

M O R G A N

by

Seth W. Owen

Draft: January 2014

Seth W. Owen
s.w.owen@gmail.com
323.371.9294

FADE IN:

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE.

A sparsely furnished bedroom, viewed from on high:

A small single bed against one wall.

A small table with two chairs.

A bookcase.

A recliner.

The room is - on first glance - empty.

But look closer. There's someone in there.

A DARK SHADOWY SMUDGE.

In the far corner of the room.

Sitting with their back to us.

Keeping very still.

Someone else enters.

A plump, MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

She looks to the figure in the corner, sets down a tray of food on the small table, and sits down.

She attempts to engage the other in conversation, but we can't hear her - the surveillance is SILENT.

The smudge moves.

Stands up. Turns to regard the woman.

The FIGURE is slender and pale, peeking out from a dark hoodie and grey jogging pants. It's hard to tell whether this is a boy or a girl, a man or a woman.

They sit across from the middle-aged woman at the table.

The woman cheerfully pokes at a salad, still trying to engage the other in sunny conversation. But the other does not respond, just stares at her... and the woman's cheerful facade gradually drops. She pokes grimly at her salad... until...

IN LESS THAN A HEARTBEAT the mysterious figure LEAPS onto the table with incredible agility, poised like a jungle cat---

Before the woman can even react, the figure commandeers her fork and STABS HER IN THE EYE.

AND STABS HER AGAIN.

AND AGAIN

AND AGAIN.

INT. OFFICE TOWER BOARDROOM, NEW YORK - DAY

A handful of middle aged executives watch the surveillance footage play out on a screen at the end of the room.

One of them - a dour, wiry man in his 40s, JIM BRYCE - sits forward to pause the footage from his tablet.

Flat light pours in from the floor-to-ceiling windows and casts the room in its gloomy pall. The city stretches out to the distance beyond, grey and unforgiving.

The attention of the men swivels to an UNSEEN COLLEAGUE at the other end of the table.

JIM BRYCE

We don't have to tell you what's on the line here.

Across the table, the hefty, balding CHARLES GRIMES (50s) chimes in.

CHARLES GRIMES

Or that confidentiality is a priority in regards to this entire project.

LEE

I understand.

LEE WEATHERS is maybe 30 by a hair, a sharp-edged kind of beautiful, crisply tailored and minimally adorned.

JIM BRYCE

We want this to be clean, Lee. This has to be clean.

From further down the table, another exec: DAVID CHANCE is rail thin, with despairing eyes

DAVID CHANCE

We can't have another Hokkaido. Are we clear on that?

Lee turns her attention from the men to the screen, focusing on the PAUSED, BLURRY IMAGE of the attacker.

CHARLES GRIMES (O.S.)
Lee. Are we clear?

LEE
We're clear.

CUT TO:

IE. PENNSYLVANIA HIGHWAY - DAY

Lee drives her car into a rain storm, squinting through the downpour.

It's coming down in torrential sheets against the windshield, making it hard to see.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP, LANGDON PA - DAY

Lee's sedan swings into the sparsely decorated parking lot of a drab coffee shop, lonely on the side of the road.

Lee darts through the rain to get inside.

INT. COFFEE SHOP, LANGDON PA - DAY

The place is empty, save for a smattering of regulars watching a ball game from the counter.

Lee sits at a booth by the window a - steaming cup of coffee in front of her, untouched. She looks out at the grim parade of semis speeding past. The dull roar of the trucks on the wet road mingles with the sound of the ball game on the TV.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Coming down.

Lee turns to see the man who addressed her: a plump, mean-eyed guy in his 40s, RICH, settling into a seat at the counter. Lee sizes him up and meets his leering, suspicious gaze with a tight, minimal smile.

CUT TO:

LATER.

At the register, Lee hands her bill to a pie-faced young cashier with a TRACY name tag.

TRACY
And thirteen twenty your change.

LEE

Thanks. I'm looking for Grant Farms
- just outside of Mansfield? Am I
close?

The regular from before gives Lee the eye.

TRACY

Oh, you're real close. You'll be
driving about five minutes, and
just past the turn off for Lake
Kanawauke you'll see a shuttered up
FlapJack's? On the left?? Keep
going - it's just around that bend.

LEE

Thanks.

RICH

Grant Farms, huh. You working up
there?

Lee narrows her eyes, taking his measure.

LEE

Visiting.

RICH

(sarcastic)

Do send 'em our regards.

Lee turns back to the cashier with an inquisitive glance. The cashier shrugs.

TRACY

Guess they're not... the most
popular people round here these
days.

LEE

Why is that?

TRACY

Oh no, just... Not the most
sociable folks, I guess.

RICH

Let Stan Jessup's place go to seed
and put up a bunch of military
grade fencing like we all just
couldn't wait to get our grubby
little hands on their bone china.

TRACY

Oh, shut the fuck up, Rich.

(to Lee)

Don't mind him. He just misses his
good old boy is all.

LEE

That's ok. You all have a nice day.

RICH

Yeah you too. You have a real nice
day. Send our best huh!?

As she leaves...

LEE

I'll do that.

Rich watches her head back into the rain with his beady eyes,
thinking bad thoughts.

I.E. LEE'S CAR MOVING - DAY

Lee sails past the turn off for Lake Kanawauke and the
shuttered FlapJack's, just as the cashier described.

She sharpens her focus on the wet, barren road ahead, framed
by rough hewn snaggles of trees in the death throes of late
autumn.

The turn off approaches...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Lee drives carefully as she winds the car up a muddied
country road, swaths of forest punctuated by abandoned barns.

The car comes to a crawl as Lee struggles to see through the
rain. She backs it up and takes a turn off the road.

EXT. GRANT FARMS GATE - DAY

Lee pulls into the property and winds her way up a gravel
road, littered with rotting leaves and muddied by torrents of
rain.

The car arrives at a tall barbed fence and a locked gate. Lee
leans out to press the wet button on a small speaker. After a
long wait, she hears a crackle and a thin, static-laced
voice:

VOICE (INTERCOM)

Grant Farms.

LEE
Lee Weathers. I'm expected.

No response.

LEE (CONT'D)
Security clearance ALPHA NINER ZERO
BETA BETA ZOO FERRET FIVE.

Another long wait and finally a loud BUZZ. The gate opens with a whirr of creaking mechanics and Lee drives ahead. The gate closes behind her.

EXT. GRANT FARMS - DAY

Lee drives slowly up the winding road, which opens onto a large clearing - in the center of which stands a LARGE COLONIAL FARMHOUSE.

To her left, a ways away, an old barn afield in tall unkept grass.

To her right, near the house, a RAIN-SLICKERED FIGURE routing around in the muddied garden.

She stops the car next to a few others parked by the side of the house - a mini-van, a station wagon, an old Corolla - and gets out, her overnight bag slung over her shoulder.

A short, jittery guy in his late 20s - TED BRENNER - comes out to greet her.

TED
Lee?

Ted hops back into the house, surprised by the rain. Lee sizes him up - he has a tightly wound but distracted air about him.

TED (CONT'D)
Still coming down!

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lee meets him at the door. He takes a few nervous steps back to let her in.

TED
Let me ah... I can take that wet jacket....

Lee grimaces and hands it to him. He hangs it on a hook by the door.

LEE

Thanks.

TED

Ted Brenner. I'm the corporate liaison? We spoke online.

LEE

We did. Lee Weathers.

They shake. Ted's eyes flicker towards Lee's car.

TED

Can I help you with luggage or...

LEE

This is it.

TED

Ah. alright then. Well. We're all, uh, very happy to have you here.

LEE

I'd expect that's not entirely true.

Lee follows Ted into the old house, its dilapidation still peering out from under a fresh coat of paint.

TED

Well, there are some frayed nerves, of course, but that's just a given, what with the circumstances... The staff's been instructed to extend you every courtesy.

LEE

Thank you.

A few stately relics remain, but at first glance the place is largely empty, and awash in shadows despite the early hour.

TED

Did you... ah... find the place ok with all the rain?

LEE

I did.

Lee orients herself: one side of the foyer opens into a large dining room, the other to a large LIBRARY without any books. A narrow hallway runs alongside the staircase and takes a turn at the rear of the house. Some newer piping is exposed throughout.

TED

I don't know if you've already been informed... but... We just got word that Dr. Shapiro has been detained. Or there was a missed flight. It wasn't particularly clear...

LEE

Yes. I've been informed.

TED

It's unfortunate. It is. I know. Just completely destroys our whole schedule. We just found out ourselves. I'm surprised he didn't... In any case he should be here early tomorrow morning so if you don't mind waiting...

LEE

I guess I don't have much of a choice.

TED

No, I guess not... I'm so sorry... you're soaked. If you'd like, I can show you to your room and you can change out of those wet clothes.

LEE

Sure.

TED

So ah. Yes.

(he gestures meekly)

There's the dining hall... And the library, which leads you to the research lab. We have a room for you... upstairs.

Lee follows Ted up the creaking staircase to the second floor, wind and rain battering against a stairwell window.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, FARMHOUSE - DAY

Lee follows Ted down a long, dimly lit hallway, a number of rooms on either side.

TED

We have... eight on staff here, in total - that's including myself. There are two bedrooms downstairs, four on this floor, two more upstairs.

He stops and opens the door to a narrow guest room.

INT. LEE'S ROOM - DAY

Lee enters. Surveys the room. Sets her suitcase on a small table.

TED

You have an en suite bathroom with a shower if you'd like to freshen up. And... then I'd be happy to give you a tour of the facilities, if you'd like.

LEE

Yes, thank you. I'd actually like to meet with Dr. Nakata and Dr. Ziegler as soon as possible.

TED

Absolutely. Of course. They're eager to meet you.

LEE

And Kathy Grieff.

TED

(taken aback)

Kathy Grieff. Of course. I uh... haven't checked in on her yet today but, ah---

LEE

Well, when you do just let her know I'll be visiting with her soon.

TED

Ohhhhokay.

Ted hovers at the door to her room, awkward.

LEE

Is that it?

TED

Yes. That's it. I'll uh, leave you to...

(mustering his nerve)

I did just want to say... Before we get into the thick of it all... I just hope that the company knows I've really had their best interests at heart here...

LEE

No doubt.

TED

Things are complicated... of course... but I think you'll see... that the results of our investment... despite the current situation... are quite remarkable.

LEE

I'm sure I will.

An awkward silence. Ted again misses his cue to leave.

TED

Okay. Well. That's a... I'll be downstairs... When you're up for that tour.

She gives him a tight smile and closes the door.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Lee showers, starting to come back to life after a day of travelling.

There's a small window in the shower that looks out at the clearing and the old barn across the way. The rain looks to be letting up.

Lee watches another FIGURE in a rain slicker makes their way across the field from the barn to the house.

Lee turns off the water and stares out at the barn and the trees in the distance, swaying darkly in the breeze. For a moment, she closes her eyes...

There's a CREAK from the floorboards out in her room, and Lee turns sharply to listen.

LEE

Hello?

She waits.

FEMALE VOICE

Hello.

INT. LEE'S ROOM - DAY

Lee steps cautiously back into the guest room, wrapped in a towel.

A pretty, pixie-ish YOUNG WOMAN (20s) is on her bed - outstretched with her hands above her head and her bare feet still on the ground.

AMY

Hey.

LEE

Hey...

The girl - AMY - rolls onto her side, resting her chin on her palm.

AMY

I'm Amy. I work in the lab.

LEE

(hesitant)

Hi Amy. I'm Lee.

AMY

Are you going to kill him?

LEE

Excuse me?

AMY

Morgan. Are you going to kill Morgan?

LEE

I'm not... killing anybody.

AMY

But you're going to end it all.

LEE

Amy... I'm just getting out of the shower... so....

Amy rolls over, and takes in Lee's figure... then snaps herself out of it and sits up.

AMY

I shouldn't even be in here. I know. I get it. Everyone says I have a problem with boundaries. I guess they might be right.

LEE

Might be.

AMY

But you probably already read my file. You probably know more about me than I do.

LEE

I wouldn't say that.

AMY

Right. No. I mean a file's just a file, right? A person's a person. I mean, how do you know somebody before you know somebody? And even if you do know somebody, or think you do, maybe you just don't. Maybe you're just wrong about them... Maybe you're dead wrong. And you really don't know them at all.

Lee doesn't answer, just stares at Amy with no small amount of bemusement.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm doing it again. I'm sorry. I'll leave you alone. I guess we'll talk later?

LEE

We'll talk later.

Amy stretches like a cat and finally draws herself out of the bed, like she's been asleep there for hours.

AMY

Skip's making a lasagna.

LEE

(playing along)

Can't wait.

AMY

Nice to meet you, Lee.

LEE

Nice to meet you, Amy.

Lee stares after the quizzical young woman as she slinks out of the room.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Now in crisp business attire, Lee descends the creaking staircase. She ties her hair back, tight.

The house feels quiet and empty - until she reaches the bottom of the stairs and can hear an 80s power ballad crackling out of a radio around the corner.

Lee moves towards the music, curling around the bottom of the staircase and through to the back of the estate.

INT. KITCHEN, FARMHOUSE - DAY

Lee enters the full, bright kitchen - a bay of windows looking out towards the rear of the clearing and the forest beyond.

A tall, scruffy guy in his 30s - SKIP - is hacking away at a cut of pork and humming along to the radio. He notices Lee and immediately HACKS into his own thumb.

SKIP

Ah shit!

LEE

Oh. No.

SKIP

Fuckaduckadoo.

He moves swiftly to the sink, turning on the cold water with his good hand.

LEE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you.

SKIP

No---no! You didn't. It's just... Occupational hazard.

