightly colored suits to Simon.

SIMON
Nice.

ROXIE
(to Simon)
I forget…are you a 'summer'?

11 INT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY MORGUE - MORNING 11

The three of them, head to toe in their yellow hazmat gear, inspect the utterly destroyed bodies of twenty-odd men. It looks like a total cellular breakdown-sores, bleeding out of every orifice, sweating blood, swollen glands: the works.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

SIMON
Wow, no open casket funerals for these bastards.

ROXIE
What's the total bodycount for the disease so far?

RICKY
Two-thirty, counting the ones in Nevada. It's pretty contained: no outbreaks north of Santa Rosa, nothing South of San Luis Obispo; east to Elko, west to the Pacific.

They all look at each other.

SIMON
What does that mean, exactly?

RICKY
Fuck if I know. Sounds very demographic. Migratory.

ROXIE
Okay, so they have a virus but this...is ridiculous.

We look down the row of bodies. They're covered by sheets, but a foot sticks out here and there, a ravaged face, a leprotic looking hand, all scabbed and covered by a thin sticky coagulating sheen of blood. Ricky speaks as Simon, in his yellow-suited glory, inspects the bodies with a fascinated horror.

RICKY
From what we can tell, just 'bout every cell in their bodies burst…well, more like unraveled...but they tested negative fo' all that shit I said. We never seen this virus before. The weird thing is...it's not communicable either, not even really detectable except by what it leaves behind-total DNA disintegration - like each cell's self-destruct button was pushed.

Simon slowly pulls down the sheet of the Japanese man from the strip bar in SCENE 2.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2) 11

His face is caked with blood and his mouth is frozen in a grimace of pain. Simon flinches.

RICKY (CONT'D)
This is what the victims had in common: they kissed a woman-a stripper, a floozy…a girl, whatever. Then they started to feel sick 'n' shit and got nose bleeds. Then a fever, in which the victims actually started sweating blood. Sweating motherfucking blood. Shit.

Simon lifts a corpse's sheet, showing Roxie some guy's ruined midsection. Instead of flinching she looks impressed.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Simon, cut that shit. Are you FBI or DMF?

Simon puts down the sheet.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Anyhow, the victims get a fever, they vomit blood, then they grow buboes.

ROXIE
Buboes?

RICKY
Yeah, Buboes. Swollen glands that burst. Like the Black motherfuckin' Death. They then go into a coma and die. All in about 6 hours.

ROXIE
(to Simon)
Your blurry Friday was three days ago, Simon. Looks like you can breathe easy.

SIMON
(brogue)
Bless me lucky charms.

12 INT. ASST. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, FBI - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 12

We're in the office of the Assistant Director of West Coast Operations in San Francisco.

12 CONTINUED: 12

ROBERT CHAUNCEY is a by-the-book FBI soldier, but he's mostly driven by politics. Chauncey, Simon, and Roxie have a good working relationship, but sometimes he has to come down on them for taking short cuts, going over budget and questionable respect for their employer-the FBI itself. Across the desk from him, Roxie examines the box of files on the Man Killer Virus case as Simon listens to his boss.

CHAUNCEY
Look, I know there is probably no connection between the War on Terror and this bizarre viral outbreak, but the administration is in enough of a bind without being caught with its pants down if this thing does turn out to be a Bin Laden-come-lately.

SIMON
Got it. Like a baby powder-filled envelope at a busy post office. You know it's not anthrax but you still got to check it out.

CHAUNCEY
While I know you're being a smart ass, Bel, you're exactly right. This could be a totally useless exercise, but it makes people feel better. The CDC is taking the real lead--not as a terrorist incident, but as a potential national health threat.

ROXIE
What a concept, investigating something out of sincerity. Got to hand it to the CDC. And by the looks of it, it seems they've laid a path for us.

She holds up a file out of the box.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
They've cleared three of the suspected sites for us to start investigating. You're going to love this, Simon.

SIMON
Oh, God. Dish.

12 CONTINUED: (2) 12

ROXIE
A strip joint, a carnival and a church-

SIMON
There's a joke here somewhere.

CHAUNCEY
It's a kissing virus. Do the math.

SIMON
Told you there was a joke. I'll change into my altar boy disguise.

ROXIE
Did you ever get the stains out?

Chauncey rubs his temples like there's a headache coming on. He waves them off.

CHAUNCEY
Good-bye, you two. While you're at it, try to dig up your FBI Special Agent disguises. Pretend you're professionals for a change.

13 INT. CAR - DAY 13

Roxie and Simon are on their way to the Unitarian Church, Roxie and Simon listen to the radio.

ANNOUNCER
On Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley today, a group known as the Straight Men Advocacy Co-Op held what started as a peaceful rally and what ended tragically...

Roxie and Simon share a grim look.

14 INT. UNITARIAN CHURCH - DAY 14

Simon and Roxie walk down the aisle toward the pulpit. The place seems empty. Suddenly, the wedding march booms from the PA system, and it takes a few seconds for Simon and Roxie to register that they're walking couple-like down the aisle. Exchanging a glance, they pointedly lurch away from each other but keep walking.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

ROXIE
Hello? Anybody here?

PASTOR DAN suddenly appears from behind the tall lectern and adjusts his glasses, momentarily surprised.

PASTOR DAN
Oh. Sorry. Didn't know anyone was here--Roxanne?

Simon looks at Roxie. Roxie finally recognizes the pastor.

ROXIE
Danny!

She runs forward and embraces him.

PASTOR DAN
Wow! What are you doing here? Oh, excuse me.

He squats again behind the pulpit and the wedding march silences.

PASTOR DAN (CONT'D)
Just fixing the P.A. What brings you here, Dr. Moss?

ROXIE
Sadly, official FBI business, Dr. Dan.

Pastor Dan smiles and looks past her to Simon, who is leaning against a pew, sunglasses still on. Roxie looks at Simon.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
Oh, that's my partner, Simon Belvedere.
(whispering)
Churches make him nervous.

Simon looks at his shoes. Roxie takes out a Palm Pilot and reads it.

PASTOR DAN
Ah, I get it. You're following up on the Man Killer Virus thing. Very sad...and scary. The gentlemen from the, uh, whatchamacallit…

14 CONTINUED: (2) 14

ROXIE
Center for Disease Control.

PASTOR DAN
Yeah, them. They took blood samples and we all checked out okay.

ROXIE
Yeah, get this, though. We're here investigating the terrorism angle.

Roxie and Pastor Dan hold a look and Pastor Dan busts up.

PASTOR DAN
Ah...Roxanne...Ivory Tower Theologian to FBI super sleuth. Wonders will never cease.

ROXIE
I know, I know. Anyhow [looking down at Palm Pilot] We need to talk to Cindy Goldfield and Eve Swammer.

PASTOR DAN
Then today is your lucky day. They're both here. You want to talk to them together or separately?

Simon steps forward and takes off his sunglasses.

SIMON
Separately. I'll take Goldfield.

ROXIE
Guess I got Swammer. Lead on Dr. Dan.

PASTOR DAN
Alright, Dr. Moss.

SIMON
(rolling eyes)
Please.

15 INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY 15

Simon sits across from a heavyset woman of about 50 with a kindly face, CINDY GOLDFIELD.

CINDY
I'll help in any way possible. I think it's just terrible that those young men died like that. Our congregation is very upset.

SIMON
I'd imagine. So, Cindy Goldfield. Have you ever had any association that you know of with Islamic Charity Foundations?

CINDY
I worship our lord and savior Jesus Christ.

Simon blinks.

CUT TO

16 INT. CHURCH LUNCH ROOM - DAY 16

Roxie sits across from a strikingly beautiful black woman with short straightened hair, EVE SWAMMER. Their interview is in progress.

SWAMMER
Islamic Charity Foundations? Not likely, I can barely afford to pay tithes for *this* church. But I like where this is going.

ROXIE
Which is...

SWAMMER
That you were sent here to see if a terrorist church cell was spreading the Man Killer Virus. That's rich.

16 CONTINUED: 16

ROXIE
Isn't it. Have you been contacted by a foreign agency seeking aid or information that might be political or ideological in nature?

CUT TO:

17 INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY 17

We're back with Simon and Cindy.

CINDY
Foreign agency?...hmmm. There was this email.

Simon becomes attentive.

SIMON
An email.

CINDY
Yes. I thought it was a bit odd. It was from Africa somewhere. From an attorney who said I was going to get a big inheritance from a relative I didn't even know I had. All I had to do was give them my checking account number and they would give me a million dollars.

Simon deflates.

SIMON
Did you give it to them?

CINDY
No. I figured they'd made a mistake. It wouldn't be right to take their money.

17 CONTINUED: 17

SIMON
Very wise. And strangely, this segues nicely into my last question: do you have family or relatives living outside the United States who may be sympathetic to the notion of worldwide Jihad?

CUT TO:

18 INT. CHURCH LUNCH ROOM - DAY 18

Roxie notices Swammer idly fondling a purple string around her wrist.

SWAMMER
Sympathetic to the notion of worldwide Jihad? Shit, I got family across *town* sympathetic to that notion. But they're either too busy smoking crack or selling shoes to put the revolution in motion.

ROXIE
I know the line of questioning might seem a little absurd but we have to ask. So I take it your answer as a no.

SWAMMER
Yeah. No, I don't have any Jihady relatives living in the Axis of Evil.

ROXIE
Alright. Well, thanks. Here's my card if you think of anything that might help us learn more about this viral outbreak.

Roxie hands her a card and stands up to leave.

SWAMMER
Will do.

ROXIE
I was noticing your string bracelet. Is that Kabbalah?

Swammer has a split second of hesitation.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

SWAMMER
Uh…no. It's a friendship bracelet from one of my girlfriends.

ROXIE
Oh. Well, it's cool.

SWAMMER
Thanks.

19 EXT. UNITARIAN CHURCH - DAY 19

Simon and Roxie walk down the steps on the way to their car.

SIMON
How was Swammer?

ROXIE
She was alright. She found it funny that we were at her church looking for a terrorist threat. What about Goldfield?

SIMON
About the closest thing Goldfield could come to terrorism is sending Christmas fruitcake to unsuspecting family members.

20 INT. CAR - LATER THAT DAY 20

Simon drives as Roxie checks her PDA.

SIMON
Where to next?

ROXIE
Let's cruise over to the Alameda County Fair and have some cotton candy.

SIMON
Excellent. Maybe we can hit the livestock auction and pick up dinner.

21 EXT. COUNTY FAIR - DAY 21

At the county fair, Simon eats a corn dog as Roxie nibbles on cotton candy.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. COUNTY FAIR - DAY 22

Simon and Roxie compete in the BB machine gun shooting gallery trying to shoot out the heart on a piece of paper. Simon wins.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. COUNTY FAIR - DAY 23

And finally they visit the kissing booth, which has a closed sign and a guy, JOEY, sweeping up behind the counter. As they approach, Joey straightens.

JOEY
What is it now?

Simon and Roxie look at each other.

SIMON
That noticeable, huh?

Joey smirks.

JOEY
Nobody wears blazers to the County Fair. And you guys look way too sober...

ROXIE
Hi, I'm FBI Special Agent Moss and this is Special Agent Belvedere.

JOEY
Sounds like TV.

SIMON
And just like on TV, we'd like to ask you a few questions about a few of your employees...

24 INT. CAR - DAY 24

Simon drives as Roxie checks her PDA.

ROXIE
Kissing booths definitely attract a certain type.

SIMON
Yep. And that's two down.

ROXIE
By the way, that was highly unprofessional back there by the way.

SIMON
What? I just think she merited further questioning.

ROXIE
Dinner and drinks?

SIMON
I'm suspicious about her.

ROXIE
About what? Her thong? The woman is totally out of the running as a suspect as far as I'm concerned. We're looking for a blonde.

SIMON
I'm suspicious that she was a real blond and there's only one way to find out.

Roxie shakes her head.

ROXIE
There's truly something wrong with you.
(looking at PDA)
This last one is our best candidate -- Eve Graaf.

SIMON
Her name is Eve, too? What a fancy coincidence.

24 CONTINUED: 24

ROXIE
I thought of that, but that's silly.
(Roxie gestures)
This is it right here.

25 EXT. GRAAF'S APARTMENT - DAY 25

Simon and Roxie park in the loading zone in front of the building and get out.

ROXIE
Graaf's in 2A.

Roxie and Simon go inside.

26 INT. GRAAF'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY 26

Simon knocks on the door. Roxie stands next to him. There's a noise inside and a woman's voice.

GRAAF (O.S.)
Who is it?

SIMON
FBI. We have some questions for Eve Graaf. Is she home?

GRAAF (O.S.)
I already answered questions. They even took blood.

SIMON
(through door)
Yeah, this is a related investigation. Can we talk with you?

Noises from inside. Simon and Roxie look at each other.

SIMON (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I think we might actually have a runner.

Roxie takes out her 9mm.

ROXIE
(whispering)
I'll cover the back just in case.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

ROXIE (CONT'D)
Walkie on your phone if she comes out.

Roxie disappears down the stairs.

SIMON
Miss Graaf, are you okay? You're not in trouble we just want to ask you a couple things.

27 INT. GRAAF'S APARTMENT - DAY 27

EVE Graaf, 21, blond, fit and dressed casually in jeans and a tank top is gathering her purse and a coat.

GRAAF
(calling out)
Just a minute, I'm putting on a shirt. I was just in the shower.

She slides her window up and disappears onto the fire escape.

28 INT. GRAAF'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY 28

Simon clicks his speaker phone; there's a beep.

SIMON
(into phone)
I think I just heard the window slide up.

29 EXT. GRAAF'S FIRE ESCAPE - DAY 29

Graaf steps quickly down the fire escape and drops the ladder. As Graaf reaches the ground, she turns only to be met by Roxie's gun.

ROXIE
Eve Graaf, I presume.

Graaf's instinctively raises her hands in the air.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
Off the record, I just have to say that trying to get away doesn't bode well for claims of innocence.

GRAAF
I needed a breath of fresh air.

29 CONTINUED: 29

Roxie notices a purple string bracelet—like the one Eve Swammer wore—on Graaf's left wrist.

ROXIE
I think we'll need you to come in for questioning.

GRAAF
What are the charges?

ROXIE
I'm with Homeland Security. We don't need charges. You're obviously an enemy combatant. Turn around.

GRAAF
This is such bullshit.

Roxie cuffs her wrists.

ROXIE
You're telling me.
(into speaker phone)
Got her. Meet me in front.
(to Graaf)
Let's go.

GRAAF
Aren't you going to read me my rights.

ROXIE
Again, haven't you heard of Guantanamo Bay? Rights are so September 10th.

30 EXT. GRAAF'S APARTMENT BUILDING, CURB - DAY 30

Roxie holds Graaf's head down as she shuffles her into the back seat of their car. Simon stands outside the driver-side door.

ROXIE
Let's take this one to the cooler back at the office and follow up on the last Eve right away.

SIMON
The last Eve? There's another Eve at the last location?

30 CONTINUED: 30

ROXIE
You got it. And I'm calling Chauncey to pick up Eve Swammer back at the church.

