

INHUMAN NATURE

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**OVER BLACK**

The sound of combat boots clomping along pavement, almost horse-like.

Brief SILENCE.

A slurping sound.

Coffee anyone?

FADE IN:

EXT. GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING

A GAS STATION complex surrounded by endless chaparral.

The only car in the lot is a CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROL Dodge Charger, decked out in white and black, an emperor penguin on wheels.

A California highway patrolman, mid 50s, draped in a brown uniform and a wide brimmed trooper hat moves away from the convenience store, cup in hand.

The patrolman stops to take a sip of coffee, and a MALE FIGURE moves toward him, unseen. We get a good look at this guy-- he's mid 40s, handsome, arms veiny, hardy built.

The cop slurps once more, begins to walk again.

MALE FIGURE (O.S.)  
Hey officer. Can I interest you in  
a chocolate *glazed*?

The officer stops, turns his head, the faintest trace of annoyance spreading across his face when--

In one deft motion, the male figure thrusts his arms out, takes the officer's head in his hands, and twists with remarkable ease.

The officer falls to the earth, DEAD, coffee splattering on the pavement like brown blood...

CUT TO BLACK

**CHYRON: 18 HOURS EARLIER**

EXT. UNITED STATES PENITENTIARY VICTORVILLE - DAY

FROM HIGH UP ABOVE

A cavalcade of Chevy Suburbans makes its way along a desert lined road, their destination a complex of gray, foreboding buildings arranged in a rectangular assortment.

CLOSE ON the second SUV as the fleet arrives in front of a main administrative building, large black letters announcing this to be UNITED STATES PENITENTIARY, VICTORVILLE.

PRICE COLLINSWORTH (V.O.)  
We're live from Victorville,  
California where Van Danzen has  
just arrived to surrender to  
federal authorities to begin  
serving out a 30 year sentence for  
the murder he was convicted of just  
over a month ago.

The rear door of the second SUV opens, and a well built male figure emerges, clad in a dark suit, his black polished alligator loafers hesitantly touching the pavement below, an ankle bracelet clearly visible.

CLOSE ON this man's face to reveal that he's the VERY SAME male figure we saw in the teaser.

This is VAN DANZEN.

VAN sports an expression that can only be described as GRIM. A handful of suited lawyers alight from their own SUVs, and escort Van up a walkway toward the prison entrance.

PRICE COLLINSWORTH (V.O.)  
Van Danzen, who recently ceded  
control of his Sentience  
Corporation to the federal  
government, notably rejected a plea  
deal last year that would have seen  
him serve as little as a decade  
behind bars. Many have pointed to  
his hubris as the driving force  
behind his decision to take the  
charge to trial, where his  
conviction led to what is quite  
obviously a far harsher sentence.

Van Danzen and his lawyers disappear inside the federal penitentiary.

Suddenly, OUR POV shifts to that of a BROADCAST FEED, as if we are sitting at home watching this on a TV. A graphic indicating **LIVE:CNN** appears in the bottom right hand corner, while the footage of the exterior of the federal prison remains on screen in a small window at the top left.

INT. CNN HEADQUARTERS, ATLANTA - DAY

Front and center in this broadcast is the beaming visage of PRICE COLLINSWORTH, 42. The handsome, dark skinned anchor presides over the broadcast effortlessly.

PRICE COLLINSWORTH

And thus today wraps up what has been perhaps the most compelling legal storyline this nation has seen over the past decade, perhaps even since the OJ trial, over 25 years ago.

An image of a white male, late 30s, appears in place of the feed covering the penitentiary.

PRICE COLLINSWORTH (CONT'D)

It seems like just last month that Van Danzen's partner at Sentience Corp, Miles Russell, was found brutally murdered with a screwdriver in the parking lot outside their Beverly Hills offices just a few days before Thanksgiving. The FBI's months long investigation resulted in a federal murder indictment against Van Danzen, who was named Time Magazine's 'Person of the Year' just four years ago, after he brought to market Plasmoxy, the world's very first fully synthetic, oxygen carrying blood substitute.

(beat)

How did his relationship with Russell go sour so quickly? One can only guess-- Van has refused to speak on the record at any point since the murder, even declining an opportunity to testify at his own trial.

Price clears his throat, straightens up in his chair.

PRICE COLLINSWORTH (CONT'D)

Earlier today, just moments before Van's surrender, a triumphant President Whitley addressed reporters from the South Lawn.

CUT TO

EXT. WHITE HOUSE SOUTH LAWN - DAY

A tall, somewhat overweight, imposing white male figure stands behind a podium in a loosely fitting suit, peering down at a corps of reporters.

THE PRESIDENT is clearly reveling in the spotlight.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY

Van Danzen is a bad, bad man. A *sick* man. And he's going to pay the price for his behavior. As I've said before, there is no authority more powerful than our federal government. And rest assured-- if you run afoul of our great nation's laws, no matter how rich, no matter how *admired* you may be, you will suffer the consequences.

(beat)

Today, I want to commend a number of people who played crucial roles in Van Danzen's prosecution and conviction for the truly heinous, barbaric murder of a man who we now believe was *actually* the genius behind many of Sentience Corporation's major breakthroughs.

President Whitley pauses, steps back, lets his words sink in. He peers to his right, where a collection of federal agents stands, watches intently.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY (CONT'D)

First and foremost, I want to commend Special Agent in Charge of the Criminal Division, Los Angeles, Victoria Martinez, who led a tireless effort to bring Van Danzen to justice for this heartless, callous slaying.

President Whitley steps back from the podium, sets his sights on SPECIAL AGENT MARTINEZ.

Whitley's POV--

Martinez, late 30s, fierce, with a strikingly badass energy about her, smiles wanly, seemingly embarrassed by the spectacle being made of her. Martinez bows her head slightly. Gentle applause greets her.

President Whitley returns his attention to the press corps.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY (CONT'D)  
I would also like to lend praise to  
United States Attorney Mark  
Farkman, who, in conjunction with  
Agent Martinez and the FBI, worked  
tirelessly in his expert  
prosecution of the bloodthirsty  
defendant.

CLOSE ON Mark Farkman, a plump, balding, glasses wearing  
middle-aged man whose appearance screams grimy PROSECUTOR.  
Farkman relishes in the attention, grinning like a child  
sitting in glass seats at a hockey game.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY (CONT'D)  
And even though she's currently  
presiding over the court and unable  
to be here with us today, my  
genuine gratitude goes out to Judge  
Louisa Jefferson, whose fair and  
just approach to the bench has  
ensured our nation's justice system  
will remain the gold standard the  
world over.

OFF A HEARTY ROUND OF APPLAUSE...

INT. CNN HEADQUARTERS, ATLANTA - CONTINUOUS

Price Collinworth stares us down once again, a smug look on  
his face.

PRICE COLLINSWORTH  
And there you have the President's  
words from just a few moments ago.  
(beat)  
Now just how will Van Danzen fare  
inside a federal prison complex?  
When we come back, we'll speak with  
multiple experts who will weigh  
whether or not Van's extensive  
training in martial arts will serve  
to benefit him inside the walls of  
United States Penitentiary  
Lancaster.  
(beat)  
But first, a brief message from our  
sponsors...

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

PULL BACK

To reveal that this news program is being taken in on a large flat screen TV inside a Mercedes SPRINTER VAN. The cabin of this van is remarkably lush, like a private jet's interior.

Watching the broadcast, while reclined in a plush tan leather seat, is VAN DANZEN HIMSELF!

Van wears a black cashmere sweatsuit ensemble, looking slightly tanner, and sporting a far less grim expression than the Van Danzen we just saw surrender to federal prison.

Seated next to Van, similarly dressed in black cashmere sweats, is the sable haired beauty QUINN FITZPATRICK, late 20s.

VAN  
(under his breath)  
Cocksucker.

Quinn reaches over, places a hand on Van's arm before leaning over him, fetching the remote, MUTING the TV.

QUINN  
It's over.

Van reaches for the remote, presses a button. The TV feed switches from CNN to a MAP OF THE UNITED STATES. A small indicator glows, placing the van's location in north central Montana, the border with Alberta, Canada fast approaching.

Van presses another button, and a tinted glass panel recedes, revealing the van's cockpit.

VAN  
Hey Brucey, old pal. How long until  
we reach the camp?

A somewhat weathered visage peers around, smiles at the sight of Van and Quinn nestled together in the back seats. This is BRUCE, mid 50s, Van's right hand man.

BRUCE  
Well, since we aren't going a clip  
over 70, I'd reckon it's gonna be  
another 6 hours.

VAN  
Christ, Montana's large.

BRUCE  
We'll have you there after  
nightfall. Assuming you connect  
with Agent Martinez as planned.

VAN DANZEN  
Sensational.

Quinn stretches out, places her socked feet in Van's lap. Van smirks at her, Quinn implores him with her eyes. Van capitulates, removes Quinn's socks, begins rubbing her feet.

BRUCE  
How do you reckon he's doing in there?

VAN  
I engineered him for the hell that awaits. He'll do just fine.

A console on the dashboard BEEPS sharply three times. Bruce glances at this radar detector, peers over at the speedometer, looks back up at the road.

A brief reprieve of silence holds over the Sprinter.

Van flips on CNN once more.

PRICE COLLINSWORTH  
(on TV)  
...and that's just the bronze medalist!

On the broadcast feed, Price's face dissolves and we see footage from what appears to be an Olympic style martial arts ring.

PRICE COLLINSWORTH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The following year, Van Danzen donated one million dollars to charity for the chance to face off against the most recent Olympic gold medalist in Judo, Shigatoshi Tanaka.

The footage shows a slightly younger Van enter the Judo ring with a similarly built Japanese man. Van dominates the fight in quick order, much to the surprise of the crowd.

PRICE COLLINSWORTH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And he won!

The TV cuts back to the broadcast feed, showing Price's face of disbelief.



PRICE COLLINSWORTH (CONT'D)

And all that came before Van Danzen notably spent a year training in bare knuckle boxing in the jungles of Myanmar, formerly known as Burma-

-

Van turns the TV off, sighs.

VAN

One thing I'll never get used to...seeing myself on TV. I used to think that's what life was all about. Being so successful, so well known that they don't even need to put a chyron under your face on TV, 'cause everyone already knows who you are. I guess...I guess I never thought it'd be for all the wrong reasons.

QUINN

I think you looked good this morning. Well, *not* you looked good...if that makes sense.

VAN

I wanted to be famous, not infamous. And here I am...hiding out, trying to buy some time so I can prove that I am, after all, valuable to this world. That I matter. That I mean something.

QUINN

You mean something to me.

BRUCE'S POV--

Outside the driver's side window, a Montana Highway Patrol car sits hidden in between tree groves, radar in use. Bruce waits a few seconds, peers into the rearview. The car does not turn its lights on, and Bruce's heart rate begins its descent back to normal.

Inside the Sprinter, Van continues rubbing Quinn's feet, her eyes closed, her face a mask of pleasure.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Surely that must count for something.

Van's face contorts into a mask of internal deliberation. He then smirks to himself, coy, knowingly, rubbing Quinn's feet all the while...

VAN

Sure. Sure it does. In some ways,  
it counts for everything.

FROM ABOVE

The black Sprinter van rockets along the asphalt through the dwarfing pines of northern Montana, the traffic around it sparse in this desolate reach of the USA...

INT. USP VICTORVILLE - NIGHT

See the cavernous heart of Van's new permanent residence, where rows and rows of barred cells sit in two levels on either side of the drab space.

Van, now shackled and clad in a KHAKI UNIFORM, has a cold, empty stare on his face as an automatic door recedes, revealing him to us, flanked by burly guards wearing cadet blue uniforms.

Inmates begin to whoop and holler as Van is led into the unit. Tidbits from Van's intake and orientation play through his mind as he's led into the depths of a new hell.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER (V.O.)

Welcome to the federal correctional complex at Victorville. We encourage you to make your stay here as rewarding as possible, such that you'll lead a more fulfilling life following your period of incarceration.

Van nearly trips on his shackles, catches his balance. One of his escorts yanks his waist shackle, like a horseman directing his beast. The inmates are in a full on frenzy of shouts and hollers.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The USP Victorville is a high security institution. You will be assigned to a unit. Lights in the unit will be turned on promptly at 530 AM. Lights are turned out each night at 10 PM. Floors are to be mopped and swept on a daily basis.

(beat)

(MORE)

## CORRECTIONS OFFICER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In addition, it is essential that staff take count of inmates on a routine basis. Count times are at midnight, 3 AM, 5 AM, 10 AM, 4 PM and again at 10 PM. Emergency counts may occur unannounced.

Van makes eye contact with an inmate, stops in his tracks at the sight of this deranged, wild eyed human being staring at him through the rounded bars.

## DERANGED INMATE

(Boston accent)

Hey, Van Danzen, you're Van Danzen, right? Just wanted to let ya know ya motha gave me a handjob. Ya know that? I wanted a blowjob from her, but all she'd give me was a handjob. Came all over her fuckin' hand though! Got to watch her lick my cum off her fingers, one strand at a time!

The inmate cackles wildly, shakes the bars of his cell as the guards push Van ahead, his ankle shackles clattering with each step.

## CORRECTIONS OFFICER (V.O.)

Proper attire will be worn at all times in the dining hall. Inmates may bring only one condiment of their choosing into the dining area.

(beat)

Visiting is based on a points system. Each inmate will receive 50 points at the beginning of each month. Points will be deducted as necessary for behavioral infractions. Tennis shoes are not allowed in the visiting room under any condition.

Another inmate catches Van's attention, sticks his tongue out through the bars of his cell, flicking it in an obscene gesture.

## CRAZED INMATE

You ever taste the inside of your own rectum, Van Danzen?

Van glares at the inmate, the guards jerk his shackles, pull him along.

CRAZED INMATE (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
You're gonna know what that's like  
soon! Real fuckin' soon!

The inmate begins wailing like a banshee, further stirring up the other prisoners.

The guards look to each other, equal parts assurance and trepidation. Shit gets real fast in this joint.

Off this look...

EXT. NORTHERN MONTANA - NIGHT

The sprinter Van takes an exit, approaches a rest stop. The parking lot is empty, dimly lit.

The van comes to a stop underneath a sign that says "Thank You For Visiting Montana."

The door slides open and Van appears poised in the doorway, wearing his hood up.

VAN  
I'll be back in a few. She should  
be calling within ten.

Van hops off the edge of the Sprinter, and the door recedes behind him.

It's eerily quiet, with only the occasional gust of wind to keep Van company. He strides up to the tourist center, his sights set on a PAYPHONE.

When he arrives at the payphone, he begins to pace, clearly tense, casting his gaze back at the Sprinter van every so often.

A pair of headlights makes its way past them on the highway, and Van follows with his eyes until the car is out of sight.

He continues pacing, checks his watch, looks at the payphone, expectant.

Finally, the harsh ring calls out through the empty night. Van rushes to the phone, plucks it off the receiver, eager.

VAN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Can't tell you what a relief it is  
to hear your voice.

**INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION**EXT. JACK IN THE BOX - SIMULTANEOUS

Agent Martinez, also wearing a hoodie, cradles a payphone against her ear, the glare of a Jack in the Box sign behind her casting a glow.

MARTINEZ

I don't have all the time in the world and I can't guarantee I'm not being trailed, so let me jump right in. The tunnel is off of an exit exactly 6 miles ahead of you. Take a right, and travel on the service road another quarter of a mile. You'll come to a dirt road, chained off with a sign marked "Private Property: No Trespassing." You can easily cut this chain. Travel another mile down the path and you'll be at the border. There's a gate. The road continues on past the gate, and ends abruptly at a stone wall. In front of this wall you'll find a manhole cover. It could possibly be buried by now, so you might need to use your resources to find it. I trust you won't have any issue.

Van is visibly relieved to hear these words come out of Martinez's mouth.

VAN

Thank you. I can't tell you how much I appreciate this.

MARTINEZ

The tunnel...it hasn't been operable in at least a decade. I can't guarantee that it's passable. But it's your best bet at crossing the border undetected.