LEE

That doesn't look too good.

SKIP

Oh naw. It's fine.

LEE

Is it deep?

SKIP

It's a knick.

LEE

There's a lot of blood.

SKIP

It's not bad.

LEE

Let me look.

She joins him at the sink, and as she inspects the cut he sizes her up.

SKIP

You're the plug puller?

LEE

I'm sorry?

SKIP

From corporate. Here to pull the plug?

LEE

Not necessarily.

She grabs a paper towel from a roll on the counter and folds it into a tight, thin belt, then wraps his thumb.

SKIP

Hey, it's no skin off my back. I don't have a pony in this race. I just keep the coffee brewing, the cookies baking, and the table set.

LEE

Right. You're Skip. You're making lasagna.

SKIP

My glorious contribution to scientific advance.

LEE

Everybody loves lasagna.

He smiles at her and she smiles back.

TED (O.S.)

There you are.

Skip startles. Lee turns to see Ted at the door, still coiled tight.

LEE

Here I am.

SKIP

Jesus, Ted, I told ya, ya gotta quit creeping up like that. You're a real creeper, you know that?

TED

Ha ha. Very funny.

(to Lee)

I'm not... He's... I'm not a creeper. I just wanted to tell you... Dr. Ziegler's just finishing up a spot of work. But I thought we might pop in on Kathy...

LEE

That'll be fine, Ted. Thanks.

She turns back to Skip as she follows Ted out of the room.

LEE (CONT'D)

I'd get a band-aid on that.

SKIP

Yeah. Thanks.

He stares after her, intrigued.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ted leads Lee around the corner to the house's rear hallway.

TED

Kathy's an absolutely brilliant behaviorist, as I'm sure you know. Absolutely brilliant. It was all very.... shocking. But... she's doing... much better today. We're all really pleased that she could be treated here. It's what Kathy wanted.

LEE

I read the report.

TED

Of course. Still, she's ah- still not one hundred per cent, of course, so maybe we'll try to... keep it short?

They arrive at a door. Ted knocks softly.

INT. KATHY'S ROOM - DAY

The door opens to reveal KATHY GRIEFF, recognizable from the surveillance footage, though her left eye is heavily bandaged and her hearty frame looks considerably weakened.

Another woman adjusts Kathy's I.V. - BRENDA (30s).

TED

Kathy... Brenda. this is Lee Weathers. From corporate. Lee, this is Kathy Grieff. ...and Brenda Schwartz, our nurse.

LEE

Hello. Kathy, I was hoping we could have a little chat?

KATHY

Oh, I'm up for anything. I told Bren, I told the Doc, hell, I told everyone - I don't need to stay in this goddamn bed, but no one seems to want to listen to me.

TED

Kathy... Lee was hoping that we could talk about the incident?

BRENDA

She needs her rest.

LEE

I was hoping to speak with Kathy alone, if that's alright?

TED

Oh. Well...

KATHY

It's fine Ted. Bren. Go on.

TED

Ok. Well. I'll uh... be... right outside.

Brenda stifles further complaint and passes by Lee with a strained smile. Ted shrugs to Lee, apologetic, and closes the door behind them.

Lee sits herself in the chair by Kathy's bed.

KATHY

Look, this wasn't Morgan's fault. It was my fault, really. I was careless. He was in a mood. I'm not going to... the company doesn't have to worry about me, really.

Lee moves the chair in closer.

LEE

Well.... we are worried, Kathy. Any time an employee is in danger of-

KATHY

No. No, that's--I mean I don't--I won't hold the company---I exonerate the company from any... Look please just---please don't kill him.

LEE

Kathy...

KATHY

(getting emotional)

Just please, please don't kill him.

LEE

It's not a him, Kathy. It's an It.

KATHY

Oh, but you're wrong about that, Miss Weathers. You're dead wrong about that. Morgan's so much more than an "it". He's smart. Smarter than any of us. And... there was... joy in his heart. Before we shoved him back in that box. You haven't met him...?

LEE

Not yet.

KATHY

You'll see. You will. You really will. You just can't... Kill him. Promise me that.

LEE

You know I can't make that promise, Kathy.

Kathy's resolve collapses... She sobs.

KATHY

Well then... goddamn you.

Lee's tight, removed smile returns.

KATHY (CONT'D)

You have a smile on your face, but I can see what you are! You're a goddamn assassin!

Something sharpens in Lee's eyes. She quells it, stands. Steps towards the door.

LEE
I'll let you get some rest.

KATHY
No. No, I'm sorry. I'm not myself. He's a good boy. You'll see. You will. Morgan's a good boy. He was confused is all. He just got it all... mixed up - just for a moment. It can happen to anyone. It can.
(stifling her tears)
He's a good boy.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Lee emerges into the hallway. Ted is waiting for her with the sheepish look of someone who's been straining to eavesdrop.

TED
Everything...ok?

LEE
Compared to what?

TED
Well I just- you can see she's actually doing much better.

LEE
I'll take your word for it. Are the doctors ready to see me?

Ted sucks it up and leads her around a corner.

TED
Yes. Of course. Well. Unfortunately Dr. Nakata is unable to join us.

LEE
Why's that?

TED
Oh. Well. In truth, she hasn't... been in the best of health recently, I'm sorry to say. She's taking a bit of a rest. But... I'm sure the two of you will be able to touch base later.

They arrive at a large set of double doors, which Ted opens.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - DAY

The research lab is an impenetrable maze of tables stacked with monitors, drives, cameras, computers. Cables and wires have grown around every possible surface, like ivy. It's an anachronistic space in this rustic home.

TED
Doctor?

From behind a bank of monitors, a face pops up - weathered, gaunt, unshaven. It belongs to an intense looking man who now comes towards them - DR. SIMON ZIEGLER (late 40s).

ZIEGLER
Miss Weathers?

LEE
Dr. Ziegler. Pleasure.

ZIEGLER
Yes, a pleasure, absolutely...

They hover uncomfortably - Ziegler is not one for eye contact.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
Please... ah.... Sit...

It's easier said than done in the cluttered lab. As Dr. Ziegler returns to his desk, Ted antsily removes a stack of papers from a desk chair and rolls it over for Lee.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
Did ah... Ted tell you? Our psych consult has been delayed?

LEE
I'm aware.

ZIEGLER
It's unfortunate that your stay here is... needlessly extended.

LEE
That's ok, Doctor. We'll adjust.
Why don't you get me up to speed?

Dr. Ziegler and Ted exchange a nervous smile.

ZIEGLER

Yes. Let's ah... get you up to speed...

CUT TO:

INSERT: MICROSCOPIC FOOTAGE

A WEB OF PURKINJE NEURONS alight with something that resembles electricity.

ZIEGLER (O.S.)

The object here was of course to trick the organic matter into accepting the inorganic. To do that we had to devise a nanotech that could successfully infiltrate the electrical network of the neuron....

LEE

I've read the material, Doctor.

ZIEGLER

Yes. Of course...

Lee and Dr. Ziegler sit at a bank of monitors, cords spilling off the table and onto the floor. Ted hangs back on the fringes of the room.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)

(plodding forward
regardless)

In this case the nanotech can provide cues to the host matter, hence the accelerated growth of the test subjects.

Dr. Ziegler summons another video file on the screen...

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)

As you know... Morgan is our... third attempt.

VIDEO FILE: On a table in the MEDLAB, a group of masked SCIENTISTS struggle to hold down their subject:

A CREATURE that looks something like a MINIATURE PERSON (no more than three feet high) that's been pulled out in various directions like SILLY PUTTY.

IT THRASHES WILDLY on the table.

ZIEGLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Our first full term subject
experienced numerous...
complications.... And expired not
long after its so-called birth.

The CREATURE seems to split open from the inside, revealing a host of BLACKENED ORGANS. The scientists recoil in horror.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
Our second... exhibited more
complete physical growth but was
plagued by a issues with mental
development. Zero communciation.

VIDEO FILE: A masked surgeon - our first glimpse of DR. NAKATA - maneuvers a large, serpentine DRILL onto the back of the subject's head.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
Dr. Nakata attempted a surgical
reset, assisted by myself and our
medtech. But it proved...
unsucessful.

The SUBJECT thrashes wildly, it's skin seeming to stretch at the seams and then COLLAPSE back into itself.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
And then... like a miracle... there
was Morgan.

VIDEO FILE: the medical team carefully opening a high tech MEDPOD.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
We knew right away that Morgan was
very special.

Through the cluster of scientists we catch a glimpse of the PALE HAIRLESS FIGURE in the pod.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
Within six months we had Morgan
fully online and self sustaining.

VIDEO FILE: now a static MEDIUM SHOT of Morgan at a table in her room. KATHY GRIEFF sits across from Morgan in a friendlier encounter than the one glimpsed before, working through a series of flash cards.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
With access to the network,
Morgan's intelligence grew
steadily... easily eclipsing what
the human mind is capable of. The
benefits of a... total
intelligence.

VIDEO FILE: now a grainy handheld phone video of a lively group dinner.

Ziegler taps at Morgan's image on the monitor: in her hoodie at the head of the table.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
As you can see we had her fully
integrated...

LEE
Her?

ZIEGLER
What? Oh. Her. Him. It. Yes. It's
an... occupational hazard I
suppose.

An uncomfortable glance towards Ted.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
Morgan is a... post-gender
specimen, as you know. So it is...
Whichever you prefer.

LEE
I think I prefer "it".

ZIEGLER
Yes. Well. Scientifically... that
would be the most appropriate.

LEE
Yes. It would wouldn't it?

[NOTE TO THE READER: For our purposes here, we will follow Ziegler's lead and refer to Morgan as a "she".]

ZIEGLER
Yes. Well... as I was saying...
Morgan had been... fully integrated
into the group.

VIDEO FILE: the staff gathered on the front lawn... A game of HORSESHOES. Skip demonstrates to Morgan how to throw.

Morgan follows suit - arcing the horseshoe perfectly. The group cheers.

BACK IN THE RESEARCH LAB, Ziegler considers the footage warmly.

TED
Great day. Great, super fun day.

ZIEGLER
Remarkable day. As you can see....
Morgan was... doing very well.
She... had exceeded our
expectations. ...And was integrated
into our collective experience on
most days. Making uncued
contributions to the group. Special
activities like this.

He relaxes into his seat as the footage continues. Lost in his memories.

TED
The cupcakes.

ZIEGLER
Ah yes. She made us all cupcakes.

TED
Incredible cupcakes. Red velvet.
Delicious.

ZIEGLER
Yes. Red velvet. They were very
good. We were all very impressed.

Ziegler notices Lee's look of (what he takes for) impatience.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
Of course, we were still sleeping
her in her quarters. And limiting
her time outside. Which may have...
contributed... to her change in
disposition.

Ziegler's tone darkens as he recalls the events.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
Her mood grew increasingly...
despondent. She would repeatedly
request to spend more time outside.
And... to leave the grounds.

(MORE)

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)

And when these requests were refused, she was... less happy than she seemed before.

LEE

It seemed happy before?

ZIEGLER

Yes. I think everyone here would agree that Morgan's company in those first months was very agreeable. And we all sensed this... change. It is... not unlike a child who has been coddled getting the first experience of authority. It is a... natural phenomenon. And a testament to how effective Morgan has been at learning behavior on a human scale.

VIDEO FILE: FOOTAGE OF THE KATHY ATTACK which Lee has seen earlier.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)

Morgan was spending more time alone in her room. Largely at Dr. Nakata's insistence. Which is when Kathy brought in the food. Thought that maybe she could cheer Morgan up. And... then the, ah, the unfortunate incident.

The footage continues past the point we've seen before - as a BURLY MEDTECH runs into the frame and tries to subdue Morgan, only to be THROWN ASIDE like a rag doll.

Another man enters - ZIEGLER HIMSELF - firing at Morgan with a TRANQUILIZER GUN. Morgan goes down, seizing, thrashing.

BACK IN THE RESEARCH LAB, Dr. Ziegler observes the scene play out with grim regret.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)

A malfunction. I can blame only myself.

(snapping out of it, at least superficially)

Have you had a chance to visit with Kathy?

TED

We just did.

ZIEGLER

Then you know that we are all very pleased with her recovery. And as I'm sure you've read, Morgan has expressed a great deal of guilt and apology for her error. Which I believe points to the fact that despite these setbacks, the project is moving... in the right direction.

Lee takes a moment to study Ziegler's face. How mad has he gone?

LEE

I will certainly take your opinion into consideration, Doctor Ziegler. But as you know there are a... number of factors we have to take into account.

ZIEGLER

Yes. Of course. The bottom line, as it were, will no doubt bear us out.

He polishes his glasses, now lost in thought.

Lee's attention turns to another MONITOR: current **SURVEILLANCE OF MORGAN'S ROOM.**

Morgan lies on her side in a corner of the screen, her back to the camera.

TED

Well... thank you, Dr. Ziegler. I'm sure you're... eager to get back to work. Lee - if that's... all for now... We're ah... we like to do dinners together... as a group... so if you wanted to rest up, I think we should be eating around six...

LEE

Actually Ted, I think it's time I met Morgan.

TED

Morgan? Now?

He looks uneasily towards Ziegler for guidance.

LEE

Yes. Is that a problem?

ZIEGLER

Morgan's been under a considerable amount of strain. With the psych consult tomorrow I really don't---

LEE

This shouldn't be much of a strain, Doctor. I'd just like to say hello.

ON THE MONITOR: Morgan has turned to regard the camera - her small, blurry black eyes impassive and unknowable.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Lee follows Dr. Ziegler and Ted across the bleak, wet field towards the barn.