SIMON
Uh-oh. Roxie's doing her intuition thing.

ROXIE
You're going to laugh, but I think we may actually have a case.

Simon shakes his head.

SIMON
This is so weird. If this turns out to be a chick terror cell, I'm never voting for Nancy Pelosi again.

31 EXT. CENTERFOLDS STRIP CLUB - EVENING 31

Roxie and Simon are on the sidewalk out side of the Centerfolds Strip Club in SF's North Beach district. Roxie is looking at the g-stringed picture of a stripper next to the door.

ROXIE
This is not only unfair, it makes you too happy for my liking.

Simon smiles.

SIMON
Look, you took point at the church. Religion is your hobby.

ROXIE
I would hardly call a doctorate in theology a hobby.

SIMON
Do you teach it? Do you have office hours? No? It's now relegated to hobby. For instance, I have a PhD in strippers. For instance, never date them. They're all freakin' crazy.
(MORE)

31 CONTINUED: 31

SIMON (CONT'D)
They lull you into thinking they're normal and cool, but three months in you discover they're hopeless train wrecks that hate men, will ruin your life and drink all your booze. After four of these, I think I can safely say that dysfunctional stripper girlfriends are more than a hobby.

Roxie is bemused.

ROXIE
Wow. You really do know your Stripperology. Look, if you want to take point on this one, by all means. I wouldn't want to get in the way of you and your next future ex-girlfriend.

SIMON
Excellent. Follow my lead.

Roxie rolls her eyes.

ROXIE
Just don't get distracted, Romeo.

Simon and Roxie show their FBI badges to the greasy bouncer whow waves them inside.

32 INT. CENTERFOLDS STRIP CLUB - EVENING 32

Simon and Roxie enter the too-loud strip club. It being so early in the evening, the place is sparsely inhabited. Only one stripper is lazily writhing on the stage in front of a doddering drunk business man. Simon leads Roxie to the bar. There's a news report on the television over the bar. A newscaster stands in front of death-shrouded bodies in a row outside a church.

NEWSCASTER
Residents here in Mount Hebron in northern California are stunned tonight after discovering that a local evangelical group committed mass suicide, claiming that the Man Killer Virus was a sign of the coming End Times...

Simon shakes his head and addresses the bartender, showing his badge.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

SIMON
Hi, I'm Special Agent Belvedere. I need to talk to your manager.

STRIP CLUB BARTENDER
Sheesh. You guys never quit. He's in the back. Just go through that curtain and make a left.

SIMON
What's his name?

STRIP CLUB BARTENDER
Bob Tustin. Tall guy with a beard.

SIMON
Gotcha.

Simon leads Roxie away.

ROXIE
Masterful.

33 INT. STRIP CLUB HALLWAY - EVENING 33

Simon and Roxie pass two cheap-lingerie-wearing strippers on their way to the manager. As his head swivels, Roxie nudges him forward. Finally, they come to an office door, ajar, that reads "Manager and King". Simon knocks.

BOB TUSTIN (O.S.)
Come in.

34 INT. STRIP CLUB MANAGER'S OFFICE - EVENING 34

The office is small, smelly, and postered with graphic porn scenes. Next to the framed business license on the wall is an award for Gentleman's Club Manager of the Year, 1998. BOB TUSTIN is tall, slovenly and sweaty.

BOB TUSTIN
May I--

Then he sees them.

BOB TUSTIN (CONT'D)
Hold it. Let's see. Middle-of-the-road blazers, no smell of booze and clearly no signs of lust.
(MORE)

34 CONTINUED: 34

BOB TUSTIN (CONT'D)
You must be either more CDC peeps or...FBI.

They show him their badges.

SIMON
Impressive.

ROXIE
Why couldn't've we been police detectives?

BOB TUSTIN
Police detectives stink like booze and have lust in their eyes.

Roxie whips out her PDA.

ROXIE
We're looking for Eve Steno.

Tustin narrows his eyes.

BOB TUSTIN
She's in the dressing room. Out the door here, continue left to the end. Don't mind the pussy.
(pause)
Is Lil Evie in trouble?

SIMON
Hard to say. But we'll probably bring her in for questioning.

BOB TUSTIN
Goddamn it. Now I'll have to cover her fucking shift.

He scrutinizes Roxie momentarily.

BOB TUSTIN (CONT'D)
Wanna make a few hundred bucks?

ROXIE
(deadpan)
Perhaps you'd like to come in for questioning, too?

Simon edges her forward out of the office.

34 CONTINUED: (2) 34

SIMON
(to Bob)
Easy buddy. She's got white girl rhythm like you wouldn't believe.

35 INT. STRIP CLUB DRESSING ROOM - EVENING 35

The dancers, in different stages of undress, ogle both Simon and Roxie, who've pinned their badges on their blazer breast pockets.

SIMON
(loudly)
Hi, FBI. I'm Special Agent Belvedere and this is Special Agent Moss. Don't be alarmed. We're looking for Eve Steno.

Eight or nine girls all turn their heads toward the sleek blond Uma Thurman look-alike (but younger) at the end of the make-up mirrors. Steno is mid-eyelash, wearing only stripper heels and a sequined thong. Simon is suddenly at a loss for words. Roxie notices this and elbows him. Roxie and Simon step forward.

ROXIE
Eve Steno?

Steno continues to glue on her eyelash.

STENO
Am I about to miss my shift? Cuz I just spent the last hour on Muni to get here and I need to make rent.

SIMON
'Fraid so, Miss Steno. We need you to come in for questioning.

STENO
Am I under arrest for something? Did I miss jury duty or something?

SIMON
It may be nothing, but we need you to come with us.

Steno stands up and she's as tall as Simon in her heels.

35 CONTINUED: 35

SIMON (CONT'D)
Um, we...

Simon trails off as he can't deny his wandering eyes for one more second. Roxie notices the purple string tied around her left wrist.

ROXIE
We need you to put on some clothes and come with us please.
(to Simon)
Get it together, kickstand.

Simon looks down (his waist is off-camera) and back; he shrugs.

36 INT. SIMON / ROXIE'S OFFICE, FBI - NIGHT 36

Simon and Roxie are preparing for a night of questioning the three Eves. Simon guzzles a large coffee and Roxie drinks an oil can-sized Rockstar. There are Chinese take-out cartons strewn between their desks.

ROXIE
You work on Graaf first. She hasn't really interfaced with you yet. I'll go back to Swammer. Then we'll both take on Steno.

Simon is about to make customary innuendo.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
Please, Simon.

SIMON
God, I'm predictable. So, are we Mutt and Jeffing it or Reiding it?

ROXIE
Let's use Reid. These women are all pretty smart. Remember, no water-boarding.

They stand, notebooks and handheld audio recorders at the ready.

37 INT. FBI HQ ELEVATOR - NIGHT 37

Simon and Roxie are in the elevator; the doors open. In front of them stands Asst. Dir. Chauncey.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

He's as surprised by them as they are of him. As they start to exit, Chauncey stops them and ushers them back into the elevator.

CHAUNCEY
We need to talk. Let's go back upstairs to my office.

ROXIE
We were just about to start.

SIMON
We have three suspects waiting.

CHAUNCEY
Not anymore. Let's go upstairs.

Roxie and Simon look perplexed as the elevator doors close.

38 INT. ASST. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, FBI - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 38

Simon and Roxie, disappointed and angry, sit across from Chauncey's desk. San Francisco's downtown and Coit Tower are in the background outside Chauncey's office window.

SIMON
This is so fucked, Chauncey. I feel like instead of being investigators on this one, we've been flunkies for the CDC.

ROXIE
Do they even have an interrogation unit?

CHAUNCEY
I know it's messed-up, you guys. Yes, the CDC in fact has a Homeland Security Unit, just like us. It's part of Homeland Security's mandate of coordinating the operations of all branches of domestic and international public safety, national security, military and special ops.

SIMON
Right. I'm still operating on Windows XP and using a Yahoo email address for official business.

38 CONTINUED: 38

Chauncey raises an eyebrow.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I'm kidding about that last part.

CHAUNCEY
Anyhow, this has more to do with disease control than anything else. They want these women in quarantine.

ROXIE
I thought all these women tested clean.

CHAUNCEY
They did. But after a second look, there was something unusual about their blood work. You can talk to Dr...
(checking notes)
Dr. Paul Damasco when you deliver the suspects to Atlanta. His role is peer level to mine at the CDC, focusing on Homeland Security. You'll also be under his command while there, so mind your p's and q's...
(looks at Simon)
That means you, Bel. Try not to be such a smart ass because Dr. Damasco is all business and I don't want to hear about it.

SIMON
(dryly)
Aye-aye.

ROXIE
I'll keep an eye on him.

Simon shoots her a petulant look.

CHAUNCEY
Yeah? Who'll keep an eye on *you?* Call me when you're on the other side. Good luck.

Simon and Roxie stand.

39 EXT. SFO TARMAC - MORNING 39

Simon and Roxie, surrounded by other FBI officers and CDC health workers, supervise the three suspects being loaded onto a small passenger jet. To their surprise, the suspects are strapped into wheelchairs, cuffed hand and foot, and wearing surgical masks. Roxie addresses the CDC worker in charge, a woman named DR. ZEGRI.

ROXIE
(gesturing toward suspects)
Is all this really necessary? It seems like overkill.

ZEGRI
Dr. Damasco seems to think so. It is a little unusual, if you want to know the truth. I looked at the preliminary bloodwork and it seemed downright normal. Actually, very healthy. But, orders are orders.

SIMON
I love being kept in the loop.

40 INT. FBI PRIVATE JET - MORNING 40

Simon and Roxie work on laptops. A CDC worker is feeding Steno with a straw, mask pushed aside. Roxie looks up and they hold a gaze across the cabin. Steno winks at her. Simon looks up and notices them sharing the gaze. He looks at Steno. Spitting the straw out of her mouth. She pantomimes a kiss to him. Then both Simon and Roxie continue working.

41 EXT. CENTER FOR DISEASE CONTROL, ATLANTA - DAY 41

Establishing shot of the CDC.

42 INT. CDC, DR. DAMASCO'S OFFICE - DAY 42

Roxie and Simon stand in DAMASCO'S office as the door closes behind them. Dr. Paul Damasco is in his 50s, thin, balding, looks very Italian. He's dressed in a suit, over which is a doctor's white coat. He's relaxed but professional.

42 CONTINUED: 42

DAMASCO
Ah, Agents Moss and Belvedere. Come on in, have a seat. How was your flight?

ROXIE
Without incident.

SIMON
I wouldn't go that far. That turkey tetrazzini could be considered a terrorist act.

This joke falls uncomfortably flat in the presence of Damasco. The doctor clears his throat.

DAMASCO
Please, have a seat.

Simon and Roxie sit.

DAMASCO (CONT'D)
Thanks for accompanying our patients. Also, thanks for your very detailed files, Special Agent Moss. It gives us a very good starting point.

ROXIE
Simon and I are going to begin our background investigation as soon as we get back. The suspects all hail from the Central Valley of California. We understand you're putting them on a 72-hour hold until you're through testing them. When we get back, we'll begin interrogating them at length.

Damasco steeples his hands together and nods.

DAMASCO
That actually won't be necessary. I've already contacted Assistant Director Chauncey. The CDC is taking full command of the case. They've been designated as patients and not suspects by Homeland Security and the CDC. You both can go back home and resume your regular protocols.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2) 42

SIMON
What? When did this happen?

DAMASCO
Today. I apologize for the redirection, but it seems we won't need your expertise. You can go home...or enjoy a few days in Atlanta. It's a beautiful town. You should at the very least visit the Cyclorama...or the Coca-Cola Museum.

SIMON
But--

Damasco stands.

DAMASCO
Again, I apologize for any misunderstanding, but I have a 4:30. I assume you can find your way out?

Simon and Roxie stand. Simon is dumbfounded. Roxie is resigned.

ROXIE
Let's go, Simon. Thanks, Dr. Damasco. Good luck with your...case.

43 EXT. CENTER FOR DISEASE CONTROL, ATLANTA - DAY 43

Roxie and Simon are heading for their rental car.

SIMON
This is such motherfucking bullshit. Something is up.

ROXIE
That's why we're going to stay on the case in California anyway.

Simon looks at her.

SIMON
I love you.

43 CONTINUED: 43

ROXIE
We just have to make sure Chauncey doesn't find out or he'll have a hissy. I agree: something is definitely going on. Damasco gives me the creeps.

SIMON
Yeah. He didn't laugh at my tetrazzini joke. *That's* creepy.

44 INT. MEDICAL ISOLATION ROOM 1 - DAY 44

We FOCUS ON the clock on the wall: 4:30. The sterile and somehow sinister room is tiled in white and furnished with medical paraphernalia and electronics filling the room. Two medical assistants seem to be preparing for something. In the center of the room on a tilted bed lies a strapped-in EVE Swammer. Damasco, accompanied by two security men, enters in scrubs and gloves. He approaches Swammer and gives a cold yet somehow paternal smile.

DAMASCO
Eve Swammer. Charming scientific reference. Now, I'm going to ask you some questions.

SWAMMER
Who are you people? I told you, I haven't done anything!

DAMASCO
That's what I'm trying to determine.

He nods to an assistant and a surgical mask is put on Swammer. Damasco pulls up his own mask to cover his nose and mouth.

DAMASCO (CONT'D)
I'm concerned about getting your saliva on me. In fact, as unusual as it sounds, that's where our questions will begin. Hopefully, my questions won't be...*painful*. But that'll be up to you.

Swammer's eyes widen with fear.

45 EXT. SISTER SARAH'S ART COLONY & REHAB CTR - MORNING 45

We are offered a bucolic scene of a secluded and sprawling country estate tucked at the foot of a mountain in the Sierra Nevadas in California. We travel through the gates, past women with easels and paints, a woman giving a poetry reading, a group of women practicing Tai Chi on one of the expansive lawns, well-manicure lawns and gardens. Littered among these women are nuns in light lavender-colored habits, some with caps, some without. This is Sister Sarah's Art Colony and Rehabilitation Center whose mission statement is to "Help women rediscover the healing properties of art for empowerment and rehabilitation."

We travel up the wide stairs, across the expansive porch into the 30-room mansion and follow a particular nun Sister CALLAHAN, who bustles down a hallway past a busy dining room, female contractors installing a picture window, and finally to the MOTHER Superior's office, where she knocks.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Enter.

Callahan quickly enters and closes the door behind her. Mother (they drop the Superior part of her title if they know her well) is on the phone and holds up a finger and mouths "one second".

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Look, Mr. Lazarus, you promised the ad would run in the Sacramento Bee, the Fresno Bee and the Tahoe Daily today. I get all three papers and it was in none of them. Thursdays are the travel section day. Now I fully expect it to run next Thursday at a 10% discount.

Callahan can hear discontent on the other end of the line. Mother, age 48, has a sort of Glenn Close air to her, except sexier, as though she was once Sister Bombshell.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
I understand we were already running at a discount. We're a non-profit religious organization.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

MOTHER (CONT'D)
You wouldn't want to gyp a non-profit religious organization and have it get out to, say, the business communities of Sacramento, Fresno, and Tahoe, would you?