VAN

And the flight?

MARTINEZ

It's all coming together. You're Jerome J. Witherspoon, the CFO of PNGO-- Prairie Natural Gas & Oil.

(MORE)

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Quinn, she's your wife-- Madison Witherspoon nee MacDonald. You'll be taking a 777 to Papeete airport in Tahiti and from there you can arrange an easy transport to the atoll.

VAN

You're a genius. A pure and simple genius.

MARTINEZ

And Van, the code, for the gate...it's 4 1 1 8 6 7. The date of the Canadian Confederation.

VAN

Four one eighteen sixty seven. Got it.

MARTINEZ

Make it fast, Van. Whitley is suspicious. I'm certain my home phone is tapped. And I can't guarantee that the tunnel isn't rigged to send a signal back to DC if used. So you'd better not fuck around.

VAN

I'm on my way. Like a ghost.  
(beat)  
Thanks...for everything.

MARTINEZ

Bye, Van.

CLICK. She's gone.

INT. USP VICTORVILLE - NIGHT

The GLARE remains momentarily until we pull back, revealing this to be the lone light bulb in a standard PRISON CELL.

The hooting and hollering of the wound up prisoners fills the tiny space, and Van arrives in frame, flanked by the two guards. One guard steps forward, punches a code into a panel, waits for a shrill beep.

The cell door begins to slide open. Van is led inside, and one guard leans down, unlocks Van's leg shackles, removes them.

Van's eyes scan the cold, drab space. He appears focused, unintimidated by the chaotically hellish scene he's found himself in.

The guards exit the cell.

PRISON GUARD

(cold)

Turn around.

Van turns, extends his arms outward. One of the guards punches a code into the panel outside the cell, and the door begins to close.

In the blink of an eye, Van extends his foot outward, blocking the cell door from fully closing. Simultaneously, he spreads his arms in a terrifying display of inhuman strength, the thick metal braces of his cuffs snapping, setting Van's hands free.

One of the guard's faces registers pure confusion. There's no way he saw what he just saw...right?

The other guard has already begun to make his way away from the cell. Before the remaining guard can react, Van squeezes through the partially closed cell door and snaps his neck with the same ease we saw in the teaser.

The remaining guard turns, is SMASHED IN THE FACE by one of the cuffs still affixed to Van's wrist. Van then effortlessly flips the guard on his back, squeezes the life out of him.

Van then effortlessly drags both of the guard's bodies back into the cell.

#### EXT. NORTHERN MONTANA - NIGHT

The Sprinter Van, lights illuminating the road ahead, rockets north toward the border with Canada. It passes a sign stating BORDER CHECKPOINT: 2 MILES.

The van eventually takes an exit.

#### INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

We're met with the embrace of the cabin's purple glow. Quinn's hair is now up in a bun, and Van leans down, ties up a pair of running sneakers.

The cabin divider begins to recede, and the side of Bruce's face becomes visible.

BRUCE  
What was the code?

VAN  
Four one one eight six seven.

Bruce slows the Sprinter, lowers his window.

EXT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

The Van FROM BEHIND as it stalls outside a large gate.

Bruce extends his arm out, punches digits into a keypad. The gate begins to recede, screeching mightily. For a moment it seems as if it may be stuck, the mechanisms rusted together. But then the screeching dies down and the gates finally divide, allowing the van entry.

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Bruce closes his window and the van makes its way along the tree lined roadway, eventually coming to a stop deep in the forest at the end of the trail. Van and Quinn emerge.

VAN  
See you on the other side, friend.

Bruce winks at Van, rolls his window up, idles so that the headlights can illuminate the area for the two of them.

Van procures a METAL DETECTOR and a SHOVEL, the latter of which he hands to Quinn.

Van begins to scan the ground methodically. After a tense thirty seconds or so, the metal detector begins to chirp intermittently, the shrill beeping picking up in intensity until Van arrives directly over his quarry.

Van exchanges the metal detector for the shovel, begins to dig.

Quinn steps up, reaches for the shovel.

QUINN  
I want to give it a go.

After a few hauls of dirt, the shovel clinks on metal. Quinn removes the rest of the soil to reveal what appears to be a MANHOLE COVER, which she pries open.

Van watches this, smitten. He steps up, peers down into the exposed crevasse.



VAN  
Just as promised.

Van restores the items to the back of the Sprinter, procuring a thin black Maglite FLASH LIGHT, and a DERRINGER, saluting Bruce through the window as he passes him, moves back to Quinn.

VAN (CONT'D)  
Ready?

Quinn nods, silent, steeled. Van shines the flashlight down the manhole, hands it to Quinn, begins to climb down a makeshift ladder.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Van and Quinn make their way down the ladder. Van shines the light ahead, revealing that they've arrived at the beginning of what appears to be an ENDLESS TUNNEL, dark, damp, SILENT, the glare of the flashlight BLINDING...

INT. USP VICTORVILLE - NIGHT

Same chaotic, intense prison scene. Except now we find Van wearing a nondescript guard uniform. Van emerges from the open cell, cuts a quick path in the direction from which the guards first led him.

Van instinctively reaches down toward his waist, fingers the handgun that rests there.

CLOSE ON Van's hand, as he finally locates the SAFETY, flicks it off.

The prisoners continue to hoot and holler, screaming obscenities, realizing that Van is attempting an escape.

Van stops briefly, comes face to face with the inmate who made an obscene comment about his mother. Van moves directly up to the bars of his cell, reaches a hand in, pulls his head forward with force, smashing his face into the bars, killing him with one swift motion.

Van, head down, continues on ahead, passes another guard moving in the opposite direction.

The guard, taking in a view of the mortally wounded prisoner, turns, begins to hustle in Van's direction. Van seems to instinctively sense this, turns, and shoots the guard with a double tap to the chest, followed by a coup de grace to the head.

The guard falls to the ground and an alarm begins to blare in response to the gunshots.

Van hustles toward the secure checkpoint, reaches down, scans the ID badge clipped to his uniform. A shrill beep rings out, the door recedes, and Van disappears...

EXT. SOUTHERN ALBERTA - NIGHT

**CHYRON: ALBERTA, CANADA**

PITCH BLACK

This dark silence holds for a few moments, unsettling.

THEN

The sound of metal scraping on metal, a sudden glare from a flashlight.

CLOSE ON Van while he balances himself on the rungs of the ladder, and thrusts with his might to force the manhole cover up off of the tunnel's exit.

Van helps Quinn fully emerge from the depths of the tunnel, illuminating the space around them..

QUINN'S POV--

A smartwatch. She pulls up a compass app, orients it to face north.

QUINN

Let's go.

Quinn takes Van's hand, pointing the flashlight out ahead, and the two of them traipse through the forest, the only source of light coming from the Maglite.

Quinn peers down at her watch, ensures they're still headed in the right direction.

Just before Quinn is about to move forward, a BLOOD CURDLING WAIL rings out through the forest, truly haunting.

QUINN (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Van is about to say something when the cry repeats itself, deafening.

VAN

Female mountain lion in heat.

Van indicates toward the derringer in his hand.

VAN (CONT'D)  
We've got nothing to worry about.

QUINN  
Let's keep moving then. We're  
almost there.

The two begin to forge ahead in the darkness.

PRE LAP-- The sound of more gunshots, men screaming...

INT. USP VICTORVILLE - NIGHT

BACK INSIDE THE PRISON

Van shoots and kills a guard sitting behind a desk, keeping watch over a panel of security cameras. Blood gushes down from between his eyes, soaking his gray uniform.

A door directly in front of Van slides open, and a handful of guards rush through. Van fires at them, and they return fire, but they're no match, each falling to the ground in quick succession.

Van discards his handgun, reaches down, grabs another one off a dead guard. A bullet whizzes past his head, and he turns, shoots, kills another guard. In the chaos, Van slips out of this security area, and pushes through an unmarked doorway, making his way into a lengthy corridor.

VAN'S POV

A FIRE ESCAPE ROUTE MAP.

Van studies this for a moment. The door behind him whirls open, and Van opens fire, killing another guard before booking it in the direction of the exit.

EXT. SOUTHERN ALBERTA - NIGHT

In the serene glow of a star infested sky, the faintest outline of a 2 lane provincial highway is visible. A sign off to the side of the road reads:

**CALGARY -- 320 KM / EDMONTON -- 610 KM**

Off in the distance, a tiny glowing orb appears, growing larger with each second, eventually dividing into approaching headlights.

As the vehicle approaches, the low hum of a diesel engine rumbles, slightly unsettling.

PULL BACK

To reveal Van and Quinn huddled together on the cusp of the forest, right behind the sign, waiting for the arrival of the Sprinter, which slows, stops by the sign.

Van and Quinn hustle out from their refuge, hop in the Sprinter, the door having barely slid closed before the van tears on ahead.

EXT. USP VICTORVILLE - NIGHT

The prison complex from afar...

SUDDENLY

A siren blares, spotlights begin to whirl.

CLOSE ON Snipers decked out on the roof, eyes scanning the grounds. One sniper takes aim, FIRES.

FOLLOW the bullet's path while it whizzes through the air, hits the ground, just inches behind VAN, who makes a mad dash from the prison complex, more bullets peppering the ground all around him.

Van knows exactly where the bullets are going to strike, twisting and contorting himself so that they slice the air just centimeters from his body, missing him.

Van rushes forward, gaining ground from the prison complex, his breathing remaining steady. Bullets continue whirring all around him.

SUDDENLY-

Van goes hurtling toward the earth, struck in the rear by a bullet. He rolls awkwardly in the dirt and stills.

The gunfire ceases momentarily.

A few seconds pass, during which Van remains motionless, seemingly stunned.

THEN

As if injected with a shot of adrenaline, Van pulls himself up off the earth and continues to storm on ahead. The snipers begin to fire at him once more.

Off in the distance, the sound of DOGS BARKING...

Van continues sprinting, bullets continue to fly...but the barking picks up in intensity, and the shooting ceases...

Van stops, turns, his glare intense.

VAN'S POV--

A unit of four DOBERMANS charge at him, kicking up dust in their wake. The dogs bark, SNARL.

Van takes aim, nails one between the eyes. The other three forge on ahead. Van fires again, hitting one in the rear. It goes down hard, skidding in the dirt while it yelps in agony.

The two remaining Dobermans reach Van. In one deft motion, he rears back, kicks one in the head, pivots, grabs the other around the neck and, in an impossible display of strength, hurls it through the air until it lands on the ground with a sickening thud.

Van fires at the dog he kicked in the head, finishes it off. The other dog, disoriented, barks at him, but does not make a further rush toward him.

The snipers' bullets begin to whizz toward Van again, and he sprints on ahead, barely even sweating...

EXT. LAKE CABIN - INNISFREE, ALBERTA - DAWN

The sun's earliest rays tickle a vast void of dark blue, a LAKE surrounded by dense forest, trees taller than tall. You might expect a brontosaurus to rise up out of this dark lake, but we're a few too many millennia late for that.

The Sprinter van winds down a narrow dirt road, growing closer to the lake.

We see an aging CABIN tucked neatly on the shore, guarded by the mighty pines, barely visible from above.

The Sprinter comes to a standstill in front of the cabin, and Van and Quinn alight. Van moves to the driver's side door, and the window recedes, lending us a glimpse of Bruce.

VAN

Come in for a rest, will you?

BRUCE

You know that I don't need rest.

VAN

Right you are, sir. Right you are.

BRUCE

I should get to Edmonton by 9. It won't take long to pull things together. The 777 is on its way up from Houston. We should be gassed up and good to go by tonight, and...well, I'd reckon you'll be in the air before a new day arrives. Martinez has kept her word.

VAN

Sensational, my man.

Van reaches out his hand, shakes Bruce's firm.

VAN (CONT'D)

Thanks. You've been a blessing.

BRUCE

As always, Van, my pleasure.

Van moves to the back of the Sprinter, grabs suitcases. Bruce rolls the window up, and then begins to drive off.

Van carries the suitcases toward the cabin, Quinn trailing. Van stops, takes in sight of the one story ranch style home, a glimmer of nostalgia in his expression. He inhales, closes his eyes.

VAN

Smells like I'm eight years old again.

Van opens his eyes, which appear a bit moist.

VAN (CONT'D)

Goddamn, it's been a while.

QUINN

It's lovely. It really is.

VAN

I wish we could stay a while longer. But, you know...

Van's voice trails off, and he moves around the outside of the cabin which is a bit rundown, proudly displaying its age.

Van stops in his tracks.

VAN'S POV--

A decaying jungle gym, ancient, rusted. A swing dangles from the setup, suspended by a lone chain. Another swing lies in the dirt, surrounded by weeds, long abandoned.

VAN (CONT'D)  
My childhood...

Quinn makes her way toward the jungle gym, surveys it. Finding it suitable, she climbs a rickety ladder, slides down an old rusted slide.

Van grins, and Quinn plods over to him, gleeful.

QUINN  
It was worth the ride up here just for that.

Quinn leans up, kisses Van.

QUINN (CONT'D)  
Thanks for bringing me here. It's as if...as if I've been here before. Slid down that very slide...it just feels like *home*.

Van is lost in his own mind, taking in the sight of his childhood home juxtaposed with the love of his later life.

Then Van breaks away from it, moves further along the outside of the house. Van tries a backdoor, but it's locked.

VAN  
(to himself)  
I'd bet anything...

Van turns over several pots, finds a key.

INT. LAKE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The cabin is as dated on the inside as it is on the outside. Floral patterned furniture, long faded, is surrounded by old photos of young Van's childhood. A large flat screen TV mounted above the mantle reminds us that we're still in the 21st century.

Van and Quinn enter quickly.

VAN  
So yeah, welcome.

QUINN  
How long's it been?

Van is silent for a moment. He exhales, moves further inside, slides an arm around Quinn's lower back while she peers up at a photograph of a young Van beaming, holding out a fish still dangling from the reel, his father standing next to him, proud.

VAN

The better part of two decades. Dad and I haven't spoken since I left for Tokyo. After MIT. He took it hard enough after I left for Massachusetts. 'The United States is one border too many to cross, Van.' He thought then, and maybe he still feels this way now...that I'd be content to live my life in Edmonton, running the family sporting goods store. You know, *pride*.

(beat)

Then I was in the UK for a while, researching, and that was hard enough for him. Mom died while I was over there, and I think...I think he felt that I'd abandoned them, that I'd grown too big, too smart, too good for Alberta. But then Tokyo--that was the final straw. For a few months I thought there was an issue with my mail or something, I just wasn't getting through. Tried calling, but back then, you know, it was a hassle to get through to Canada from all that way. But eventually I did...left messages, all that...and eventually it sunk in. He'd moved on with his life.

QUINN

So he's never...you know....

VAN

(scoffing)

Asked for money?

(beat)

Too proud. If only he could set aside his own pride, maybe shed an ounce of it on me...

QUINN

I'm sure he's proud of you.



Quinn takes Van's hand in her own. Van breaks his attention away from the picture, begins to move toward the living area.

VAN  
Well, I reckon we ought to get a  
bit of sleep, right?

Quinn leans up, kisses Van.

QUINN  
(amused)  
I *reckon*.

EXT. GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING

It's the gas station from the teaser, and the same lone California Highway Patrol car sits outside.

THEN

The outhouse door pushes open, and Van Danzen emerges, dressed in the highway patrolman's uniform, the wide brimmed hat obscuring his face, a handgun holstered on his waist.

Van moves toward the AM/PM, pulls the gun from his holster, flicks the safety off, lets it hang by his side while he pushes the door open...

INT. AM/PM - CONTINUOUS

Bells jangle to announce Van Danzen's entry into the convenience store. A lone attendant sits behind the counter, focused on a book.

Van walks up to the attendant, who directs his gaze up. Before we even see the whites of his eyes, Van blows his brains out with a close range shot to the forehead.

CUT TO

EXT. AM/PM - LATER

Our POV is of a trunk stocked with water and snacks. Van slams the trunk shut, hops into the cruiser fires up the ignition, and hastily tears out of the parking lot...