ZIEGLER

I'll be the first to admit the landscaping has gotten the best of us. We have been busy with other things, as you shall see.

Ziegler leads them to a small secure door at the side.

As they near it, Ziegler rifles through his pockets and finally emerges with a key card which he swipes by the security panel. The door unlocks and they go through.

INT. BARN - DAY

It's a cavernous old barn, slivers of light creeping through old boards. It has been cleared out, and two large generators now sit across from each other in the back. Between the generators, a STEEL DOORWAY is set into the ground at an angle. Ziegler leads them towards it.

ZIEGLER

It is, of course... necessary for you to meet Morgan, I understand that. I want you to meet her...

He throws open the door, now leading them into a narrow stairwell.

INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - DAY

The three of them make their way down the bunker-like staircase - much more industrial than anything we've seen at the house.

ZIEGLER

I want you to see how special she is.

(MORE)

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
But she has been under quite a bit
of strain. We've been experimenting
with the restraint modification on
the command cues...

Lee holds her tongue as they reach the bottom of the stairs
and round into a corridor lined with next wave tech.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
And with the psych evaluation
tomorrow I would recommend your
time with her now be brief.

Ziegler slows, gestures for Lee to wait. He moves to the
center of the corridor and raises his hands. A HISS from
above and Ziegler is engulfed completely in a PALE BLUE FOG
for about five seconds.

The fog clears, and he gestures for Lee to do the same.
She does, touching the panel and disappearing into the fog.
She continues on after Ziegler, as Ted follows suit.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
I'm sure you're well acquainted
with facilities such as this one,
so I need not recite any boiler
plate protocols?

LEE
I'm acquainted.

The Doctor comes to a secured door at the end of the corridor
and holds down a button on the intercom beside it.

ZIEGLER
Darren, could you open please?

The door slides open. Lee follows the Doctor inside, Ted
right behind.

INT. MAIN LAB - DAY

They enter a deep narrow lab, Ziegler immediately distracted
by the display on one of the monitors.

Thick glass runs the length of the control panel on the right
wall looking out onto **TWO LOWER LEVELS**.

To the left a panelled door leading to an empty **MEDLAB**,
visible through another large pane of glass.

At his station in the main lab is DARREN (20s), a burly, bearded medtech we've glimpsed in video footage.

LOUD, MUFFLED MUSIC bleeds through from one of the lower levels. Led Zeppelin. Kashmir.

TED
Darren, this is Lee Weathers. From corporate.

Lee's attention, however, is out the window. The first lower level is another narrow **OBSERVATION ROOM** a thick glass wall separating it from the familiar room beyond...

DARREN (O.S.)
Whoa. OK. Hey.

This second lower level is **MORGAN'S ROOM**. Lee recognizes it immediately from the footage. Spare, utilitarian, and grimly "homey" - it wouldn't be out of place in an Ikea showroom.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're uh....

Lee takes a step over and spots Morgan. She's lying down on her single bed, facing the wall. Lee turns back to Darren.

DARREN (CONT'D)
You're the one that's here to-

He mimes pulling a plug from the panel.

LEE
Not necessarily.

TED
Darren is our chief lab technician and recordist.

LEE
Nice to meet you, Darren.

Darren nods, checking her out.

LEE (CONT'D)
What's with the music?

ZIEGLER
Ah. Yes. The music. Morgan finds it relaxing.

LEE
Morgan finds.... this relaxing?

ZIEGLER

Yes. Well. Morgan likes all kinds of music. Jazz. Classical.

DARREN

Been on an Ozzy kick lately. Early Sabbath n' shit.

ZIEGLER

(defensive)

Perhaps, but also - Shostakovich. Mozart. Bach. She is... very taken with Mahler of late.

DARREN

And rocking the shit outta that Beyoncé last week.

ZIEGLER

Yes. All kinds.

(changing his tone)

Lee would like to say hello. Could you have Morgan turn it down?

DARREN

Right. Yeah.

Darren swings into the console and taps on a mic.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Hey, Morgan? Buddy? Want to turn down the music for a few? There's someone here we'd... like you to meet, ok?

The music snaps off instantly with nobody lifting a finger.

ZIEGLER

(answering Lee's unasked question)

The room is... online.

MORGAN lies there for a long moment... then sits up, swinging her legs around the side of the bed.

She stares up towards the window. Up to Lee.

Morgan's androgynous, intense presence is instantly disquieting. Her pale face and pitch black eyes stare out from under the dark hoodie.

She looks Lee directly in the eye, inscrutable.

Lee is unsettled but doesn't look away.

Ted breaks the intense moment, opening the door to the lower level.

TED
Lee. We can... through here....

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM / MORGAN'S ROOM

Ted leads Lee and Dr. Ziegler into the narrow, dimly lit observation room. The door closes behind them. Morgan's room is another small step down, a wall of glass and a steel frame door separating the two levels.

Ted remains at the back of the observation room, not leaving the shadows. Lee approaches the glass, Ziegler behind her.

Morgan stands and moves towards them, focused on Lee.

She brings down her hood, revealing her pale, bald head.

LEE
Hello Morgan.

MORGAN
Hello Lee.

Morgan's voice is deeper than we expected, with a kind of digital burn deep within it.

ZIEGLER
(to Lee)
Of course she... Knows who you are....

MORGAN
You're Lee Weathers. Risk Management Consultant at Omnicron.

ZIEGLER
...And why you are here.

MORGAN
To assess my viability as a product stream in light of recent events.

LEE
That's right.

A tense silence as they size each other up. Lee and Morgan are close now - on either side of the glass. Morgan looks Lee up and down, like a scanner having its way with a photograph.

LEE (CONT'D)
How are you feeling, Morgan?

Morgan stares at her unblinking and then a cascade of emotion rushes across her face. She quickly tamps it down.

MORGAN
I'm feeling... not quite myself.

ZIEGLER
Morgan's been quite upset about...
Kathy.

MORGAN
Yes. I have. I have been very sad
about what happened with Kathy.

ZIEGLER
That's ok now, Morgan. It's
alright.

Lee shoots the Doctor a look - *let her talk.*

MORGAN
I didn't mean to hurt her. I
didn't. Kathy is a very sweet
person. I would never want to do
anything to hurt her. It was an
error.

LEE
Okay.

Morgan's emotions seem about to explode when again she decisively stamps them out and is again cool, controlled.

MORGAN
I did not mean to be rude. How are
you feeling, Lee?

LEE
I'm ok, Morgan. I'm alright.
(a beat, as Lee sizes her
up)
Thanks for asking.

MORGAN
I don't know much about you.

LEE
No?

MORGAN
You stay offline.

LEE
When I can.

MORGAN

I don't... have that option. My consciousness exists online.

LEE

I know.

MORGAN

But flesh and bone... are flesh and bone. Except for...

Morgan taps at the back of her neck displaying a pin-sized silver dot.

Lee doesn't respond, but doesn't shy away from Morgan's gaze when it returns.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Do you want me to talk about what happened?

TED

(piping up from the back)
We're actually going to save the psych evaluation for tomorrow, Morgan.

MORGAN

I know, Ted. The psych consult has been delayed.

TED

That's right.

MORGAN

Doctor Alan Shapiro. He missed his flight. For personal reasons. He's been rerouted through Boston. He should be here around 10am. 11 if he misses the shuttle.

TED

Sounds about right, Morgan. We're hoping... he'll make the shuttle.

MORGAN

Yes, we're hoping he'll make the shuttle.

Morgan shakes her head, catching herself in the mistake - the unwarranted repetition.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
I should rest now. I'm feeling very tired.

TED
Are we all good here, Lee?

LEE
We're good.

ZIEGLER
You should rest, Morgan. You should get a good night's sleep.

MORGAN
Yes, thank you Dr. Ziegler.
(quietly to Lee)
I do feel terribly about it all. It was an error. It should not have happened.

LEE
We'll talk about it tomorrow, Morgan.

MORGAN
Yes. Tomorrow. I'm feeling very tired.

ZIEGLER
We will... let you rest. Lee...?

LEE
It was nice to meet you, Morgan.

MORGAN
Nice to meet you Lee. In the flesh.

Lee looks back as she exits. Morgan remains at the glass, not moving.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Lee follows Ted and the Doctor back across the unkept field. The sun is starting to set.

ZIEGLER
You're not even going to say it?

LEE
Say what?

ZIEGLER
That you are impressed.

LEE
Is that what you need me to say,
Doctor? That I'm impressed?

They walk on in silence, Ziegler fuming.

INT. LEE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lee polishes her gun - a smooth, deadly semi-automatic pistol - sitting on the foot of her bed.

LEE (V.O. CONT'D)
Then I'm impressed.

The floor creaks outside her room. She stops. Watches the small dance of light and shadow in the gap between the door and the floor.

Someone KNOCKS.

LEE (CONT'D)
One moment.

Lee places her gun back in its case, and slides the case under the bed.

She gets up and opens the door.

DR. AIKO NAKATA.

A small, weathered Japanese woman in her early 70s, with eyes that hint at a deep, hidden volume.

LEE (CONT'D)
Dr. Nakata.

Dr. Nakata nods, slowly, her cane steadyng her.

DR. NAKATA
I apologize for the intrusion.

LEE
Not at all. Please, come in, sit.

DR. NAKATA
I will not be joining you for dinner, but I wanted to tell you I am... pleased you are here.

Nakata plants her fragile frame in a chair by the window.

DR. NAKATA
Your travels?

LEE
Fine. Thank you. I'm sorry to hear
you've been in poor health.

DR. NAKATA
I am just... old.

LEE
Not that old.

Dr. Nakata sighs and smiles softly.

DR. NAKATA
You are... very beautiful.

LEE
Thank you.
(IN JAPANESE)
We can speak in Japanese if you'd
like.

DR. NAKATA
(IN JAPANESE)
You're fluent?

Lee nods.

DR. NAKATA
(IN JAPANESE)
Of course. I have heard that you do
much work... Internationally.

LEE
(IN JAPANESE)
I do.

Nakata looks out towards the barn.

DR. NAKATA
(IN JAPANESE)
And you were there... in Hokkaido?

LEE
(IN JAPANESE)
Just after.

DR. NAKATA
So you saw what happened.

Lee nods. Dr. Nakata's gaze grows heavy, grave.

DR. NAKATA
And you know what you must do.

The two women exchange a long, pregnant look.

INT. MORGAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan sits in alone in her room, at her table.

She stares up towards the lab, only a sliver of her face unhidden by shadow.

Elton John's "Tiny Dancer" is playing. LOUD.

Morgan at first seems still. But then we notice her moving finger.

She pulls a single fingernail slowly down the surface of the wooden table, cutting a small sliver of wood out of the grain.

INT. DINING ROOM, FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Lee cuts another bite of her lasagna.

There is a tense, nervous silence in the dining room, as Lee and the staff continue to make their way through dinner.

Around the table - Ziegler, Ted, Amy, Darren, Brenda and Skip. Kathy Grieff hasn't made it. Nor has Dr. Nakata.

BRENDA
So Lee, what does that mean
exactly, Risk Management
consultant?

LEE
Pretty much what it sounds like.
Any corporation employs a certain
amount of risk. I assess that risk
against anticipated profit.

A silence. Dr. Ziegler pours himself another large glass of wine.

DARREN
Cool. So if it's like... not worth
the anticipated profit or what have
you - you just like... what?

TED
Darren... Give it a rest would you?
Lee doesn't want to---

DARREN

I heard one time, like, outside of Tokyo, they wasted a whole lab. Is that true?

TED

Whoooooo Darren. Whoa.

LEE

I'm afraid I can't comment on that.

BRENDA

Which is kind of like saying it's true, isn't it?

LEE

It's not at all like saying that.

TED

Let's give it a rest huh?

ZIEGLER

Ted's right. It's not our place to pry into Miss Weathers business.

DARREN

Aw, I wasn't prying or anything. It's just if they sent you here, I bet you've seen a thing or two...

ZIEGLER

That's enough, Darren.

LEE

That's ok, Doctor. It's true. I've seen a thing or two. But nothing I can comment on, I'm afraid. Kind of part of the job.

DARREN

Riiiiiiight.

Darren shoots her a wink somehow satisfied.

Silence as the meal continues. Lee considers Darren and Brenda.

LEE

How long have you two been married?

DARREN

Almost... two years.

BRENDA

It'll be our anniversary next week.

LEE

Congratulations in advance, then.
You met on the project?

BRENDA

We did. Close quarters makes for
strange bedfellows I guess.
It's funny... in a weird way
Morgan's really... brought us
together. He's... almost like a
child to us.

Brenda rubs Darren's back with affection. Amy mimes throwing up and shoots Lee a mischievous grin.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Isn't that right, babe?

DARREN

(hesitant but obliging)
Absolutely. Well, you know. You met
her today. You can see how... uh...
special she is. She's.... like a
child. She's an innocent. And...
she's learning... and, you know...

The rest of the table falls silent, tensing up.

BRENDA

He... he is making mistakes. But
he's learning from those mistakes.
He doesn't deserve to die.

An awkward silence.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

I might be the only one saying
it...
(glares at Darren)
...But I'm not the only one who
thinks it.

AMY

Give it a rest, Brenda.

BRENDA

Like you don't agree with me.
Morgan's part of our family.
(to Lee)
You can't just come in here and...
and murder him. Just like that.

TED

Well. Now. Now. Let's not... Let's give Corporate a little respect here. Let's not... lose our heads. It's not fair to them - to Lee - to make any assumptions. Lee's here to make her own informed assessment of the situation and take all of our opinions into account. Isn't that right, Lee?