More consternation over the phone line.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
I understand you're a tithe-paying Roman Catholic. Look, if you give us our due, we'll continue to advertise with you...how about that? Excellent. I look forward to seeing the ad in a week. God bless you, Mr. Lazarus.

She hangs up the phone smiling at Callahan.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Can't underestimate the power of the Lord.
(smile dropping)
What news, Sister Callahan?

CALLAHAN
We're ready for the briefing, Mother.

MOTHER
(seriously)
Are we down in the Cluster or up in the daylight?

CALLAHAN
We thought it would be best if it was down in the Cluster. You don't know who's going to be walking by.

MOTHER
True. Alright.

They file out of Mother's office. As Mother closes the door behind her, we focus on the purple string bracelet on her wrist.

46 INT. HALLWAYS OF SISTER SARAH'S / CLUSTER - MORNING 46

We follow Callahan (in the lead) and Mother Superior down a series of hallways.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

First we're traveling through the mansion, through the kitchen, then through a garden atrium/greenhouse, then a workshop/garage, to double doors that open up to another hallway. You can tell we're heading into the mountain. Finally, through another set of doors, we come to a freight elevator. In front of it is a nun, CLANCY, sitting, reading the bible. On her hip, poking our of her habit, is the pistol grip of a Glock 9mm. She smiles at them and pushes the button that opens the elevators.

CLANCY
Good morning, Mother Superior. Sister Callahan.

MOTHER
Good morning, Sister Clancy.

CALLAHAN
Sister.

The elevator doors close and they descend.

47 INT. CLUSTER ELEVATOR - MORNING 47

As they go down, they begin to shed their habits, not like strippers: like people in disguise. Callahan is in a deep purple security uniform with a holstered Glock; Mother wears a blouse and khakis. They are transformed, not from their piety but from their intent; they're nuns with their sleeves rolled up.

48 INT. CLUSTER HALLWAY - MORNING 48

Still following Callahan and Mother Superior, we travel down a hallway much like any underground bunker you might imagine: a well manicured cave, lined with cement, overhung with pipes, brightly lit and bustling with activity. Everyone gives Mother and Callahan [Security Chief] respectful acknowledgment then continues in their duties. Finally we follow them into a meeting room. Nothing special, just a windowless room with a conference table, flat screen, computer, telephones, chairs and pitchers of ice water. The directors of the various departments of The Cluster gather for this most unexpected situation.

MOTHER
Oh, daughter blessed art thou of the most high God. [Judith 13:18]

ALL
Oh, daughter blessed art thou.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

MOTHER
Are all Eves called in?

A Asian woman, 30s, LEI, head of Cluster personnel, replies.

LEI
All but the three have returned.

MOTHER
And thus ends our short-lived social experiment. How did this happen?

A young olive-skinned woman, DILARA, Chief Science Officer, pipes up.

DILARA
All who've returned have been tested and we can find no hint of viral infection.

MOTHER
Keep testing. I have the feeling it's due to the Eves' genetics being introduced into a new population. I don't know how a virus can be spontaneously generated because of a little tampering, but it's the only thing that makes sense.

She pauses grimly.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
What's the extraction plan for Steno, Swammer, and Graaf?

CALLAHAN
We have to activate Velasquez. It's our only choice.

MOTHER
That's why we put her there.

LEI
Velasquez?

Callahan and Mother exchange a glance.

48 CONTINUED: (2) 48

CALLAHAN
Over the years we've placed women from the Cluster in crucial government and lay institutions as a precaution for circumstances beyond our control. They stay dark for 10-year stretches. Velasquez is our woman at the CDC in Atlanta where Steno, Swammer, and Graaf are being held.

LEI
With due respect, Mother, why didn't I know about this before? I'm Personnel Chief.

Callahan and Mother share a glance.

MOTHER
We've never called anybody in from the dark before.

LEI
How long has she been gone?

CALLAHAN
Nine years.

LEI
So she's not an Eve.

MOTHER
She's a Child of Sarah, born in the Cluster, but no, she's not an Eve.

There's a heavy pause. A cough.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Send a team to Atlanta and activate Velasquez before they find out too much. Who knows what they're going through out there in the world of men.

49 INT. SECRET PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 49

A row of old men sit with stern looks on their faces. Congressmen, military men and presidential cabinet members. We hear Dr. Damasco's voice as we slowly work our way around the shadowy table.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

DAMASCO (O.C.)
Through both our interrogations and our medical examinations we have uncovered something both unusual and alarming. The three female subjects are indeed a cause of the viral outbreak in the West. There are more of them, all in hiding. I'm not exactly sure how to put this but...

We finally settle on Damasco, who is not present in the room but being video conferenced in from Atlanta on a large flat screen.

DAMASCO (CONT'D)
These women are not exactly women.

SENATOR 1 (O.S.)
What do you mean 'not exactly'.

DAMASCO
Well...they have no fathers. This is a little complicated, but their chromosomes show no remnants of male pattern markings whatsoever. They really shouldn't even be alive. And they have what looks like an artificial Y chromosome. I am not sure how that is possible or what it does. We're still testing.

SENATOR 1
Are they mutants of some kind?

Damasco looks a little uncomfortable.

DAMASCO
No. They were...*intelligently designed.*

We hear uncomfortable shiftings in the room.

HICK GENERAL
Are they some kind of weapon? Are they spies?

DAMASCO
We haven't been able to extract that information from them yet.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2) 49

DAMASCO (CONT'D)
Also, we haven't been able to pinpoint the virus. They're not infected but they spontaneously cause the virus to generate in human males.

SENATOR 2
Jesus Christ! Are they a terrorist cell?

DAMASCO
Possibly. But an advanced terrorist cell with scientists that have made advances that we've never seen before.

HICK GENERAL
Can we isolate the viral agent and weaponize it?

SENATOR 2
Damn, Harry, you've got one-track mind.

SENATOR 1
Do we know where they came from?

DAMASCO
Like I said, they've proven resistant to our, *ahem*, interrogation. They seem to be a part of a larger group, but we haven't been able to extract much more information than that. They quote-unquote 'Just want to get back to the Cluster.' Whatever that means.

A voice issues from a shadowy end of the room. A gaunt old face leans forward: MR. JERICHO.

MR. JERICHO
Did you say 'Cluster'?

Everybody looks at Jericho.

DAMASCO
That means something to you?

MR. JERICHO
Gentlemen, I think we may just have an angle.

50 INT. ROXIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 50

Roxie is at home. She's lounging on the couch in sweats, smoking a joint. On television, she watches a trumped up news report of how the Man Killer Virus was really an outbreak of a rare e.coli bacteria and not a virus at all. The public need not be afraid anymore.

ROXIE
Nice way to spin.

Her cell phone blares its Jimi Hendrix ring-tone. She grabs it.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
Moss here.
(pause)
Ah, Simon. I was just going to call you.

51 INT. FBI COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, SF - NIGHT 51

We're in the communications room of FBI West. It's wall-to-wall technology with people sitting at 10 different stations monitoring different communications: email, phones, IM chatter. Simon sits at a desk next to a young communications specialist, MISHA.

SIMON
Really?

ROXIE (O.C.)
Yeah, I was using different search engines to look up info on our three Eves, and when I put there last names together in the search--Steno, Swammer, and Graaf--I found something peculiar.

SIMON
What's that?

52 INT. ROXIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 52

Roxie's face is illuminated by the glow of her laptop.

52 CONTINUED: 52

ROXIE
All three were 17th Century scientists who had something to do with the discovery the egg in human females.

There's a pause at the other end.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
Simon?

SIMON (O.S.)
Huh...well, that, Strangely enough, is connected to the reason I'm calling you.

ROXIE
Where are you?

SIMON
I'm in the comm center not following up on the Virus case. Misha isn't sitting next to me helping me.

We hear a "Hi, Misha," issue dimly from Simon's phone.

SIMON (CONT'D)
(to Misha)
Rox says hi.

Misha gives a lusty growl.

SIMON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
He says hi back.

ROXIE (O.S.)
What didn't you find there at the comm center you're not at?

53 INT. ROXIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 53

Roxie has muted the television and is sitting up, putting out her joint.

SIMON (O.S.)
We're getting unusually heavy chatter traffic associated with the Man Killer Virus in a remote region of the Sierra National Forest.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

ROXIE
Where's that?

SIMON (O.S.)
On the way to Yosemite.

ROXIE
Okay.

54 INT. FBI COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, SF - NIGHT 54

Simon's looking at a computer screen with a scattergram cluster in the middle of nowhere in the Sierras.

SIMON
So the thing is, the telephone, IM and email chatter, while definitely heavy from that area, seems diffused. On purpose. People are piggybacking signals and bouncing their communications around in a suspicious way for a region that is so secluded.

ROXIE (O.S.)
Alright.

55 INT. ROXIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 55

The computer screen shows an even bigger close up of the area.

SIMON (O.S.)
More interestingly is the direct satellite-linked traffic coming through from a mountain that doesn't officially have any microwave or satellite dishes in that bandwidth. Government-style bandwidth.

ROXIE
Huh. What's the chatter like?

SIMON (O.S.)
You're going to love this. The phrase "Female Sperm" is used over and over, often in conjunction with the Man Killer Virus.

55 CONTINUED: 55

ROXIE
Female sperm and eggs. This is getting really goddamned weird.

SIMON (O.S.)
We're also picking up a lot of Italian and Latin in the chatter. And a name or phrase keeps appearing: Suore di Guiditta.

Roxie thinks for a second.

ROXIE
Sisters of Guido?

56 INT. FBI COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, SF - NIGHT 56

Simon laughs.

SIMON
No, silly. Sisters of Judith. You ever hear of them before?

ROXIE (O.S.)
Nope.

SIMON
I thought you might, considering your theology degree.

ROXIE (O.S.)
What does that have to do with anything?

SIMON
A lot of these communications are coming from Vatican City.

57 INT. ROXIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 57

A look of perplexity washes over Roxie's face.

CUT TO:

58 INT. KICKBOXING GYM - DAY 58

We're at a kickboxing gym watching Simon spar with his friend TOM. Tom is getting the upper hand.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

TOM
So when are you going to fuck Roxie already?

Tom deflects a kick with his shin.

SIMON
She's my partner.

Simon takes a light roundhouse to the headgear.

TOM
So what? That should make it even hotter.

Tom delivers and axe kick and misses.

SIMON
It'd be like fucking my sister.

TOM
That can be hot, too.

Simon lands a double jab.

SIMON
You're a sick motherfucker.

Tom lands a healthy push kick, knocking Simon to the ground.

59 INT. ZEITGEIST BAR BACKYARD, SF - DAY 59

Simon and Tom are both smoking and drinking a beer. They clink glasses.

SIMON
We're some kinda health freaks.

TOM
Did you ever try to fuck her?

Simon shakes his head.

SIMON
You're relentless. Of course I tried to fuck her. We were both instantly attracted to each other, actually, and talked about it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 59

SIMON (CONT'D)
We decided we'd remain partners longer if we kept it Platonic. I actually think the sexual tension works for us.

TOM
You're a better man than I, Bel.

Simon's cell phone rings.

SIMON
Speak of the devil.
(pushing 'talk')
Yo, Rox. Need I remind you it's Saturday?

Simon listens. His face drops. He hangs up.

TOM
Oh, shit.

Simon slams his beer back and puts out his cigarette.

SIMON
'Oh shit' is right. Two of the three virus chicks we apprehended last week just escaped from their hospital ward at the CDC.

TOM
In Atlanta? I thought you were off that case?

SIMON
Not anymore.

Simon stands to leave.

60 INT. MEDICAL ISOLATION ROOM 1 - DAY 60

Simon and Roxie, back in their FBI blazers, are briefed by Dr. Damasco as they study the empty lab-cell along side of a diligent CSI unit. Roxie notices traces of blood on the 'patient's' bed.

ROXIE
Looks like there was some sort of struggle. So where's the witness?

Damasco clears his throat.

60 CONTINUED: 60

DAMASCO
Well, that would be the officer who'd been guarding her.

ROXIE
Where's he?

Damasco looks at his shoes.

DAMASCO
Not-so-quietly melting to death in another part of the facility.

Roxie and Simon exchange a glance.

CUT TO:

A security guard is sweating blood and writhing in pain in another part of the facility.

SIMON (V.O.)
Man Killer Virus?

CUT BACK:

DAMASCO
Yes.

Roxie notices a purple string bracelet on the ground sticking out from under her shoe.

SIMON (O.C.)
What about security tapes?

Roxie pretends to drop her PDA and picks up the bracelet. She moves away across the room toward a door that's slightly ajar.

DAMASCO (O.C.)
EMP burst fried everything in the security office.

Roxie pretends to look at some foul-looking medical instruments and peeks through the crack of the door. She sees medical staff mopping up what appears to be a good amount of blood on a bed similar to the bed in MEDICAL ISOLATION ROOM 1.

ROXIE
What's in here?

The door abruptly snaps all the way shut, making Roxie jump a bit.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2) 60

DAMASCO
(clearing his throat)
Uh, just another isolation operating room. Not related to Graaf and Swammer.

ROXIE
Where is Steno?

DAMASCO
She's under heavy guard in Building G...which is essentially the CDC brig. She was being...*uncooperative*, and in light of this obvious inside-job, we thought it best to clamp down.

61 INT. CLUSTER COMPUTER LABORATORY - DAY 61

Deep inside the mountain, we find ourselves in an underground biotech research facility at the Cluster. Dilara has been running computer models of the Eves' modified chromosomal structure. We watch what looks like a cell coming apart and its pieces attacking and destroying other cells in a repetitive and exponentially destructive behavior.

DILARA
Holy Christ!

She hits a button on her console.

DILARA (CONT'D)
Mother, Dilara. Can you come to T-Lab One right away. I think I found it.

Moments later, Mother Superior is watching the same computer model.

DILARA (CONT'D)
The extra Y is spontaneously creating a fast acting retro-virus.

MOTHER
How could we have missed this?

DILARA
I think we were just busy being happy to produce female sperm using artificial chromosomes.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 61

MOTHER
In an isolated environment free of men, I guess we couldn't've known that letting our little Eves out into the world after 21 years was going to cause such devastation.

DILARA
At least it was only to men.

MOTHER
Dilara.

A small smile passes over Mother Superior's face.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
I just had the sick thought that maybe Sister Romanski's discovery team back in the day knew about it all along.

DILARA
Too bad they died before they saw the effect of their progeny on the male of the species.

MOTHER
She's probably having a nice little chuckle up their in heaven right now.

Dilara holds Mother's gaze.

DILARA
I wonder if we can use this knowledge to our benefit.

MOTHER
Possibly. But we didn't create the no-male option as a weapon. Weapon creation is the passion of men.

They don't hear Callahan come up behind them.

CALLAHAN
But let's keep all options on the table. Swammer and Graaf have been successfully retrieved.

Her voice makes both of the jump a bit. But they turn and smile.

61 CONTINUED: (2) 61

MOTHER
Excelle--what about Steno?

CALLAHAN
Velasquez was a little too late. She was moved as they locked the CDC down. They barely made it out of there. There was one male casualty--a security guard who got fresh with Swammer.