INT. LAKE CABIN - DAY

Van and Quinn are intertwined under a faded, patterned blanket, asleep on the couch. A gentle rain falls, pitter patter on the roof.

Outside, the sound of an approaching vehicle picks up in strength until we hear the tires skittering over gravel. The car comes to a stop, the engine dies.

Neither Van nor Quinn stirs.

The sound of the car's door opening, followed by the sound of it slamming. Footsteps on gravel. A key being jabbed into the lock, which turns.

The door pushes open and VAN SHOOTS UP FROM HIS SLUMBER.

VAN'S POV--

Lingering in the doorway, stunned, is a male figure, early 70s, wearing an old brown canvas jacket with elbow patches, wiry white hair peeking out from under a navy blue Edmonton Oilers beanie.

OLDER MALE

Oh good lord.

VAN

Dad!

Quinn stirs, pulls herself up to a seated position on the couch startled.

VAN'S FATHER

What in God's name...

Van's father quickly shuts the door, moves to the table, balances himself on a chair.

Van rises from the couch, moves toward his father.

VAN

Pa...

Van's father stares up at him, pale, viewing a revenant.

VAN'S FATHER

Please...don't hurt me. That's all I ask of you. You can...you can stay here as long as you--

VAN

Dad. I'm not going to hurt you.

Van takes a seat opposite his father, tilting the chair around.

Quinn looks on, curious, unsure.

VAN'S FATHER  
How did you get here so fast? This  
just doesn't seem possible...

Van's father coughs heavily, catches his breath.

VAN  
Still on the smokes, huh?

A sliver of a grin announces itself on Van's father's reddened face.

VAN'S FATHER  
But really, how on earth...

Van's father, coming out of his initial shock, takes in sight of Quinn.

VAN'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
Aren't you going to introduce me to  
your guest?

Van turns, realizes Quinn is right next to him, his own initial shock also starting to subside.

VAN  
Of course. Quinn, this is my  
father, Neil. Dad, Quinn...

Quinn rises from the couch and Neil steadies himself on the back of his chair, pushes himself up.

NEIL  
Neil Danzen. It's a pleasure.

QUINN  
It's very nice to meet you.

Quinn smiles, seemingly charmed to meet the father of her love. Neil swallows, clearly shocked by all of this.

NEIL  
But how...how could you be here  
right now?

VAN  
Dad, there's a lot I've got to  
explain--

NEIL

I never took you for a killer, Van.  
I figured the Miles thing...it had  
to be a mistake. But what you did  
last night?

VAN

What are you talking about?

Neil's face registers pure confusion, he stammers, unable to find words.

VAN (CONT'D)

Pa, what on earth are you talking  
about?

Van moves toward his father, intense, his face now just inches away.

NEIL

Your escape...you killed 10 people  
last night. Prisoners, prison  
guards--

Van's face takes on a facade of panic. He rushes toward the TV, his eyes darting across the table below. He takes the remote in his hand, turns the TV on, begins to flip channels.

VAN

What channel is CNN?

NEIL

I don't...try CBC. 4.

Van switches CBC on. The TV instantly brings us back to USP VICTORVILLE, which is like a scene from a war zone. The place is surrounded by military vehicles, helicopters swirling overhead.

A female anchor, mid 40s appears on the broadcast. Van moves closer to the TV staring at her not even a foot away.

BROADCASTER

(on TV)

And now we have more breaking news.  
Early this morning, just hours  
after Van's violent escape, a  
sheriff was found dead outside a  
nearby Shell petrol station, and  
the attendant at the adjacent  
convenience store was gunned down.  
Authorities believe Van Danzen is  
responsible for the slayings.

(MORE)

BROADCASTER (CONT'D)

We'll get you more information on this turn of events as it comes in.

(beat)

Again, our cameras are live from nearby USP Victorville, where just last night Van Danzen pulled off the first escape from a United States federal prison since Richard Lee McNair broke free from a prison in Pollock, Louisiana in 2006.

Van brings his hands to his head, begins pulling his hair, highly agitated.

VAN

(to himself)

Fuck, fuck, fuck...

Quinn looks from Van to Neil and then back to Van, trying to piece it all together.

BROADCASTER

(on TV)

A statewide manhunt is now underway, with both federal and state authorities searching for Van Danzen. As of now, authorities believe Van may have made his getaway in a stolen California Highway Patrol vehicle belonging to the deceased officer, and they are urging civilians to keep a close eye out on their morning commute.

Neil rises from his chair takes the remote from Van, mutes the TV.

NEIL

Please. What in the hell is going on here?

OFF VAN'S SHOCKED FACE...

INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

Agent Martinez sits at her desk poring over a print out, clearly STRESSED. Suddenly her computer pings her, and an incoming video chat announces itself.

Martinez grimaces, accepts the call. A stern, 60s something male face comes into view, crystal clear. This is FBI DIRECTOR GARY SHANAHAN.

SHANAHAN

You have one objective and only one objective. Find Van Danzen.

(beat, snarling)

*Both* Van Danzens.

MARTINEZ

What gives you reason to think there are two Van Danzens?

SHANAHAN

Have you read the incident report from USP Victorville?

Martinez holds up the paperwork she's been reading.

SHANAHAN (CONT'D)

There's no way Van Danzen-- the real Van Danzen-- pulled that kind of stunt off. No way.

MARTINEZ

He is a martial artist--

SHANAHAN

Real life isn't like the movie Rambo. One human being cannot make the kind of break he made last night. Do I need to spell it out for you?

MARTINEZ

I am aware of the situation, Gary.

SHANAHAN

Then why are you sitting at your desk? There are 2 homicidal maniacs on the loose right now--

MARTINEZ

What makes you think *both* of them are homicidal?

SHANAHAN

Here we go again. You defending Van Danzen. I'm beginning to grow certain that the two of you--

MARTINEZ

You're out of line.

Shanahan glares at Martinez, growing impatient.

SHANAHAN

I'm going to clearly illustrate this situation for President Whitley. And I hope for your sake, and mine, that by the time I leave his office, you'll have some notion of where these 2 motherfuckers are.

Shanahan clicks off and the screen goes black. Martinez crumples the paper into a ball, hurls it.

INT. CRUISER - DAY

Van's same face, only it's focused, stern, obscured by a pair of black AVIATOR sunglasses.

CLOSE ON the dashboard to reveal that he's clipping along at a rate of 110 MPH.

In the BG, the police radio is going wild, Van monitoring what's going on.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

FROM ABOVE

The cruiser flies through the left lane of this 2 lane highway. Cars move aside, pulling into the right lane as the cruiser tears on by.

The cruiser slows parallel to a black Volkswagen.

VAN'S POV--

A female driver, mid 60s. Van quickly looks away, engages the engine, pushes on ahead, coming parallel to a black pickup truck. Van peers up, sees it's being driven by a slender, elderly Asian man.

Van guns it on ahead once more, comes parallel to a shiny black BMW 5 series sedan. He looks over, takes in sight of a middle aged white male, similar in build to himself. Van turns his lights and siren on, pulls the BMW over.

BIRDS' EYE VIEW

The BMW slows to a stop on the side of the road, the cruiser slamming on its brakes just inches from the BMW's rear bumper. Van quickly alights, strides toward the BMW, reaches for his gun.

DRIVER'S POV--

Through the BMW's lowered window, the highway patrolman's face is barely visible beneath his wide brimmed hat.

DRIVER  
Officer, is--

Van reaches in, opens the car door, and pulls the unsuspecting driver out by the neck, hurling him to the pavement with unreal force.

VAN'S POV--

The driver rolls over, stares up, face bloodied. Before he can open his mouth, Van blasts his skull apart with a perfectly placed bullet to the forehead.

Quickly, Van drags the departed around the back of the car, stuffs him inside the trunk, and then tears off in the BMW...

VAN (O.S.)  
My life started to go south after I  
took Sentience Corp public, five  
years ago...

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Van sits at the table with his father and Quinn, looking pale, the TV on mute in the BG, now showing aerial footage of the gas station complex.

VAN (CONT'D)  
At the same time, I was lobbying  
hard on behalf of Caroline Davidson  
for President, you know, a  
Democrat. And I rubbed Wayne  
Whitley the wrong way. When he won  
the election, the feds started  
trailing me, digging deep, trying  
to find anything they could. He's a  
real vindictive sonofabitch that  
Whitley. About a year into his  
term, I got a call from him,  
inviting me to Washington. I was  
skeptical, but I agreed to a  
clandestine sit down. It's just,  
you know, unwise to say no to the  
President.

Van exhales, looks at Quinn, a bit of pain in his eyes.



VAN (CONT'D)

In the years following the success of Plasmoxy, I'd set my sights on a more *ambitious* project.

(beat)

I made it my life's mission to bring a true Humanoid to life. I'd been working on it off and on for years, dating back to the time I spent researching in Tokyo.

NEIL

A *what*?

VAN

A Humanoid. A fully functioning, entirely artificial human being. Something so evolved that when it interacts with other human beings, its behavior rings so true, so authentic, that they simply cannot discern it as anything other than human, like them.

Neil's face registers a melange of horror and fascination.

Quinn remains silent, her face pensive.

VAN (CONT'D)

And I succeeded.

NEIL

How on earth...

VAN

In layman's terms, on a physical level, it has a lot to do with highly advanced forms of 3D printing. Creating life like matter-flesh, bone, hair, it's all easily reproduced now in my laboratory. Not only that, it's regenerative. You know, like how certain lizards can grow a tail back after losing it. My Humanoids feel pain, just as humans, but they heal in a matter of minutes.

(beat)

And, on a non-organic level, it's about programming code that mirrors the function of the human central nervous system. To the touch, it was real skin, real flesh, real bone.

(MORE)

VAN (CONT'D)

But inside...it took years to figure out how to reproduce the human psyche on an artificial basis. But I did. And the President wanted in.

NEIL

I don't understand...

Van rises from his seat at the table, begins pacing the small living area, his eyes darting toward the TV every so often.

The POV Feeds on the screen shift back and forth between Aerial views of USP Victorville and the gas station complex.

VAN

The feds uncovered what no journalist, what no civilian had up until that point realized.

(beat)

Miles Russell had no past. There was no birth certificate. All the degrees he'd supposedly earned over the years--fake. I'd created him to serve my ends for Sentience Corporation, and to prove to myself that my creation could hold its own in the world. Essentially, he was the first truly passable Humanoid. For the first six months of his existence, Miles did not see the light of day. But once I got his personality and psyche down pat, I knew I had a special resource. And that's when I "promoted" him to partner at the corporation. I had created fake social media accounts, fake articles online...I used my resources to make his past *real*.

Van laughs to himself, the absurdity of it all not lost on him.

VAN (CONT'D)

Whitley agreed to let me keep the project secret if I agreed to lend myself in pursuit of his own devices. He recognized the way the project could change national security, the way this country defends itself against threats.

(MORE)

VAN (CONT'D)

He was envisioning entire armies of humanoids, but first, he wanted a perfect replica Humanoid of himself created. He agreed that if I was able to pull that off, and if I was willing to work with the government to further their ends, that the project would remain a secret. I knew that if the technology were exposed too soon, it would never be able to reach its full potential, and thus I was cornered. Whitley was minutes away from holding a press conference, ready to expose my creation to the world. So I agreed.

Van stops, balancing himself on the back of a chair, levering up and down on the balls of his feet, as if doing calf raises. It's clear he's tense, anxious.

VAN (CONT'D)

So I did what I knew I could do. I created a Humanoid of President Whitley. And something...something in that moment-- the real Whitley observing himself as a Humanoid, interacting with something that looked, sounded, *felt* just like the man himself-- it set him off. But by then, he had all the trade secrets, all the insight. I'd been under surveillance the entire time. I wasn't surprised when I heard that Miles was stabbed to death with a screwdriver outside our headquarters. I knew they'd carried out the *murder*. Because they were the only ones who knew that such an advanced, and extraordinary technology had such a simple, rudimentary kryptonite. A screwdriver.

NEIL

I don't follow.

VAN

The entire personality, psyche, soul-- whatever you want to call it...the non-physical element of the technology...it's stored on a small chip. A chip.

(MORE)

VAN (CONT'D)

Literally embedded inside the Humanoid's brain. And the only way to truly disable one is to destroy the Humanoid with a sharp, pointed object through the ears. It's a startlingly simple way to destroy such a wonderfully advanced creation. It's essentially no different than resetting an old Tomagatchi with a toothpick.

NEIL

(realizing)

So Whitley...he, the feds...they framed you...

Van nods, returns to a seated position at the table.

VAN

I considered going public, revealing the entire project to prove that not only was Miles's murder a setup, but that it really wasn't a murder at all, that he wasn't real to begin with. But I knew I was fighting an uphill battle. The feds incinerated the body quickly after "discovering" it. So there was no way to prove that Miles Russell the human being had never existed. Unless I exposed the entire technology under oath, you know, testifying before congress. It would have all entered the public domain in that instance. I couldn't let that happen.

NEIL

Why didn't you flee *then*?

VAN

I made a deal with the FBI agent who brought me down. She knew, deep down, that I wasn't the threat. That it was President Whitley, and what he might use the technology for.

(beat)

Special Agent Martinez was vital in prosecuting me. But she also understood the importance of keeping the technology from the public.

(MORE)

VAN (CONT'D)

And she also had perspective on the President's wrath. She agreed to influence the federal government, so that I could post bail, and have the time I needed to perfect my own Humanoid...

NEIL

Oh my god...the prison escape...

VAN

My Humanoid escaped. I never set foot inside of a prison. My Humanoid was supposed to buy me the time necessary to prove my innocence and bring down President Whitley for his far reaching conspiracy.

Neil looks to Quinn.

NEIL

You knew none of this?

Quinn swallows, trying to find words, but none come out. She's been rendered completely speechless. Van quickly changes the subject.

VAN

Martinez had a plea deal crafted up, and we agreed that I'd reject it, and let the case drag on to trial. It gave me the time to perfect a version of myself that would trick the federal authorities, allow me to escape, figure out what to do next. But it's clear to me now that I've created something that exists outside the construct of what it means to be *human*. And in doing so, I brought a *monster* into this world.

EXT. HIGHWAY 2, ANGELES NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

**CHYRON: ANGELES NATIONAL FOREST**

CLOSE ON a black and white CHP cruiser tucked in between shrubs on the side of the highway.

WHEN SUDDENLY

The Black BMW rifles by, going at least 90. The CHP cruiser's lights and siren kick on, and the car tears out after the BMW.

FROM ABOVE

The cruiser has a few hundred yards or so to gain on the BMW, which deftly maneuvers the curves and crags of this scenic, remote state highway.

OFFICER  
(through bullhorn)  
Pull your vehicle over to the side  
of the road immediately.

CLOSE ON VAN behind the wheel of the BMW, eyes focused on the road ahead, forearm rigid, guiding the car like Jeff Gordon at the Winston Cup final in 1998.

The cruiser's engine is fully engaged and it roars along the asphalt, gaining ground on the heftier BMW sedan.

Van peers into the rearview, notes this. He swings into the oncoming traffic lane, passes a slow moving vehicle, continues on ahead.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
(bullhorn)  
Pull over your vehicle NOW.

Van reaches into his waistband, pulls out a handgun, takes the steering wheel with his other arm, and begins firing at the cruiser through the driver's side window.

The cruiser swerves, avoiding the gunfire. The BMW continues around a bend and encounters another cop car, parked on the side of the road.

An officer stands there, firing at Van as he flies by, to no avail.

Van peers down at the gas gauge. NEARING EMPTY.

Van scans the road ahead, noticing a smattering of cars, moving over to the side of the road, hearing the approaching sirens.

Van looks up to the rearview mirror, notices a bevy of cop cars behind him now. He sets his sights on a red DUCATI motorcycle riding tight along the center line and Van guns the BMW.

With the cruisers closing in, Van approaches the motorcycle, pulling up alongside it. He tucks his handgun into his belt, and eyes the driver, who turns, takes sight of him, confused.

In the blink of an eye, Van throws the BMW door open, balancing himself on the edge of the car, using his free hand to keep the steering wheel in check, a truly insane display of balance.