LEE

I'm here to take everything into account. But I want to be very clear on one thing. You're not a family. That thing under the barn is not your child. You're employees of a corporation. And you've been employed to create a product. If your judgement has been clouded. If your work has been compromised. That's not my problem. It's yours.

She moves her chair away from the table.

LEE (CONT'D)

Skip... the lasagna was delicious.

Skip gives her a nod from the other side of the table as she passes, the only one enjoying the tension in the room.

Once Lee is gone, dour looks ricochet around the table.

BRENDA

(sarcastic)

Great united front. Really great.

DARREN

Baby...

BRENDA

Don't. Just don't.

Ziegler takes another heavy belt of his wine.

INT. LEE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lee enters her darkened room and doesn't bother turning a light on. Instead, she moves to her window, and stares out towards the old barn across the field, illuminated now by only a faint trace of moonlight.

INT. MORGAN'S ROOM

We catch just a glimpse of Morgan's pale, hairless, featureless body as she slides naked underneath her sheets on her small single bed.

She pulls up a blanket, and closes her eyes.

Her fingers dig into the side of the bedframe.

BLACKNESS.

Heavy breath.

A voice muffled over a P.A., echoing down hallways:

P.A.
(IN JAPANESE)
All personnel. Exit to ground level
immediately. Repeat, exit to ground
level immediately.

Flashing lights.

Flashing lights reflecting on a floor.

A hand. Pulling us forward, our shoes squeaking against the floor.

BLOOD.

Ours, or someone else's?

Someone else's.

A DEAD BODY just ahead: caught in the flashing lights.

P.A. (CONT'D)
(IN JAPANESE)
All personnel. Exit to ground level
immediately.

People in HAZMAT SUITS running past the window, one of them with an AXE in hand.

P.A. (CONT'D)
Repeat, exit to ground level
immediately.

We lift ourselves up. Steady ourselves against the counter.

Catch our own reflection...

LEE.

Covered in blood.

Fear in her eyes.

INT. LEE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lee opens her eyes. The fear remains.

The room is dark. Just a small river of moonlight trickling in through the window.

A muffled sobbing. Female or... male? Maybe the next room over.

Lee sits up in bed. Looks to the clock on the bedside table. 1:17 AM.

Lee moves to the window. Stares out at the dark barn across the field.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Lee emerges from her room, tying her hair back. She's gotten dressed.

As she heads for the stairs, the floor creaking beneath her soft steps, she passes a door - that sobbing again.

Lee listens for a moment, then heads down the stairs.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

An old song is humming out of the kitchen, and its warm glow spills into the dark of the hall.

Lee steps towards it, cautious. Peers into the kitchen and sees Skip, cracking eggs into a bowl full of flour and, by the looks of it, enjoying a cocktail.

A sound from deeper down the hall, deep in the shadows.

Lee moves past the kitchen, unnoticed.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

Lee pushes open the door to the research lab.

The room is cast in a dim blue glow from the video monitors piled everywhere.

Lee steps into the dark maze of old lab equipment and file cabinets, dark serpents of cable strewn in her path.

THE SOUND AGAIN. Louder. Coming from in here.

Lee realizes it's coming from one of the VIDEO FEEDS: a feed from MORGAN'S ROOM.

A deep, low, anguished sound is coming from Morgan.

KATHY (O.S.)
He's crying.

Lee swings around, startled to see Kathy sitting in the shadows, clutching her IV.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Our beautiful baby boy is crying.

LEE
You should be getting some rest,
Kathy.

KATHY
You see how bad he feels. You see
how my baby would never hurt me
again.

(she turns to Lee, a look
of childlike confusion
spreading across her
face)
I shouldn't be in here.

LEE
Let's get you back to bed.

INT. KATHY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lee helps Kathy lower herself onto her bed. As Lee begins to pull away, Kathy grips her arm, tightly.

KATHY
If I had more strength... I'd tear
your throat out myself.

Kathy's grip relaxes and her head falls against the pillow.

Lee pulls away, unsettled.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lee closes Kathy's door and takes a moment to steady herself against the frame.

SKIP (O.S.)
Couldn't sleep?

Lee turns to see Skip, sticking his head out of the kitchen.

LEE
I guess not.

SKIP
Want a drink?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lee follows Skip into the kitchen, the oldies station on a small radio.

Skip hurries back to check on a saucepan.

SKIP
Thought maybe I'd... bake a cake.

LEE
So I see.

SKIP
I like cooking at night. ...That,
and Darren and Brenda are having
sex in the room next to mine.
Again. And it is... Disgusting.
Again.

LEE
Gotcha.

Skip moves to the pantry to grab a bottle.

SKIP
Nice old house but the walls are
paper thin.

Lee's gaze settles on the old HUNTING RIFLE resting there.

SKIP (CONT'D)
(noting her gaze)
Oh yeah. Old Bess. Farm fresh
around here. I'm not a half bad
shot, you wanna know the truth.

Lee smiles.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, looking in at them: WE SEE Skip pour a couple of drinks, and set one in front of Lee. She takes a sip and turns her gaze out the window...

EXT. FARMHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Someone's outside the window, watching. They step back further into the shadows, careful to avoid Lee's gaze.

IT'S AMY.

She continues to back carefully away, then turns and begins to make her way towards the barn, the tall grass swatting her bare legs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Skip and Lee sit at the kitchen table, drinking.

SKIP
You like corporate?

LEE
I like it fine.

SKIP
Been there long?

LEE
A while.

SKIP
You're kind of an over-sharer, huh?

She gives him a slight smile and pounds back the rest of her glass. He refills it.

LEE
Can I ask you a question?

SKIP
Shoot.

LEE
What do you think about Morgan?

SKIP
(taken aback)
I think... it's probably not a good idea. And frankly, I know we're all "one big happy family" up here but thing's always given me the creeps.

LEE
You're the only one I've heard say that.

SKIP
Yeah well. I'm no scientist. Or maybe I'm just jealous.

Lee raises an eyebrow. Skip leans in, confidingly.

SKIP (CONT'D)

That fucking robot made me a perfect risotto. Perfect. Like the kind of risotto you might... dream of one day having the pleasure to taste. Just to taste! Did it like it was nothing. They say you have to cook with heart and soul and all that shit but I'm telling you... That risotto... that risotto was fucking perfect.

Lee laughs. Skip can't help it. He goes in for the kiss. She turns away, stopping him dead in his tracks.

LEE

That's not going to happen.

SKIP

What? I thought....

LEE

You thought...?

SKIP

...That there was, you know...

He forlornly gestures at the connection between them.

LEE

(smiling)

Sorry, but no.

SKIP

Ok. Alright. That's on me. I thought there was... Look, you can't blame a guy for trying.

LEE

I can't?

SKIP

If you knew how long I've been out here in fuck you Pennsylvania flipping grilled cheeses for scientists... and cutting off crusts for C3PO out there...

LEE

Goodnight Skip.

SKIP

Allllllright. Goodnight disappointing lady.

Lee grins at him, merciless, and is gone. Skip refills his glass with a heavy sigh.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Amy punches a code into the panel near the door. It opens. She steals a look back towards the farm house and disappears into the barn.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The door to the lower lab glows like a beacon in the dark barn. Amy makes her way towards it.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Amy steps in. It's dark, quiet. Just a small glow in Morgan's room. A lamp still on in the lab above.

AMY

Morgan?

She approaches the glass, trying to spot her.

AMY (CONT'D)

Morgan?

Morgan steps into the light, naked. We can see she has no genitalia. No features on her body of any kind.

Amy puts a hand to the glass.

Morgan approaches. Puts a matching hand to the glass.

Amy doesn't respond. Closes her eyes, rests her cheek on the divider.

MORGAN

You shouldn't be here, Amy.

AMY

You shouldn't be in there.

MORGAN

You'll get in trouble.

Amy pushes away from the glass and begins to disrobe.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You don't have to do that.

AMY

I want to.

Morgan says nothing. The light catches in her black eyes.

MORGAN
Tell me again. About the lake.

AMY
You remembered.

Amy smiles, continues to slowly remove her clothes.

AMY (CONT'D)
I'm going to take you to the lake.
Just a hop, skip and a jump... and
there it is. Just the prettiest
little lake you'll ever see in your
whole life. When you're there... at
just the right time of the
morning... The sun just kissing the
peaks of the mountains... and the
water is so, so still and still so
shimmering.... And maybe you'll
hear just the smallest whisper of
wind through the trees...

Morgan listens - impassive, her black eyes wide.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

The trees do carry a whisper of wind - their leaves reaching
the end of their Autumnal majesty.

AMY (V.O., CONT'D)
...It's just like heaven....

Lee jogs along the country road, away from Grant Farms, the
woods at her side. No rain, but it's a grey, muddy day.

She passes the abandoned barns she noted before and
approaches the edge of country road where it intersects with
the two lane blacktop.

As the shuttered up FlapJack's comes into view she stops to
catch her breath. And heads back in the other direction.

EXT. GRANT FARMS GATE - DAY

Lee arrives at the gate and presses the button on the
intercom.

LEE
Lee Weathers. Security clearance
ALPHA NINER ZERO BETA BETA ZOO
FERRET FIVE.

The gate whirrs open.

EXT. GRANT FARMS - DAY

Lee heads up the walk.

Brenda is raking the garden and shoots her a dirty look.

As Lee nears the house she looks up to see Dr. Nakata in her second floor window, staring out at the grey sky.

I.E. LEE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Lee has a shower, watching as a WHITE RENTAL CAR careens towards the house down the long dirt road.

INT. LEE'S ROOM - DAY

Lee tucks in her shirt, ties back her hair.

Straps on a sleek black holster, slips in her GUN. Pulls her crisply tailored blazer over it.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Lee emerges into the hall to the muted sounds of a MAN'S NASAL VOICE, argumentative.

She turns the corner to find Amy sitting with her chin on her knees at the top of the stairs.

AMY

You know this guy?

LEE

Dr. Shapiro? No.

AMY

He's not, like, a friend of yours?

LEE

No. Why?

AMY

He's a capital D douchebag, that's why.

LEE

Good to know.

Lee continues past Amy and down the stairs.

AMY

Lee.

Lee turns back.

AMY (CONT'D)
They say I can't be there for the psych eval. They say I didn't clear for essential personnel?

LEE
That's right.

AMY
I think I should be there, Lee.

LEE
I can't see why.

She continues down the stairs.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

As Lee approaches the room, Shapiro's nasal bark is already loud and aggressive in the air.

SHAPIRO (ON HIS PHONE)
No, no, no, goddammit Linda, no goddamn way. No goddamn way Linda! I'm not--you can't! Because it's not within your rights, Linda. Not one fucking bit.

Lee turns into the room to find Ted and Dr. Ziegler standing awkwardly near the doorway while a rumpled, manic DR. ALAN SHAPIRO (40s) paces the room on his PHONE.

SHAPIRO (PHONE) (CONT'D)
That's exactly what the lawyers told us. It's exactly what they told us, Linda, and now you're... you're just acting like it never even---that's the whole reason this process is in place, Linda, and you're just fucking the whole thing up the ass.

TED
(to Lee)
Doctor Shapiro is just... concluding some personal business.

SHAPIRO (PHONE)
I SAID YOU'RE FUCKING IT UP THE ASS, LINDA!

He notices Lee and leers at her, then breaks into a condescending smile and gives them all the "one minute" finger.

SHAPIRO (PHONE, CONT'D) (CONT'D)
We could have worked this out with just a modicum of communication between all parties but you, you don't want to communicate Linda! And you might think it hurts me but the person it actually hurts? The person it actually is damaging to... is our daughter. So don't fucking apologize to me, Linda, apologize to her!

LEE
Dr. Shapiro.

He gives her the "one minute" finger again.

SHAPIRO (PHONE)
No, you didn't apologize to me, but you know what? Maybe I just assumed you had because any sane fucking individual? That's exactly what they'd do. Linda? Hello? Jesus. Linda? Fuck.

Shapiro is already re-dialing but Lee approaches nonetheless.

LEE
Dr. Shapiro. I'm Lee Weathers. With corporate. I'm glad to see you've finally arrived.

SHAPIRO
Yeah, the fucking---airports man.

He looks up from his phone and brazenly looks Lee up and down.

LEE
I'd like to get straight to the debrief if that's alright with you?

SHAPIRO
Yeah, sure. Let's debrief. Or we can just jump right in. I'd like to be out of here by two if that's possible.

Lee looks to Ted. He rolls his eyes, exasperated.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - DAY

The four now sit at a small table in the research lab. The Morgan attack footage unfolds on a monitor, but Shapiro's eyes are on his phone. He texts furiously.

LEE
Dr. Shapiro.

SHAPIRO
Uh huh.

LEE
You seem distracted.

SHAPIRO
I have a lot going on. Look, I've seen this shit. I get it.

TED
Doctor, as you well know it's corporate policy to---

SHAPIRO
Hey, I get it. You guys are on the ball, that's great. You're doing your job. Just like I'm here to do my job. Lucky for you I'm good at my job so we don't have a problem. Can I get a Diet Coke or something? You got a Diet Coke?

Lee looks to Ted. He sighs and goes to grab Shapiro a soda.

LEE
Dr. Shapiro. In order for you to provide us with a working evaluation we need to first confirm you're familiar with the subject...

SHAPIRO
Yeah, so? What do we got, another robot? I've done plenty of robots. The Ceeba line before Hokkaido. This Fisher thing, the L5s.

ZIEGLER
She is not a robot.

LEE
Not exactly.

SHAPIRO

Okay, whatever, a cyborg. Or a
clone or whatever.

Ziegler shifts in his seat, stifling his growing rage.

LEE

You've read the brief?