MOTHER
Well, how are Swammer and Graaf?

CALLAHAN
Pretty shaken up and run-down but otherwise they seem relatively okay.

MOTHER
Make sure they're cleaned of bugs and brought back to the Cluster.
(pause)
Velasquez...

CALLAHAN
Our safety measures actually worked. She activated immediately and executed the plan.

MOTHER
Except for Steno. Do we have a plan for her?

Callahan casts a stare to the ground.

CALLAHAN
We may have to take an acceptable loss.

MOTHER
There is no such thing. Let's form a plan. I hate to say this, but it may have to be extraction or...passing to God. We can't take the chance.
(pause)
Well, I bet Velasquez will be happy to come in from the dark. That was a long stint.

62 EXT. CLUSTER BACK DOOR - DAY 62

We follow a black van into the Cluster's "back door" on the opposite side of the mountain. We see Swammer wheeled out first on a gurney. She looks beaten up. Her left hand is heavily bandaged--she's lost fingers during interrogation. Graaf is wheeled out next; she is also battered with a head bandage.

VELASQUEZ, 40-ish, Latina, plain, a little bit mannish-looking and definitely worn, exits the van. Callahan, another security officer and Mother Superior meet Velasquez.

MOTHER
Sister Velasquez, welcome home.

Velasquez is a little choked up.

VELASQUEZ
It's good to be home.

She embraces Mother and is almost sobbing.

VELASQUEZ (CONT'D)
It'd been so long.
(pause)

VELASQUEZ (CONT'D)
Those animals tortured Graaf and Swammer.

MOTHER
I'm sure they'll be fine. We'll have you all in the infirmary.

Mother Superior looks Velasquez up and down.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Oh, Sister. You look like you've been waiting for a phone call for nine years.

VELASQUEZ
(embarrassed)
I'd wait another nine for the good of the sisterhood. But I'm afraid age hasn't treated me well.

Mother introduces Callahan.

62 CONTINUED: 62

MOTHER
This is Sister Callahan, chief of security.

VELASQUEZ
Sister.

CALLAHAN
Sister Velasquez. Good to meet you. I've been reading your file. Quite impressive.

VELASQUEZ
Thank you, Sister Callahan.

MOTHER
Sister Callahan will debrief you while you're in the infirmary.

Mother turns.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Follow me, Sister. We've expanded the Cluster while you've been dark. You'll be very pleased.

Mother leads Velasquez away. Callahan follows, but not before a meditative sideways glance at Velasquez.

ACT TWO

63 INT. SECRET PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 63

We find ourselves in that secret Pentagon Conference Room. This time, however, gathered around the large table we have ambassadors from many countries, several generals, politicians, Secretary of Defense RAMSEY and scientists. DOCTOR DAMASCO is again explaining about their findings with the Eves--not on the video screen this time, but live. The audience's eyes are glazed over in boredom over his scientific lecture.

DAMASCO
Everyone inherits one set of genes from their mother and another set from their father, but these genes are marked slightly differently depending on if they come from a male or a female. It's called imprinting.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 63

Most of those attending are barely paying attention to him. HICK GENERAL is flirting with a sexy aide; we FOCUS ON a purple string bracelet. Slides help narrate Damasco's science lesson.

DAMASCO (CONT'D)
The female subjects in question--the two that have disappeared and the one still in custody--have the normal markings for their biological mothers' genes, but absolutely no remnant male characteristics in the rest of the genome. This would normally never produce human offspring. The subjects actually have an extra *altered* male - or Y - chromosome.

You can feel the collective yawn. HICK GENERAL speaks up.

HICK GENERAL
What in Sam Hell does this all have to do with the goddamn disease, Paul?

DAMASCO
I'm getting to it, Harry. We've discovered something through all this chromosomal analysis. We now know the virus transmitted is not airborne...it is transmitted strictly by fluid exchange. But it is 100% deadly to anyone with a *real* Y chromosome - namely, us men.

Finally some ears prick up.

DAMASCO (CONT'D)
Somehow these scientists, in creating female sperm, triggered a human endogenous retrovirus (HERV) that kills cells with a SRY gene (which only we men have), though how such a virus got into our genes millions of years ago is inexplicable. Maybe this original virus is what killed off earlier humanoid ancestors, like the Neanderthals.

63 CONTINUED: (2) 63

Damasco looks pointedly at Hick General, who rolls his eyes.

HICK GENERAL
Brass Tacks, Paul: is it those goddamned Islamo-fascists again?

RAMSEY
(cutting in)
Shit, Harry, if it was the towel heads it'd be just the opposite: Islamo-fascist scientists would be getting rid of *females*, not males.

Damasco glares at his scientifically-challenged colleagues, then clears his throat.

DAMASCO
There are a few crackpot theorists who've posited that it's possible to make sperm from female cells using an artificial version of the Y chromosome. Until now, I've always considered the theories bunk. But it's possible that such an artificial method could produce this phenomenon.

HICK GENERAL
Female spunk? Shit, next they'll want the vote.

A man in priests clothes, BISHOP SULLIVAN, pipes in.

BISHOP SULLIVAN
Or worse. Gentlemen, honor your mother and father is no longer the word of any intelligent god.

HICK GENERAL
(chuckling)
Shit, intelligent God. That's a fucking oxymoron if I ever heard one!

Damasco actually lets out what is close to a giggle at this remark. Then REVEREND HANSON, head of the Christian League of America (a Billy Swaggart-style über-evangelist), cuts in.

63 CONTINUED: (3) 63

REVEREND HANSON
This is serious, gentlemen. What this means is that men are for the first time optional. Unnecessary to women. Women could be in charge of society. They could ruin everything we now enjoy.

There's a silence in the room. Hanson looks at Hick General.

REVEREND HANSON (CONT'D)
General, let me put it in a parlance you can wrap your head around. We could all wake up one morning with our dicks cut off and thrown out the window.

More silence.

DAMASCO
Excuse me. Could all non-essential personnel leave the room, please?

All the aides and assistants file out, except for the aide the general was flirting with.

DAMASCO (CONT'D)
I'm afraid that means you, too, honey.

The aide shares a glance with Hick General and the general dismisses her with a nod. There's a small moment that we catch where HANSON thinks he might be non-essential personnel, but he sits down quickly. MR. JERICHO appears from the shadows.

DAMASCO (CONT'D)
Mr. Jericho. The floor is yours.

MR. JERICHO
The CDC and the FBI have taken measures to stop what is likely a secret terrorist cabal of *women* operating a cell within the Continental United States. The two subjects didn't escape on their own; they were helped to escape by one of our female operatives.

(MORE)

63 CONTINUED: (4) 63

MR. JERICHO (CONT'D)
The two women have been infected by a virus very similar to the ones they infected the men with. In fact, we just reverse engineered and customized the properties of their own virus--it only kills these genetically enhanced women with the pseudo-Y chromosome. We'll receive a signal from our female infiltrator when these chromosomal mutants have been infected, or when the mission has been compromised.

HICK GENERAL
This makes me a little bit nervous. Can we trust any goddamned woman at this point?

REVEREND HANSON
If you trusted them before, you were sorely misguided. Women are unclean. Never eateth of the apple.

Hick General snorts in derision.

DAMASCO
Let's just say there's something a little different about this 'operative'. I trust her without question.

64 INT. CLUSTER INFIRMARY - EVENING 64

Velasquez, Swammer, and Graaf are in bed getting blood tests and medical attention at the lab. Velasquez seems a little nervous.

65 INT. CENTER FOR DISEASE CONTROL, ATLANTA - EVENING 65

Meanwhile, Simon and Roxie are interrogating EVE STENO through a glass-walled holding cell. Steno is a tough beauty in an Uma Thurman sort of way. She's also a smart-ass: laconic, arrogant. Something about her gives you the feeling that she's...waiting for something. Steno also proves to be hostile to Simon and speaks only to Roxie.

65 CONTINUED: 65

SIMON
We spoke with your alleged former employer in Fresno. At the clothing boutique. She says you only showed up to work twice, collected a paycheck and never came back.

Steno looks blankly at him, then addresses Roxie.

STENO
Why does he keep talking at me?

ROXIE
Why won't you answer his questions?

STENO
Why don't you ask me instead?

ROXIE
Will you answer them truthfully?

Steno says nothing.

SIMON
Have you ever been to Elkhead Mountain in the Sierras, north of Yosemite?

Steno looks at Roxie.

ROXIE
We looked up your high school year book, class of '99. The Eve Steno in the book is a black girl.

STENO
Maybe I had a tan.

SIMON
(dryly)
That's really very very funny. Your entire background is fabricated, Steno.
(pause)
*Steno.* Good one.

Steno cracks a subtle grin. Roxie holds up a couple pencil sketches, one of Damasco and one of...*Roxie*.

65 CONTINUED: (2) 65

ROXIE
While you've been in lock-up, you've shown quite an artistic talent. These were done from memory.

STENO
You ever see those match book art school correspondence courses? It had a cartoon and a caption, "Draw Me!"

SIMON
Cute.

ROXIE
I thought mabye you'd taken a vacation at Sister Sarah's Women's Art Colony?

Steno exhibits a slight tick, barely perceptible, at the mention of the name. Simon and Roxie look at each other.

SIMON
What happened to your purple string bracelet, Eve Steno?

Steno has buttoned-up now. Then she leans forward to the glass toward Roxie and whispers.

STENO
Lunga vivere le Suore di Guiditta.

Roxie and Simon are surprised.

SIMON
What did you just say?

Steno is now smiling and sitting back, silent.

ROXIE
What *are* the Sisters of Judith?

STENO
You know about as much as I do, Roxanne Moss.

Roxie lunges at the glass and Simon pulls her back. Simon jumps.

65 CONTINUED: (3) 65

SIMON
Easy, Rox. She's just fucking with us. Let's get out of here.

Roxie shakes her head in disgust at Steno. They're just going through the door when Steno pipes up.

STENO
Hey, Simon! Want a little kiss?

She blows him a kiss. Simon and Roxie exit.

66 INT. CDC, DR. DAMASCO'S OFFICE - DAY 66

In Dr. Damasco's office,Chauncey briefs Simon and Roxie on an operation they've been chosen to lead against the Cluster. Damasco stands by.

SIMON
(slowly, inpertinent)
I think the frustration that you're sensing from Agent Moss and I is the inconsistency of our involvement in a case that is fast becoming something close to a national emergency.

ROXIE
(piping in)
Or scandal, depending on how your leaks pan out.
(pause)
If we'd been involved consistently from the get-go, we may not be in this mess, and we definitely wouldn't be leading a strike operation for which we'll have to play catch-up to execute.

CHAUNCEY
(tight jawed)
Your concerns are noted, but we don't have time to address your hurt feelings.

SIMON
(dubious)
Hurt feelings?

ROXIE
Look, it's just the tactics.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

ROXIE (CONT'D)
Making it easy for them to escape with your double-agent is one thing, but infecting them with a reverse-engineered virus is, quite frankly, highly risky as well as immoral. You don't know who the virus will affect or if it may evolve into something that could infect the population at large.

Damasco now cuts in.

DAMASCO
Agent Moss, why don't you worry about the task at hand, not the operation already executed. How we've run this case isn't subject to your criticisms. Quite frankly, they're irrelevant. We need you and Simon to lead the task force into the Cluster once we hear from our operative. We need you to neutralize this terrorist cell. If we don't hear from the operative in five days, we go in anyway. Is that clear?

ROXIE
(barely hiding her contempt)
Very clear, sir. I'm sorry I was insubordinate.

Damasco knows she's sneering but ignores it.

DAMASCO
Agent Belvedere, are we clear?

SIMON
(mocking)
Yessir, Dr. Damasco, sir!

Damasco looks at Chauncey, who gives a bit of a shrug, as if to say "I can't control them either."

DAMASCO
Sorry, to interrupt, Assistant Director. Please continue.

On the flat screen on one side of the room, a map of Elkhead Mountain appears with locations marked for Sister Sarah's as well as the back entrance of the Cluster.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2) 66

CHAUNCEY
You'll be stationed at Vandenberg Air Force Base. When we hit go-time, Agent Moss will lead team Alpha from Sister Sarah's and Agent Belvedere will lead a team into the mountain entrance of the Cluster.

67 INT. CLUSTER INFIRMARY - NIGHT 67

It's night time in the Cluster Infirmary. DILARA, in lab coat, is attending to the listless Swammer and Graaf, who seem to have gotten quite sick. She takes some blood and heads back to the adjoining lab; on the way she sneezes. A nurse attends to Velasquez, who seems to be sleeping.

68 INT. CLUSTER BIO LAB - NIGHT 68

DILARA in the lab next door turns off a centrifuge and puts a drop of fluid on three slides and puts them under an electron microscope. We see the images side by side on a screen next to the microscope.

DILARA
What...the...

Startled at what she sees, she hits the intercom.

DILARA (CONT'D)
(into intercom)
Sister Morgan, can you come to the lab immediately?

Dilara is soon joined by SISTER MORGAN.

DILARA (CONT'D)
What do you make of this?

MORGAN is startled, too. FOCUS ON the names on top of each slide.

MORGAN
Those are Velasquez's chromosomes?

DILARA
Yes.

68 CONTINUED: 68

MORGAN
But that would mean--

MORGAN makes a dash to the alarm near the door and is about to press it when someone OFF SCREEN grabs her hand. ANGLE ON Velasquez. Velasquez gives her a left hook to the jaw and Morgan crumples toe the floor.

DILARA
Stop!

Suddenly there's a silenced semi-auto in Velasquez's hand.

DILARA (CONT'D)
Who are you?

VELASQUEZ
I'm Velasquez.

Velasquez is backing her against the electron microscope, silhouetted against the light of the monitor.

DILARA
But you're a--

Velasquez squeezes two muffled bullets into Dilara's heart.

VELASQUEZ
(bitterly)
I *was*.

She watches Dilara's body sink to the ground, a pool of blood growing around her. We follow Velasquez out of the lab, closing the door behind her.

69 INT. CLUSTER HALLWAY - NIGHT 69

Velasquez scurries down the empty hallway as she disappears into the shadows of the Cluster. Through the infirmary window we see the carnage she's left behind: two dead nurses on the floor, as well as Swammer and Graaf sweating blood in the last throes of their own retrovirus.

70 INT. VANDENBERG AIR FORCE BASE, BARRACKS - NIGHT 70

Roxie's phone blares Hendrix next to her head. She jumps up, then answers it.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

CHAUNCEY (O.C.)
It's go-time. Things got hairy for Velasquez so we're going early. Velasquez is inside the Cluster. She's activated a homing transponder.

ROXIE
(groggy)
I'll get the team together. We'll be out of here in 10 minutes.

CHAUNCEY
That's not all, Roxie. Steno has escaped from the CDC. This one wasn't a set-up...someone really busted her out.

There's a pause as Roxie thinks.

ROXIE
Is she going to be a negative variable in our operation?

CHAUNCEY
I wouldn't think so. I just thought you should know.

ROXIE
Okay...well, I'll put you in permanent communication with the sat link when we're in the air.

CHAUNCEY
Good luck, Moss.