THEN

Van throws himself off of the BMW and wraps himself around the motorcyclist, who loses control.

FROM ABOVE the motorcycle skids and weaves along the road, still upright. Van positions himself so that he's behind the driver, leaning down, controlling the bike like it's a jet ski.

The squadron of cruisers is now right on Van's ass. Realizing he has to make a move, Van breaks the motorcyclist's arm with one felt bash, and tosses the guy off the bike.

The bike briefly loses control, but Van rights it in the nick of time and then guns it on ahead through a long, downhill straightaway.

VERRRRRRRROOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM

The bike rages down this slope.

VAN'S POV--

Approaching in the distance is the undeniable sight of a roadblock. He's trapped. Van throttles the bike even harder, gunning straight toward this roadblock.

It's now only yards away, a certainty he's going to crash right into it

WHEN

Van thrusts, turns the bike and SAILS right over the edge of the road, flying majestically into a vast crevasse of the ANGELES NATIONAL FOREST.

The stunned police officers watch with a mix of astonishment and relief as the bike grows smaller, smaller, smaller until the faintest sound of a crash is heard...

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

THE OVAL OFFICE

President Whitley sits behind the garish desk, his focus poised on his phone. On the wall adjacent to the seating area, a TV plays CNN on MUTE. Price Collinsworth's visage is on the screen, and the President looks up, scowls, turns his focus back to his phone.

A KNOCK.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY

Yeah?

Silence. After a moment, the door pushes open slowly to reveal a tall, wiry, early 60s male. We recognize him as FBI DIRECTOR GARY SHANAHAN.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY (CONT'D)

Come in, come in.

Whitley beckons Shanahan in. Shanahan arrives at a seat facing the President, balances his hands on the back of the chair.

President Whitley narrows his eyes, confused. After an awkward moment, Shanahan gets the memo, sits. As soon as he does, President Whitley rises from his chair, wheels it aside, and takes a perch on the edge of the ventilation system, peering down at Shanahan.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY (CONT'D)

Tell me everything.

SHANAHAN

I assure you. We'll have him in custody within hours. There's nowhere to go. It's the desert.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY

(nervous)

Are we dealing with...you know...

SHANAHAN

Potentially.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY

Fuck.

SHANAHAN

I'd say *probably*.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

(beat)

Martinez...she knows too much.



SHANAHAN

I wouldn't worry about her, sir.  
We're calling her back to DC. For  
her *safety*.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY

Okay. And the *Humanoid*...is there  
any location on it yet?

Shanahan shakes his head, grim.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY (CONT'D)

Well find it, goddamnit!

Whitley slaps his hand on his leg, rises from his half  
sitting perch, moves around the office to the TV.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY'S POV--

Price Collinworth's mouth babbles silently, a Chyron reads:

**PRESIDENT WHITLEY'S SILENCE GAINS VOTERS' ATTENTION**

Whitley reaches for the remote, unmutes the TV. Shanahan  
rises, moves toward Whitley.

PRICE COLLINSWORTH

(on broadcast)

...without a doubt. Of course, with  
the Iowa Caucus just a matter of  
months from now, one has to wonder  
whether this kind of fiasco could  
be the coral branch that sinks the  
ship. Will voters hold Whitley's  
silence against him? Nearly 12  
hours and counting since we last  
heard from the President. One has  
to wonder what exactly *he* knows  
that the American people *don't*.

Price flashes a smug look, nodding to himself. Whitley turns  
the TV off, turns to Shanahan, growling.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY

Figure this the fuck out.

SHANAHAN

I think...I think the wisest thing  
to do, right now, is to call off  
the fundraiser. Maybe take a trip  
down to Palm B--

Whitley absolutely GLARES through Shanahan, his face growing  
redder by the second.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY  
No! Are you fucking kidding me? Did  
you just hear a single word that  
came out of his mouth?

Whitley gesticulates wildly toward the TV, and Shanahan tries to dodge spittle, but it's to no avail. He wipes at his face, unnerved.

SHANAHAN  
It would be unwise, sir, to step  
into the belly of the beast.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY  
What in the fuck does that mean?  
(beat)  
Christ. California is our make or  
break state, goddamnit!

Whitley leans in close to Shanahan, snarling, unhinged.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY (CONT'D)  
Figure...this...the...fuck...out!

Whitley storms out of the office, slamming the door behind him, leaving Shanahan alone...

Ext. Strip Mall Parking Lot - day

**CHYRON: SHERMAN OAKS, CA**

A nondescript strip mall in the San Fernando Valley.

A silver Jeep Cherokee pulls in to the wide parking lot, settles on a spot, parks.

Humanoid Van sits behind the wheel of the BMW he stole, still a bit battered from his epic fall.

Humanoid Van watches as a stocky, bald, suited figure emerges from the truck. We recognize this fellow as MARK FARKMAN, the federal attorney that President Whitley commended in DC the day before.

Farkman moves toward a Coffee Bean, and yawns before he disappears inside.

Humanoid Van exits the BMW and strides toward the Jeep. He tries the back door-- Farkman remembered to lock it.

Humanoid Van moves around the back of the car, scans the parking lot ensuring he's alone, and picks the lock on the trunk door.

Humanoid Van surveys the lot once more, ensuring he's unseen, and then gets in the trunk, pulling it closed.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

THROUGH A WINDOW

Quinn walks alongside the lake deep in thought.

Van steps back from the window, turns to face his father, who stands in front of the TV, rapt.

BROADCASTER

(on TV)

Just breaking now...authorities in Southern California engaged Van Danzen in a high speed pursuit through the Angeles National Forest, during which time he killed an unsuspecting motorcyclist, before stealing that vehicle and driving it off a sheer cliff into the forest below. Authorities are currently searching for the motorcycle and Van Danzen's body, but they have come up empty handed, and are urging all Southern Californians to be on the lookout for any suspicious behavior, especially fast moving vehicles.

(beat)

President Whitley, who is scheduled to depart Washington later this afternoon, has not called off his previously scheduled trip to Los Angeles. Furthermore, he is yet to issue a statement on Van Danzen's violent prison break, and has not announced any intention to call off the fundraiser planned for later this week in the wake of the escape.

Van comes to a standstill next to his father. He turns the TV off.

VAN

I think you should go now.

Neil remains silent, nods.

VAN (CONT'D)

For your own safety. He might be coming after me. The Feds, too...I don't want you to get sucked in to this.

Van looks out, admires Quinn for a moment before turning back to face his father.

VAN (CONT'D)

I made him too powerful, too strong. I engineered his attributes to thrive amongst the brutality and violence of maximum security prison. I didn't realize just how powerful those attributes would translate to be. There wasn't enough time to test the thing under any reasonable set of circumstances. This thing...it's a destructive force the likes of which this earth has never known. And I need to go back. I need to stop him.

NEIL

Go back?

VAN

To Los Angeles. I have a hunch that's where he's going. My Humanoid has no concept of the fact that he's fake, a creation. Based on his programming, he'd have memory of everything that has actually happened to me in my lifetime, up until the point at which I brought him into consciousness. He thinks he's me. His memory picks up just before Martinez and I worked out an arrangement, and he has no recollection of the role she played in helping me. I programmed him to be rage filled, aggressive, destructive, to *survive* by any means necessary. I made him an expert marksman, a trained hand to hand combat fighter, a gifted long distance runner, etc.

(beat)

The Humanoid...in many ways, it's me.

(MORE)

VAN (CONT'D)  
But in so many more ways it's  
killing machine that looks just  
like me.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Humanoid Van is hidden in the back seats of the Jeep.

The door opens, and Mark Farkman plops into the seat,  
sticking a tall iced coffee into a cupholder.

As he fires up the ignition, Humanoid Van rises from his  
coiled position, wraps his hands around Farkman's neck, and  
breaks it, a child snapping a flower's stem.

Humanoid Van hustles out of the car, walks calmly away from  
the Jeep, avoiding the eyes of passing shoppers

Humanoid Van discreetly tries to open the driver's side door  
of an Audi, but it's locked. He then tries a handful of other  
cars until the door to a Chevy Malibu opens.

Humanoid Van hops up inside, expertly hot wires the car, and  
cautiously drives out of the parking lot.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Van's POV is of his phone. He sends a text to BRUCE, but we  
don't see it.

Van then turns, regards his father standing there, lingering  
by the door.

NEIL  
I wish it had been under better  
circumstances...but it's been nice  
to see you, son.  
(beat)  
And just so you know...

Neil chokes up a bit, looks away, too proud to let his son  
see the display of emotion that's welling up.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
(emotional)  
Just so you know...I was proud of  
you. All these years. All the  
things you accomplished.

Van nods, moves to his father, embraces him.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you something?

Van pulls back from his father, his own face red, emotions evident.

VAN  
Anything.

Neil looks out the window watches Quinn, who is now knee deep in the lake, bewitched by the natural beauty that surrounds her.

NEIL  
Is Quinn...

Van looks away, slightly ashamed. Neil nods knowingly.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
Doesn't it get lonely?

Van betrays no emotion, suddenly cold.

Neil feels the chill and moves to the door, opens it.

VAN  
Hey Pa...

Neil stops, turns to face his son.

VAN (CONT'D)  
It was good to see you.

Neil nods, exits, closes the door behind him.

Van moves to the window, watches while Neil bids Quinn farewell. Van then moves into the kitchen, begins rummaging through drawers.

VAN'S POV--

Silverware, trinkets, stacks of old letters.

Van rifles until he finds a red and lacquer handled SCREWDRIVER. Van takes the screwdriver in hand and moves to the window.

VAN'S POV through the window is of his father getting into a medium sized Honda SUV. Quinn watches him while he fires up the ignition, drives off.

Van moves toward the front door, carefully opens it, steps outside.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Van watches his father's car grow smaller. Quinn watches, seemingly entranced.

Van moves closer to Quinn, and she turns, sensing his presence. In one deft motion, Van raises the screwdriver from his side and jabs it right through Quinn's ear. She drops to the ground, convulsing violently.

Van moves away, unable to look at this sight, wretches a few times, finally vomits...

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY**CHRYON: DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES**

Establishing shot of a sleek, all glass cube shaped building surrounded entirely by steel bollards rising up out of dull cement.

Engraved in the side of the building, next to the sliding glass door entrance, are the words

***UNITED STATES COURTHOUSE***

PULL BACK to reveal a male figure as he approaches the entrance, wearing a black hat pulled low, wide rimmed Persol glasses obscuring his face, long blond hair flowing out in every which way, bouncing along with each step.

Despite the wig, we can make out that this fellow is HUMANOID VAN DANZEN. He strides briskly past a lengthy reflection pool, in which the federal government's SEAL shimmers, rippling atop the water.

The glass sliding doors swallow Humanoid Van...

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Humanoid Van's footsteps echo through the cavernous lobby, lengthy pieces of artwork staring down at him.

Van approaches a set of metal detectors, keeps his head down as he empties keys into a plastic tray, and moves on ahead. The security guard working there pays him no mind, more focused on a game on his phone, and Van grabs his keys, continues on.

Humanoid Van comes to a bench near a set of elevators, takes a seat, averts his eyes from the scores of security cameras. He scans the lobby, surveying.

## HUMANOID VAN'S POV--

The courthouse is sparsely populated at the moment. A guard walks around, surveying the space. A couple of aides come and go, mostly looking at their phone screens.

Van notices an approaching female figure, mid 50s, wearing business attire, looking stern.

This is THE HONORABLE LOUISA JEFFERSON. He looks away as she approaches, moves past him, swipes a card on the panel outside the elevators.

She lingers for a moment, contemplating something on her phone. Humanoid Van Danzen watches her all the while before he moves to the elevator.

The elevator doors swing open. A couple of aides shuffle out, and JUDGE JEFFERSON steps into the elevator. At the last moment, Humanoid Van squeaks by, enters.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The Judge just barely glimpses up from her phone, catches the back of Humanoid Van's head as he leans against the side of the elevator, presses a button for floor B4, seeing that Judge Jefferson has already pressed the button for B3.

Judge Jefferson keeps her eyes trained on her phone, and the two descend in eerie silence. She exits the elevator when it arrives at B3.

The elevator doors close, and the elevator descends one more floor. Humanoid Van quickly exits.

INT. COURTHOUSE SECURE FLOORS - CONTINUOUS

Humanoid Van, now free to roam the secured floors, moves down a hallway past doors featuring name plates for judges.

Humanoid Van eyes the signs that read EXIT, comes to the stairwell doorway. He pushes through, climbs the stairs a level, and exits into an identical hallway, the placard on the door reading B3.

Humanoid Van moves down this hall, peering at the name plates on the doors. Finally, he comes to face a plate reading THE HONORABLE LOUISA JEFFERSON.

Humanoid Van pushes the door open, enters, shuts it behind him.



INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The judge sits behind her desk, partially robed. She looks up from her computer, stunned by the bold entrance of this stranger. She rises, defensive.

JUDGE JEFFERSON

Excuse me--

HUMANOID VAN

No, excuse me.

Humanoid Van moves toward the judge. She reaches for her desk phone, but he backhands the console, sends it scattering to the floor with a sickening crunch.

Judge Jefferson instinctively moves backward, clutching her hands to her chest.

Van Danzen stares down the judge, inching forward all the while. Behind her, arranged on the bookshelves, are a series of mementos, trinkets.

There's a framed Magic Johnson Lakers jersey off to the side, a football signed by the entire LA Rams, a series of busts evocative of classical rulers, and a shimmering SAMURAI SWORD, engraved "To The Honorable Louisa Jefferson. All the best, Naruhito."

Humanoid Van's focus lands on this *decoration*.

JUDGE JEFFERSON

This is completely out of line, you understand.

HUMANOID VAN

I draw the lines.

Humanoid Van reaches for the Judge, but she tries to dodge his grasp. Humanoid Van pushes her backward and she trips, falls.

In one swift motion, Humanoid Van plucks the sword off its perch, unsheathes it, and swings the sword down with ease--

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, LOS ANGELES - DAY

A sleek female figure, clad in all black business attire, cuts a blazing stride from an office complex that announces itself as the **FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION: LOS ANGELES FIELD OFFICE.**

We recognize her as Special Agent Martinez. Agent Martinez appears stone faced, perhaps nervous, as she approaches an idling black Chevy Tahoe, gets in the back.

The Tahoe peels off.

PULL BACK

To the POV of Humanoid Van Danzen, who sits behind the wheel of a Honda Accord, parked across the street, still wearing his disguise.

Humanoid Van fires up the ignition, pulls out, falls into traffic behind the Tahoe, a handful of civilian cars serving as a bumper between the two...

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Van, sweating, shovel in hand, scrapes dirt over a freshly dug grave. The last traces of Quinn's body disappear. He pats the soil, smoothing it over, his visage grim and cold.

EXT. MANSION, BENEDICT CANYON - DAY

The black Chevy Tahoe pulls up to the gate in front of a stunning, palatial hillside home that we can just barely see from the street.

The gate recedes, and the Tahoe disappears up the steep driveway.

CLOSE ON Humanoid Van, behind the wheel of the Honda, as he observes this from across the street. Humanoid Van's eyes move across the property, taking in an egregious amount of security cameras. The slightest trace of annoyance appears on his face, and Humanoid Van drives off...

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Van is in the kitchen rinsing his hands off. He takes his time drying them, moving gingerly, and goes into the living room, where he turns up the volume on the TV, showing a feed of CBC.

The Chyron below the broadcaster's face reads FEDERAL PROSECUTOR MURDERED IN SHERMAN OAKS.

BROADCASTER

(on TV)

Mark Farkman, the federal attorney, and a father of three, was found dead just hours ago outside of a Coffee Bean in the LA community of Sherman Oaks, not far from Van Danzen's estate on Mulholland Drive. Authorities are combing the area, but at this point it does not seem that they have any idea as to his whereabouts.

Van pulls his phone from his pocket, peers at a text message from Bruce:

*THIRTY MINUTES OUT*

Van pockets the phone, clearly tense, anxious to get on the move.