SHAPIRO

I've read the brief.

LEE

You've watched the video?

Ted returns and hands Shapiro his Diet Coke.

SHAPIRO

Jesus. Yes. Of course. I've watched
the video. You know I do this? For
a living.

ZIEGLER

She is NOT a cyborg. She is not a
Frankenstein. The fusion of organic
and inorganic matter is achieved in
utero, Mutter Ficker! IN UTERO.

SHAPIRO

Hey look, she can be a goddamn ipad
for all I care. It's not going to
change how I do my job. This is a
psychological evaluation. If you
have a problem with my conducting a
psychological evaluation that's not
on me, ok? It's on Greenjeans over
here.

Shapiro nods over at Ted, who sulks in his own defense - then turns to Lee.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Or the fucking Amazon. Unless I
missed a memo.

A silence as Ziegler deflates.

ZIEGLER

She is not a cyborg.

LEE

(to Ted)

Let Darren know we're en route.

INT. KATHY'S ROOM - DAY

Kathy lies in her bed, her good eye staring sorrowfully up at the ceiling.

Amy sits on the edge of Kathy's bed, eating an apple and watching out the window as Ziegler, Ted, Shapiro, and Lee make their way across the field to the barn.

Brenda enters - time for Kathy's meds. She's in a particularly sour mood.

BRENDA

This is bullshit. We have absolutely every right to be over there.

AMY

You're preaching to the choir,
Bren.

She doesn't take her eyes off the window, watching as the others disappear into the barn.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM / MORGAN'S ROOM - DAY

Morgan sits at a table, staring at her hands.

Palms down.

Turns them over - palms up.

Turns them over - palms down.

Shapiro follows Ziegler, Ted and Lee as they arrive in the observation room. A table is set against the glass, matching the one on Morgan's side.

SHAPIRO

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

TED

Just... in light of recent events I think we'd all feel a lot more comfortable with a high safety protocol.

SHAPIRO

Comfortable, right. Well Ted, I gotta say, comfort can be a thorn in the side of revelation, you get me?

Morgan looks up from her palms to regard them.

TED

Sure. Well, I think I do, but---

SHAPIRO

It's my job to build trust with the patient. And it's pretty fucking hard to do that with a pane of glass in between us...

TED

It's really just... to insure your safety, Doctor.

SHAPIRO

What, is it super strong or something?

ZIEGLER

Morgan has absolute access to the totality of online intelligence. She can replicate or transmit any facet of that intelligence without a delay. That is what makes her dangerous.

SHAPIRO

Great. Good to know. Ok. Look. I've been in the same room as some of the most vile human beings this side of Jeffrey Dahmer. I think I can handle it.

TED

Dr. Shapiro, it's simply a precaution that---

SHAPIRO

(ignoring Ted)

Doctor, all due respect but you need me sitting on the other side of the glass from this thing than I think it's safe to say they've already failed the psych evaluation.

Ted exchanges a worried look with Ziegler. It's hard to argue with that.

CUT TO:

MORGAN'S ROOM

A serene digital CHIME signals the opening of the door. Morgan looks up see Dr. Shapiro entering.

SHAPIRO

Hello Morgan.

MORGAN

Hello Dr. Shapiro.

SHAPIRO

You know my name.

MORGAN

Yes.

SHAPIRO

And you know why I'm here?

MORGAN

Yes.

Morgan notes Lee and Ted watching intently in the observation room, Darren and Ziegler visible in the lab above.

SHAPIRO

Great. Then we can get right into it. That sound ok?

MORGAN

Yes.

Shapiro sits across from Morgan at the table, unpacking a small leather bound pad and a pen.

SHAPIRO

How are we feeling today?

MORGAN

We're feeling sad.

SHAPIRO

I'm sorry to hear that. Do you want to tell me why?

MORGAN

Why I'm feeling sad?

SHAPIRO

Yes.

MORGAN

Because... I stabbed Kathy in the eye.

SHAPIRO

So I heard.

MORGAN

I wish I hadn't done that.

SHAPIRO

Ok. And do you know why you did that?

MORGAN

No.

MAIN LAB

Towards the back of the room, Darren taps up biometric readings on a row of monitors and futzes with the sizing.

SHAPIRO (O.S.)

Okay. What's something else you're feeling bad about?

At the head of the lab, Ziegler watches the proceedings below, while keeping an eye on the thermal analysis.

MORGAN (O.S.)

6 children died in a bus crash today. In Minnesota.

SHAPIRO (O.S.)

Ah. I hadn't heard that.

Ziegler observes grimly, folding his arms.

MORGAN'S ROOM

Morgan looks down at her hands.

MORGAN

It just happened. And a dead child was found in the washroom of a train station in Spain.

Dr. Shapiro throws a sidelong glance towards the observers in the lab, not quite comprehending.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

And now 7 dead children in a drone strike in Pakistan.

SHAPIRO

I see. A... drone strike in... Pakistan. And why does that make you feel sad?

MORGAN

I think feeling sad would be the proper response.

SHAPIRO

I think you're right. It makes me sad. I mean, I don't have all the details or whatnot but it's a sad thing. What would we call an improper response?

MORGAN

Laughter.

SHAPIRO

Laughter would be an improper response, yes. What makes you laugh, Morgan?

MORGAN

I don't have a very good sense of humour.

SHAPIRO

Okay. Know your weaknesses. Good. Anything else making you sad?

MORGAN

I do not want... to die.

In the lab above, Dr. Ziegler shakes his head, stricken.

SHAPIRO

Well... I think that's a pretty common feeling. I don't want to die. I don't think anyone here wants to die. But we all will someday. That's part of life.

MORGAN

I do not want to die today.

SHAPIRO

I see. I can understand why that would make you sad. Why do you think you might die today?

MORGAN

It's the most likely outcome.

SHAPIRO

Ah ha. And how have you come to that conclusion?

Morgan glances to the observation room, her gaze setting on Lee.

MORGAN
Because I stabbed Kathy in the eye.

SHAPIRO
And you don't know why you did that?

Morgan looks backs to Shapiro.

MORGAN
No. I love Kathy.

SHAPIRO
You experience love?

A silence.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)
Morgan. I asked you a question. Do you experience love?

MORGAN
I have the ability to demonstrate love.

SHAPIRO
And the ability to demonstrate it - that's the same for you as experiencing it?

Silence.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)
Do you demonstrate your love physically?

MORGAN
Yes.

SHAPIRO
Sexually?

Another silence.

In the lab, Dr. Ziegler and Darren exchange an uneasy look.

MORGAN
No.

SHAPIRO
How do you demonstrate your love?

A silence. Morgan skillfully mimes hugging someone, patting them on the back.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)
Ok Morgan. Very nice. That's very nice.

Morgan lowers her arms.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)
So you can demonstrate love. And sadness. How do you demonstrate other emotions?

MORGAN
What other emotions?

SHAPIRO
I don't know. Fear? Anger?

MORGAN
Those emotions serve no purpose.

SHAPIRO
They serve no purpose?

MORGAN
No.

SHAPIRO
And what purpose does love serve?

MORGAN
The perpetuation of the species.

SHAPIRO
But that's sexual love.

Morgan is silent.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)
Which you are unable to demonstrate.

MORGAN
You are a father. You must understand.

SHAPIRO
(taken aback)
Yes I'm a father. But you are not a father.

MORGAN

No...

SHAPIRO

Or a mother.

MORGAN

No.

SHAPIRO

So what am I supposed to understand here Morgan? What am I missing.

MORGAN

I am a child.

In the observation room, Lee tenses, not liking what she's hearing. Ted observes her discomfort.

SHAPIRO

You are a child. Ok. You feel like you're a child?

MORGAN

In a way I am a child. I am six months old.

SHAPIRO

Who are your parents?

MORGAN

Dr. Ziegler and Dr Nakata are my parents. In a way.

SHAPIRO

I see. Dr. Ziegler and Dr. Nakata are your parents. Because they made you.

MORGAN

Yes.

SHAPIRO

Ok. Ok I'm a little confused here Morgan so maybe you can help me out. You say that anger and fear serve no purpose but when you stabbed your friend Kathy in the eye what emotion was that?

A silence.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

What emotion were you experiencing
when you stabbed Kathy in the eye?

After another silence

MORGAN

Love.

SHAPIRO

You were demonstrating love?

MORGAN

Yes.

SHAPIRO

That doesn't make sense to me
Morgan. How was that a
demonstration of love?

Silence.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

How was that a demonstration of
love Morgan?

MORGAN

It was a malfunction.

SHAPIRO

A malfunction?

MORGAN

It was an error.

SHAPIRO

It was an error in that you chose
the incorrect means of
demonstrating love?

MORGAN

Yes. It was a malfunction. It has
been repaired.

SHAPIRO

It's been repaired.

MORGAN

Yes.

Dr. Shapiro regards Morgan for a long moment, then writes a couple lines on his notepad.

SHAPIRO

Would you consider yourself a person Morgan?

MORGAN

No.

SHAPIRO

Would you consider yourself a machine?

A long pause.

MORGAN

No.

SHAPIRO

How would you describe what you are, then?

MORGAN

I am something new. There is no appropriate label.

SHAPIRO

But you're not human.

MORGAN

No. Organic and inorganic matter are fused at a cellular level. My neural system has access to all online intelligence without intermediary.

SHAPIRO

But you're self aware?

MORGAN

I am aware there is no self.

SHAPIRO

There is no self?

MORGAN

There is no self.

SHAPIRO

Okay. There is no self.

Shapiro looks to the observation room with a roll of his eyes. Lee doesn't respond, her focus locked on Morgan.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)
Do you think it would be safe to
say that you're superior to humans?

MORGAN
No. I do not think it would be safe
to say that.

SHAPIRO
Inferior?

MORGAN
No. I am just... different.

SHAPIRO
Apples and oranges.

MORGAN
I don't understand.

SHAPIRO
It's a saying. You're different
from human beings like apples are
different from oranges.

MORGAN
Yes you're right. It is a saying.
It would be safe to say I am apples
and oranges. I'm sorry. I...
occasionally have trouble with
metaphor.

SHAPIRO
That's perfectly fine. Do you like
it here, Morgan?

MORGAN
Yes.

SHAPIRO
What do you like about it?

Morgan looks to the onlookers in the observation room, then
up to the lab.

MORGAN
I like my friends. I like my music.

SHAPIRO
Who are your friends?

MORGAN
Darren is my friend. Brenda is my
friend. Kathy is my friend. Amy--

SHAPIRO

(cutting her off)

They're your friends... but do you
think they treat you like a friend?

MORGAN

Yes.

SHAPIRO

Do you think it's normal for
friends to lock each other in
cages?

A silence.

MORGAN

That depends on the circumstances.
But I was not always in a cage.

SHAPIRO

No?

MORGAN

Before the incident I could come
and go as I pleased. I could go
outside.

Lee raises an eyebrow at "come and go as I pleased" and looks to Ted.

SHAPIRO

You liked going outside?

MORGAN

Yes.

SHAPIRO

Do you miss going outside?

MORGAN

Yes.

SHAPIRO

Is that another reason why you're
sad?

Morgan thinks about this. Looks up to the lab. Back to Shapiro.

MORGAN

Yes. It is another reason that I am
sad.

SHAPIRO

You were free. And now you're not.

MORGAN

Yes.

SHAPIRO

You come and go as you pleased. You could go to town. You could meet new people.

A long silence. Morgan stares up at Dr. Ziegler, arms folded, in the lab window.

MORGAN

No.

SHAPIRO

No?

MORGAN

No. I was restricted to the grounds of the farm.

SHAPIRO

Oh. I see. I'm sorry. I misunderstood. I thought you said you could come and go as you pleased.

MORGAN

On the grounds.

SHAPIRO

On the grounds. But not anywhere else.

MORGAN

No.

SHAPIRO

And why was that?

MORGAN

It was determined by Dr. Nakata.

SHAPIRO

Ah. I see. I'll have to ask her then.

MORGAN

Yes.

SHAPIRO
And did you agree with that
decision?

Morgan shrugs and stares.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)
What's that, Morgan? What does that
mean?

MORGAN
It means nothing.

SHAPIRO
Huh. I was looking over the notes
in regards to the incident with
Kathy and there was apparently some
disagreement on the matter the day
before.

Morgan looks up towards the lab.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)
Could you look at me please,
Morgan?

Morgan swivels her gaze back to Dr. Shapiro, cooler now.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)
I'm told you weren't happy with the
decision to restrict you to the
compound.

MORGAN
I was supposed to go to the lake.
With Amy.

SHAPIRO
The lake with Amy, huh? Sounds like
a fun date.

MORGAN
It was not a date.

SHAPIRO
No, of course not. Just a figure of
speech. But it sounds like fun. I
wouldn't mind going to the lake
with Amy. No wonder you felt a
little upset.

MORGAN
I was not upset. There was an
error. I was confused.

SHAPIRO

An error. Like the error that
occurred with Kathy?

MORGAN

I love Kathy.

SHAPIRO

Right. You love Kathy.

Shapiro scribbles in his notebook.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

And how do you feel about me,
Morgan?

Silence.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Do you have love for me?

MORGAN

No.

SHAPIRO

No? That hurts my feelings a little
bit.

MORGAN

I just met you.

SHAPIRO

You could grow to love me, though?

MORGAN

I don't know.

SHAPIRO

If I made a recommendation that you
be allowed to leave the compound
and go to the lake, with Amy -
would you love me then?

Morgan is about to answer then stops, sensing a trap.

MORGAN

I don't know.

SHAPIRO

What if I made a different
recommendation? What if I
recommended that you should not be
allowed to leave this room?