Roxie hangs up and gets down to business.

71 INT. CLUSTER HALLWAY - NIGHT 71

An alarm echoes throughout the Cluster. Chief Security Officer CALLAHAN and MOTHER SUPERIOR gaze distraught through the sealed, glassed-in Infirmary. Two hazmat-suited Eves attend to the blood-sweating Swammer and Graaf. They writhe in agony. Across the infirmary, five nurses and medical personnel, not in hazmat clothing cling to each other. There are four death-shrouded corpses in the corner.

71 CONTINUED: 71

MOTHER
Those five are the only living Eves who've had direct contact with Swammer and Graaf?

CALLAHAN
Yes, they've tested positive for this new strain of the virus. The CDC somehow reverse-engineered a version of the Eve retro-virus and infected Swammer and Jonathan with it. It's highly communicable tol any Eve that it comes into contact with. That's why the rest of us are okay.

MOTHER
And those under the sheets?

CALLAHAN
(choked-up a little)
Sisters Dilara, Tanaka, and Washington. Killed by Velasquez with a silenced weapon.

MOTHER
Who hit the alarm?

CALLAHAN
Morgan was knocked unconscious by Velasquez. Dilara had just discovered that Velasquez was a male. She woke up and found Dilara dead and hit the alarm.

MOTHER
Morgan's not an Eve?

CALLAHAN
No.

MOTHER
How did this infiltrator get through the screening?

CALLAHAN
Sex change, plastic surgery, female hormones, acting classes. You can't change your own chromosomal make-up, though. She has to be deep undercover in some Black Budget Special Ops.

71 CONTINUED: (2) 71

MOTHER
Oh, my Lord.

CALLAHAN
He'd been waiting for more than 8 years. Back then, there was a, uh, hick-up in the dark operative surveillance system at the CDC. Somehow he knew the activation code word and the plan. I don't even want to think how he got that information out of the real Velasquez.

Callahan shivers.

MOTHER
Do we have any idea where he is?

CALLAHAN
We've locked the whole place down and curfewed everyone temporarily... except for security. He's still at large somewhere in the Cluster.

MOTHER
Find him. But we'll still have to sound the evacuation. We have no choice. Escape Plan Epsilon. Get the Eves out first.
(gesturing)
Make sure these sisters here are comfortable--and armed. We'll unfortunately have to leave them behind. Who knows what's coming for us on the outside, but I'm sure they're on their way.

72 INT. PRESIDENTIAL OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT 72

U.S. PRESIDENT JEFF MCKEE shares the Presidential Office with Cardinal O'SHANNON, the Secretary of Defense DAN RAMSEY, and the Secretary of State, CANDICE REESE. They're all gravely serious.

PRESIDENT
(to Ramsey)
Tell the Cardinal what you told me.

72 CONTINUED: 72

RAMSEY
Cardinal O'Shannon...

O'SHANNON
Call me, James, for Pete's sake, Daniel.

RAMSEY
James...you know about this freak viral outbreak in California. Killed all those men.

O'SHANNON
Yes, I think I heard something about that.

RAMSEY
Well, it's a little more complicated than that. The virus was engineered by a an all-female terrorist cell hiding in a bunker in the Sierra Nevadas in California.

O'SHANNON
Oh, dear.

The Secretary of State butts in.

REESE
It gets worse. Not only are they bent on spreading a selective virus that kills only males, they have created away to make us optional all together. They've created a way to make babies without men whatsoever using female sperm.

A complex string of expressions passes over O'Shannon's lined face.

O'SHANNON
Female sperm? What the--? What are we doing to stop them?

PRESIDENT
A team is going in as we speak. But we have reason to believe they're part of a wider network.

O'SHANNON
Al Qaeda?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2) 72

RAMSEY
No, but it is an extremist religious sect nonetheless.

Reese can't help let a small smile escape. O'Shannon bids him to continue.

REESE
They've picked up messages to and from that terror cell in the Sierras to...and this is most unusual...Vatican City.

O'SHANNON
What?!

REESE
Due to the high security of Vatican City, they can't determine who inside is receiving the messages.

O'SHANNON
Is this possible?

REESE
They're talking to somebody on a regular basis because we've picked up quite a bit of chatter. The chatter words with the most frequency were female, sperm, and...maybe you'll know what this means, "Suore di Guiditta".

Silence. O'Shannon goes ashen and sinks down lower in his seat. Grimace of pain. He takes pills out of his robe and puts them under his tongue.

O'SHANNON
(grim low voice)
It's happening.

73 EXT. VANDENBERG AIR FORCE BASE, TARMAC - DAWN 73

Roxie and Simon each lead an anti-terrorist team into two Chinook Transport Helicopters. They're all equipped with combat gear that covers them head to foot; gas-masks hang at their waists to protect them from any potential virus exposure, even though they know it's a fluids-borne virus. ANGLE ON SIMON.

73 CONTINUED: 73

SIMON
(into headset)
Good luck, Rox.

ROXIE (O.C.)
(over headset)
Break a leg, Bel.

Silhouetted against the rosy dawn, the large copters take to the sky toward The Cluster.

74 INT. CLUSTER - DAWN 74

With the alarm still reverberating throughout the enclave, Cluster personnel scramble around, some taking up defensive positions, some fleeing with gear. A pre-recorded voice booms over the PA.

CLUSTER P.A.
...Please assume Evacuation Plan Epsilon. Remove your Cluster bracelets. May I have your attention. Please assume Evacuation Plan Epsilon...

Women start cutting or pulling off their string bracelets.

75 INT. CLUSTER HALLWAY - DAWN 75

We follow Callahan and a security guard, SISTER NEAGU; they follow Mother towards her quarters. We hear a transmission come over Callahan's earpiece.

TRANSMISSION
Sentry Alpha says the helicopters have past her checkpoint. About 2 clicks out.

CALLAHAN
Announce it over the P.A. and get the hell out of there, Baldwin. Plan Epsilon. Go!

Mother picks up the pace.

MOTHER
They're about to breach, huh? Our mirror server is safe, right?

75 CONTINUED: 75

CALLAHAN
Of course. In fact the, Cluster mainframe is set to blow right about--

There's an explosion somewhere in the distance. They enter Mother's chambers and seal the armored door. Mother puts on her own small backpack. They all enter her sleeping quarters. Mother moves a book on the bookcase; the bookcase slides over revealing a brightly lit passage leading away from her chambers. Neagu goes first, Uzi in hand, followed by Mother Superior, followed by an Uzi-toting Callahan. The bookcase closes behind them.

76 EXT. SISTER SARAH'S ART COLONY & REHAB CTR - DAWN 76

Agent Moss' helicopter has landed. Legitimate patients and workers are being rounded up. We follow Roxie and a team of 8 other operatives in commando gear down the labyrinthine hallway that leads to the Cluster's upstairs front door/elevator.

ROXIE
Don't fire unless fired upon.
Don't shoot to kill if possible.

As they reach the front door elevator, they encounter two Cluster guards.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
Do not engage. I've got it.

Before the guards can even reach Roxie, she's tasered one of them into a twitching mess on the ground. The other bears down on Roxie with a side handle baton, which Roxie easily side-steps, kneeing her in the solar plexus. The guard crumples. Roxie snags the magnetic card from the downed guard and swipes it through the elevator card reader. The elevator opens. An FBI officer is left behind, using plastic ties to cuff the downed guards. With the elevator full of FBI with Roxie standing point, the doors close.

77 INT. CLUSTER BACK DOOR - DAWN 77

An explosion opens up a large hole in the armored blast door, and Simon bursts through, followed by a squad of about 20 commando-dressed agents.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: 77

The agents are first to lay down suppressive fire, and it is immediately answered by a huge volley of gunfire from Cluster personnel.

SIMON
Who the fuck opened fire?! Lazenby, flank your team right. Tashita, follow me left. Use your tasers if possible. Shoot to kill only if necessary. Go!

LAZENBY's team spreads to the right, ducking behind oil drums and crates; Simon and TASHITA lead their team against the left wall. As the teams advance, Cluster personnel slowly retreat into the facility, laying down their own suppressive fire behind riot shields. One of Lazenby's team is hit in the leg; his comrade drags him to safety.

78 INT. CLUSTER ESCAPE TUNNEL - MORNING 78

Sister Neagu leads Mother and Callahan through the winding cement escape passage. We hear a progress report transmission over their headsets.

TRANSMISSION
Mother, the front and back doors have been breached. Cluster evacuation is at 85 percent through evac tunnels A through G. One hundred percent of Eves have been evacuated. This is my last transmission, Mother. Goddess-speed.

MOTHER
(over headset)
goddess-speed to you, Baldwin. I thought Callahan told you to evacuate earlier?

TRANSMISSION
I stayed until all the Eves were away. I've just reached my ATV now, so I'm gone. Daughter blessed art thou.

MOTHER
Daughter blessed art thou. Now, get the hell out, Sister!

As Neagu leads them forward through the escape tunnel, we start to see a bit of daylight.

79 EXT. CLUSTER BACK DOOR - MORNING 79

Cluster personnel are being herded, all handcuffed, into a giant FBI paddy wagon that's just arrived outside at the back entrance. A Chinook helicopter sits idle.

80 INT. CLUSTER HALLWAY, INFIRMARY - MORNING 80

Tashita, in gas mask, is wheeling out on gurneys the remaining sick Eves from the infirmary. After they pass, Simon takes off his mask and talks into his headset.

SIMON
Agent Moss, this is Agent Belvedere. We secured the outer section of the Cluster. What's your status?

ROXIE (O.C.)
(over headset)
We're mopping up. Looks like we got most of 'em. Thornberry got hit, but is okay. Only two enemy casualties.

SIMON
You did better than me. What's your 20?

81 INT. CLUSTER, OUTSIDE MOTHER SUPERIOR'S QTRS - MORNING 81

Roxie, with AGENT SCHMIDT (male), are outside Mother's quarters. Schmidt is planting a door charge.

ROXIE
We're at the leader's chambers. Get this, they call her Mother Superior.

SIMON
(over headset)
That's right in line with everything else in this screwy terror cell. Send GPS, I'll join you in a sec.

ROXIE
Gotcha.

81 CONTINUED: 81

SCHMIDT
Ready.

They duck behind a corner and brace for the small explosion. The door blows off its hinges and they emerge from the smoke.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Guess I used too much.

They press around the sides of the doorway.

ROXIE
(yelling inside)
This is the FBI. Put down your weapons and lay flat on the ground, arms extended. We're coming inside. Things'll be fine if you hold your fire.

Sharing a look, Roxie nods, and they lunge in through the smoky door.

82 INT. CLUSTER ESCAPE TUNNEL - MORNING 82

There's daylight ahead. They hear a blast behind them.

CALLAHAN
I think that was your chamber door.

MOTHER
Me, too. Let's get a move on.

They press forward. They find themselves at a gated opening with overgrowth shrouding a small opening in the side of the mountain. They see the gate is already open...

There's a sound and Sister Neagu staggers back against Mother, knocking her down. ANGLE ON Neagu, blood flowing from her neck, gasping for air. Mother is shocked and Callahan is already up and over Mother and Neagu, Uzi at the ready.

VELASQUEZ
Not so fast, girly.

Velasquez pokes up behind a rock near the door, her smoking silenced pistol is pointed directly at Mother.

82 CONTINUED: 82

CALLAHAN
(teeth clenched)
Who the hell *are* you?

Velasquez smirks.

VELASQUEZ
I'm Velasquez. Or maybe more succinctly, I'm an ode to Velasquez.

MOTHER
What happened to her?

VELASQUEZ
We questioned, tortured and killed her. What else?

Callahan adjusts her gun, bristling.

VELASQUEZ (CONT'D)
Easy...*Sister.*

MOTHER
Don't move, Callihan.

VELASQUEZ
At first I felt a little bad about torturing and killing my namesake--she seemed nice. But after eight years living as a fucking chick--as *her*--I now kinda wish we hurt her more. Being a chick is a fucking drag.

CALLAHAN
Only a man would say that.

VELASQUEZ
Thanks for the compliment. But right now, you are all going to put down your weapons, I'm going to get a collar, and then I'm going to quit this stupid cover and find a nice lesbian girlfriend who doesn't mind that I used to be a man.
(pause, stands)
On second thought, I'll get the collar whether you're alive...or dead.

82 CONTINUED: (2) 82

CALLAHAN
Fuck yourself.

She steps between Velasquez's gun and Mother.

MOTHER
Callahan!

CALLAHAN
Run!

Callahan opens fire at Velasquez, who ducks behind the rock outcropping. Mother dashes toward the gate and is out. Callahan empties her clip and is reloading when Velasquez fires a couple rounds into Callahan's chest. Callahan staggers and falls, but is still struggling to reload her Uzi. Then Velasquez is standing over her, the gun aimed at Callahan's forehead.

VELASQUEZ
Valiant effort. I'm sure *Gaia* will have you sitting at her right hand when you get to other side, you hopeless cunt.

Callahan is still struggling on the ground trying to chamber a bullet. Velasquez fires. ANGLE ON Velasquez standing over the lifeless Callahan. Velasquez turns and runs out the gate and onto the mountainside after Mother Superior.

83 INT. CLUSTER, MOTHER SUPERIOR'S QTRS - MORNING 83

Simon arrives with LAZENBY at Mother Superior's blown out room. Lazenby calls Simon into the sleeping chamber.

SIMON
(over headset)
Agent Moss, come in...where are you, Rox. We're in the, um, Mother Superior's chambers. Rox?

LAZENBY
(interrupting)
Agent Belvedere, check this out.

Simon sees the bookshelf-entrance open.

SIMON
I'll take point. Let's go in.

84 INT. CLUSTER ESCAPE TUNNEL, EXIT CHAMBER - MORNING 84

Roxie and Schmidt are examining the bodies of Neagu and Callahan.

SCHMIDT
This one's still alive.

Roxie joins Schmidt at Neagu's side. Roxie checks Neagu's name tag.

ROXIE
Sister Neagu? Can you hear me?

Neagu opens her eyes. She's fading fast.

NEAGU
(weakly)
Help...Mother. Velas...Vel..is going to kill her.

Neagu dies. Roxie stands and readies her weapon.

ROXIE
Let's go.

85 EXT. ELKHEAD MOUNTAIN - WIDE - DAY 85

From a distance looking at the mountainside we can see quite a bit of activity. We can see the Cluster Back Entrance bustling with FBI on one side and Cluster personnel scattering down the mountain on the other. The escaping personnel get into hidden off-road vehicles, and escape.

86 EXT. ELKHEAD MOUNTAIN, TRAIL - DAY 86

We CLOSE IN from above and follow Roxie down a trail, Schmidt following close behind. Soon they reach a clearing. They come upon a mannish blonde in purple fatigues, one foot stepping on an older woman's chest, pinning her down. The woman with the gun, Velasquez, is pressing the gun to the side of Mother Superior's head. It looks like Velasquez is just about to execute Mother.

VELASQUEZ
(sarcastically)
Oh, great. Reinforcements.

86 CONTINUED: 86

Roxie and Schmidt close in and stop a few yards away. Roxie's gun is still drawn.