On the TV screen, the broadcaster's expression contorts into one of intrigue.

BROADCASTER (CONT'D)

We have breaking news out of downtown Los Angeles, where the body of Judge Louisa Jefferson was discovered by an aide just a little over an hour ago. Foul play seems to be the obvious cause of death, and, if you'll remember back to Van Danzen's trial, it was the Honorable Louisa Jefferson who sentenced the disgraced tech mogul to decades behind bars. It's now clear to authorities that Van Danzen's motive behind this blood lust is directed toward those who played crucial roles in his conviction and imprisonment.

(beat)

When we come back, more on this crazed, bloodthirsty killer who has thrust the city of Los Angeles into a state of unbridled anxiety--

Van, disgusted, turns the TV off, storms out of the cabin.

EXT. BEVERLY GROVE - EVENING

**CHYRON: BEVERLY GROVE, LOS ANGELES**

Night has fallen in Los Angeles. Follow on Martinez's Black Tahoe as it idles in traffic, making its way north along La Cienega Blvd.

A few cars back, Humanoid Van Danzen sits behind the wheel of the Honda Accord, his face still obscured by a black hat pulled low over his forehead.

FOLLOW ON the Honda while it trails the Chevy Tahoe, roughly thirty feet behind it now. The Tahoe eventually comes to a stop in front of a bungalow home, surrounded by high, ivy covered walls.

After a moment, Special Agent Martinez exits the vehicle, cuts a quick path toward the front gate, enters in a code, and steps inside, disappearing into a courtyard.

Humanoid Van holds his gaze on the SUV, which eventually kills its lights...

#### EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Night has just fallen in Alberta as the familiar sight of the black Sprinter Van pulls up in front of the lake house. Van salutes Bruce, and stuffs his 2 valises into the back of the Sprinter, before quickly disappearing inside.

#### EXT. AGENT MARTINEZ'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Humanoid Van moves from the Honda, the Tahoe in his sights.

Van reaches into his pocket, procures a taser marked CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROL.

Van approaches the driver's side door of the Tahoe, keeps his head down, knocks.

The security detail lowers the window, narrowing his eyes at the figure standing there when

ZZZZZZZZZZTTTTTTT

Van brings the taser up, jabbing it directly into the burly man's eye, stunning him. Humanoid Van then thrusts his elbow toward the security detail's neck, forcing it hard against the back of the seat, gradually suffocating him.

Humanoid Van steps back from the Tahoe, and sets his sights on the gate in front of Special Agent Martinez's home. In an instant he mounts the bottom of it and hoists himself over the jagged bars atop the door.

INT. COURTYARD, AGENT MARTINEZ'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Humanoid Van moves around the perimeter of the home, peering through windows along the way.

Humanoid Van rounds a corner, moves past a small in-ground pool, and notices light streaming through a window in the back of the home. He gingerly approaches, and presses his face against the window.

HUMANOID VAN'S POV THROUGH OPAQUE CURTAINS

Agent Martinez's bathroom. A jetted tub sits right below the window, filling with a steady stream of water. A row of candles lines the tub.

Humanoid Van moves further along the home's exterior, peers through a bedroom window. Through the curtains, he can make out an outline of Agent Martinez as she steps out of her work clothes.

The TV is on in the BG, but we cannot hear it over the hissing sound of the running water.

Humanoid Van watches as Martinez slips into a robe, moves back toward the bathroom. Humanoid Van moves to the bathroom window, observes as Martinez tests the water temperature with her foot.

Noticing the rising water level, Humanoid Van quickly makes toward the front of the house, tries the front door.

LOCKED

Humanoid Van ponders for a moment, surveying the front of the home. Then, he reaches for the doorknob and begins to yank with all his might. The wood around the knob eventually splinters, and Van pulls the knob right through the wooden frame, splintering the entire contraption enough to push the door right open.

INT. AGENT MARTINEZ'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Humanoid Van listens for a moment then creeps his way further into the home.

The sound of the running water ceases, and the house fills with the low volume sound of Price Collinsworth's voice coming from the bedroom TV.

Van creeps a bit forward, moving closer to Martinez. As he does, the bathroom light is turned out, draping the hallway in darkness.

PRICE COLLINSWORTH (O.S.)

I think a lot of blame goes to the prison officials, especially Warden McKenzie, who was so ashamed and stunned by the whole ordeal that he took nearly two hours to alert federal authorities, who, unbelieving of his fanciful account of Van's escape were likewise slow in coordinating with local authorities to implement the proper road blocks that might have contained him and limited the extent of the death toll.

The sound of Martinez stepping into and then sinking into the warm embrace of the bathwater can be heard over the news broadcast while Humanoid Van creeps further into the recesses of the home.

PRICE COLLINSWORTH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Both federal and local authorities now feel that it's a certainty Van Danzen is back in the Los Angeles area, owing to the murder of Prosecutor Farkman and Judge Jefferson. Now, it's simply a matter of who else he has set in his scope, and how long it will take him to exact his revenge. That is, unless the authorities can get a handle on the situation sooner.

(beat)

In addition to this string of killings that LA has had to contend with, President Whitley, who we are awaiting an official statement from, is set to land at LAX within hours. Earlier today, the President did Tweet his scathing disapproval of the way Warden McKenzie handled the first hours after Van's stunning break from the prison he's in charge of running. Although the President has yet to address the murders of Farkman and Jefferson, which took place just hours apart in separate neighborhoods within Los Angeles.

(beat)

I'm Price Collinsworth with CNN.

The babble of a commercial for cholesterol medication is the soundtrack as Humanoid Van steps into the doorway of the bathroom.

HUMANOID VAN'S POV--

Martinez, eyes closed, reclines against the back of the tub, submerged up to her neck. The flickering candles cast an eerie, seance-like atmosphere over the scene as Humanoid Van moves silently closer to Martinez.

Humanoid Van arrives standing directly over Agent Martinez. He peers down, his expression cold, angry.

Martinez's eyes shoot open.

Humanoid Van instantly plunges his arm down, grabbing Martinez by the neck, pulling her up from the tub, but Martinez is able to grab hold of a candle, spewing hot wax in Humanoid Van's eyes.

Humanoid Van lets out a guttural roar as he falls violently backward, clatters into a closet, the shelves and towels upon them crashing down, obstructing his view.

Agent Martinez, naked, partially obscured by bath bubble, flees from the tub, slips, lands on her hands and knees. With but a grimace, Martinez recovers, continues on ahead, making her way into the bedroom.

Humanoid Van hurls the towels and broken shelves aside and pulls himself up to a standing position, tearing after Martinez.

Humanoid Van arrives in the cusp of the doorway just in time to take in sight of Martinez as she whirls around, aiming her standard issue handgun in his direction.

Agent Martinez fires, hitting Humanoid Van in the chest. He stumbles backward, stunned, but does not fall to the ground, instead clutching at the wound, seemingly confused.

Martinez fires her handgun once more, hitting Humanoid Van in the abdomen. Despite the appearance of blood around the wounds, Humanoid Van does not show any concomitant signs of severe agony.

A show of recognition flashes across Martinez's face. She grabs her robe off the bed, drapes herself in it, and flees from the home through a door that leads from the bedroom onto the back patio.

Humanoid Van's stunned daze recedes and, realizing his prey has eluded him, he flees through the home, exiting the front doorway.

EXT. AGENT MARTINEZ'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Humanoid Van surveys the neighborhood, but there's no sign of Martinez. Doors of surrounding homes start to open, and Humanoid Van lets out an angry roar, frustrated by his failure. He then rushes toward his Honda, gets in, and tears off...

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

FROM ABOVE

The Sprinter van moves south on a sparsely populated interstate surrounded by sweeping green hills, the foothills of the Rocky Mountains.

It passes a sign that reads WELCOME TO UTAH: LIFE ELEVATED.

INT. AGENT MARTINEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Martinez sits behind her desk, looking tired, a handful of other agents sitting opposite her. The entire group's focus is on a large projector screen taking up an entire windowless wall.

A male face, mid 50s, stern, peers into the office through the feed. We recognize him as GARY SHANAHAN, the Director of the FBI. A camera is positioned such that Shanahan can see Martinez's face throughout the duration of the conversation.

SHANAHAN

(through feed)

I personally think the best way to keep you safe right now is to remove you from the country. A sabbatical to, say, Uruguay. Or the Seychelles. He'll never find you there.

Martinez swallows, braces herself, clearly at odds with her boss.

MARTINEZ

I'm not running like some spring deer, Gary.



SHANAHAN

I didn't suggest *running*. I suggested a practical approach to a uniquely challenging scenario. You are the intended target of a homicidal mass murderer. Maintaining the status quo is not an option right now. He killed your security detail in cold blood, and I'm not taking any more chances with your safety.

MARTINEZ

Well, I'm not leaving. Unless the President agrees to cancel his fundraiser. Then, maybe I'll consider it.

SHANAHAN

That's not going to happen. You know that. Whitley is not--

MARTINEZ

Then I'm not leaving.

SHANAHAN

Frankly, I'm not certain we'll be able to protect you if you remain in LA. Based on his prison escape, I'm just not certain we've ever dealt with a foe like Van Danzen. I mean, at this rate, it might take the National Guard to keep you safe--

-

MARTINEZ

I can protect myself. I think I made that known already. I don't want more security detail, and I sure as hell don't need the National Guard on my trail. Do you know what kind of frenzy it will create in my neighborhood if you have them all camped out there? The entire country will know where I live.

(beat)

Like I told you already, Gary, he's clearly going to make a play for the President--

SHANAHAN

That's on the Secret Service, Victoria. That's not on us.

MARTINEZ

Also a *federal* law enforcement agency. Has the concept of collaboration ever occurred to you?

SHANAHAN

(growing annoyed)

Why are you hell bent on making this harder for me?

MARTINEZ

This isn't about you. It's about a lot more than just you. We prosecuted a man who, quite frankly, was guilty only of being a genius--

SHANAHAN

You're treading on some very, very thin ice here. I can see the cracks forming already. Are you sure you want to keep dancing around?

MARTINEZ

Stick around a little longer. I'm about to break into my figure skating routine. Then you'll see how strong the ice beneath me is.

Martinez reaches over, ends the video chat. She turns to her colleagues, vitriolic.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

If anybody leaks a word of this to the press...

Martinez stands, strides out like a BOSS....

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DUSK

The Sprinter van races toward Los Angeles, the glitz and glitter of the VEGAS STRIP looming mighty in the BG.

INT. AGENT MARTINEZ'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Agent Martinez watches CNN on mute. The chyron reads **JUDGE IN VAN DANZEN CASE FOUND MURDERED IN CHAMBER. WHO NEXT?**

Martinez looks tired, worn. Her phone begins to chirp, and she peers down, notices the caller ID reads "Director Shanahan." Martinez grimaces, reaches for the phone.

MARTINEZ  
Yeah...I'm watching.

INT. TAHOE - CONTINUOUS

**INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION**

FBI Director Shanahan, in a suit, rides in the back of an armored Tahoe, phone to his ear.

SHANAHAN  
This is neither a time for pride  
nor conviction, Victoria. It's one  
thing to ignore my orders to leave  
the country. It's another entirely  
to intentionally lose your security  
detail.

MARTINEZ  
I don't need a trail. I'm not the  
convict on the loose.

SHANAHAN  
Let's cut the shit. Another person  
directly involved in Van's  
prosecution is now headless. And  
you still want to play tough with  
me?

Martinez stands, her emotions aroused.

MARTINEZ  
I fought him off once. If he comes  
for me again, I'll fend him off  
again. You don't trust me or my  
instincts--

SHANAHAN  
Your instincts are going to get you  
killed.

Shanahan's Tahoe comes to a slow, and he peers out the window, takes in sight of a private jet sitting on a tarmac.

MARTINEZ  
And the President...what makes you  
so certain he's secure overnight in  
LA? I was at the house where  
they're having the fundraiser just  
yesterday. It's not impenetrable. I  
tried to get through to him--

SHANAHAN

The President is staying at the Beverly Hills Hotel between now and when he leaves for the fundraiser. The Secret Service has 300 men assigned to the property, okay? The entire perimeter is surrounded, and every square inch is accounted for.

MARTINEZ

It's a large property.

SHANAHAN

(annoyed)

My job is to worry about you right now. And I don't think you're taking your security very seriously.

MARTINEZ

Save your energy. I'm fine.

SHANAHAN

I sure hope so, Victoria. But either way, I'll be there by sunrise. And things are going to change fast.

(beat)

I'll see you tomorrow.

Shanahan hangs up, exits the limousine...

Martinez holds the phone to her ear for a moment, aggravated.

EXT. MARTINEZ'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

LATER

Martinez's bungalow sits tucked among the trees on the peaceful, residential street in Beverly Grove.

Two Tahoe SUVs sit in front of the small home, occupied by Martinez's new security detail.

CLOSE ON the underside of one of these Tahoes.

Humanoid Van Danzen clings to the framework underneath the truck, his muscles rippling, veins jutting out.

The door to one of the Tahoes opens, and a burly, suited security guard exits, slams the door, begins surveying the outside of the home with a thick Maglite flashlight.

Humanoid Van, gently lowers himself to the ground, peers out from under the truck.

HUMANOID VAN'S POV--

A set of feet wanders around the outside of the home, errantly shining a light around. The feet begin to make their way back in Humanoid Van's direction.

Just as the set of feet arrives at the door and pulls it open, Humanoid Van grabs one of the ankles, twists with impossible strength, sends the large man to the ground, his flashlight scattering a few feet away.

In a swift motion, Humanoid Van rolls out from underneath the Tahoe to where the black Maglite flashlight is, retrieves it.

The security guard, shocked, finally makes a move to hoist himself up from the pavement. But he's just not fast enough. Rising up behind him, in a terrifying shadowy visage, is Humanoid Van Danzen. He brings the heavy flashlight down HARD on the security guard's head.

With this one mighty swing from Humanoid Van, the security guard's skull caves in, fracturing sickeningly, like an egg bashed in with the blunt end of a knife.

Humanoid Van pivots, moves toward the second black Tahoe, where the other security guard has just been roused from an unintended nap.

The groggy guard steps out of the truck, reaches for his handgun, but he's not fast enough. Humanoid Van swings the flashlight like he's Mark McGwire going for the fences in 1998.

The sound is not unlike a sledgehammer pulverizing a large watermelon, and blood splatters all over the outside of the Tahoe...

VAN DANZEN (O.S.)  
Mother of God.

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

THE REAL VAN DANZEN takes in sight of this carnage from the backseat of his Sprinter van, which is inconspicuously parked a little further down the street.

Van pulls his face from the glass window, turns to Bruce.

VAN

Well, he made part of this easier  
on me.

BRUCE

You sure you don't want me to--

Van reaches his hand out, squeezes Bruce's shoulder.

VAN

I know your limitations.

Without another word, Van hits a button and the Sprinter's backdoor quietly recedes. Van reaches for his handgun, switches the safety off, pats his other pocket, where we catch a glimpse of the handle of his SCREWDRIVER, and then hops out into the dark night.

VAN'S POV--

Humanoid Van, still clutching the flashlight, moves over the bungalow's gate...

Real Van Danzen follows him, moving effortlessly toward the dark home...

INT. MARTINEZ'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Special Agent Martinez lies supine under the covers, the TV on mute, casting an eerie palette of colors across her body.

SUDDENLY

Humanoid Van Danzen's face appears in the window, a monster. He peers through the glass, reaches down, tries the door. It's locked.

Agent Martinez does not stir.

Humanoid Van disappears from sight for a moment. All is still and silent.

Martinez continues sleeping, moves ever so slightly underneath the covers.

THEN

Humanoid Van appears in frame again, rears back, SMASHES the glass door panel with a swing from the flashlight. In a split second, Martinez's security alarm begins to wail, and Humanoid Van Danzen steps into the room, moves toward Martinez.

Martinez rockets up to a seated position, entirely stunned, in a daze.

MARTINEZ'S GROGGY POV--

The outline of a hulking male figure moves toward her FAST.