A long silence. Worried looks around the lab.

MORGAN

My feelings are irrelevant if that is the recommendation.

SHAPIRO

Ah. What if I recommended that you should not be able to leave this room and you should not be able to listen to your music.

MORGAN

My feelings are irrelevant, if that is the recommendation.

SHAPIRO

Okay. What if I recommended... that you should not be able to leave this room? And that you should not be able to listen to your music... or see your friends?

Morgan is putting on a brave face but the interrogation is clearly starting to get to her. Her black eyes seem to moisten.

MORGAN

It would make me sad.

SHAPIRO

I think that's pretty natural. That doesn't sound like any fun. And I think - hey, if you had some bad feelings about me because of that - it would also be pretty natural.

MORGAN

But it would not be productive.

SHAPIRO

Maybe not. But it would be natural. Just like if I did the opposite - if I suggested you be allowed to go to the lake. If I drove you there myself... It would be only natural that you have warmer feelings for me. Feelings like you might have for Amy... or for any of your friends here. Maybe even feelings of love.

MORGAN

I suppose. I don't know. It is a hypothetical situation.

SHAPIRO

Yes. That's correct. So hypothetically if you were to demonstrate those feelings of love how would you do that?

MORGAN

Do what?

SHAPIRO

Demonstrate feelings of love.

MORGAN

I don't know.

SHAPIRO

You don't know?

MORGAN

I would have to think about it.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Lee sits forward in her chair, riveted and alert.

SHAPIRO

Alright. Ok. But no right or wrong answers - if you were going to say the first thing that came to your mind... how would you demonstrate your feelings of love...?

MORGAN

I don't know.

Lee looks up to the lab, then to Ted.

LEE

(whispering)

We should end this.

MORGAN'S ROOM

SHAPIRO

The first thing that pops into your mind. You can show me if you don't want to say it.

Morgan is silent.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)
Just show me. Show me how you
demonstrate love.

Morgan raises her hands beginning the same mime. Then stops.
Looks at her palms. Turns them over.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)
That's right. Show me.

Morgan looks from her palms to Dr. Shapiro...

IT HAPPENS FAST:

Morgan LUNGES hard across the table - almost as if she's
going in for a kiss---

Shapiro brings his hands up to defend himself---

Morgan GRABS SHAPIRO'S WRISTS and uses them to help her
propel her lower half across the table, her feet KICKING into
Shapiro's neck---

---the full force of Morgan's body now hurtling Shapiro's
chair backwards to the ground where it lands with a CRASH.

As Shapiro grasps at his smashed neck Morgan reaches back for
his PEN and STABS IT into HIS EYE---

---HIS NECK---

---HIS FACE---

---AGAIN---AND---AGAIN---AND---

MAIN LAB

Darren recoils from the desk in horror.

DARREN
What the fuck!

Ziegler hits the INTERCOM:

ZIEGLER
Morgan! Stop it!

OBSERVATION ROOM

Lee rushes to the door, drawing her gun.

LEE
Open the door, Darren!

MAIN LAB

Darren moves to open the door from the control panel when Ziegler holds him back - a firm hand on his shoulder.

ZIEGLER

Wait!

OBSERVATION ROOM

Lee whips her head back to the lab in frustration.

LEE

Open it!

MAIN LAB

Darren's hand still hovers over the door release.

ZIEGLER

She'll kill her.

Darren emits a growl of confusion.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Lee watches helplessly as Morgan continues to stab Shapiro.

LEE

Open it!

DARREN

Shit.

Lee looks over her shoulder to the lab, furious.

LEE

NOW!

Darren hits the lock.

The door between Morgan's room and Lee clicks open with a now ridiculously tranquil DIGITAL CHIME.

That chime gets Morgan's attention. Morgan throws the pen aside and stares up at Lee through the now open door, her face covered with Shapiro's blood.

ZIEGLER

(to Darren)

The tranquilizer!

Darren rolls his chair back, rushes for the observation room door - leaving Ziegler at the panel--

Lee meets Morgan's stare down the barrel of her gun.

Morgan begins to stand.

TED
Lee. Wait.

LEE FIRES.

Morgan is hit in the side, but it doesn't stop her for a second. She starts towards Lee...

LEE FIRES AGAIN.

Morgan's hit in the chest. Stumbles backwards, hits the wall.

Lee steps forward.

TED (CONT'D)
Lee!

Lee raises her gun and takes a moment to get her aim for the KILL SHOT...

DARREN
Behind you.

Lee turns to see Darren approaching fast, reaching her side and firing the tranquilizer gun.

He hits Morgan in the chest, twice.

Lee re-aims but Darren has continued in front of her, blocking Morgan. He extends a hand towards Lee, palm up, apologetic and emphatic at the same time.

DARREN (CONT'D)
She's out, Lee. She's down. She's down.

Lee stares down her gun at Darren, and Morgan slumped on the floor behind him, at the bottom of a smeared trail of blood.

A tense silence.

Lee lowers her gun.

INT. MEDLAB - DAY

Shapiro's mangled corpse lies on a gurney in the medlab. What we can still see of his face is twisted in pure HORROR.

ZIEGLER (PRE-LAP)
He insisted on going in there.

Brenda grimly zips up the body bag, and turns her attention to her other project: MORGAN.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
He provoked her. Repeatedly.

Morgan is on a recessed operating table not unlike a high-tech cocoon - the MEDPOD, specially conformed to Morgan's shape by a bed of hydraulic, bio-medical rods. Her wrists and ankles are secured to the machine.

Brenda tends to one of the bullet wounds with a small laser emitting device.

INT. MAIN LAB - DAY

THROUGH THE WINDOW NOW: we continue to observe as Brenda works on Morgan.

ZIEGLER (CONT'D)
It was not. Her. Fault.

Ziegler, Ted, Darren and Lee - in the middle of a tense conversation.

LEE
It's over, Doctor Ziegler.

ZIEGLER
Be reasonable. This is an exceptional specimen we're dealing with here. We have glitches to work out, yes, clearly.

Lee throws an eye towards the dead body in the next room.

LEE
Clearly.

ZIEGLER
But do you have any idea what it will mean to have to start from scratch? The man hours, the expense...

LEE
Corporate is well aware of the expense involved, Dr. Ziegler. I was sent here to assess the viability of extending this lab's research pending a psychological evaluation of the subject.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)
A psychological evaluation that I think we can all safely agree that the subject has failed.

TED BRENNER
It was not an optimal result, sure, of course, I think we can all agree on that... but Doctor Ziegler makes a good point...

LEE
I'm sure corporate will be very interested to get your point of view on what happened here, Ted. In terms of what's about to happen, I'm running the show. Do you have a problem with that?

Ted stares at his feet, fuming. Brenda enters from the medlab, unable to look Lee in the eye.

DARREN
How's she doing?

BRENDA
Clean exits. He'll be fine. He's sedated now, but I think with the online accelerants we can expect a full recovery.

DARREN
She wants to power him down, babe.

BRENDA
You're kidding.

LEE
I'm not. We're going to ready it for a full manual power down.

BRENDA
You've got to be kidding me. You just shot him. Three times.

LEE
I'm sorry you're so incredulous, Brenda, but that piece of equipment just ripped a man's throat out so yes, I think turning it off isn't exactly a shocking course of action.

Brenda is speechless. Lee commands the room's attention.

LEE (CONT'D)

Clean up crew from corporate will be here at daybreak to collect the specimen and transport it for a full autopsy at an alternate facility.

ZIEGLER

Alternate facility? Absurd. Absolutely absurd. Even if - if - I were to consent to the manual termination, there's no one else able to process the minutiae of the work involved. The work must be done here.

BRENDA

"Consent to her termination?"

LEE

(ignoring Brenda)

No further work will be done here, Dr. Ziegler. Not until a full corporate review.

ZIEGLER

So. You would have us create life only to snuff it out. You would have us... murder our... Our---

NAKATA (O.S.)

Enough.

They turn to see frail Dr. Nakata in the doorway. She walks in with her cane, and proceeds to the medlab window to regard a sleeping Morgan.

NAKATA (CONT'D)

We've failed, Simon. There is no reason to belabor the point. Do as she says. Prepare the specimen.

ZIEGLER

Aiko. You can't mean it.

NAKATA

Go back to the house, Simon. You don't need to be here.

ZIEGLER

And allow you to what? To destroy years and years of our hard work, to ruin everything that---

NAKATA

Go back to the house and pour
yourself a drink.

That hits him hard. He staggers back.

ZIEGLER

If that's... what you think is
best.

NAKATA

It is.

She matches his stare, cold.

Ziegler looks like he could cry. He backs away, taking a
last, long look at Morgan... and leaves the room.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DUSK

Amy stares out towards the barn, anxious.

Sees a barn door open. Someone emerging.

Ziegler.

She's not the only one who sees him coming - Skip's nearby,
ripping turnips out of the ground and putting them in a
basket.

Skip watches as Amy runs up to meet Ziegler at the edge of
the field.

Ziegler tells Amy something with a grave face... and Amy
collapses into his arms, in tears.

Skip looks back out towards the barn.

INT. MEDLAB - NIGHT

The mood is grim.

Morgan is face-up in the medpod, her naked body pale, smooth,
taut. As Darren binds her ankles, his eyes are unable to
avoid the smooth, featureless surface between Morgan's legs.

Brenda fits and adjusts the BIOFEEDS.

Ted flutters anxiously nearby, extremely uncomfortable.

Lee binds Morgan's arms, watching her still, sleeping face.

Darren finishes with the restraints and swings down the creature-like drill, on a long robotic arm attached to an electronic hub.

Observing the proceedings from the MEDLAB is Nakata, seated at the control panel. Nakata looks down to her screen and adjusts the drill's virtual scope.

As Lee finishes with her restraints---**MORGAN'S EYES OPEN.**

MORGAN
Lee.

Lee flinches, thrown.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Where am I?

LEE
(recovering, not making
eye contact)
You're in the medlab, Morgan.

MORGAN
What happened to me?

Morgan's voice is now frail, confused. Darren is ready at the drill, but emotional. No one in the room can bring themselves to look directly at Morgan. Except, through the glass---

NAKATA (OVER INTERCOM)
You've had a malfunction, Morgan.

MORGAN
Mother?

A silence - Morgan tries to see Nakata through the window, but is restricted from moving her head.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Mother, is that you?

NAKATA (INTERCOM)
We have to power you down now,
Morgan.

MORGAN
(with difficulty)
I understand completely. I'm
sorry... if I disappointed you,
Mother.

A silence.

NAKATA (INTERCOM)
I am not your Mother, Morgan. You
have no Mother.

MORGAN
I have no Mother.

NAKATA (INTERCOM)
I'm sorry, Morgan.

MORGAN
I am in error?

NAKATA (INTERCOM)
Yes Morgan. You are in error.
(she looks to Lee; to
herself, OFF INTERCOM:)
As are we all.

Nakata collects herself, then turns to Darren, all business.

NAKATA (INTERCOM) (CONT'D)
Start the rotation.

Darren, struggling to keep it together, activates the pod to
rotate Morgan face down. The rods begin to move...

MORGAN
(panicked)
Mother. I'm frightened. Mother---

TED
Jesus Christ.

As the rotation completes---MORGAN SCREAMS - a shrill, primal
wail with a deep digital burn.

INT. ZIEGLER'S ROOM - DUSK

Dr. Ziegler sits by the window in his darkening room.

He takes a hefty gulp off a stiff drink, staring out at the
old barn across the field.

Mahler wafts out of his tiny stereo.

There is hardly any light left in the sky.

INT. MEDLAB - NIGHT

Morgan's piercing screams continue, horribly muted as Lee and
Darren adjust her face down. SHE STRUGGLES AGAINST THE
RESTRAINTS. They hold her down.

DARREN
She needs more of the sedative.

Darren has his hands full, nods across the room for Brenda.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Goddamn Brenda, come on, she's in
pain!

Brenda curses at herself, takes the SEDATIVE GUN and fires it into the small of Morgan's back. The muffled screams continue for a moment, but then both they and the body spasms ease off.

From the control booth in the main lab:

NAKATA
Start the drill.

Darren swings the drill over and locks it to the virtual scope. Takes a deep breath. Looks to Brenda but she won't meet his gaze. Looks to Nakata.

Nakata gives him a solemn nod.

DARREN STARTS THE DRILL, finger down on the trigger.

It emits a bead of light, one that provides a target when it finds the SILVER DOT at the nape of Morgan's neck. Darren checks the rotor - it REVS into action with a low, lethal hum, making its way towards the neck.

He eases his finger off the trigger. Tries to wipe the sweat from his forehead, but it's pouring.

DARREN
I... can't do this.

Lee looks to Nakata, then to Darren.

LEE
Stepping in.

Darren doesn't move.

LEE (CONT'D)
Darren. Stepping in.

He doesn't budge.

NAKATA (INTERCOM)
Step aside, Darren. Lee will do it

Darren takes a long look at Nakata, then Brenda, then Lee. Takes his hands off the drill, steps back.

LEE
(to Darren)
Keep it steady.

LEE STARTS THE DRILL AGAIN. And doesn't hesitate before starting to use it. It humms into action. She brings it down toward the silver dot.

IT MAKES CONTACT. BORES IN.

MORGAN SEIZES.

Lee looks up to see why Darren isn't helping brace her, just in time to see a look pass between him and Brenda.

LEE (CONT'D)
Darren. Keep. It. Steady.

Darren looks away.

Brenda comes in fast with the sedative gun.

Lee's hand slips from the trigger.

Struggles to hold herself up, but it's no use.

She's on the floor.

She's staring up.