ROXIE
Velasquez...put the gun down. We'll take her in custody now.

Velasquez is losing it.

VELASQUEZ
(screaming)
My name isn't fucking Velasquez! I'm Lieutenant Ernst Lieder, Secret Service Special Ops. I'm a man without a fucking penis and it's all this cunt's fault and she's going to fucking pay.

ROXIE
I'm warning you, Velasquez. We need the suspect alive.

Schmidt now senses something different in Roxie. She really might shoot Velasquez over this terrorist.

SCHMIDT
Agent Moss, what are you--

Before he can answer, Roxie has reached around and tasered Agent Schmidt on the neck, rendering him unconscious.

87 EXT. ELKHEAD MOUNTAIN, TRAIL - DAY 87

Lazenby and Simon scramble, fall, slide down the trail. Simon trips and skids down to one side. As he's getting up, Lazenby passes him by.

SIMON
(calling after him sarcastically)
It's cool, I'm fine.

Lazenby comes up just as Roxie is tasering Schmidt.

LAZENBY
(confused)
Agent Moss, what are you doing?

Lazenby draws his weapon on Roxie, who ducks and rolls. Velasquez chooses the same time to take aim at Roxie, pulling the trigger and shooting Lazenby instead.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

Roxie turns and promptly empties half her clip into Velasquez, who flies off of Mother Superior and is dead before she even hits the ground. Roxie rushes over and helps Mother up. When Simon arrives, he finds Schmidt out cold, Lazenby dead, Velasquez *even more* dead and Roxie supporting and dusting off a nun in purple officer's fatigues. He holsters his gun.

SIMON
What the fuck is going on?
(pause)
Is that Mother Superior?

ROXIE
Indeed.

Simon bends down to examine Lazenby.

SIMON
Ah, fuck...Laze...

He looks up at Roxie.

SIMON (CONT'D)
He's dead.

ROXIE
Velasquez.

Simon scoots over and examines Schmidt. He sees little burn marks where Roxie's hand taser made contact.

SIMON
What's this? It looks like Schmidt was tasered.

Simon looks up just in time to see Roxie using the very same taser on him.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Wha--

Simon writhes and twitches on the ground. His eyes are open and he's looking at Roxie.

ROXIE
I'm sorry, Simon. This is bigger than you. *Walk away.* I'm sorry. You're the only truly good man I know. But I have an allegiance that is greater than the FBI...and to men. I left a letter taped to the bottom of your desk drawer at work.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2) 87

She bends down and kisses his sweating forehead. Then she tasers him again and he goes unconscious.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. ELKHEAD MOUNTAIN, TRAIL - DAY 88

Mother is leading Roxie down a trail at a pretty good clip.

MOTHER
I don't know why you're helping me.

ROXIE
We've always helped you. I'm with the Suore di Guiditta.

Mother stops and turns around.

MOTHER
You...what?

ROXIE
My name is Sister Roxanne and I'm from the Suore--

Mother snorts and continues up the trail.

MOTHER
Yeah, I heard ya...and my name is Sir Gawain and I'm from the Knights of the freaking Round Table. Hurry up, my Hummer is in the brush up here.

Suddenly they hear dogs and men shouting behind them.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Hurry!

CUT TO:

89 EXT. ELKHEAD MOUNTAIN, BACK TRAIL - DAY 89

FBI agents with dogs are hot on their trail. Behind them, Simon looks forlorn and beaten and sad follows the group. Tashita is at his side.

TASHITA
What happened?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: 89

SIMON
I don't want to talk about it.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. ELKHEAD MOUNTAIN, TRAIL - DAY 90

Roxie and Mother Superior scramble through the forest. The dogs are closing in. At the top of the trail they reach a clearing. A hundred yards across the clearing, we can see part of a camouflaged Hummer sticking out of the undergrowth. Mother points at it.

MOTHER
There it is over there! Run for it!

They both take off at a sprint. Out of nowhere, part way across the meadow, a stealthy helicopter cuts them off in the middle of the clearing. They look behind them and the dogs and agents are coming over the trailhead. Then something catches Roxie's eye--in the Chinook: it's EVE STENO! Roxanne gives Mother a push.

ROXIE
It's your Sister Steno! Run for the copter!

With that, Roxie uses her pistol to lay down fire to keep the FBI agents at bay. The men hit the ground, unleashing the dogs who run toward Roxie.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
Oh, shit!

In front of her, Mother Superior is being helped aboard. Roxie jumps into the copter as the first of the hounds are nipping at her heels. Steno and Mother help drag her in.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. ELKHEAD MOUNTAIN - TRAIL HEAD - DAY 91

The FBI are dusting themselves off after hitting the dirt. Simon comes over the rise to join them. He sees a copter lifting off from 50 yards away. Roxie is being dragged inside the big Chinook. ANGLE ON Roxie scrambling in. Nearby Simon, an agent draws his pistol and starts shooting wildly at the helicopter. *Roxie is hit!* Simon's eyes go wide.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: 91

He jumps at the agent, knocks the gun from his hand and gives him a stiff cross to the chin. The guy crumples to the ground.

SIMON
That's my partner, motherfucker.

Tashita pulls him away. The helpless group of FBI watches the big copter fly away. Tashita is instantly on his radio.

TASHITA
HQ, this is Tashita, we need you to monitor a non-Agency copter that just flew off the mountain at coordinates....

Simon walks toward the middle of the field and watches the copter get smaller and smaller and disappear. A hound comes up, and Simon kneels to pet it.

SIMON
Roxie. I knew you were too good for the FBI.

CUT TO:

92 INT. COPTER - DAY 92

One of the flight crew is closing the big bay door as another attends to Roxie with a medical kit. Roxie was hit in the head and blood and bandages cover her face. Mother Superior holds Roxie's hand.

MOTHER
(to medic)
Is she going to be okay?

COPTER MEDIC
I can't say. I don't know if the bullet is lodged in her head or grazed her. Her skull is damaged, though. We'll get her proper attention as soon as were secure at our destination.

MOTHER
How long will that be?

COPTER MEDIC
Unfortunately, it's going to be a couple hours.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: 92

MOTHER
Let's just drop and get her to a civilian hospital.

Steno walks over and kneels with them over Roxie.

STENO
That wouldn't do any of us any good. Where we're going they have a grade A field hospital. And we can't risk getting caught ourselves. We can't risk losing *you*.

Mother Superior is shaking her head.

MOTHER
Steno? What are you talking about? Are you with ...
(indicating Roxie)
Her...them?

Steno smiles grimly.

STENO
This is going to be hard for you to swallow, Mother Superior. But we're part of the Suore di Guiditta.

Mother just stares at Steno. Then down at Roxie.

MOTHER
The Suore di Guiditta were killed or disbanded by the papacy 300 years ago.

Steno is amused but serious.

STENO
The Sisters of Judith went underground 300 years ago. We never went away. We watch. We watch the world. We try to put a subtle hand on certain events. We've been watching the Cluster for 36 years--since its inception as a sisterhood dedicated to the promotion of total biological female autonomy.

Mother is dumbfounded.

92 CONTINUED: (2) 92

MOTHER
But how did they get to *you*? You're an Eve from the first births.

STENO
They chose me while I was still at the Cluster. And I stayed silent for the good of the Cluster. And now it's paid off.

Roxie moans. Steno bends low over her.

STENO (CONT'D)
You'll be alright. Mary Mother of God will protect you.
(to Mother)
Now...after we make sure Roxie is stable...how do you feel about Italy?

93 INT. SUORE DI GUIDITTA CONVENT, ITALY - DAY 93

Golden sun streams into small room and across the bed where Roxanne Moss recuperates. Head bandaged, she wakes up slowly, adjusting to her surroundings. She's in a small bed in a quiet room with cracked plaster walls. Cool air issues through an open window. There's a cross on the wall. She holds her head and feels the bandage. She stands up and goes to the open window. Before her is the dramatic beauty of the Umbrian Apennines. She smiles a wan smile.

ROXIE
Home.

**ACT THREE**

94 INT. SECRET PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 94

We're back in the same Pentagon situation room with heads of state, scientists, and military officials. SENATOR 1 takes an NIH SCIENTIST to task.

SENATOR 1
How did you all miss this? What's the point of these goddamned multibillion dollar budgets we give you?

94 CONTINUED: 94

NIH SCIENTIST
All you've given us are budget cuts. Your religious overseers are making a mess with *real* science. And this latest development... well, this is science we barely comprehend.

Secretary of State REESE joins in.

REESE
Who's behind this?

Sec. of Def. RAMSEY is slightly sarcastic.

RAMSEY
Obviously a group of women.

REESE
What does the Central *Un*intelligence Agency have to say?

A square-glasses, tweed jacket old white man speaks up.

CIA
I really don't appreciate that--

SENATOR 2
Let's hope Hillary Clinton's connected somehow. It's worth a few election seats. What's the FBI have to say?

Assistant Director Chauncey sits up.

CHAUNCEY
Women, sperm and the Vatican? After Hoover and his penchant for women's panties and high heels, I don't want to touch this one...more than we have already anyway. The lead suspects have travelled out of country, so it's in the hands of the CIA and Interpol. We're handling the domestic mop up of the cell members.

REESE
(almost rhetorically)
And how is that coming?

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2) 94

Chauncey averts his eyes. We notice that Reese is paying a curious amount of attention to the progress report.

RAMSEY
What about those two agents that had been heading up the ops...Belvedere and Moss?

Chauncey sighs and shakes his head.

CHAUNCEY
Special Agent Moss defected. She was double agent. She incapacitated Special Agent Belvedere and escaped with the help of the escapee, Eve Steno. Belvedere is rehabilitating and on indefinite leave.

Reese is considering and looks like she's about to say something when Secretary of Defense RAMSEY chimes in.

RAMSEY
Fortunately, we are tracking the escaped prisoner, Eve Steno. We placed a transceiver in one of her fillings. We lost her signal over the Atlantic, but we have a feeling she's traveling to Italy. Hopefully we'll pick the signal back up there.

Secretary Reese suddenly excuses herself.

95 INT. PENTAGON HALLWAY - DAY 95

We follow Madame Secretary Reese down a busy hallway down at the Pentagon. She ducks into an empty meeting room and closes the door, shutting the venetian blinds. She takes out her cell phone, takes off the back, pulls out the GSM card and replaces it with another. She dials a number. Someone answers.

REESE
Are you in a place you can talk?
(pause)
I'll wait.

She clicks through emails on her PDA as she waits.

95 CONTINUED: 95

REESE (CONT'D)
Listen to me closely. They've put a homing device in one of your fillings.

CUT

96 INT. CONVENT OF THE GESU, VATICAN CITY - NIGHT 96

Eve Steno is in a plain nun's habit in a small room that serves as her quarters: there's a bed, a dresser, a desk, a cross on the wall, and an open laptop. Yes, Vatican City has gone wireless.

STENO
Oh, Jesus.

REESE (O.C.)
Isn't it a sin to use his name in vain?

STENO
It wasn't in vain. I'll have to go outside the City into Rome. I know someone.

REESE
Do it STAT. I need to get back to the meeting. They're gunning for Judith...and the Cluster. Be alert.

Reese hangs up with no fanfare.

97 INT. PENTAGON HALLWAY - DAY 97

Reese walks back down the hall, and when she gets to the room. The guards won't let her pass.

GUARD 1
Sorry Madame Secretary. Orders are orders.

Reese is dumbfounded.

98 INT. MEETING ROOM, APOSTOLIC PALACE - NIGHT 98

We're in the Papal meeting room at the Apostolic Palace. It's a huge, echoey, ornate place but dimly lit with plenty of shadowy corners.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: 98

This is a closed-door meeting of high-ranking men of the cloth. A slew of cardinals, bishops, monsignors and administrative priests and brothers. In stark contrast, there are heavily armed and armored guards at the door. Their shoulder insignia is that of two knights on one horse.

The cardinals and bishops are arguing amongst themselves before the doddering Pope, who appears to be nodding off, trying to keep himself awake.

O'SHANNON
You assured us this order was dead after that business in Paris in '68.

An ancient looking French Cardinal DE MOLAY stirs.

DE MOLAY
(heavy accent)
We thought that was, how you say, a crank.

O'SHANNON
You didn't treat it like a crank. How many people met their death?

De Molay makes a gesture of resignation.

DE MOLAY
Most of them were seminary women invoking the Suore di Guiditta. We couldn't be sure. It is not important now. Now we are faced with the very real truth of their existence and the very real threat to the Host of Rome.

The BISHOP OF KENYA speaks.

BISHOP OF KENYA
How are a group of *women* a threat to us?

O'Shannon looks at De Molay. De Molay is about to speak but is cut off...by the Pope, who is suddenly quite cognizant.

POPE
(German accent)
In the year 1697, a group of nuns of the order Guiditta--Judith--rose to power in the state of Umbria.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2) 98

POPE (CONT'D)
They demanded Papal reform and...
(coughs)
...the equal rights of women of the clergy. This was clearly heresy and when soldiers of Rome were sent to bring them to Inquisition these...these nuns...

DE MOLAY
--slaughtered them. A convent of 300 women defeated and slaughtered a small army of 400 men.

The Bishop of Kenya's eyes widen.

POPE
So after a few more humiliating skirmishes we called upon...

The Pope coughs into a napkin. He sips some water.

POPE (CONT'D)
(slowly)
Pauperes commilitones Christi Templique Solomonici.

There's a general gasp. Even O'Shannon is surprised. The Bishop of Kenya is aghast, in disbelief.

BISHOP OF KENYA
You are saying that in the year 1697——

POPE
By this time is was 1699.

BISHOP OF KENYA
500 years after their heretical demise, the Knights Templar were still in existence?

POPE
What I am saying is that in the year 2007, the Knights Templar are still in existence--though their methods are a bit more...*modern*. And we are going to use them now to stamp out Judith as we used them then.

Everyone is speechless. De Molay looks self-satisfied. The Pope rises with assistance from his two Swiss Guard, who've been standing by.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (3) 98

POPE (CONT'D)
Now, the signal has already gone out to the Knights, and I need to do something that I do very rarely these days. Make a bowel movement. May the Lord be with you.

ALL
And also with you.

Mouths a-slack, the Catholic congregation all watch the Pope leave through a side-door with his brightly clothed Swiss Guard. FOCUS ON the stylized Knights Templar shoulder insignia on the two commandos guarding the front door.

99 INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - ROME - NIGHT 99

POV Steno, peering out a window of Rome at night. Steno is in a small dentists office. On the lightbox, we see x-rays of Steno's mouth. There are several fillings. CLOSE UP of a molar filling with a little speck in the middle of of it. The DENTIST adjusts the chair back and picks up a dental pick and a pair of dental pliers.

STENO
Thanks for seeing me on such short notice.

DENTIST
Prego.

The dentist goes in.

100 EXT. CONVENT OF THE SUORE DI GUIDITTA - DAY 100

Nestled in the Umbrian mountain range northeast of Rome, the Convent of the Suore di Guiditta is a combination 17th century castle-fortress-monastery and modern administrative facility. We see the place is bustling with nuns and other female acolytes; they are going to a ceremony.