Martinez tries to scamper, but it's to no avail. Humanoid Van Danzen grabs her by the feet, pulls her toward him, leans in close, places his hand around her neck, squeezes.

Martinez flails her arm wildly, reaching for the bedside table, where her HANDGUN is just inches from her grasp.

Humanoid Van flips Martinez over, pulling her away from the gun.

MARTINEZ'S POV

The REAL VAN DANZEN appears in the frame just behind his Humanoid, who continues to squeeze the life out of Martinez.

The Real Van Danzen brings the screwdriver up from his side and swings hard. Just as he does, Humanoid Van jerks his head ever so slightly.

The screwdriver impales Humanoid Van through both cheeks, sending blood everywhere. Humanoid Van is stunned by this, letting out the strangest, almost mouse-like squeak as he lets go of Martinez's throat, and stumbles backward into the TV, bringing it crashing to the ground, pinning him.

In a split instant, Real Van moves toward Martinez, grabs her handgun off the table, hands it to her.

VAN DANZEN  
Let's fucking go.

Agent Martinez is still a bit stunned. She takes in sight of the Humanoid, struggling to right himself, and then looks over to the real Van.

Martinez jumps into action, thrusts the covers off, revealing that she's dressed in black fatigues, ready for war.

Humanoid Van Danzen hurls the television off of himself, and it just narrowly misses Martinez, who follows the real Van Danzen out through the broken door of the bungalow.

Humanoid Van, a sight of pure unbridled rage, tears out of the bedroom after them, the screwdriver still planted firmly in his cheeks, giving him the appearance of a snarling, bloodied, muzzled dog.

EXT. MARTINEZ'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

The security alarm wails into the night while Van and Martinez rush past the outside of the home.

Humanoid Van, roaring with anger, tears after them.

Van and Martinez rush toward the Sprinter van. The door recedes as soon as Bruce notices their approach. The two of them hustle into the Sprinter and it drives off, the door still closing.

Humanoid Van Danzen, from a good three or four feet away, lunges through the air, cheetah-like, and grabs hold of the door, wresting it open.

VAN/MARTINEZ'S POV FROM INSIDE THE SPRINTER--

The bloodied, mangled face of Humanoid Van stares at them as he positions himself in the doorway of the Sprinter, which now moves at a fast clip away from Martinez's bungalow.

The sound of POLICE SIRENS becomes evident, approaching from somewhere off in the distance.

Humanoid Van, holding on to the roof of the Sprinter with one hand, reaches down for Martinez with the other, his hand jabbing wildly as he tries to grab her.

In the blink of an eye, Real Van has his gun aimed at his Humanoid, which finally catches sight of Van Danzen's face.

The Humanoid is rendered dumb, unable to make sense of what it's seeing. PURE RAGE kicks in, and the Humanoid slams real Van's arm, sending the gun flying toward the pavement.

Humanoid Van forces his way inside the truck, begins to choke out real Van. In a display of pure force, real Van uses his free leg to kick Humanoid van in the back of the knee.

Humanoid Van momentarily loosens his grip on real Van, and he takes advantage of the moment, forces Humanoid Van forward, slamming him hard into the driver's seat.

Bruce briefly loses control of the Sprinter, which careens wildly into oncoming traffic on La Cienega. Cars blare their horns, sirens can be heard approaching.

CLOSE on Martinez's hand as she tries to pry her handgun free from her waistband.

Real Van puts Humanoid Van in a headlock, tries to strangle him, but pound for pound he has no shot.



Humanoid Van throws his body weight toward real Van, forcing his shoulder hard into the back seats.

Real Van relents his grip on his Humanoid, falls into Martinez. Humanoid Van takes real Van by the throat, slams him hard into the window, cracking it.

Martinez finally pries the handgun free, smashes Humanoid Van in the face, hard.

Real Van wastes no time, begins smashing the Humanoid's face with his balled fist. Simultaneously, Martinez presses the button to open the Sprinter door, and real Van throws all of his body weight toward his Humanoid, forcing him out the open door.

The Humanoid, falling backward toward the pavement, reaches out, snatches hold of the door, dangling wildly above the rush of pavement below.

REAL VAN

You handsome fucking devil...

BANG BANG BANG

Van empties the clip into his Humanoid, which finally relents its grip on the door, collides with the pavement harshly, rolls around a bit.

FROM ABOVE

The Sprinter tears off north, toward the hills, while the Humanoid pulls itself to its feet, rushes off into a residential neighborhood, disappearing just as the police appear on scene...

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Van and Martinez, both appearing a bit unkempt from the melee, sit in the back of the Sprinter.

BRUCE

I'm going to get some air.

Van tosses Bruce his handgun.

VAN

Mountain lions.

Bruce tucks the gun into his waistband.

BRUCE

Much appreciated.

Bruce closes the door, moves from the Sprinter.

Van closes his eyes, exhales. Martinez watches him, sidles over just a little closer.

MARTINEZ  
He's not real, is he?

Van nods.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)  
He's an early model, too. Aware of his condition.

VAN  
His *inhuman nature*, yes.

MARTINEZ  
And Miles Russell...first iteration after Bruce, I reckon.

VAN  
You picked that word up from me, didn't you?

MARTINEZ  
What word?

VAN  
Never mind.

Van pulls himself up to a seated position.

VAN (CONT'D)  
Without Bruce, I wouldn't be here.  
(beat)  
And neither, evidently, would you.

MARTINEZ  
What is *here*? What is this?

VAN  
Land I purchased *years* ago. With a holding company. Tied to another holding company that's tied to an offshore realtor. It would take the feds...

Van smirks at Martinez.

VAN (CONT'D)  
It would take *you guys* years to tie this property to me.  
(MORE)

VAN (CONT'D)

Hence, we're safe from prying eyes.  
For the time being.

MARTINEZ

But your Humanoid...

VAN

Sure, I suppose he knows he owns  
this land. But at least the  
authorities don't. And the way I  
see it, we need any advantage we  
can gain at this step.

MARTINEZ

He's going to go for President  
Whitley tomorrow.

VAN

That's why we're going to go for  
the President *first*.

Martinez sighs, the weight of the situation really pressing  
down on her.

VAN (CONT'D)

Logistically, we're in good shape.

MARTINEZ

I know *all* about the logistics.

VAN

Tell me then, partner, what's our  
course of action?

Martinez smirks at Van.

MARTINEZ

I bet you have it all planned out,  
don't you?

VAN

(playful)

I'm not the special agent in charge  
of the Los Angeles field office of  
the FBI.

MARTINEZ

At 2:25 PM tomorrow, President Whitley will leave The Beverly Hills Hotel in a convoy that will take him due north on Benedict Canyon-- closed off in both directions to all traffic-- to Sonny Finch's estate on Tower Grove Drive.

Silence holds while Martinez ponders.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

What about the hotel? Couldn't your Humanoid in theory breach security there?

VAN

You're the federal agent.

MARTINEZ

He could.

VAN

I don't think he will.

MARTINEZ

What makes you so sure?

VAN

Instinct.

(beat)

I need to be there first.

MARTINEZ

What?

VAN

I need to be at Sonny Finch's estate first. To confront him when he arrives.

MARTINEZ

I don't see how that's going to be possible.

Van rubs his chin, deep in thought.

VAN

How many members comprise your security detail?

MARTINEZ

Usually 2. A driver who doubles as security, and then one more guard specifically assigned to me.

VAN

I'm going to be your driver.

MARTINEZ

How on Earth...

VAN

You'll see.

Martinez shoots Van a skeptical look.

MARTINEZ

And your Humanoid...what's he going to do between now and then?

Van closes his eyes, considers. Martinez inches even closer to him on the seat.

VAN

Hide. Regenerate. I don't doubt his ability to surprise us. But I really don't think he'll turn up again until the President is at Sonny Finch's. And by then, we'll be ready for him.

Martinez looks away, contemplative. Van takes notice.

VAN (CONT'D)

(reassuring)

We're going to expose Whitley. The conspiracy, the cover up-- 24 hours from now, it'll all be known to the world.

MARTINEZ

And what about me?

VAN

I kidnapped you tonight, after I fought off my Humanoid, saving us both. I kept you hostage, because you had all the insight into President Whitley's workings tomorrow. I used you to get to my Humanoid so that I could make things right in the world and destroy him. And so that I could vindicate myself.

(MORE)

VAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

You had nothing to do with this.  
Then or now.

Martinez is moved by Van's selflessness.

VAN (CONT'D)

I made this mess, I'll get myself  
out of it.

MARTINEZ

You saved me from your Humanoid.  
That has to count for something.

VAN

My Humanoid that has gone on a  
murderous rampage. My Humanoid that  
has killed a federal prosecutor, a  
judge--

MARTINEZ

I'm going to make it right.  
Everything that happened over the  
past couple of years. I'm going to  
make it right.

VAN

Maybe.

MARTINEZ

Quinn...

VAN

I figure you caught on to her  
reality...or lack thereof.

MARTINEZ

Why are you so afraid of people you  
can't control? People you didn't  
create?

VAN

Because they're *real*.

MARTINEZ

Doesn't it get lonely?

VAN

That's what my father asked me.  
Just before we said goodbye to one  
another.

MARTINEZ

Tell me...your father. What was the rift about?

VAN

Pride. His. Mine.

Martinez encourages Van to continue with her eyes.

VAN (CONT'D)

He couldn't understand, couldn't see why someone would need *more* than the life he had. He couldn't see anybody wanting to leave Edmonton. Wanting to leave behind a thriving sporting goods business. But I needed more. Knew I could get more.

MARTINEZ

And with Quinn...don't you feel guilty? Bringing something into the world just to cast them aside once they've served their purpose to you?

VAN

Do you intend to keep a *computer* forever?

Martinez is stumped by this question, understanding the metaphor Van paints.

VAN (CONT'D)

She wasn't real. I created her to serve a purpose. She only existed because I brought her into the world.

MARTINEZ

But isn't that true of a human child, also?

(beat)

Tell me-- is there really a difference between a man and a machine if they both look and act exactly the same?

VAN

One *feels*. The other thinks it feels.

MARTINEZ

But what's the difference?

VAN

The fact that it can trick you into believing it is a human being is what allows a Humanoid to gain empathy from you, from anyone it interacts with. But it's not a human being, and it never was a human being. It's a creation brought into the world by human beings. That's all Quinn was. That's all my Humanoid is. A figment of my imagination...that I just happened to have the resources to bring to life.

MARTINEZ

So she would have been but a burden to you? That's why you had to destroy her...

Van looks away, nodding. There's a brief reprieve of silence. Van stands, slides the Sprinter door open.

VAN

Let's go. We have a battle to prepare for.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL, BUNGALOW - NIGHT

President Whitley, wearing pajamas, sits in his lavishly appointed bungalow, eating a steak and mashed potatoes, the TV on in front of him, muted.

Simultaneously, the President scrolls through Twitter, his facial expressions changing with the various Tweets he reads.

STARTLING KNOCK ON THE DOOR

President Whitley flashes a look of annoyance, moves to the door.

WHITLEY

Yeah?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

We have an unannounced visitor.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY

Well who in the hell is it this time of night?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

It's Shanahan, sir.



Whitley rolls his eyes.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY  
Yeah, all right...

Whitley unchains the door lock, moves away from the door, straightens his tie. He comes to a stand behind the couch, his arms perched on it, looking down at the doorway.

After a moment, the door pushes open, 2 Secret Service agents enter, followed by a grim looking Shanahan.

SHANAHAN  
He got Martinez.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY  
Who?

SHANAHAN  
You know, *Victoria* Martinez...you commended her just last week.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY  
Oh yeah, yeah.  
(beat)  
She's dead?

SHANAHAN  
That's unconfirmed at this stage.  
LAPD missed him by just moments.  
Somehow, he escaped. Well, one of them did, at least...

PRESIDENT WHITLEY  
I don't follow.

SHANAHAN  
The real Van Danzen...evidently, he's back.  
(beat)  
In Los Angeles as we speak.

President Whitley's face darkens.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY  
Did anybody, you know, see both of them...

SHANAHAN  
(shaking head)  
Fortunately, no. We had witnesses see Van Danzen come tumbling out of either an SUV or some kind of large truck.

(MORE)

SHANAHAN (CONT'D)

It was dark, and witness accounts  
aren't particularly compelling.  
Nobody really saw much of anything.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY

Well, that's good.

SHANAHAN

But Martinez...we don't know if  
she's with the real Van or the  
Humanoid.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY

And what difference does it make?  
Stop them BOTH!

Whitley slams his hands on the back of the couch.

SHANAHAN

My advice would be to leave this  
city immediately.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY

That's not happening.

SHANAHAN

I'm not certain...

Shanahan looks around, lowers his voice.

SHANAHAN (CONT'D)

I'm not sure anybody, *anything*, can  
protect you from *BOTH* Van  
Danzens...

Off President Whitley's look of horror...

EXT. MALIBU PROPERTY - NIGHT

Van and Martinez trudge through darkness. Van comes to a spot  
he recognizes, leans down.

VAN'S POV--

Hidden in the brush set below a steep rock face is a tiny,  
code panel. Van enters in a long series of digits.

Suddenly, the rock face begins to recede, revealing a set of  
silver doors, which part. Van steps inside, motions for  
Martinez to join him. As soon as she does, the doors whisk  
shut.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Lights have illuminated this small elevator. Martinez, unsurprised by this development, is silent while the elevator carries them deep into a shaft below the earth.

The elevator comes to a stop and the doors whirl open.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Welcome back, Van.

INT. VAN'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Lights stream on and Van and Martinez exit the elevator, stepping into a small, well lit laboratory. There are all sorts of advanced mechanisms that we just don't recognize.

Van strides on ahead, moves to a far wall, while Martinez cuts a more conservative path through the space, in awe of what she is seeing.

Van moves toward a far wall, enters the same lengthy string of digits into a panel. Another wall recedes.

Martinez sidles up closer to Van, takes in the sight of this newly exposed space.

THEIR POV--

A stockroom packed to the brim with survival supplies. Cases of bottled water, canned foods, firearms, camouflage clothing-- all the trappings necessary to survive a zombie apocalypse.

MARTINEZ  
What on earth...

VAN  
My survival chamber. You just never know what the world will throw at you...

Van enters, presses a button. A clothing rack whirls around, as if at a dry cleaner. Van procures a black suit, a white shirt...

INT. VAN'S LAIR - LATER

The lair doors open, and Van steps out, dressed like he's Martinez's driver, looking ready for war.

Van moves toward the center of the room, focused, in control.

VAN  
I have something important thing to  
show you first...

Van moves toward another wall in the lair, enters the same long string of digits. The doors slide open, and suddenly Van and Martinez find themselves face to face with PRESIDENT WHITLEY!

Martinez gasps. But she overcomes the shock quickly, moves forward, admiring the work.

MARTINEZ  
You kept it.

Van nods, dignified.

VAN  
I knew someday this would come in handy. After we take him out, you know, *my* Humanoid...I'm going to reveal this one to the world. It will be my way of proving all of this...

Van considers the lifeless Humanoid, before stepping back. He moves toward a center console in the middle of the room, enters his code on a touchpad. The console comes to life.

VAN (CONT'D)  
This is the programming console.

Van looks in the direction of a small slot to the side of the screen.

VAN (CONT'D)  
I insert the brain chip into that slot there, right? And then, I pull up the soul blueprint that I want to download onto the chip.

Van scrolls on the screen, lands on a file called QUINN. Other files are marked VAN, WHITLEY, BRUCE.

VAN (CONT'D)  
For example...Quinn. If I want to recreate her? All I'd do would be to insert a new brain chip, and begin the process of downloading the file. Meanwhile...

Van hits a number of commands on the screen while Martinez watches intently, riveted by the process.

Suddenly, a large device in the center of the room, to the side of the command console, begins to whirl to life, quieter than one might expect.

Van steps back waits, his eyes fixated on the large mechanism. Martinez steps forward, standing just next to Van.

After a moment, the mechanism dies down. Suddenly, the top of the mechanism recedes, and some steam rises out. Before long, a platform inside the mechanism rises up. On top of this platform, naked, is a reproduction of Quinn.