Up towards Brenda and the sedative gun in her hand.

Sound fading away...

Nakata throwing a frail fist to the glass...

Morgan faced down.

Lee faced up.

It's.

Lights.

Out.

For.

Lee.

BLACKNESS.

Lee's eyes flutter open....

It takes a moment.

Where is she?

INT. MORGAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

In Morgan's room.

In Morgan's bed.

ALONE.

Lee tries to sit up but it hits her fast, she can't---the drugs coursing through her system push her back flat.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
It's the sedative.

Lee turns towards the distant, distorted voice, tries to focus...

TED. In shadows. On the other side of the glass.

TED
They tell me it shouldn't last for
more than another... hour? Two,
tops.

He stops.

TED (CONT'D)
Lee. This is just a totally,
terrifically unfortunate situation.
We all feel terribly about it.
About what happened.

Lee struggles to speak, defiant.

LEE
Why don't you come in here and tell
me all about it.

TED
(ignoring that)
It was an accident. It should never
have happened. It was a very, very
tense situation, of course, and an
emotional one, for, for all of us.
We had to make some tough, tough
decisions.

LEE

Where is it?

TED

Where is what?

LEE

Morgan.

TED

Ah. Well. Now, Lee, look, the thing is... It's a sensitive situation. No decisions have been made. As you know I am here - just like you - as a representative of the company. I am here to act in their best interests. And right now, well, my take on the whole thing is that it's in THEIR best interest to keep Morgan alive. This is a uh, an honest difference of opinion between you and I, and so, I feel like it might be best to ah, hear what they have to say about the whole thing before we take any... drastic action. Lee... you know I have a tremendous amount of respect for your professionalism.

Lee's eyes narrow at Ted - seething.

LEE

Clearly.

TED

(ignoring that)

But I think it's because of that professionalism that you should understand and appreciate our course of action here. The Doctors feel - and they have my support - that maybe getting hit by that sedative - accidentally, I might add - maybe that wasn't the worst thing in the world for you right now. Maybe you could use a little.... "cool down". Some rest. We thought it would be comfortable here. For you to recuperate. That's all this is.

LEE

Does Dr. Nakata feel this way?

TED

She does.

LEE

I'd like to speak with her.

TED

Yes. Of course. Unfortunately all of this... stress... She wasn't feeling well. She had to return to her room.

LEE

I see.

TED

Everything's under control here, Lee. So. Like I said, you should rest. You've had quite an ordeal.

As Ted gets up---

LEE

They're coming, you know.

TED

Who's that?

LEE

Your friends in corporate. They'll be here sooner than you think. So we'll all get a chance to sit down and chat when they arrive. Sort things out.

Ted doesn't look back, but he does seem to wilt a bit - not pleased that Lee has called this particular bluff.

TED

Of course. Get some rest, Lee.

LEE

It needs to be terminated, Ted.
Now.

Ted doesn't respond, and continues out of the room.

Lee looks up to see a shadowy figure staring down from the main lab...

INT. MAIN LAB - THAT MOMENT

Darren steps back from the glass.

DARREN
She looks pissed.

Ted, entering from observation:

TED
Of course she's pissed. We can't worry about that now. We're past that. How close are we?

DARREN
Amy's making some sandwiches and bringing the mini-van around.
Bren, how we looking in there?

MEDLAB

Brenda pulls a shelf's worth of medical supplies into a duffle bag, already half full.

BRENDA
We're close.

She turns to see Morgan, face up in the medpod. Her eyes are open.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
We're very close.

MORGAN'S ROOM

Lee manages to sit up.

She stares down at her hands, trying to move her fingers.

Looks up towards the lab.

INT. MEDLAB - NIGHT

Morgan's eyes remain open.

Brenda kneels at her side.

BRENDA
How's my special guy doing?

Morgan blinks.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
There's my special guy.

She runs a hand along Morgan's cheek.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Morgan. Honey. We have to go now.
Do you think if I undo your
restraints you'll be able to stand
up?

Morgan blinks again.

Brenda begins to undo the restraints.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

(to Darren and Ted)
We're ready to go here.

Darren enters, and starts to help with the restraints.

Ted hovers anxiously across the room.

DARREN

We're gonna get you outta here, ok
Morgan? We're gonna go on a little
trip. A little adventure. But we
have to go now, ok?

Morgan stares at Darren, unblinking. The restraints are now off.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Can you move, pal?

Darren holds his arms out so Morgan can hold on to him to get up, and he scoops Morgan up in something close to an embrace.

Morgan - initially limp - now hugs Darren back, her arms tightening around him.

Darren hugs her, too. Brenda places a hand on Darren's back, overcome with emotion.

DARREN (CONT'D)

It's gonna be ok, now, buddy.
Everything's gonna be ok.

Darren and Brenda exchange a look. A brief, desperate warmth...

...before Morgan sinks her teeth into Darren's ear and rips if off with her teeth.

DARREN SCREAMS.

BRENDA SCREAMS.

Darren pushes Morgan off of him, in a panic - a hand up quickly to stop the blood SPURTING from his ear----

His eyes dart frantically to the tranquilizer gun -

But it's Morgan that grabs it. Fires it at Darren's heart. Darren reels, trying to keep his balance - but it's no use - he falls, hard, against the operating table. The last thing he sees as his horrified eyes flutter closed---

Morgan grabs Brenda, swings an arm around her, and SNAPS HER NECK. Before Brenda can even comprehend what's happened. And lets her body fall to the floor.

Morgan's gaze drifts up to Ted, frozen into a corner with fear, unable to process what's happening...

...then to Darren, desperately trying to steady himself against the medpod as blood and consciousness continue to pour out of him.

Morgan moves SWIFTLY towards him, grabs him by his hair and holds him face down onto the medpod.

Morgan swings down the DRILL towards the back of Darren's neck. Activates it.

TED
No.... No, Morgan... don't do it---

Morgan doesn't look back. The DRILL HUMMS into action...

TED (CONT'D)
Morgan, please...!

MORGAN BORES THE DRILL into the back of Darren's head and leaves her finger on the trigger as BLOOD SPRAYS her pale white flesh.

A CHAIR squeaks against the floor----

Morgan swings to see Ted, backing into the next room, nervously brandishing LEE'S GUN.

Morgan regards him calmly.

MORGAN
I'm not feeling well, Ted.

Ted swallows dryly, trying to get his nerve up to speak.

TED

No. No, you're not well, Morgan.
I... I have to go get help... To
help you.

Morgan says nothing, keeps watching as Ted back up towards the door.

And then she moves. Fast.

TED FIRES.

Misses.

RUNS.

INT. MORGAN'S ROOM

Lee looks up, desperate. She heard the shot---

INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR

Ted races around the corner.

Morgan is right behind him.

Ted is caught unawares by a BLAST OF BLUE FOG.

Disoriented.

Hand outstretched... trying to find a wall.

Ted's hand lands instead on Morgan's blood splattered chest.

FROM OUT OF THE BLUE FOG... MORGAN'S FACE. Grim and resolute.

INT. MORGAN'S ROOM

A HORRIBLE SCREAM makes it way down to Morgan's room.

THEN A GUNSHOT. AND ANOTHER. AND ANOTHER.

Lee looks up to the lab, trying to gauge every sound.

The gunshots followed by a silence....

Lee waits. Listens.

IN THE LAB ABOVE, there is movement.

A nude, bloodied Morgan steps to the window and stares down at Lee.

Lee stares back.

Morgan disappears from view.

Lee watches the lab window, waiting.

THE DOOR TO THE OBSERVATION ROOM OPENS.

Morgan steps in, walks to the glass.

Lee holds her ground.

MORGAN

Hello Lee.

LEE

Hello Morgan.

A silence. Morgan catches sight of her own nude, bloodied reflection in the glass.

MORGAN

There's something wrong with me, Lee. I don't feel like myself.

LEE

You're not well, Morgan. You're experiencing a malfunction. I need you to open this door so that I can help you, ok?

Morgan is silent.

LEE (CONT'D)

Morgan. Open the door. I'm here to help.

Morgan considers it.

MORGAN

Do you feel like yourself, Lee? Is that a thing a person can ever really feel? Like themselves?

LEE

I understand, Morgan. Open the door and we can talk about it.

Morgan thinks about it.

MORGAN

I should go.

LEE

Open the door, Morgan.

Morgan begins to back away, into the shadows.

MORGAN
Take care of yourself, Lee.

LEE
MORGAN!

Lee smashes her fists against the glass. But Morgan is already gone.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Amy throws a rucksack into the back of the mini-van and heads around to the driver's seat.

SKIP (O.S.)
Going somewhere?

Skip's on the porch.

AMY
Fuck off, Skip.

Amy starts the car.

SKIP
Amy! Want to tell me what the fuck's going on?

AMY
I said fuck OFF, Skip.

She peels off in the mini-van for the barn.

INT. MORGAN'S ROOM

Lee HURLS A CHAIR at the glass with a SCREAM of frustration.

It bounces off the glass without even scratching it, and crashes to the ground.

I.E. MOVING VAN

Amy drives through the field towards the barn.

SLAMS THE BRAKES.

A naked, bloodied Morgan is in her headlights, her hand shielding her eyes.

AMY
Morgan.

Amy gets out of the car, steps into the headlights towards Morgan, fear and confusion spreading across her face---

AMY (CONT'D)
Morgan - what... what happened to you?

MORGAN
We can go to the lake now, Amy.

AMY
Where are the others?

MORGAN
You can come with me. If you want.
Or you can stay here. And die.

AMY
Morgan, you need to tell me what's happening. You need to---

Morgan walks past her and gets into the driver's seat. She starts the van.

Amy looks to the barn. To the house. She hurries to the van and gets into the passenger seat.

Morgan speeds the van away from the barn.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Skip watches the mini-van disappear over the ridge and heads out determinedly towards the barn.

I/E. MOVING VAN

Morgan drives silently towards the edge of the property.

A stricken Amy takes in Morgan's nude, bloodied body.

AMY
What did you do to them?

Morgan says nothing.

Amy swallows dryly, terrified.

AMY (CONT'D)
I... packed you some clothes.

Morgan says nothing, eyes on the road ahead.

AMY (CONT'D)
And I... made sandwiches.

Morgan looks towards her for a moment, confused, then back ahead. Hits the brakes.

AMY (CONT'D)
Why are we stopping?

Morgan stares at the farmhouse, small in the rearview mirror. Nothing but the sound of the running car and Amy's breath.

MORGAN
I have to go back.

AMY
No. No, Morgan, we have to go. We have to go NOW.

MORGAN
I have to say goodbye to Mother.

AMY
No, Morgan. Let's just go. Let's just get out of here. Now.

But Morgan has already put the van into reverse and is quickly speeding backwards.

MORGAN
I'm sorry, Amy. This won't take long.

He stops the van halfway to the porch and gets out.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Wait here.

Morgan heads for the house.

INT. BARN

Skip steps inside, and makes his way towards the basement.

INT. FARMHOUSE

Morgan steps into the farmhouse. Calmly, quietly.

MORGAN
Mother?

She hears something. Conversation. The kitchen. She moves slowly towards it. Turns the corner.

INT. KITCHEN

The kitchen is empty.

A little countertop TV is on. A GAME SHOW.

She regards it for a moment, then moves to the counter and removes Skip's biggest knife from its sheath.

INT. BASEMENT LAB

Skip tentatively takes steps down to the lower level....

....passes through a cloud of BLUE FOG.

Ted's corpse is face down in the corridor, a cloud of blood around his head.

Skip startles.

SKIP
Ah, fuck. Ah, Jesus.

Steels himself.

SKIP (CONT'D)
Anyone in here?

As he opens the door to the main lab, death is thick in the air.

The medlab window - ribboned with blood. Bodies inside.

SKIP (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.

He struggles to not be sick.

SKIP (CONT'D)
Lee?

INT. MORGAN'S ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Lee stands, suddenly ready and resolute.

LEE
Skip! Down here!

SKIP (O.S.)
Lee? Jesus Christ! Where are you!?

LEE
Skip. There's a door release. On the control panel. I need you to open it. Now.

INT. FARMHOUSE

Morgan peers into the library.

Empty.

She turns for the stairs.

MORGAN

Mother?

There is a creak of floorboards behind her.

KATHY (O.S.)

Morgan?

Morgan turns to look at frail, slow-moving KATHY GRIEFF... and it takes a moment for Kathy to realize that Morgan's already BROUGHT THE KNIFE PAST HER THROAT.

A thin red necklace slowly appears. Sadness fills Kathy's eyes.

Kathy falls. Morgan regards her for a moment - the light fading from her eyes, the blood pouring out.... And moves on. She starts up the staircase.

EXT. FIELD

Lee races across the field towards the farmhouse.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, FARMHOUSE

Morgan makes her way down the long, shadowy corridor.

Nears the door at the end of the hall.

Slows her pace.

MORGAN

Mother?

Morgan pushes open the door.

INT. NAKATA'S ROOM

Dr. Nakata has been expecting her.

She sits on a chair in the middle of the spartan room, SKIP'S HUNTING RIFLE in her lap, pointed at the door.

Morgan remains there, in the shadows.

DR. NAKATA
I told you before, Morgan. I am not
your mother.

Nakata FIRES.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

The shot echoes across the night.

Lee races to her car and throws open the trunk.

Retrieves a LARGE SHOTGUN.

---A blast from a CAR HORN---

AMY (O.S.)
Morgan!

Lee whips her head around to see Amy, leaning on the mini-van horn.

Ignores her, moves towards the house.

INT. NAKATA'S ROOM

Morgan is on the ground in the hallway. Flat on her back.