101 INT. CONVENT OF THE SUORE DI GUIDITTA, CHAPEL - DAY 101

The nuns and acolytes continue to file in. Steno enters last, in full habit, and closes the door behind her. The sisters are singing in an ethereal soprano Gregorian Chant. On the dais stands the ABBESS of Judith.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101

Mother Superior appears and walks down the aisle between the beautifully singing postulants.

ABBESS
(Italian accent)
Today we welcome into our midst a brave sister who aspired, unbeknownst to herself, to the same aspirations we've carried for over 300 years. Equality of women to men, of nuns to priests. We are all children of God and equal in his eyes. Oh, daughter blessed art thou of the most high God.

Mother Superior, reaching the dais, is amazed at hearing the same blessing they used at the Cluster.

ALL
Oh, daughter blessed art thou.

Then she smiles, knowing that it is no accident these two sisterhoods use the same blessing. Even *she* doesn't know where it started.

ABBESS
Let it be known that, although they can't be with us and are in hiding, all the Sisters of the Cluster are now blessed Sisters of Judith. And Mother Superior Josephine Shaw shall now be known as Judith Sister Magnus Josephine, or Sister Josephine, as I am merely a Sister as well, Sister Alisa.

The Abbess drapes a long ornate cloth around the shoulders of Mother's habit. She also places an ornate antique crucifix around Mother's neck. Mother now speaks.

MOTHER
Oh, daughter blessed art thou of the most high God.

ALL
Oh, daughter blessed art thou.

MOTHER
I'm humbled before this great gift of Sisterhood with Judith.
(pause)
(MORE)

101 CONTINUED: (2) 101

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Before the dawn of *man's* civilization, the children of God lived in harmony with the environment, different from nature but playing an equal role.

Interspersed within her speech, we see images of the abominations civilization has brought us: Slavery from Ancient Egypt to today's Asian sweat shops.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
The rise of what *men* would call civilization, some 8,000 past, created a disharmony. This balance led to dominion over nature by man, the dominion of kings and lords, and sadly, including dominion and lordship over man's direct tie to nature, women.

We see images of nuns, sisters, women of clergy coming together.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Subsequently, for thousands of years Clusters of women around the world have worked to restore these balances of men, women and nature, with little success. Men's need for dominion, and the hatred of others that feeds it, is a powerful force to fight. In the last few hundred years, as technology has diminished the need

We see images of wars past and present.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
for man's aggressive and bellicose nature and intensified the need for women's social facility, the Sisters of Judith have focused on making men truly optional by enabling women to do alone what formerly required men. Women can now produce offspring together.

We see images of the two mothers in Scene One: the first Cluster births, the first Eves.

101 CONTINUED: (3) 101

MOTHER (CONT'D)
A woman's seed and a woman's egg. These Eves, now in hiding around the Globe, are our success, borne of two mothers and no fathers, and carrying in their cells the ability to continue what was once man's sole gift, a gift squandered. The Sisters of Judith shall not squander this gift. We shall protect it.

102 EXT. MONASTERY OF THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON, ALPS - DAY 102

We're flying over a mountain promontory on which sits an ancient but well-kept monastery (not unlike, but older than, the Suore di Guiditta convent). On the outside, we see brothers of an unknown monastic order wearing white robes with red crosses. We push through the thick stone arches and we come into a court yard that looks more like a military training camp than a pacifist monastery. Brothers in white sweats with red crosses practice martial arts, weaponry, and calisthenics. We travel through the yard and into a stone building where we reach an elevator and travel down it into an utterly modern underground facility. Computer-filled rooms, map rooms, arsenals, mess hall, gym, etc. We travel up the stone-lined hallway into the large office of SIGNORE TREMELAY.

We are in the remote monastery of the modern Knights Templar. They still fight for the church on an eternal Crusade of protecting the Papacy...and status quo. Signore Bernard de Tremelay runs the outfit with a cold and militaristic hand. He 50-ish, whip-thin and muscular, darkly complected with a knife-like face, totally bald. His office is brightly lit with white walls: one wall has the big red Templar Cross on it, the other has the Templar insignia of two knights sharing one horse. The door is closed. There's a computer set in Tremelay's white-glass desk and he is currently on speaker phone with Cardinal De Molay.

TREMELAY
(in French)
Cardinal De Molay, I understand the Sisters of Judith have finally reared their heretical faces.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: 102

DE MOLAY (O.C.)
(in French)
Yes. In Umbria again, I fear.

103 INT. DE MOLAY'S VATICAN APARTMENT - DAY 103

Cardinal De Molay, is being waited on by a waifish, girlish teen-age alter boy. De Molay watches the boy lecherously.

DE MOLAY
Also, I believe there lies within the Papal village, sisters sympathetic to their cause. I trust you will get to the bottom of this predicament first. Then go to Umbria.

104 INT. SIGNORE TREMELAY'S OFFICE - DAY 104

On his flat screen, Tremelay reviews pictures of Steno, Roxie, and Mother Superior.

TREMELAY
I am your servant, your Eminence.

DE MOLAY (O.C.)
I've sent some electronic files offered by the Americans of our chief suspects.

TREMELAY
I've received the files. What are my orders?

105 INT. DE MOLAY'S VATICAN APARTMENT - DAY 105

The pretty alter boy kneels in front of the shriveled De Molay, who puts a priestly hand above the boy's forehead, as though blessing him.

DE MOLAY
I want them to disappear. All of them. And I want their new found science to disappear with them. I want you to weed out these misguided demagogues once and for all.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: 105

De Molay hangs up. His blessing hand now goes on top of the teenager's head, more suggestive of another purpose.

106 INT. CONVENT OF THE GESU, VATICAN CITY - NIGHT 106

MUSIC OVER: Motets on Gregorian Themes: I. Ubi Caritas

We're at an evening mass in the cavernous chapel of the Convent of the Gesu. Perhaps 30 nuns and one priest are in attendance. The hall is lit primarily with candles, giving the room a darkish Gothic tone. With the sound of the Gregorian Chant drowning out all sound, we see the rest of this scene unfolding in violent juxtaposition to the soothing Gregorian Chant. ANGLE ON the Priest giving Mass, performing the Sacrament: first he holds up the bread.

CUT TO:

We see the Knights Templar, in full black commando gear, each with the Templar Insignia on their shoulder, file into the back of chapel, silenced M4 carbines at the ready.

CUT TO:

The Priest is now holding up the wine, the blood of Christ. As he holds it up, he looks out into the aisle and apparently sees the squad of Knights Templar taking aim. His expression changes from beatific to horrific.

CUT TO:

SIGNORE TREMELAY, enters and closes the door behind him. He has a silenced machine pistol; he wears black officer's fatigues but with a sort of small white neck poncho draped over the center of his chest to his sternum; it is a red cross on white ground of the old Knights Templar. We see him shout the word, "Sparare!" (Italian for "Fire!").

CUT TO:

The Priest gets gunmned down first, the cup of wine exploding in his hand. The nuns scatter and are also mowed down by advancing Knights. Tremelay corners two young preteen vestals and coldly shoots them dead with his machine pistol.

CUT TO:

107 INT. CONVENT OF THE GESU, STENO'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 107

MUSIC OVER: Gregorian Chant - Soprano/Castrato

CLOSE UP of an Instant Message window.

STENO (I.M.)
We're being purged. This is my fault. If you do not hear from me within the hour, fear the worst. Until then, prepare for evacuation.

Steno presses send and swivels around. She pulls a USB key fob hard drive out of the socket. She clicks the top off her bedpost, where she puts the little hard drive, snapping it shut. Then she pulls out two silenced semi-autos and rushes from the room.

108 INT. CONVENT OF THE GESU, CHAPEL - NIGHT 108

All the nuns are dead, the room is filled with smoke, and the Knights are filing into the wings toward the dormitories and other parts of the Convent.

TREMELAY
(in French)
Clear the rest the convent. No one escapes. Try to take Steno alive if you can...if you can't, so be it.

He stops one of his Knights.

TREMELAY (CONT'D)
(in French)
Radio the meat packing crew and tell them I want these dead sheep in cold storage out the back loading dock within the hour.

Tremelay starts off into the dormitories.

109 INT. CONVENT OF THE GESU, HALLWAY(S) - NIGHT 109

In the ancient, worn stone and plaster hallways of the Convent of the Gesu, a cool but slightly panicked Eve Steno searches for a way out. She rounds a bend in the hallway and is immediately confronted by three Knights. They open fire.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 109

Steno is hit in the chest and blown back against the wall and slumps to the ground. The Knights approach slowly. Suddenly, Steno opens her eyes and is unloading her weapons onto them. Two of them go down, and Steno jumps up, pulling her shredded habit off, revealing the body armor that saved her. She holsters her guns and leaps at the surprised Knight. She kicks the gun out of his hand and he kicks back. She blocks with a shin and follows with an axe kick to the top of the man's head. He crumples. She picks up his M4 and starts down the hall. Screams from down the hallway convince her to turn around and try the other direction.

110 INT. CONVENT OF THE GESU, HALLWAY - NIGHT 110

POV Tremelay. Flanked by a Knight on each side, Tremelay searches for Steno. As he approaches a turn in the hallway, he watches as Knights in front of him are blasted against the wall. Crouching, he boldly rounds the bend with machine pistol drawn. He is met by a thick fog of gun smoke but no Steno.

111 INT. CONVENT OF THE GESU, HALLWAY 111

Steno continues her attempted escape in the smoky hallways. Finally, she reaches a dead end and turns to back out. It's too late. Tremelay has arrived and Steno fires her M4. She takes out one of the Knights but Tremelay's pistol drills her against the wall behind her. Hit in the thighs, Steno falls, dropping the rifle. Propping up she has drawn one of her sidearms, but not before taking a round in her gun hand. Disarmed, she watches Tremelay approach, gun pointed between her eyes.

STENO
(through gritted teeth)
Your Knights are as sloppy as they ever were.

TREMELAY
They don't get much action these days. But you've done your part in helping me weed out a few of the weak ones.

STENO
You are an abomination in the eyes of God.

His gun remains trained on her forehead.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

TREMELAY
That is not for me to know. Abomination or not, I do his will.

STENO
You only serve the will of Man.

TREMELAY
Same thing.

Tremelay crosses himself and pulls the trigger.

112 EXT. CONVENT OF THE SUORE DI GUIDITTA - NIGHT 112

The Convent of Judith is on high alert. Buses and vans--even a helicopter--are already coming and going from the Abbey. Defensive positions are taken by warrior nuns with automatic weapons, assumed at the four corners of the walled-in Convent.

113 INT. SUORE DI GUIDITTA, UNDERGROUND HQ - NIGHT 113

The Sisters of Judith are busy sanitizing their HQ as they finish up their escape. This being the base server of the archives of the Suore di Guiditta and, now, the Cluster, a huge information dump is being made to another mirror server. The Abbess, Mother Superior and Roxie are in the Suore di Guiditta situation room watching a series of screens. The women wear the purple combat fatigues and bear side-arms. One computer has a status bar representing the data upload of the archives. Another screen is radar of the area surrounding the Convent. Other screens show live feeds of different parts within and without the walls of the Abbey.

ABBESS
My helicopter has arrived. I must leave you both. I'll meet you at the rendezvous according to schedule.

The Abbess embraces both of them.

MOTHER
Goddess-speed. Oh, daughter blessed art thou.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: 113

ABBESS
As are you both. How long until the upload is complete?

ROXIE
17 minutes.

ABBESS
And the implosion devices?

ROXIE
Automatically set to explode after the upload is complete, with a 5 minute delay.

MOTHER
You must leave, Abbess.

The Abbess bows to them both and is gone.

ROXIE
You should leave as well, Mother Superior.

MOTHER
Perhaps I should stay with you.

Roxie smiles.

ROXIE
Please. I'll be fine and will evacuate as soon as the upload is complete.

Suddenly they hear a muffled explosion above them. Dust rains down on them. They both look toward the ceiling.

MOTHER
You've talked me into it.

She embraces Roxie.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Be safe, Sister.

Mother disappears. Soon after, Roxie hears another explosion. She unholsters her 9mm, checks the clip. Then she pulls out an Uzi from under the desk.

114 EXT. SUORE DI GUIDITTA CONVENT - NIGHT 114

The attack has begun. The Sisters on top of the wall blaze away with their mounted GAU-17 Gatling guns. An alarm is howling away, other armed Sisters are scrambling. We see a couple helicopters take off. Knights Templar are creeping around and scaling the walls. A sniper takes out one of the turret gunners. Then we see each turret gunner go down in quick succession. An explosion opens a hole in the wall. Knights stream in.

115 EXT. SUORE DI GUIDITTA CONVENT, COURTYARD - NIGHT 115

ANGLE ON Signore Tremelay, filing in almost casually behind the Knights. He gives orders into his comlink.

TREMELAY
Round up the ones in the courtyard first and kill them, then hold the courtyard and send Gamma team inside to clean out the rest of the vermin. I've got their Situation Room downstairs. Brother Farinelli, you've got command up here.

FARINELLI
(Italian)
*Fatto.*

Amidst heavy fire, Tremelay skulks near the wall all the way to the chapel. Knights and Sisters fall around him, but he doesn't flinch. He enters the chapel.

116 INT. SUORE DI GUIDITTA, UNDERGROUND HQ - NIGHT 116

In the darkened situation room, Roxie watches the download. It's three quarters done. She hears the muffled battle raging above. She fondles the Uzi. She hears a sound, down the hall and turns her head. No one is there.

117 EXT. SUORE DI GUIDITTA CONVENT, COURTYARD - NIGHT 117

An aerial view shows the Knights in a large circle in the courtyard rounding up the Sisters, who back up slowly into a mass.

117 CONTINUED: 117

We see and hear gunfire on the perimeter. On the ground, we ANGLE ON the Sisters' worried faces, exchanging grave glances.

118 INT. SUORE DI GUIDITTA, UNDERGROUND HQ - NIGHT 118

Totally concealed in a shadow, Tremelay emerges almost ghost-like into the light. He holds close to the wall, machine pistol drawn. The place seems totally evacuated. He slips down the hallways as though he knows exactly where he's going.

CUT TO:

Roxie continues to watch the progress bar. It's moving ever-so-slowly.

119 EXT. SUORE DI GUIDITTA CONVENT, COURTYARD - NIGHT 119

The Sisters are now totally rounded up, encircled by the Knights. The gunfire has ceased. FARINELLI raises his Beretta AR7 assault rifle.

FARINELLI
Preparare!

120 INT. SUORE DI GUIDITTA, UNDERGROUND HQ - NIGHT 120

Tremelay continues to slink between the shadows. He nears the wide open doorway to the situation room. He readies his weapon and stops at the doorway, then swings in. No one is there. He looks around; the place looks empty. He goes up to the monitor with the progress bar. His hand reaches for the mouse. A well-placed foot kicks him square on the side of the head, sending him over a desk. He bounces up unloading a clip into...no one.

121 EXT. SUORE DI GUIDITTA CONVENT, COURTYARD - NIGHT 121

FOCUS ON Farinelli's face, who is just about to command the Knights to fire, when his face goes slack.

FARINELLI
Retardo il fuoco.