VAN (CONT'D)

I haven't finished off the final part of the process. The chip injection. With one more command, this will be a fully functioning recreation of the Quinn I had to destroy...for the sake of us doing what we need to do now.

Van sports a bit of a grave expression as he admires this lifeless Quinn.

MARTINEZ

Given all of this technology, all the nuances and details that go into creating something like this...why can't you simply disable a Humanoid remotely?

Van grimaces.

VAN

It would, in essence, render the entire creation moot. If I could deactivate one remotely, then in theory, in the future, any entity with an understanding of the technology could render a Humanoid useless from afar.

MARTINEZ

Why...why did it go so wrong with your own Humanoid creation?

Van turns his attention to the prompt screen, pulls up the file marked VAN. The lifeless Quinn Humanoid recedes back into the console, disappearing.

VAN

In engineering his psyche, his personality to survive the harshest conditions possible, I overestimated my own creation. You see, creating a personality is an imperfect, fluid science. The program works on a scale. Each attribute can be pronounced within a personality on a scale from 1-99. So, for my own Humanoid, given the scenario he was going to step into-- I overdid it, and I programmed many of his attributes to the 99th percentile. Aggression, rage, determination, problem solving. And I programmed certain attributes to a level 1: empathy, caring, selflessness, remorsefulness. In doing so, I brought to life a cold hearted, violent, killing species. A true renegade warrior.

(beat)

Likewise, the attribute scale pertains to the Humanoid's physical conditions, as well. His strength, stamina, vision, etc...they're all notched up to a 99 on the attribute scale. And for things like pain and fatigue...the opposite.

Van toggles through his Humanoid's program screen, seeing all the different attributes that comprise his personality.

Van focuses on the same console, pulls up a separate programming screen.

VAN (CONT'D)

Your security detail for tomorrow...what's he look like?

MARTINEZ

Younger than you, just as white. Short hair-- a crew cut, blond. Defined jaw. Angry, mean looking. Former military.

Van enters in a series of commands, and then lies flat on an adjacent table, as if preparing for an operation.

A small metal box lowers from the ceiling, fully encompasses Van's head. Mechanical whirring sounds fill the space, and Van remains rigid, unmoving on the table while Martinez looks on, uncertain.

After a few moments, the whirring sounds cease, and the metal box begins to lift off of Van's face.

MARTINEZ'S POV--

Van looks like an entirely different person now. He's 10 years younger, blond with a short crew cut, a more defined jaw, MEANER looking.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Jesus, you look the part now.

Van gets up from the table, his new face sutured on. He moves back to his survival closet, procures a few items, places them into a leather satchel.

CUT TO

INT. SPRINTER - NIGHT

Van and Martinez are back inside the Sprinter, with Bruce behind the wheel.

Van moves toward the center console, opens it.

VAN'S POV--

A STASH OF SCREWDRIVERS.

Van turns to Martinez, hands her a screwdriver.

VAN

We'll camp out here tonight. For all we know, they think you've been kidnapped by me. Before sunrise, we head back to LA and you call Shanahan, tell him that I had kidnapped you, and that I let you go only under one condition--tell him you saw evidence of a large explosive device that I could detonate in a crowded part of the city if anything happens that isn't to my liking. And my liking is to see you attend the event at Sonny Finch's tomorrow...

(beat)

I'll hide out in your house...then, when Shanahan sends detail for you, when it's time for your pickup tomorrow, you'll call out and ask for help with something inside the house. Then...

Van procures an item from a satchel. It's a small dart like figure. Van places it between his lips and blows, sending the dart directly into the leather headrest behind him.

VAN (CONT'D)

We'll take him out. He'll be unconscious long enough for us to make our way to Sonny's, me as your security detail. The driver won't have a clue.

Martinez considers Van, truly amazed by his plan...

EXT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

OUR POV RISES UP AND UP into the night air until the Sprinter van appears to be but a minute speck of light among the endless expanse of wilderness, the Pacific Ocean shimmering vast in the BG, the full moon's glare intense, foreboding.

Follow On the van as it makes its way through the mountainous terrain, forging its way closer and closer to the heart of LA...

MATCH CUT TO

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

The same expanse of LA stares at us, only now it's blessed with the sun's daylight glow.

PUSH IN over the brown hills to find the lushest, most inviting green oasis you could ever imagine.

THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL

Pink, pretty, a true lady of class. From above, we see it all. The towering main building peering down at the expansive swimming pool; the rows of bungalows nestled into the thick of jungle-like foliage; the expansive system of roads that surround the fortress-like property.

PUSH IN to find rows and rows of black Tahoes and Suburbans surrounding the hotel grounds, infesting it. Suited Secret Service agents plod back and forth across the property.

The faint buzz of helicopters is heard somewhere off in the distance, lending an almost war like atmosphere to what would otherwise be such a serene place.

CLOSE ON



The front entrance past the valet circle, the famous red carpet stretching outward from the cavernous lobby.

In this instant, President Whitley, wearing a blue suit, with a red tie, strides down the carpet, flanked by secret service agents. He waives at a handful of credentials wearing press members, who take photos of him, shout out for him to turn their way.

Whitley stops just outside an idling Suburban, waives to more onlookers, clearly enjoying being the center of the world's orbit at this moment.

Whitley disappears into the back of the waiting Suburban, and the convoy begins to make its way out of the hotel, turning right on Benedict Canyon Drive, heading north...

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

BIRDS EYE VIEW of the hills above LA's Westside. Moving west to east, we find the glimmering blue expanse of the Stone Canyon Reservoir, followed by Beverly Glen, and then finally the curves and crests of Benedict Canyon, shrouded on all sides by steep chaparral.

Pushing in on this glacier carved niche brings us to:

EXT. SONNY FINCH'S ESTATE - DAY

An extraordinary hillside estate that sits perched a couple miles north of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

An anaconda-like driveway cuts its way through acres of dense foliage, leading to a gargantuan, Spanish tile roofed main house, which sits on a ledge overlooking all of LA's westside.

Rows and rows of perfectly trimmed hedges lead to a colossal swimming pool, off which a massive backyard sits, a guesthouse lingering off to the side, a sport court, tennis court, and helicopter pad replete with shimmering black copter all present.

Beyond this stretch of the property, acres and acres of untouched steep hillside exist as habitat for birds, foxes, coyotes, deer...

AND HUMANOID VAN DANZEN who, through a pair of binoculars labeled CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROL, observes the approach of the President's convoy headed north on Benedict Canyon Drive. His face has mostly regenerated, with just the slightest notion of scarring where the screwdriver entered his flesh.

Humanoid Van Danzen, wearing all brown, remains nestled among some bushes, still 100 yards or so from the main property, just at the top of the hill crest, watching the fountainhead of his rampage approach...

CUT TO

EXT. SONNY FINCH'S ESTATE, HILLS - SIMULTANEOUS

The fleet of SUVs snakes its way up Sonny Finch's driveway. At the top of the carriageway is a valet area.

CLOSE ON one of these SUVs, which carries Martinez in back, Van sitting next to her, focused, in DISGUISE as her security detail.

Further from this, in the yard area, is a space set up for entertaining. Well heeled civilians idle in the yard, drinking cocktails, eating hors d'ouvres, eager for the President to arrive.

The SUVs stop in front of a checkpoint, and Martinez and Van show their credentials. The Secret Service agent checks everything over, waives them in.

The driver parks the SUV in the directed spot, and Van closely trails Martinez as the two make their way toward the fete.

Among the party goers, Martinez recognizes the stern facade of FBI DIRECTOR SHANAHAN, surrounded on all sides by Secret Service agents. The two make eye contact, nod. Martinez surveys the mountainside, intense, looking for Humanoid Van.

CUT TO

EXT. SONNY FINCH'S ESTATE, HILLS - CONTINUOUS

Humanoid Van moves down the impossibly steep slope, displaying his inhuman balance. He's now over the crest, potentially coming within view of the Secret Service snipers.

CUT TO

EXT. SONNY FINCH'S ESTATE, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The President arrives in the grand circular driveway in front of Sonny Finch's estate. A Secret Service agent opens the back door of the Tahoe, and President Whitley steps out, is immediately flanked by a handful of Secret Service agents.

Whitley raises a hand, greeting some of the press corps who are positioned outside the mansion's entrance.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY  
It's a pleasure to see you all,  
thank you.

The President is all smiles as he moves inside the mansion, mouths "thank you" a few more times at onlookers.

CUT TO

EXT. SONNY FINCH'S ESTATE, HILLS - CONTINUOUS

Humanoid Van Danzen watches as the President disappears inside the estate. He tosses the binoculars aside, begins to climb down the steep hill, effortless, a machine.

CUT TO

EXT. SONNY FINCH'S ESTATE, BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

POTUS has emerged from the cavernous mansion into the grassy yard, flanked by agents, still all smiles as he waves to the crowd, moves up to a podium in the center of the impossibly green lawn.

Whitley makes eye contact with Martinez, nods at her. Van stands directly behind her, surveying the hills around the estate.

President Whitley makes eye contact with him, holds it for a tense moment before moving along to other guests.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY  
Thank you, thank you.

Whitley mouths "thank you" a number of times, clearly enjoying himself. Finally, he steps back up to the podium.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY (CONT'D)  
Thank you. Thank you.

The applause begins to die down and President Whitley adjusts his tie, leans in to the microphone.

In the BG, Van Danzen moves around, carefully surveying the setting.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY (CONT'D)  
This is an extraordinary day. A  
special day. We're going to make  
history together.

The crowd begins to whoop and holler again. Whitley smiles,  
enjoying every ounce of the attention.

CUT TO

EXT. SONNY FINCH'S ESTATE, ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

THROUGH THE SCOPE OF A SECRET SERVICE AGENTS' RIFLE--

Humanoid Van Danzen charging down the hill, arriving at the  
fence that surrounds the perimeter of the yard. He mounts the  
fence, now within a sprint of POTUS.

CUT TO

EXT. SONNY FINCH'S ESTATE, BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

PRESIDENT WHITLEY  
We're going to gain re-election by  
the widest margin this country has  
ever known. *Both* the popular vote  
and the electoral college.

More applause, more whistling, more whooping. The crowd is  
fired up. Van Danzen moves closer to Martinez, keeping an eye  
out.

PRESIDENT WHITLEY (CONT'D)  
We've made America great already.  
Now it's time to keep America  
great.

The crowd is whipped up into another frenzy of applause.

SUDDENLY

The booming roar of a SNIPER'S RIFLE shatters the buoyancy of  
the intimate rally.

The entire backyard becomes a scene of chaos. People scream,  
yell, scramble for the inside of the house. The secret  
service agents rush to ensconce the President.

BOOM

Another shot rings out. Party goers look up toward the hills, notice the figure of Humanoid Van Danzen raging toward the President.

BOOM

A shot from a different rifle misses the Humanoid by inches. Simultaneously, a collection of agents circles Martinez, rushes her into the house.

The real Van, still disguised as a federal agent, makes a sprint directly toward his Humanoid.

BOOM

Humanoid Van dodges a sniper's bullet, contorting and bending his body like Neo in The Matrix.

INT. SONNY FINCH'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The Secret Service ushers the President into the house, but it's a mob scene filled with frightened revelers.

EXT. SONNY FINCH'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

BACK OUTSIDE

FROM ABOVE

The Secret Service hold their fire, believing the real Van, in disguise, to be a federal agent, as the 2 Van Danzens rush toward one another.

VAN ON VAN

Humanoid Van takes a swing at his creator, who dodges it, whirls back, nails Humanoid Van in the face. Enraged, Humanoid Van charges at the real Van, tackling him to the ground, Brian Urlacher in his prime.

The real Van is winded by this. Humanoid Van rears back to strike the disguised Van when he's struck in the arm by a sniper's bullet, stunning him.

This gives real Van the time to roll out from under his Humanoid, but it's a fleeting sense of freedom. Humanoid Van delivers a sweeping kick, knocking the disguised Van Danzen on his ass.

The real Van engages the Humanoid in a grapple, successfully flipping him in a considerable show of pure strength.

The two Vans continue to grapple with each other, moving into the house, clearing out the entire room.

Secret Service agents stand back, ready to take out the Humanoid if they can get him separated from who they believe to be a federal agent.

Finally, the real Van gets the better of his Humanoid, rolls out from under him, reaches for his gun. The Humanoid lunges at him, missing, and loses his balance, giving the real Van enough time to kick him hard in the face, sending him to the ground.

Secret Service shoots at the Humanoid briefly, and the real Van makes a sprint toward the podium. Humanoid Van Danzen makes off after him, tackles him hard into the podium, sending it clattering to the earth.

The sound of HELICOPTER ROTORS WHIRRING becomes apparent and Humanoid Van begins to charge in that direction, streaking directly through the house, parting a sea of onlookers, most of whom scream with fright.

CLOSE ON the disguised Van Danzen as he tries to keep pace with his Humanoid.

Van lunges, throws his arms around his Humanoid, bringing both of them down to the earth, falling hard.

Humanoid Van rolls out from under his creator, reaches into his pocket, PEPPER SPRAYS the real Van, pushes himself up off the ground, rushes toward what we now see is SONNY FINCH'S HELICOPTER, roaring to life, the Secret Service now just feet away, the President in tow.

Real Van shrieks in agony, but pushes himself up off the ground, begins to sprint FAST AS HE CAN through the yard, chasing after his Humanoid, which is running directly toward the President.

The Secret Service agents force the President up into the helicopter and turn, aim at Humanoid Van. 2 agents climb up into the helicopter, while the rest stand their ground, fire at the 2 Vans.

Humanoid Van dodges these bullets in the same inhuman, unreal manner we've seen. Real Van pushes on ahead, also dodging bullets until...

THE REAL VAN IS STRUCK IN THE LEG

He goes down hard, rolling in the grass, coming to a stop.

REAL VAN'S POV--

The Helicopter is pushing off from the ground, dirt flying everywhere as Humanoid Van fights off three Secret Service agents, forces his way onto the helicopter just as it levitates off the earth.

ADRENALINE COURSES THROUGH REAL VAN'S VEINS and he pushes himself up off the ground, breaks into a sprint, bullets flying in his direction once more.

REAL VAN'S POV--

The helicopter is just feet away now, pulsating higher and higher into the air.

Real Van lets out a guttural roar, his face a visage of utter madness as he launches off the ground, arms extended and, like a gifted acrobat reaching for an impossibly high bar, he thrusts his fingers out, just barely wraps them around the SKIDS extending down from the helicopter's undercarriage.

FROM BELOW

The helicopter rises up into the air, fleeing Sonny Finch's estate, with the real Van Danzen hanging off the bottom, legs dangling below.

The real Van uses all his might to do a pull up, crawls onto the circular bar, positions himself, nearly falls, steadies himself.

CUT TO

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

Humanoid Van is engaged by two Secret Service agents. One tries to shoot him, misses. Humanoid Van bites his arm, tearing it right out of the socket. The Secret Service Agent screams, blood splattering all over President Whitley's face while he cowers in the corner of the helicopter, fearing for his life.

Humanoid Van wastes no time, moves toward the doorway, hurls the bloodied agent out of the helicopter to a quick, painless death on top of a house below.

In the cockpit, the pilot appears steeled while he aims the copter south. In the passenger seat, SONNY FINCH has his head ducked between his knees, terrified.

The other secret service agent decks Humanoid Van in the face and he nearly falls from the helicopter but, in a show of insane balance, he teeters in the brink of the doorway, grasps the outside of the copter, and uses his momentum to thrust himself back into the cabin.

The secret service agent fires at Humanoid Van, misses.

CUT TO

EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Real Van, clutching the skid like a sloth climbing a tree reaches up, grabs hold of the floor of the copter, hoists himself.

Humanoid Van appears in the precipice of the doorway, stares down at the Real Van, his fingers just centimeters from Humanoid Van's boots.

Humanoid Van is about to rear back and stomp on real Van's fingers, when

WHOOOOOSH

The Humanoid goes hurtling out of the helicopter, kicked hard in the ass by the lone remaining Secret Service agent who, unable to slow his momentum, goes hurtling out of the helicopter, as well.