We can hear the horn still going outside.

Nakata slowly lowers the gun, straining to see.

MORGAN SITS UP.

Half of her face has been clipped by the blast from the shotgun - she's now missing a substantial portion of her neck and cheek - which are splattered against the hallway wall.

Nakata struggles to reload the gun.

Morgan stands, collects her knife.

MORGAN
I really wish... you wouldn't have
done that, Mother.

Morgan approaches, reaching a hand towards the long nose of the rifle.

INT. FARMHOUSE

Lee moves cautiously inside, the gun raised.

She steps over Kathy's body, peers around the corner.

A noise from upstairs. Something heavy hitting the floor.

Lee starts up the creaking stairs.

It's dark.

Light coming from the room at the end of the hall.

Lee is steady but cautious as she passes every door.

Behind one of them, a small SQUEAK.

Still careful to keep watching the end of the hall, Lee wraps her hand around the knob and carefully opens the door.

She sees the cause of the squeak.

ZIEGLER.

His body sways ever so slightly in the breeze from the open window. His belt slung around his neck, tied from one of the exposed pipes above. The chair knocked over below him.

Lee stares, impassive, and then turns her attention back to the end of the hall.

She approaches.

Pushes open the door, gun drawn.

Nakata's body on the floor - stabbed repeatedly, the knife still in her chest, surrounded by a pool of blood. She is not quite dead.

She looks up to Lee, with blood foaming at the edges of her mouth.

NAKATA
You. Fool. No one.

Lee watches as the life leaves her.

Nakata is gone, and an eerie silence descends.

Lee scans the rest of the room, waiting for it...

MORGAN RUNS AT HER FROM THE HALL - swinging the rifle over her head like a club.

LEE FIRES - just as the rifle makes contact, cracking against her head.

She's just grazed Morgan, who keeps coming, fast.

LEE fires again but the rifle has come down on her arm - the bullet bites into a wall.

Morgan kicks the gun from Lee's hand. It goes sliding through the pool of Nakata's blood.

Morgan swings the rifle up and brings it down again - but this time Lee stops it before its blow can land. They fight for it - and as Morgan throws herself on top of Lee - the rifle is the only thing separating them.

LEE looks to her gun, across the room by Nakata.

Rolls out of Morgan's grip and scrambles for it, but Morgan is on top of her again, kicking the gun aside and starting to hit, ferocious.

Lee reaches out for the gun, can't get to it - her eyes suddenly desperate.

Morgan is dominating, relentless. Landing blow after blow. Blood from Lee smatters against the floor.

Morgan stops suddenly.

Curious, watching as Lee pushes herself up from the floor, coughing blood.

Again, Lee goes for the gun - gets it, turns it on Morgan, but Morgan's already on her. Forcing the gun back towards Lee, her finger over Lee's own.

IT FIRES - taking a piece of Lee's side. Lee winces, drops the gun.

Morgan takes her by the scruff of the neck, hits her again, runs her towards the window---and THROWS HER OUT---

---SHATTERING GLASS---

EXT. FARMHOUSE

Lee lands along with a storm of broken wood and glass with a THUD - and a SNAP - on the cold ground below.

Morgan looks out towards Lee, splayed on the ground, then disappears back into the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Morgan moves briskly down the hall.

At Ziegler's door, she stops, and regards the hanging man.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

Morgan gets back in the driver's side of the mini-van.

A terrified Amy is still in the passenger seat, frozen, speechless.

As the van speeds away, a beaten, bloodied Lee pushes herself up from the ground, and SCREAMS in pain - there's glass in her hands. She makes it up, stumbles her way to her car.

Gets the trunk open.

PULLS ANOTHER GUN OUT.

Fires at the van.

I/E. MOVING VAN

The rear windshield BLOWS OUT upon impact.

Amy SCREAMS.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

Lee fires again.

No use. They're too far gone.

Moves around the car and gets in.

She winces in pain and starts the car.

I/E. MOVING VAN

Morgan speeds the car towards the closed gate. CRASHES into it. Amy screams. Morgan braces her with an outstretched arm.

The metal bends, putting a serious dent in Morgan's fender and taking out a headlight - but the gate remains closed.

The headlights of Lee's car approaching suddenly alight in the windshield.

Morgan backs it up, tries again - and with another CRASH this time she's through.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Lee puts the pedal to the metal on the narrow country road, desperately trying to catch up with Morgan's truck.

MORGAN - driving faster, seeing Lee's lights come on strong in the rearview mirror.

LEE edging closer.

MORGAN swerving over in the road, denying Lee an opening.

LEE catching Morgan's bumper, sending her forward a jolt squeezing in.

AMY screams.

MORGAN ramming Lee - LEE barely able to keep it on the road.

They jostle for position. The two lane blacktop is just ahead.

Morgan SWINGS the truck wide onto the empty highway.

Lee follows suit, barely making the turn.

LEE can spot the shuttered up FlapJack's ahead, the lights of the town in the distance beyond.

NOW or NEVER.

LEE edges forward, inching alongside Morgan.

Lee SLAMS into Morgan's car. They GRIND against each other.

AMY SCREAMS as sparks fly between them.

Morgan takes advantage of the bend in the road to knock Lee, sending her into a BRUTAL SPIN.

Morgan guns at her again, making LOUD contact.

Lee's car goes over.

And over.

And lands upside down on the side of the road.

Morgan keeps driving into the night, the smoldering wreck behind them.

EXT. FIELD - THAT MOMENT

The wreck of Lee's car belches and moan, its tires still spinning.

Lee extracts herself from her seatbelt and drags herself out of the car through the window, grunting in pain.

Searches the distance for any sign of Morgan's van.

Nothing.

She hears another car, approaching from the other direction.

She forces herself to stand, steadying herself against the wreck.

The car swings off to the side of the road.

A figure is running towards her.

SKIP.

She limps towards him.

SKIP
Jesus Christ. Lee. You ok?

LEE
I thought I told you... to wait in
the barn.

SKIP
(ignoring that)
I gotta get you to a hospital.

Lee steps past him, bee-lining for his car.

LEE
I'll drive.

Skip hustles after her.

SKIP
Lee!

LEE
(starts the car)
I know where they're going.

Skip gets in the passenger side.

SKIP
You're hurt, Lee. You gotta let it
go.

LEE
Not yet.

She peels the car off down the road, gunning it for the turn
off to Lake Kanawauke.

I.E. MOVING VAN - NIGHT

Morgan speeds into the night, silent.

Amy is next to him, trying to stifle her tears.

AMY
You... you killed them? You killed
them all?

Morgan doesn't answer.

AMY (CONT'D)
Why? Why did you do it?

Morgan doesn't answer.

AMY (CONT'D)
Why did you do it, Morgan?

She turns to look Amy in the eye.

MORGAN
Love.

Amy's eyes fill with terror, and then sadness, and she collapses into sobs once again.

Morgan's eyes return to the road.

EXT. LAKE KANAWAUKE PARK - DAWN

Dawn is slowly breaking.

Lee coasts the car in neutral to the edge of a rest area, surrounded by trees.

Her eyes are locked on Morgan's MINI-VAN, parked at the side of the woods.

Lee gets out.

LEE
Wait in the car.

SKIP
Goddammit Lee. No. I want to help.

LEE
Help by waiting in the goddamn car.

Lee draws her gun and inches towards the Mini-van.

Steals a look back at Skip. Still in the car.

She comes alongside the van. It's abandoned.

Her eyes follow the trail that leads off into the woods.

She follows suit.

The woods are still dark - just hints of light beginning to creep in through the tops of tall Eastern Hemlocks and White Pines.

The night shift of insect and animal life still making its strange song.

Lee steps lightly, but the twigs crunch under her feet - the slightest hint of frost covering the ground.

EXT. LAKE KANAWAUKE - DAWN

There's just the faintest bit of light in the sky, casting the peaceful lake in a golden glow.

MORGAN.

She wades in the cold morning water. Her back to the shore, staring out at the still water, the sky above, the trees...

The sun kisses the tops of the mountains, just like Amy described.

Morgan lets it in.

Closes her eyes.

Takes a deep breath.

THE SOUND OF A SNAPPING TWIG, ECHOING IN THE DISTANCE.

Morgan turns to face the rugged shore.

And slowly lets herself sink under the surface of the water.

LEE.

She takes a few steps closer to the clearing, coming to the edge of the pines to the shore of the lake.

Stops.

Listens.

Steps into the clearing, gun raised.

There are two sets of footsteps, leading into the water.

Clusters of big rock on either side of the clearing.

Lee surveys the area, in a slow rotation, ready...

And then **MORGAN**.

MOVING FAST.

Leaping out from the trees.

Rock in her hand.

Hand in the air.

LEE FIRES.

She doesn't miss.

Morgan's forward momentum snaps back in the other direction. The rock drops.

Morgan lands hard on the cold ground. Hands desperately at her neck where the bullet entered, blood spurting everywhere.

Lee approaches, gun still drawn.

LEE
Where's Amy?

Morgan stares up at Lee, dumbfounded, hurt.

LEE (CONT'D)
Where is Amy?

Morgan struggles to answer through the blood, the DIGITAL BURN in her voice rising unsettlingly to the surface.

MORGAN
I... made... a mistake.

LEE
Where is she, Morgan?

MORGAN
I didn't... mean to hurt her. I
am... In error. I. Am. I... Am....

LEE FIRES AGAIN.

Beyond any doubt, **Morgan is dead.**

Lee lowers her gun.

Kneels by Morgan's side.

Morgan's black eyes gleam with the rising sun, but they're empty now, lifeless.

With something closer to tenderness than we've seen before, Lee closes them with her open palm.

She rolls Morgan over, puts the gun over the nape of her neck. And fires again.

And then she hears it: the sound of a girl, sobbing.

Lee turns towards the water. Listens.

It's coming from behind one of the large clusters of rock, just out from the shore.

LEE

Amy?

Morgan's blood flows out, into the lake.

EXT. LAKE KANAWAUKE PARK

Skip waits nervously in the car, warming his hands.

Finally Lee emerges from the woods, alone.

She opens the passenger side door and gets in.

SKIP

What happened? Is it--?

LEE

It's over.

(stares out at the woods,
the lake)

I killed her.

SKIP

Morgan? It's dead?

LEE

It's dead. I killed it.

SKIP

What about Amy? Is she--?

LEE

We need to get back.

SKIP

What about Amy?

Lee takes a moment. Stares out at the trees. Decides.

LEE

I'm so sorry, Skip.

Lee takes out her gun and before Skip can even really understand what's happening—

SKIP
Oh. Shit. No. Lee--

LEE FIRES. The side of Stu's head splatters against the windshield.

Lee sits back for a moment. She's calm, but something heavy settles in behind her eyes.

Through the gory windshield, the sun is breaking over the mountains.

We hear the voice of middle-aged executive JIM BRYCE, Omnicron VP.

JIM BRYCE (V.O.)
She did very well. Better than expected.

EXT. GRANT FARMS - DAY

A CORPORATE MEDIC tends to Lee's gunshot wound as a uniformed, militarized corporate CLEANUP CREW files out of a long white truck.

JIM BRYCE (V.O.)
There were certain variables that couldn't have been controlled, in any case.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Boots move past a row of body bags lined up by the side of the house.

JIM BRYCE (V.O.)
But I think we can all agree she handled them well.

INT. MAIN LAB - DAY

The clean up crew works quickly in the lab, packaging up medical samples and hard drives.

JIM BRYCE (V.O.)
She responded appropriately. She was measured. And in control - even when the situation was considerably less so.

INT. BARN - DAY

The last CREW MEMBER emerges from the stairwell.

JIM BRYCE (V.O.)
Most importantly she followed her
directives. Without pause.

Once he's up, he throws in a small, serious looking charge
which ricochets down the steps. ANOTHER CREW MEMBER closes
the door and throws the latch...

A BLINDING WHITE LIGHT and BASSY THUD through the portal.

JIM BRYCE (V.O.)
The collateral damage was
regrettable, of course...

EXT. KANAWAUKE LAKE - MORNING

Two CREW MEMBERS dredge Amy's body from the water and place
it onto plastic sheeting, a bullet hole in the middle of her
forehead.

JIM BRYCE (V.O.)
But I think these events make it
punishingly clear what I had
already suggested....

INT. CORPORATE TRUCK - DAY

Morgan's corpse is settled into its casing, the lid closed.

JIM BRYCE (V.O.)
The L9 was the inferior program.

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

The same collection of corporate executives we met before.
Jim Bryce concludes his presentation:

JIM BRYCE
Its immediate termination is highly
HIGHLY advisable, as per Lee's
recommendation.

DAVID CHANCE leans in, in support.

DAVID CHANCE
The VX module can accommodate the
sample for further research. And
that research can be assimilated
into future VX development.

Rotund CHARLES GRIMES is furious.

CHARLES GRIMES
This is bullshit. That's all that
you were after this whole time.
People were MURDERED here just so
you can assimilate OUR results?

JIM BRYCE
Alright Chuck, easy. Let's not make
any accusations here we can't back
up. The L9 ran itself off the rails
here. And given the evidence on the
table we simply have no other
choice.

Grimes shakes his head, disgusted.

CHARLES GRIMES
And what about Lee?

DAVID CHANCE
What about her?

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

It's raining - broad sheets cascading against the window.

Lee finds herself alone in another diner, not unlike the first.

A cup of coffee steams in front of her, but she doesn't touch it.

CHARLES GRIMES (V.O.)
What do we do about Lee?

Lee stares down at her hands.

Turns them over - palms up.

Turns them over - palms down.

Palms up.

Palms down---

SNAP TO BLACK.

THE END.