We back away from Farinelli, from the Knights, and from the suddenly elated Sisters. From the walls and from the perimeter, we see a HUGE force of armed Sisters of Judith closing in on the duped Knights Templar.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: 121

The Knights all lower their weapons. Then we hear them dropping their rifles one by one.

ANGLE ON Mother Superior, M4 in hand, on top of the wall.

MOTHER
Brothers! Drop your arms and you will not be killed.

Now all the rifles fall, as well as gun belts and other weapons. There's a huge cheer.

CUT TO:

Near the chapel, we see one of the Knights slip inside.

122 INT. SUORE DI GUIDITTA, UNDERGROUND HQ - NIGHT 122

Tremelay, behind the desk, reloads his machine pistol. Roxie appears in the doorway with her Uzi, but Tremelay is ready with another pistol, shooting the Uzi out of Roxie's hand. She ducks outside the door. Tremelay launches himself into the hallway and is met with a flurry of kicks from Roxie. They kick and punch each other's weapons out of their hands and it becomes a full hand-to-hand martial arts brawl. They're equally matched. After many well-placed and parried moves, they both draw knives. Tremelay slices across Roxie's side, outside of her body armor, she flinches, feints, then cleanly cuts off the to of Tremelay's left ear. He gasps and she stomps down on his leg. There's a crack and Tremelay falls to the floor. Roxie stands over him victorious. She picks up her pistol.

ROXIE
Hear that?

Tremelay touches his ear. Roxie smiles.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
Maybe not. But upstairs the sound of no gunfire means that the Sisters have Judith have prevailed with their counter-attack. The Knights are through.

There's a noise. A Knight toting a machine gun has appeared at the end of the hall. Tremelay uses the distraction to draw a pistol from an ankle holster, shooting Roxie in the right shoulder. She falls, dropping the gun. Tremelay struggles to stand. He looks down the hall at the Knight, who's approaching.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 122

TREMELAY
Brother Knight. You're just in time.

He glances over at the progress bar on the computer. Not quite done yet.

TREMELAY (CONT'D)
Looks like your science will die with you, heretic.

He touches his ear, winces and his hand comes up bloody. He tastes it, then he spits blood.

TREMELAY (CONT'D)
The domain of God's wisdom can only be conceived of by man, Sister. Woman has one hand in the earth, and the earth is the realm of the Fallen Angel Lucifer. Woman begetting woman from woman will erase God's hand from world. The Sisters of Judith must be destroyed. Only Man can converse with God. Only Man can Know the true nature of God's righteousness.

Roxie, holding her wounded shoulder, shifts her gaze from the maniacal Tremelay to the Knight behind him. Her face turns from painful anguish to astonishment. Tremelay, hearing the Knight turns to behold him. The Knight is REVEALED to be SIMON BELVEDERE.

CUT TO:

123 INT. SIMON FLASHBACK - VARIOUS 123

We're at Simon's office at work. He takes a look around to make sure no one is looking. He feels under his desk. FOCUS ON his hand finding a small envelope taped under his desk drawer. He plucks it off and slips it into his jacket.

CUT TO:

We're a bathroom stall at the FBI office. We see him reading a letter from Roxie. His eyes are welled with tears. We CLOSE UP on the handwritten note:

123 CONTINUED: 123

NOTE
...you will always have a place in my heart and I'm sorry to have been living a half-truth. I have asked God's forgiveness every day for this trespass against you. And I shall place my trust in you that if you choose to be part of a greater good, you can contact me at the secure number included in this note. Know that I love you like a brother, perhaps more. Again, my heart is full of tears for my betrayal of our friendship. I hope that our journey shall continue. -- Rox

CUT TO:

Simon is drinking at his apartment alone. The TV is in the background with a newsflash about a terrorist cell of nuns in the Sierra Nevada. He's an unshaven, glassy-eyed wreck. He holds a picture of himself and Roxie looking festive and happy. A tear slides down his face.

CUT TO:

We're at the San Francisco International Airport. ANGLE ON Simon standing in the security line waiting to enter the departure gates. FOCUS ON a departure schedule for ROME, ITALY.

CUT TO:

Simon is in the Convent of the Gesu in Vatican City. Investigators from Rome and Interpol are there, collecting clues, evidence. Simon slips into Steno's room, pokes around. The place is trashed. Idly he leans on the bedpost. It's loose. He fiddles with it a second before it comes off, revealing a USB key fob drive left behind by Steno. He pockets it without telling anyone.

CUT TO:

124 INT. SUORE DI GUIDITTA, UNDERGROUND HQ - NIGHT 124

Simon grins at Tremelay.

SIMON
Great. So converse with God.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: 124

He opens fire, nearly cutting off Tremelay's hand with his assault rifle. The machine pistol goes flying, and Tremelay staggers against the wall. Tremelay screams.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Shut the fuck up.

Simon gives a jumping, head-grabbing knee to Tremelay's face, sending him to the floor, his nose crushed. Roxie pulls herself off the ground, holding her bleeding shoulder.

ROXIE
You'll have to teach me that move.

A loud beeping noise issues from the computer. FOCUS ON the screen. It reads: Transfer Complete.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
(to Tremelay)
Transfer complete, asshole.

TREMELAY
(groaning)
Cagna. [bitch]

SIMON
Quiet, you fucking Eunuch.

Simon kick's Tremelay in the face. He shreds a piece of cloth to tie off Roxie's bleeding arm.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

He ties her arm off and they have a moment.

ROXIE
I'm so sorry about everything... all this...

SIMON
Don't ever be sorry for faith in something. You even had faith in me.

ROXIE
I did.

SIMON
And here I am.

124 CONTINUED: (2) 124

They gaze at each other...and kiss. Then--

TREMELAY (O.S.)
(in pain)
That's very beautiful.

ANGLE ON Tremelay, face a mask of blood, blood streaming from his ruined arms. Roxie kicks him in the balls.

SIMON
What should we do with him?

ROXIE
An implosion bomb is about to crush this bunker in about 5 minutes. We can just cuff him to a pipe and leave him.

Simon considers.

SIMON
Isn't that when the bad guys escape only to show up next time?

Now Roxie considers.

ROXIE
You're right.

They both point their guns at Tremelay.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
I guess you're about to find out about the 'true nature of righteousness.' Say hello to St. Peter.

They both fire their weapons at Tremelay.

CUT TO:

125 EXT. SUORE DI GUIDITTA CONVENT, COURTYARD - NIGHT 125

Simon and Roxie emerge from the chapel into the courtyard where they find the remaining, living Knights Templar rounded up by an overwhelming number of Sisters toting machine guns. Mother Superior is barking orders, then sees Simon and Roxie. Simon has taken off most of his Knights Templar disguise. But Mother reaches for her side-arm regardless.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: 125

ROXIE
No need for that, Mother. Simon just saved me.

Mother Superior lowers her weapon.

SIMON
Indeed. And Signore Tremelay is dead.

There's an earth-shaking whump as the implosion bombs go off.

ROXIE
Now he's even more dead.

Mother is still studying Simon closely.

MOTHER
You were at the Cluster.

ROXIE
He was--
(Roxie hesitates, looks at Simon)
He IS my partner.

SIMON
Just not the FBI anymore.

Mother looks at both of them, a little confused.

MOTHER
Alright. Anyway, there's a chopper just landing over there. Get in it and go to the rendezvous, get your arm looked at.

SIMON
What are you going to do with all these men? Kill them?

Mother shakes his head.

MOTHER
That's a man's logic. We don't kill prisoners. But they may find themselves on a remote island somewhere. Forever.

Even as she says it, prisoners are being loaded into an armored bus.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2) 125

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Hurry, you two.

She embraces Roxie.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
I'm glad you're safe.

ROXIE
Me, too.

Mother then hesitatingly embraces Simon.

MOTHER
Thank you.

Mother watches Roxie and Simon trot off to the helicopter. She resumes shouting orders to her Sisters.

CUT TO:

126 INT. MIT COMPUTER ROOM - DAY 126

A window suddenly pops up on a female grad student's browser. It is a message from some organization named the Sisters of Judith. The beginning of the message reads.

MESSAGE
For Immediate Release: The Sisters of Judith, a science-based reformation sect of the Catholic Church, has successfully created a means to produce human off-spring without the genetic introduction of male DNA. Using an altered Y-Chromosome, they've succeeded in generating female sperm...

The dumbfounded grad student calls her male professor over. He looks at it and frowns. We see that every computer in the lab has the same window open...

127 INT. GENENTECH, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 127

We see scientists huddled around a computer with the same window open.

128 INT. SECRET PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 128

We're back in the shadowy secret conference room with the usual suspects. The meeting hasn't really come to order yet and a small group of scientists, DAMASCO amongst them, discuss this introduction of the 'recipe' for female sperm and the Eves, with their viral capabilities. One man, SCIENTIST 1, talks with Damasco.

SCIENTIST 1
How do we identify these virus-infected women, the ones with the artificial Y-chromosome?

CUT TO:

We FOCUS ON someone--a woman--getting a tattoo, a stylized symbol of a cup emblazoned with a sword and olive branch. We watch the tattoo needle slowly etch.

DAMASCO (O.S.)
We have to identify them as being fatherless.

SCIENTIST 1 (O.S.)
You are telling us that other than these gene markings, they are just like regular woman.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON SCIENTIST 2.

SCIENTIST 2
We can accelerate research into gene array probes specially designed to detect the altered markings.

SCIENTIST 1
But what until then?

CUT TO:

We see that the tattoo is being etched on Mother Superior's back. The screen is split and we see another woman is getting the same tattoo on her ankle. The screen splits again and we see yet a another woman--Roxie--getting a tattoo on the small of her back.

128 CONTINUED: 128

DAMASCO (O.S.)
Maybe get the CDC to issue a warning for men to stop having sex with women.

SCIENTIST 1 (O.S.)
Get serious. That will never happen.

CUT TO:

Angle on DAMASCO.

DAMASCO
I am deadly serious. This is a real, equal war between men and women, and women have 3000 years of grievances fueling their fires.

SCIENTIST 2
Shit.

Secretary of Defense Ramsey brings the room to order.

RAMSEY
All right. Let's hear the ideas. All options are on the table.

There's a general grumbling.

HICK GENERAL
I say we just get down to business and take these broads out.

RAMSEY
Harry, can you be a little more constructive than that? We don't know how many of these infected operatives they have embedded in the population.

ANGLE ON Reese.

REESE
They will unleash their virus on us if we do anything to stop their dissemination of information.

We hold on Reese and drift down her body.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (2) 128

SCIENTIST 2 (O.S.)
I don't understand what the big deal is. So women can make babies without men. All they've been given is a choice.

We're still watching Reese. She shifts and her coat hem rides up a bit, exposing the edge of a fresh Suore di Guiditta tattoo poking out.

RAMSEY (O.S.)
Well, first of all, no one threatens the United States government.

ANGLE ON a red-faced Reverend Hanson.

REVEREND HANSON
Second of all, God didn't give them the choice in his grand design. It's heretical science. An abomination. Honor your mother and father.

REESE
(smiling)
Not anymore.

HICK GENERAL
That's the craziest thing I ever did hear. A society of women? Who'd protect 'em?

REESE
They didn't seem to have much of a problem out there in the mountains of Italy, General.

HICK GENERAL
Goddamned Italian Military has never been worth a damn.

Damasco stands up.

DAMASCO
Gentlemen, Madame Secretary, I think we're going about this in the wrong way. Let the Vatican worry about the moral implications of same-sex unions.
(MORE)

128 CONTINUED: (3) 128

DAMASCO (CONT'D)
Instead of focusing on an imminent threat by a women's terror cell that we can't control, let's shift our attention to the science. Let's be the first ones to slap a patent on this thing and make some money. Let's legislate the hell out of it, market it, and generate some revenue. Let's think outside the box.

SENATOR 1
That's the most sensible thing I've heard all day.

BISHOP SULLIVAN
This is outrageous. You can't legislate blasphemy!

Everybody in the room starts in talking over each other. Reese just sits down and grins, letting the little boys of the U.S. Government triangulate and moralize.

129 EXT. APOSTOLIC PALACE, VATICAN CITY - DAY 129

Patriarchs and matriarchs of every religious stripe gather at the Pope's Apostolic Palace for the first Pan Religious Ecumenical Council ever held in history. We hear over the radio...

RADIO
(British accent)
In order to stem the tide of growing unrest between men and women worshippers within the ranks of the world's religions, a Pan Faith Ecumenical Council is convening in the Apostolic Palace in Rome.

We are in the back of a Bently limousine, window slightly rolled down. In the back seat are Simon and Roxie.

129 CONTINUED: 129

RADIO (CONT'D)
With the scandal of the so-called Vatican Nun Massacre growing by the day and the recent dissemination of information making female-only reproduction possible, religious leaders are seeking to re-evaluate dogma that has led them to this crisis...

130 INT. MEETING ROOM, APOSTOLIC PALACE - DAY 130

We are again in the big meeting room at the Apostolic Palace. The place is resplendent in furnishings as well as the colorful mix of religious representatives, numbering in the hundreds. Mullahs, rabbis, the Dalai Lama, archbishops, patriarchs, shaman, reverends, etc. And there are many females present, most notably Secretary of State Reese, the U.S. Political representative at this religious conference. Cardinal O'Shannon brings the room to order.

O'SHANNON
All rise for Our most Holy Father, Pope Innocent XIV, Bishop of Rome.

The pope, looking even more frail than when last we saw him, walks unescorted and sits in his papal throne at the head of the table. He motions everyone to sit, which they do.

POPE
Bless you all, brothers and...*sisters*.

All the women in the room hear this slight hesitation in his voice. Some of the women hold each other's gazes.

POPE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Time is a great leveler. It makes equal all persons on earth eventually, leaving God to sort out the righteous from the fallen.

A heavyset black woman in an ornate tribal costume drops one of her feathered fetishes. As she bends over, we FOCUS ON the small sword and olive branch tattoo of the Suore di Guiditta on her shoulder blade. As she straightens up, she catches Madame Secretary Reese's gaze.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: 130

POPE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I will not apologize for the process that the Catholic Church came upon its holy doctrine, only that while the pen that begat that doctrine was guided by the almighty, the hand that held the pen was more than not the hand of a Man. The servants of God that chose those writings as doctrine were Men. I fear...*many* of us
(gestures to audience)
fear...that the fallibility of mortal man--men--has left behind a message corrupted by man's lack of humility...a certain arrogance.

Reese casts her gaze at another woman--a sister of high rank--they hold their gaze. A twitch of a smile passes quickly between them. That Sister turns her attention to a woman in a burka next to an imam. The Muslim woman makes an almost imperceptible nod at the Sister.

POPE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Recent events have prompted me and other leaders of faith around this troubled world to take it upon ourselves to re-evaluate the dogma that we've set our faith in, often to the exclusion and destruction of the sisters of our respective faiths.

The Muslim woman catches Reese's eyes. Reese grins a little again. We FOCUS ON Reese's manicured fingers reaching up her elbow length blouse sleeve to scratch something...we see the red-rimmed edge of a fresh tattoo of the Suore di Guiditta.

THE END