Real Van looks down as Humanoid Van and the secret service agent fall, land right in the middle of the pool on the Beverly Hills Hotel grounds.

REAL VAN  
(screaming)  
Lower me, lower me!

REAL VAN'S POV--

Humanoid Van is drowning the secret service agent while hotel guests flee the pool area, screaming.

Real Van's fingers are WHITE AS BONE, his grip slipping on the landing gear.

REAL VAN (CONT'D)  
LOWER ME NOW!

The pilot lowers the metal beast the best it can while the barrage of bullets continues. Finally, ten or so feet from the ground, real Van's fingers slip, and he falls hard, landing with a crunch in the grass, just missing the pool.



EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL, POOL - CONTINUOUS

Real Van turns over and

BOOM

A sopping wet Humanoid Van nails him in the face HARD with his steel toed boot.

Real Van coughs, spits up blood, rolls over.

REAL VAN'S POV--

Humanoid Van stands there, gun trained directly at his head.

Humanoid Van pulls the trigger.

CLICK

Real Van, energized by this turn of events, rushes at his Humanoid, spears him, sends him hurtling into a cabana.

The two engage in a fist fight, bare knuckle boxing at its finest, knocking over umbrellas, pool loungers. Humanoid Van nails the disguised Van in the jaw, which loosens the mask.

Enraged, the Humanoid tears the entire mask off, comes face to face with HIMSELF. The Humanoid is momentarily stunned by this.

Real Van reaches for his back pocket, grasps his SCREWDRIVER.

Real Van is about to plunge the screwdriver into his Humanoid's ear when the secret service agent comes tearing out of the pool, thrusts his arms around the Humanoid, crushing him down to the earth.

The secret service agent catches sight of the real Van staring up at him, and instantly becomes confused. Humanoid Van takes advantage of this, rises, snaps the secret service agent's neck, killing him.

The sound of sirens approaching becomes evident while Humanoid Van moves forward toward the Real Van, who rolls out of the cabana, and breaks into a dead sprint across the pool area, entering the hotel.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Real Van sneaks behind the counter at the pool entrance. Waits.

Humanoid Van comes tearing into the hotel, smashing the door on his way in.

Real Van tries to ambush him with the screwdriver, just missing by inches, impaling the wall. Humanoid Van swats at it, and the screwdriver goes flying across the hallway.

Humanoid Van swings mightily, nails his creator in the face. He rears back again, nails him. Humanoid Van continues beating the shit out of Real Van, beyond incensed, downright homicidal. He's spitting, roaring, blood is flying everywhere.

HUMANOID VAN

What am I? *Who* am I?

Humanoid Van glowers at his creator, spittle and blood flying everywhere, a vision of pure, unbridled rage.

Real Van gets into a fighting stance, and faces off with his Humanoid, each of them landing bare knuckle punches, an epic bout.

Humanoid Van connects with Real Van's jaw, crushing it, sending him to the ground in agony.

HUMANOID VAN (CONT'D)

You brought me into this world to suffer for your sins, and now I'm going to take your life from you. The life I deserve.

Real Van rolls over, kicks his Humanoid hard in the balls, briefly incapacitating him. Real Van moves in the direction of his screwdriver, which lays just at the cusp of the lobby.

Real Van gets his hand around the screwdriver WHEN boom, Humanoid Van kicks him in the head, sending his face to the ground HARD.

Humanoid Van picks up his creator, throws him into the lobby's center display, sending flowers and water all over the place while terrified hotel guests look on, frightened.

HUMANOID VAN (CONT'D)

I should have never existed in the first place. And now I'm going to end you. Payback for my miserable existence.

Humanoid Van picks the bulky table up off the ground, raises it above his hand, brings it down hard.

Real Van rolls over just in time, misses the crush. Splintered wood flies all over the lobby. Humanoid Van, enraged by the miss, reaches for a large splintered piece of wood.

Real Van begins to crawl on his hands and knees, trying to escape from his Humanoid, which stalks him through the lobby, swinging the huge wood shard like a baseball bat.

HUMANOID VAN (CONT'D)  
You didn't answer my question from  
earlier! WHO am I? WHAT am I?

The Humanoid continues moving after Real Van, growing closer.

Humanoid Van, having cornered his prey, grins, evil, enjoying himself while he slowly moves around the lobby, the wail of sirens outside the hotel growing more deafening, ear piercing by the second.

HUMANOID VAN'S POV--

His creator, bloodied, eyes nearly swollen shut, is on his hands and knees, nearly disoriented.

REAL VAN'S POV--

The monster that is his magnum opus stares him down, grinning, ready for the kill of a lifetime. The Humanoid rears back, ready to plunge the wooden stake directly through Van Danzen's heart when

MARTINEZ AND SHANAHAN APPEAR BEHIND HIM

Real Van gasps, anticipating the strike, but Martinez is faster and she

PLUNGES THE SCREWDRIVER DIRECTLY INTO HUMANOID VAN'S EAR

The Humanoid stops dead in its tracks, lingers in a standing position, remains that way for a moment, eyes empty. Then the Humanoid collapses to the earth, impaled on his own stake...

Martinez rushes to Van Danzen, who mouths "thanks" at her just as he passes out...

CUT TO BLACK

INT. CNN NEWSROOM - DAY

BROADCAST POV

Price Collinworth sits silently behind the glowing news desk, peering at his iPad. In the corner, a clock counts down from 30 seconds.

An aide arrives in frame, hands Collinworth a glass of water, he sips, hands it back to her, not even paying her an ounce of mind. Then, he hands over the iPad, straightens out his tie, puts his game face on, stares at the camera.

PRICE COLLINSWORTH

Good evening, America. In my 29 years as an investigative journalist, I can't say that I've ever reported on a more salacious, preposterous series of events. But here we are, struggling to make sense of what the nation witnessed just over a week ago. Since then, we've learned of the existence of the Humanoid technology, we've been made aware of the President's role in a conspiracy to *steal* and control said technology, and we've played witness to said President resigning from office following the revelation of the Humanoid project, his role in it, and also the existence of a Humanoid made to replicate the President himself. All this on the heels of one of the bloodiest manhunts in the nation's history.

(beat)

In a few moments, we'll go live to Cedars-Sinai hospital, in Los Angeles, where Van Danzen-- the real one, mind you-- will speak publicly for the first time since being exonerated for the murder of Miles Russell.

Price clears his throat, a bit of a befuddled expression crossing his face.

PRICE COLLINSWORTH (CONT'D)

Before that, we're going to revisit President Stephenson's brief address from earlier this morning.

(MORE)

## PRICE COLLINSWORTH (CONT'D)

The President has, as a first order of business after taking the Presidential oath, elected to pardon Van Danzen on any charges stemming from the actions taken by what we've since learned is a "Humanoid" creation. An inhuman human, if you will. And while the nation-- the world, really-- grapples with the advent of such a startlingly real technology coming into the fold, undoubtedly we can find some solace in having answers. Because the past few weeks have brought us some very, very strange days. We've seen a federal inmate escape from maximum security prison. We've witnessed a brutal, savage series of cold blooded murders. We sat in awe while we watched Van Danzen seemingly fight *himself*, former President Whitley's life on the line. And, perhaps most shockingly --which really is saying something-- we learned of a conspiracy that ran so deep within the federal government, that it cost the President his job. In just the past 72 hours, we've seen President Whitley resign under threat of criminal indictment, we've seen FBI Director Shanahan removed from office in the face of collusion charges, and we've witnessed the swearing in of Vice President Stephenson who, just hours after granting Van Danzen the following pardon, promoted Special Agent in Charge Victoria Martinez to the newly vacant post of FBI Director. And here it is...President Stephenson's words from the South Lawn just hours ago.

Price's visage dissolves into a feed featuring the White House's South Lawn.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE, SOUTH LAWN - DAY

The familiar corps of reporters has gathered to hear the new President speak. President Julia Stephenson, late 50s, tall, forceful in her demeanor, strides across the stage, arrives at the podium to quiet applause.

## PRESIDENT STEPHENSON

There are times throughout history when the leader of a democratic free state must stand up for the fundamental liberties granted all citizens. One of those fundamental liberties is the right to the pursuit of prosperity. As our nation learned this past week, the man who our nation elected, who we put in charge of insuring these liberties, chose to engage in an unlawful show of behavior aimed at restricting said liberties, and in doing so, thrust the very fabric of the Constitution into jeopardy. In reviewing the details of this sordid, twisted tale, it is as apparent to me as ever that Van Danzen was victimized by collusion efforts between the President of the United States and the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. As you now know, former President Whitley has stepped down from his position. As my first order within the context of this office, I made the decision to terminate FBI Director Shanahan. I've also instructed a grand jury to explore an indictment on collusion charges.

(beat)

I am keenly aware of, and have devoted much contemplation toward the fact that Van Danzen's behavior in skirting the law, regardless of his status as guilty or innocent, did cost human lives. His actions were not without reprehension, and I in no means wish to condone or endorse the violence this nation witnessed as the result of his technology. However, in preserving the fabric of our nation's justice system, I've decided to issue a sweeping pardon to cover any and all charges Van Danzen may have faced arising from the recent situation--

CUT TO BLACK

INT. CEDARS SINAI, SUITE - DAY

REVEAL that we've been watching this feed on a TV in Van Danzen's lavishly appointed hospital suite. Van, dressed in a navy suit, no tie, tosses the remote on a table, moves away from the TV, his face looking bruised, but not nearly as grotesque as it could be.

Van turns to find FBI Director Martinez standing in the doorway.

MARTINEZ

You look good. All things considered.

VAN DANZEN

I'd say it's a pretty damn good day to be Van Danzen.

Martinez snickers at Van as he approaches her.

MARTINEZ

You ready to rock and roll?

VAN DANZEN

Like I'm Elvis in 1960.

Martinez considers Van, almost bashful in her demeanor. She leans up, wipes lint off his shoulder.

VAN DANZEN (CONT'D)

It's been a while since I had to wear a suit.

MARTINEZ

Well, that's a shame.

CUT TO

EXT. CEDARS SINAI - DAY

A corps of reporters is gathered beneath a podium that resides in front of the large Cedars-Sinai crest. Van Danzen appears to the side of the stage and the cameras begin to snap.

Van strides on stage, gingerly waving to the reporters, serious in his demeanor, *contrite*.

VAN DANZEN

I appreciate the warm welcome. But, I don't feel I deserve it.

(MORE)

VAN DANZEN (CONT'D)

I want to state clearly that I regret my actions. I put a lot of lives in jeopardy-- yes, many were lost-- and I take *full* responsibility for that. I certainly appreciate President Stephenson's granting me a pardon, however I aim to take it a step further in my ode to this nation. In displaying my commitment to making this right, I will be reimbursing the federal government, in full, for any and all funds lost as the result of the manhunt and capture of my Humanoid creation. In addition, I will be establishing a trust that will pay out to the families of all of the victims of this horrible, unnatural killing spree.

(beat)

Furthermore, I want to make it known now that I intend to fully cooperate with the federal government going forward, so that we can best put the Humanoid technology to good use in defense of our great nation, and as a means of making life on our own soil more fulfilling and prosperous.

Van grows silent, pensive. He turns toward Martinez, shoots her a grin.

VAN DANZEN (CONT'D)

I'd also like to thank the new standing Director of the FBI, the wonderfully brilliant Victoria Martinez, who, quite frankly, saved my life.

The corps of reporters claps for Martinez, who smiles proudly.

VAN DANZEN (CONT'D)

Had I not *kidnapped* her in my pursuit of my Humanoid, there's really no doubt in my mind that I'd be dead now.

Martinez grins to herself, looks at the ground.

The reporters begin to angle for questions, and the scene grows a bit disorderly.



Van puts his hand out in a gesture meant to calm the crowd.

VAN DANZEN (CONT'D)

All right, all right, I will take a few questions. In orderly fashion, please.

Van peers down at a female reporter, nods.

FEMALE REPORTER

Callie Armstrong, Wichita Eagle. What do you intend to do now that you have your freedom back, Van?

VAN DANZEN

I'm going to take a vacation.

The reporters mumble to themselves, Van smiles. He looks in the direction of a male reporter in the front row.

MALE REPORTER

Keith Current, New Orleans Times-Picayune. Will we possibly be seeing a Van Danzen / Victoria Martinez ticket for the upcoming election?

Van laughs, turns to face Martinez.

VAN DANZEN

In your wildest dreams...

CUT TO

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - NIGHT

An Airbus A340 in generic livery sits on the tarmac, illuminated by its exterior lights. In the BG, planes come and go on the taxiway.

CLOSE ON the Sprinter van as it pulls up, parks by the extended airstairs. The door slides open, revealing Van Danzen, looking fully recovered, tan, relaxed.

Van moves to the driver's side door, Bruce rolls the window down.

VAN DANZEN

Be good without me, okay?

BRUCE

What else could I possibly be?

Bruce winks, Van reaches in squeezes him on the shoulder.

VAN DANZEN

Thanks for everything. You've been wonderful.

Van moves away from the Sprinter. In the BG, a handful of attendants begin to unload suitcases from the back of the Sprinter, ferrying them up into the airplane.

Van Danzen stands there, adjusts his pants, turns as if ready to board the aircraft. But something catches his eye.

VAN DANZEN'S POV--

An approaching limo. Van grins, nodding to himself. The limo comes to a stop and Director Martinez emerges, looking dapper in her black business attire.

VAN DANZEN (CONT'D)

I knew you'd make it.

Martinez laughs at Van, shaking her head.

MARTINEZ

Because of you, I have a *job* to do.

VAN DANZEN

That's a shame. There's going to be a lot of fun in the sun. You're missing out.

MARTINEZ

Van...thank you.

VAN DANZEN

I think I should be the one extending the thanks.

The two hold each other's faces for a moment, poignant.

MARTINEZ

I'll kind of miss you.

VAN DANZEN

Don't get too used to it. We'll be campaigning for the Oval Office in a few months time, eh?

Van winks. Martinez, amused, shakes her head at him.

MARTINEZ

Bye, Van.

Van leans in hugs Martinez, turns to head to the jet. He stops, pivots back.

VAN DANZEN

Hey...do you think you could do me  
one last favor?

MARTINEZ

Anything.

Van reaches into his pocket, digs, finally procures something, palms it. He reaches his hand out to Martinez, opens it.

MARTINEZ'S POV--

A small laminated card with a lengthy series of digits typed out on it.

VAN

Shouldn't take you too much time to  
get Quinn up and running again.

Martinez flashes Van a look that's equal parts amused and sad.

VAN (CONT'D)

What? After you turned me down, I  
figured it wouldn't hurt to have  
some company.

(beat)

Sure you don't want to take a  
hiatus? It's quite the lovely house  
I'm shacking up in.

Martinez takes the card, pockets it.

MARTINEZ

Be safe, Van Danzen. I'll be  
*watching* you.

Martinez winks, makes off. Van stands, watches her gracefully disappear into the back of the limo...

PRE LAP -- The intro to The Cars' "Let the Good Times Roll" begins to play.

#### EXT. FRENCH POLYNESIA - DAY

A sweeping view of paradise from above. Shimmering teal water, impossibly white sand, tiny green islands scattered about.

From this great height, a SPEEDBOAT appears to us but a speck as it courses across the water's surface, spitting up mist in its wake.

CLOSE ON a sweeping overwater bungalow. Basically the sickest house you have ever seen in your entire life. It's a \$100,000 a night kind of place.

Van Danzen is standing outside the home, leaning against the railing, wearing an all white linen ensemble, looking TAN AS FUCK.

Van takes a sip from a pina colada, smiles, his eyes trained on something off in the distance.

CLOSE ON the speedboat as it makes its way toward the overwater bungalow. At first we can only make out the visage of the dark skinned local who drives the boat, smiling, wearing a floral patterned shirt.

Just behind this man, in a flowing lilac robe, her mink-like hair flowing vibrantly in the breeze...

QUINN

Van Danzen raises his glass.

*Cheers*

Off Van Danzen's beaming grin...

THE END